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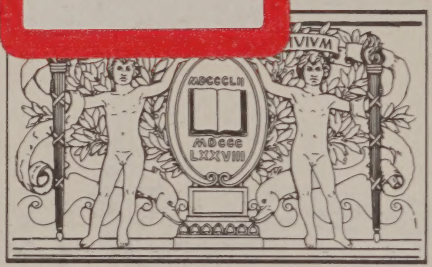

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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXLIV

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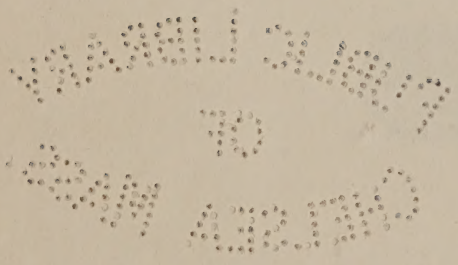

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1929

AMERICA AT THE CROSSROADS

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

I

SELDOM in her history has America seemed to enjoy such serene security as now. Prosperous beyond her dreams, conscious of a power to shape world destinies such as perhaps no nation has enjoyed before, she seems to sail the very crest of the waves. Yet seldom in her history have the undercurrents of danger been running as strongly as at present. The sharp reversal of American foreign policy which followed her rejection of the Versailles Treaty is hurrying America to a crisis of serious import. The problem looming immediately ahead demands vision based upon a clear understanding of what America has stood for in the past.

American foreign policy has had its ups and its downs. It has not always been consistent. Yet running through it, like a substratum of underlying rock, there have been certain large unifying principles, which keep constantly outcropping and reappearing as if to prove the solid substance of which the whole is made.

It was Washington who first set the course of American foreign policy and outlined the direction it should take. The Revolution had left unsettled certain highly inflammable issues. The northeastern boundary between Canada and Massachusetts (or what to-day is Maine) remained in dispute; English creditors were being prevented by legal impediments adopted by various states from collecting the debts owed them by American citizens; American merchants were insisting without avail upon compensation for the damage done them by irregular or illegal captures made by British forces upon the high seas. Matters went from bad to worse; and American patriots, whose blood ran hot at the very mention of the name of England, with growing insistence demanded that Washington should take a decided stand, and if sabre rattling failed to gain the day should draw the sabre in defense of American rights. But the President, under bitter and virulent attack, calmly set his course otherwise. Instead of making blustering demands, he sent to London Mr. John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, charged with the high duty of finding an amicable way out of the growing difficulties. In the treaty of 1794 which he negotiated, the problems of the northeastern boundary, of the American debts uncollectible through state impediments, of the war claims for illegal captures, were met by the creation of arbitral commissions — one to meet at Halifax with power to make

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a final decision fixing the boundary, one to meet at Philadelphia authorized to reach a final and conclusive determination as to the American debts, and a third to meet in London with power to reach a conclusive settlement of the war claims. Thus at the very outset, under Washington's wise leadership, America made arbitration a cardinal element of her foreign policy; and although the work of the arbitration commissions set up under the Jay Treaty may have fallen short of the high hopes of the negotiators, the Treaty nevertheless helped to reintroduce into modern statecraft the practical use of international arbitration.

Under Washington's strong guidance America, youthful as she was, set for herself a course which spelled leadership in international affairs. Europe was torn in the grim struggle between England and France. Hot-heads sought to force the President into war on the side of France; he was accused of being secretly pro-English, and his enemies did not stop even at denouncing him as traitorous and demanding his impeachment. Brave and firm as always, he turned a deaf ear to popular clamor and more popular abuse; he refused to be forced into the war, and chose instead to follow the difficult path of neutrality. He demanded the recall of the French Minister, M. Genêt, who was causing French privateers to be fitted out in American ports to prey upon British commerce; and he secured the passage in 1794 of the first comprehensive law defining the obligations of neutral citizens and prohibiting acts in defiance of United States neutrality. Upon that law and the subsequent American Act of 1818 amplifying its terms is directly based the modern international law of neutrality. Indeed, as a well-known British authority has remarked, 'the proceedings of the United States from 1793 to 1818 mark an era in the development of the rights and obligations of neutral Powers.' In the development of this important field of international law it was America that led the way.

Washington's Farewell Address is generally quoted for its warning against entangling alliances. In an even more important, though less familiar, part of the Message, Washington laid down the fundamentals for American foreign policy: 'Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.'

After Washington's day, in spite of lapses now and again, the effort to supplant war by judicial settlement still remained a cardinal principle of American foreign policy. The United States during the nineteenth century was a formal party to no less than sixty arbitrations. When, immediately after the Civil War, feeling was tense between the United States and England and a heated dispute arose over the *Alabama* claims, the submission of the controversy, involving over fifteen million dollars, to arbitration and its successful settlement in Geneva in 1872 attracted world-wide attention and lent fresh impetus to the growing movement. In 1893 America was arbitrating the Bering Sea dispute; in 1903 the Alaskan Boundary dispute; in 1909 the important and complicated North Atlantic Fisheries dispute.

At the First Hague Conference in 1899, convened primarily to secure limitation of armaments and to regulate the conduct of war, it was the United

States delegation that went, as the other delegations did not, armed with a full and carefully adjusted plan for the creation of an international tribunal, and instructed to 'use their influence in the Conference in the most effective manner possible to procure the adoption of its substance or of resolutions directed to the same purpose.' Owing to the forceful efforts of the American and British representatives, in spite of grave obstacles the Conference succeeded in creating the so-called Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration — a tribunal which has settled some nineteen international disputes. The shortcomings of the Hague Court of Arbitration are obvious. It is not permanent, and it is not a court. Under the Hague Convention each of the signatory states names four judges; and from the resulting panel of some hundred and fifty names is to be chosen a special tribunal of five judges for each particular dispute. There is nothing in the Convention to compel agreement or to prevent recourse to war. Success depends upon the parties finding themselves in the very heat of the controversy able to agree upon the judges to be chosen and upon the terms under which the dispute is to be referred for settlement. As different men are usually chosen for each dispute, it is obvious that there can be neither continuity in the decisions handed down nor the gradual creation among the judges themselves of legal tradition and habits of thought. As experience has shown, the arrangement has resulted in conciliation and compromise rather than in the strict application of law. Nevertheless, in spite of its evident shortcomings, the imperfect arbitral tribunal thus created and the experience gained under it paved the way for the creation in 1920 of a world court in the true sense of the word. For the cause of arbitration the creation of the 1899 Hague Court was a step of incalculable value; and in this movement it was the United States that was at the forefront leading and stimulating world opinion in the direction of the course first set by Washington.

II

In 1900 once more the United States was playing a leading rôle in shaping the moral opinion of the world. China, undefended, lay at the mercy of the military Powers of the West, and for a time it looked as though she would share the fate of spoliation which had overtaken Africa. The Boxer uprising furnished an excellent excuse. But just as the European states seemed about to spring, the voice of America rang out insisting that the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be respected and that the Open Door policy should be observed. Whatever underlying motives may have originally prompted the action, the effect was electric. European Powers were shamed into acquiescence, and China was saved. American troops were the first to withdraw when their mission had been accomplished; and America's return to China of her share of the excessive indemnities exacted wrote a new chapter in international diplomacy.

In 1908–1909, under the leadership of President Roosevelt, a series of treaties was concluded with Great Britain, France, and the principal Powers of the world, agreeing that all differences of a legal nature arising between the signatories should 'be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor' of the contracting states. Although no countries go to war over questions which do not affect their vital interests, their independence, or their

honor, and although the United States Senate insisted upon extracting the teeth of the treaties by requiring in the case of each separate dispute a special agreement to be ratified by the Senate after the dispute had arisen, nevertheless this series of treaties represented a distinct advance toward the conception of general arbitration and formed stepping-stones to later more practical achievements.

In 1913–1914 a new series of treaties was entered into between the United States and twenty-one other nations. These provide that 'all questions of whatever character and nature' shall be submitted for investigation and report to a permanent international commission created under the treaty, and the signatories, although reserving full right freely to go to war after the report of the commission, agree not to begin hostilities until that time. It is quite clear that no nation could afford to fight in the face of an adverse report. There are no exceptions of honor or vital interest; there is no necessity of an agreement to be made and ratifications to be fought through after passions have once become aroused. It was the high-water mark of pre-war arbitration agreements between Great Powers.

Thus for more than a century international justice has been one of the guiding stars of American foreign policy; the United States has proved herself perhaps the leading exponent of the policy of seeking to supplant by law the war method of settling international disputes. There have been times a-plenty when the United States has departed from this high ideal; nations directed by successions of executives with differing policies and diverging aims never can attain the sustained consistency of individuals. Yet, in spite of the Mexican War and 'dollar diplomacy' and a hundred other uncomfortable memories, there has run throughout American history from its very beginning a deep undercurrent and moving force in the direction of peace through justice and international fair dealing. It is this note which has never failed to touch the hearts and kindle the imaginations of the American people; it is this ideal which seems to reach a depth in the American consciousness which merely imperialistic ambitions, as scheming politicians have more than once discovered, do not touch. The foreign policy of President Wilson was no more than the concrete expression of this deeply rooted aspiration — a renewed expression of the traditional American policy which began with Washington. 'I want to take this occasion to say,' President Wilson declared in his Mobile speech of 1913, 'that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity.'

The outbreak of the World War revealed startlingly the lack of adequate machinery for keeping the peace. Hague courts and general arbitration treaties have their uses when there exists the will to peace; they are utterly futile in the face of a will to war. It became clear that the keeping of the peace is as vitally dependent upon psychological as upon economic and material forces; and that if disrupting and trouble-breeding factors are not brought out into the open, discussed and dealt with at the beginning before they have had a chance to inflame whole nations, arbitral machinery can do but little to prevent war. When, in the early days of July 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated in an obscure corner of Europe, Americans felt little concern; it did not occur to us that we could be affected in any way.

Yet that obscure incident, the culmination of years of suppressed feeling, pent racial rivalries, and international intrigue, blazed into the World War; and as the months went by it became more and more inevitable that America would be drawn into the raging conflict. President Wilson conceived that, when the assassination had taken place in 1914, America had already waited too long; that, if Western civilization was to be made secure, organized effort must begin long before international rivalries culminated in assassinations. If the peace of America was to be assured, some form of organized effort must be undertaken to deal with international sores before they became abscessed. It was not by chance that an American president took the lead in formulating and forcing into being the League of Nations, for it was the traditional aims of America herself which the League was formed to realize.

III

The League of Nations from the outset has never been in any sense a superstate. It has no power to compel nations which keep the law to act against their will. It involves no infringement of sovereignty. The basic idea of the League is simply a gathering of responsible representatives of the peoples of the world at periodic meetings in order to bring to the attention of all nations the problems of any which potentially may menace the peace of the world, and by group discussion to make possible the formulation of common policies and the taking of united action to meet such problems. Writing letters back and forth at arm's length is not a practical way of settling difficulties which are many-sided and of real complexity. If the solution of such problems is to be found, it must be not through formal, diplomatic communications, but through the give and take of open discussion — through the magic of personality playing upon personality. Only thus will each come to appreciate the points of view and difficulties of the others; and when such appreciation comes the spirit of understanding and reasonableness gradually creeps in and makes possible solutions otherwise unattainable.

Similarly, the League exists to facilitate the taking of united action in those fields of endeavor where progress is impossible without it. For instance, no nation can suppress opium even within its own borders by its own unaided efforts, because of the comparative ease with which opium can be smuggled across national frontiers. Its suppression is practically realizable only through the united action of opium-producing as well as opium-consuming states. Again, serious and substantial limitation or reduction of armaments cannot be practically effected by the action of any single state. A nation which alone strips itself of its armament only renders itself a prey for the lawless. Limitation or reduction of armament cannot be achieved except by common and united action.

Also, the League exists to turn the searchlight of publicity upon those dark places of the earth where microbes of trouble may be breeding. What begins in a petty border struggle may end in a world war. In 1925, Greece and Bulgaria stood face to face upon their frontier with swords drawn and guns in position, expecting the order to attack at any moment. Word was telegraphed to the League. In three days the Council of the League was meeting, hearing representatives of Greece and Bulgaria explaining their points of view and giving their versions of the trouble. That night the League dispatched telegrams to Greece and

Bulgaria requesting 'the representatives of the two states to inform it within twenty-four hours that the Bulgarian and Greek Governments have given unconditional orders to their troops to withdraw behind their respective national frontiers.' At the time the Greek army had in fact penetrated five miles into Bulgarian territory and was under orders to attack Petrich the following morning at 8.30. There were sufficient forces on both sides to make serious consequences probable. Upon receipt of the League telegram each government issued orders to suspend operations; the order of the Greek Government reached the scene of action exactly two and a half hours before the time of attack. As a result both armies were withdrawn, and war was averted. There followed a careful investigation by a commission appointed by the League; and with the final payment by Greece of an indemnity fixed as a result of the investigation, the whole affair became a closed incident.

A fourth function of the League is international arbitration. The League Covenant provides that all disputes likely to lead to rupture must be referred to arbitration, judicial settlement, or inquiry by the League Council. If the dispute is submitted to arbitration or judicial settlement, the member states agree to 'carry out in full good faith any award or decision that may be rendered,' and not to 'resort to war against a Member of the League which complies therewith.' If the dispute is submitted to inquiry by the League Council, the Covenant, following the example of the American Treaties of Conciliation of 1913, provides that neither disputant shall resort to war until three months after a report has been rendered, but that thereafter, unless the report is unanimous, the parties shall be free to take such action as they please.

After the war Europe, bled white, realized that another world war would mean the end of Western civilization. In spite of her mistrust of an untried League of Nations and fear of its possibilities, Europe therefore turned to the League as the only practicable hope, and decided to try the way of coöperation. Yet even that was not enough. In the settlement of international disputes compromise must be supplanted by law; and law presupposes a genuine court. Accordingly, Europe set herself the task of achieving what had been strongly urged at the Second Hague Conference by the American delegates but had never proved practically attainable—a world court in the true sense of the word. In 1920 — with the help of American brains — Europe achieved the American dream. The new World Court is not a panel of a hundred and fifty men scattered throughout the world with no cohesive force or unifying duties, but a single tribunal of judges, elected for their outstanding juristic ability, representative of different systems of law, appointed for long tenures, and sitting as a continuous body. As a result the judges are developing a fine tradition which lifts them above narrow national prejudices and international intrigue, and has won for them the respect and confidence of the world.

One must not, however, misunderstand its power. The World Court, apart from special agreement, is not a court with jurisdiction either to compel nations against their will to bring disputes before it or to compel the execution of its judgments. It is simply a piece of machinery, kept oiled and always in readiness, so that at any moment when a dispute breaks out its services may be utilized if the disputants so desire.

But Europe wanted to go beyond even this. In 1925, Europe electrified

the world by the Locarno treaties, which went further along the road of compulsory judicial settlement of international disputes than any of the Great Powers had gone before. The final Protocol, signed on December 1, 1925, provides that 'Germany and Belgium, and Germany and France, undertake to settle by peaceful means, and in the manner laid down herein, all questions of every kind which may arise between them and which it may not be possible to settle by the normal methods of diplomacy.' 'Any question with regard to which the parties are in conflict as to their respective rights shall be submitted to judicial decision, and the parties undertake to comply with such decision.' In other words, since the war Europe, to prevent the wreck of Western civilization, has been forced by the sheer necessities of the situation, in spite of fears and counter-fears, to follow the direction pointed out by traditional American policy. And at the very moment when Europe turned her face in this direction the American Government abandoned the policy.

IV

For over nine years America has steadfastly refused to join the League of Nations; she has refused to accept membership in the World Court even though membership involves no obligation to submit disputes to it; in her 1928 series of arbitration treaties it is the old Permanent Court of Arbitration as established under the Convention of 1907 and not the new World Court to which, if the Senate yield its consent, disputes may be referred. For the past nine years, until the signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact, America has lifted not a finger to forward the movement of international arbitration.

As this post-war decade draws to a close, America is approaching, partly as a result of her changed policy, and partly as a result of the general world situation, a parting of the ways, involving a coming crisis in her affairs as grave as any she has yet faced.

In the first place, there is the problem of the war debts. The position of America as a result of the war has changed from that of a debtor nation into that of the general creditor nation of the world. Creditors insisting upon payment find themselves in an embarrassing position if they wish to retain the good will and friendship of their debtors. In the case of the international debts owed America the difficulties of the situation are vastly increased by their size. Many able economists maintain that they are of such magnitude that they never can actually be paid in full, and that any serious attempt to do so could be made only through dumping such quantities of foreign commodities in America as to ruin American domestic industry. The maintenance of high American tariff barriers adds to the problem. Even though there is room for an honest difference of opinion as to whether the debts can ever be satisfied in full, if the growing difficulties and burdens convince a substantial part of the populations of the debtor states that the economists are right, America's unyielding insistence upon full payment, and her continued refusal to modify her position, may cause the relations between herself and the debtor states to become seriously strained. The danger is that the United States may be stripped of her friends. Furthermore, America's insistence upon payment forces the debtor states to look at the problem from a common point of view and to make common cause; the inherent nature of the situation inevitably separates the interests of America from those of the European nations. If nothing is done

to *counteract* this tendency, a wider and wider divergence is bound to arise between the policies of the United States, formulated to protect and further her interests, and those of Europe. If no constructive steps are taken, this problem will grow more acute and dangerous with every passing year.

A second factor of the problem is aligning world forces in much the same direction. In the years immediately following the conclusion of the war the interests of the Allies were widely diverging. British interests depended upon the stabilization and strengthening of a Central Europe with sufficient credit to buy British manufactures; the Quai d'Orsay was exerting every effort to achieve the exact opposite. There were gloomy days following the war when agreement seemed impossible and the European horizon looked very dark. But in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties, Europe, with the memory of war still burning deep, found a way to compose her differences; and the method of international coöperation, not without struggle and occasional defeat, has gradually been supplanting the older method of diplomatic manœuvring solely for selfish interests. In this process the League gatherings have played a substantial part. To-day the representatives of some fifty nations are learning at Geneva through hard experience the difficult lesson of co-operation — how to give and take, and even, at times, to sacrifice present national interests for the sake of larger ultimate gain. But America is not sharing the experience.

If America continues to absent herself from the gatherings of fifty nations, great and small, where the world's common problems are discussed and world policies are formulated, it seems inevitable that the policies thus adopted will come to be largely European in their conception; and sooner or later America will awake to find that her own interests have gone unprotected. That means danger of the gravest kind — the United States on one side and a unified Europe on the other, following diverging and conflicting policies.

A third factor in the problem is the relationship of the United States to Latin America. Not long ago the United States sent marines into Nicaragua. The side of the shield which United States citizens were given to see was the restoration of law and order to a distracted country and the promotion of democracy by the guarantee of a fair and free election. The side of the same shield which Latin American countries saw was the bombing of unoffending Nicaraguan villages by American airplanes, intervention with force in the affairs of a smaller state, the United States opening the way for her promoters and investors by marines and big guns. While the United States congratulates herself over the success of her efforts in restoring order and ensuring fair elections, Latin America is nursing her resentment. She will not forget for many a day the bombing by American troops of Nicaraguan villages.

The time was when South American states were of negligible importance and the United States could wield the big stick and impose her will upon them almost with impunity. But that day is passing. The Argentine contains a million more people than Canada; the population of Brazil is four times that of Canada and almost equal to that of France. In 1927 the Argentine exported goods to the value of a billion gold dollars. With the increasing power of South America, the problem of our future Latin American policy becomes every year more pressing. Shall America continue to follow the big-stick policy which gains its way at

the expense of international confidence and friendship, or shall she seek the solution of Latin American problems through coöperative joint action with her sister American republics? The former course is a quicker way to gain an immediate object, and probably more efficient; but the latter does not leave America friendless.

V

The solution of these problems of foreign policy may be sought through either one of two sharply divergent courses, and upon the course which America finally chooses during the next decade or two will depend very largely her future destiny. One course lies in the direction of the newer method which Europe has been trying to learn since the tragic breakdown of the old in 1914. It is the method of seeking common understandings and of taking united action for the solution of international difficulties before they become acute. It is the method which Washington adopted when he was laying the foundations of American foreign policy — that of the pacific settlement of every international dispute. It is the way of the League of Nations, of the World Court, of Locarno. It means the supplanting of the former intense international rivalries and fears and jealousies by international coöperation, and the creation of adequate machinery to make cooperative effort effective.

The alternative course is armed isolation. The logic of the situation, in the minds of many, compels such a policy. America, as the richest country in the world and a creditor nation, needs protection. The neglect of defenses only invites armed attack and therefore war. Consequently it is now incumbent upon the United States, whether she likes it or not, to keep free of every European complication and to build up her national defenses. For the past nine years this has been the course consistently followed. In spite of the fact that in the world of reality America is inextricably bound, economically, commercially, and financially, with the nations of Europe and cannot therefore actually isolate her interests, nevertheless every effort has been made to isolate them. We are spending considerably more than twice as much to-day for national defense as before the war. In 1912 the United States spent $244,177,000. In 1926–1927 she spent $580,118,000. President Coolidge, in his address to Congress on December 5, 1928, said: 'The cost of national defense is stupendous. It has increased $118,000,000 in the past four years. The estimated expenditure for 1930 is $668,000,000.'

Since that was written the United States has passed the Naval Construction Bill, embarking upon still further expenditures. The bill provides for the building within three years of fifteen ten-thousand-ton cruisers and one aircraft carrier, and appropriates for this purpose two hundred and seventy-four million dollars. The race for bigger navies has begun again.

The big-navy group cry out confidently that this is the pathway to America's destiny, and the only way to security. But a haunting doubt persists. Does genuine and practical security lie in this direction?

In the early days of the twentieth century, Germany, pushing vigorously her industrial development, foreseeing coming competition and international rivalry, decided to seek protection for her rapidly developing commerce through the building up of a powerful armament. On the sea she entered upon so vigorous a naval programme that England was drawn into competitive activity, and the inevitable race in

naval construction was begun. On land she developed the most magnificent military machine the world had ever known. She felt herself invincible. Her fighting strength was immeasurably superior to that of any other nation. One remembers the easy confidence with which, in the terrible days of July 1914, the hordes of German gray-green troops poured across the plains of Belgium in a seemingly endless flood. Standing athwart the German line of advance stood Belgium's army, tiny in comparison, heroically trying to stem the advancing tide. How hopeless and pathetic it seemed! Yet when the Treaty of Versailles came to be written in 1919 it was Belgium who sat on the winning side, and Germany, with all her magnificent armament, — nay, *because* of her magnificent armament, — lay crushed and broken.

If the World War has proved anything, it has proved the breakdown of the old methods — the positive danger of seeking security through gunpowder and poison gas. The nation which chooses to place its main reliance in its own powerful armament is courting disaster. Huge armaments breed fear, and fear breeds hate, and hate breeds war. There is no escape from that. The experience of the World War has shown with terrible clarity that the outcome of every modern war of world importance depends, not on the armament of any single nation, but upon the alignments and groupings of nations which take place before and during hostilities; and these war-deciding alignments depend in the last analysis upon international friendships, upon the degree of international coöperation which has interlocked the interests of various nations, upon the existence or nonexistence of a confidence that a given state is working for purposes and ideals shared by the majority of mankind. Guns and battleships no longer measure security; other factors have become more potent. A nation which chooses to refrain from international coöperation or to strip itself of its friends is under modern conditions depriving itself of its surest defenses. To-day, no matter what its armament, no single nation can conquer the world; armed isolation, if long continued, is the most dangerous course which a wealthy nation can pursue.

VI

By ratifying the Kellogg Peace Pact the United States has set her face once more in the direction of her traditional policy. But we must not be deceived. Under the Kellogg Pact the signatories renounce war as an instrument of national policy. But every nation in signing the pact very definitely understood, and embodied the understanding in specific written language, that the treaty should not apply to any war of defense, and that every nation should be its own judge as to whether it is fighting in self-defense. Can a war of any magnitude be recalled in which both sides were not claiming to be fighting in self-defense? In 1914, France, Russia, and Germany all stoutly made the claim. If one looks the truth in the face, the Kellogg Peace Pact is, as a purely legal document, impotent. Yet it is very far from true that the treaty is therefore without value. By pouring moral content into it we can make it one of the great steps toward peace. The treaty means exactly what we make it mean. It will not prevent war. But it can be made to serve as a magnificent rallying cry to promote and stimulate the will to peace; and in the last analysis the will to peace can prevent war more effectively than legal documents.

The future destiny of the United States is to-day hanging in the balance. The foreign problems pressing in on us

are likely to become more rather than less acute. It will not be possible to straddle the problem many years longer — in the same Congress to adopt a Kellogg Peace Pact and a bill inaugurating a new navy-building programme. The time is fast coming when America must make her choice, and crowding events will make that choice irrevocable.

Will America, with all her youth and buoyancy, choose armed isolation, the old method which brought inevitably the world conflict of 1914? Or will she choose international coöperation and the effort to substitute law for war? If America is true to her traditions, to the course set by Washington and followed for over a hundred years, there can be no question what her choice will be.

We call ourselves a Christian nation. If Christianity means anything real, if the name is not a mere sham and pretense, there can be no question what America's choice will be. That choice unquestionably will depend upon what the great rank and file of Americans — over a hundred million strong — living in quiet homes throughout the length and breadth of our land demand. It is a time when no true patriot, no genuine lover of America, no honest Christian, can afford to be silent. All the world hangs upon America's answer.

March 4, 1929

SWAGDAGGER CROSSES A FIELD

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

THERE is something in the nature of most men, arising on certain uneasy occasions, which has a basis so universal that everywhere it commands the sympathetic understanding of reasonable folk — an attitude of which the commonest vocal expression is 'Why do you want to interfere with me? I don't want to interfere with you! But if you're looking for trouble you'll —— well find it!' (The usual intensifying word, here omitted for the sake of those ideas of civilized culture which Mr. Ovey self-righteously upholds, is entirely apt in the case of Swagdagger.) And as with men, so with animals who live the life, wild and free and pitiless, that men have quitted.

This attitude in the wild is liable to instant reverse; the trouble seeker of one moment may be the troubled of the next. The rights and wrongs — many of them as old as life itself — of Swagdagger happily crossing a field on a certain morning in early June cannot be discussed in this story, which is able only to hold an account of all the trouble which began when Mr. Ovey, of London, looked over a bank.

His large round head, rising out of a starched collar, moved across the gap in the western bank of the field below Windwhistle Cross, and vanished; but it came back immediately — pomaded hair, waxed moustache, pince-nez rimless glasses, new shiny teeth. Mr. Ovey, a short stout little man halfway through life, stood on his toes and

peered over, preparing an indignant glance. Someone must be in the farther field! There the evidence was — a long strip of paper, blowing across the grass! Mr. Ovey pushed himself higher with his toes, and looked round to see who had dropped the paper. It had not been there a moment before, when he had been in the field. But, seeing no one, he got down from his uncomfortable position, and brushed the earth from his finger tips.

Mr. Ovey, standing in the sunken lane, looked at the gap again, and thought how unprotected his property was. The sooner that notice board was up, the better! The paint ought to be dry enough; it could go up to-day. He must see that the gap in the bank — made by bullocks, so the farmer had said — was filled with thorn branches pegged down. Anyone could get over there! A padlock for the five-barred gate, and a strand or two of barbed wire twisted round the top bar. And, his head full of thoughts of boards and thorns and wire and paper, Mr. Ovey got into his car and drove down the hill to the village in the valley below.

Recently Mr. Ovey, a business man on holiday from London ('Ovey's Liver Salts — Get That Athlete's Zest for a Farthing a Day'), had bought three fields in a district adjoining Exmoor in North Devon, in the belief that a few years would see more than double his money back in building sites, as he told his wife. Not that he would want to live there himself! Mr. Ovey thought the country a dull place to live in, where there was nothing to see except views like picture postcards, and where nothing ever happened.

Three red lanes, metaled with ironstone, — one of them already bearing much motor traffic in summer, — met at the southwestern corner of the field, near the gate. Just above this gate was a small spinney of beech trees called Windwhistle Cross. The motor road divided the spinney, and led on over the down to Ilfracombe. It was toward these trees that Mr. Ovey had looked when he passed the gap in the bank. Mr. Ovey had always lived in London, and he considered himself both shrewd and observant; but, had the eyes of Mr. Ovey been of wider use to him, he would have noticed that the long white strip, rippling as paper in wind, was moving in a direction contrary to that in which the wind was blowing.

Less than half a minute after the departure of Mr. Ovey, the white rippling object had reached the middle of the field. It was moving on a track it had run along many times before, a track belonging to itself. Indeed, it owned the entire field, with every other field it ran in. Its sense of ownership was similar to that of Mr. Ovey, but more elemental; its angry defiance of any intrusion was coupled with a raging desire to break with teeth the neck of its enemy. Nearly everything was its enemy, and nearly everything ran from it; for it was Swagdagger the stoat. Swagdagger lived a life harder and more eventful than any other stoat in the West Country, for he had been born without color, except for his eyes, which were pink, and the tip of his tail, which was black. Swagdagger's hairy coat, covering a long and sinuous body, was white as the snow which so seldom fell in the fields. Nearly everything saw Swagdagger as he ran prowling, low and swift and sniffing the air, over green pasture and brown ploughland, and through the thorns and brambles growing on the banks dividing the fields.

Swagdagger was hurrying, but he was not hunting. Many times a day he ran with eagerness across his fields into Windwhistle Cross, to play with the five stoats who lived under a wood

stack at the foot of a beech tree. Such rough-and-tumble games they played together — Swagdagger, his mate, and their cubs.

He had reached the middle of the field when a dark brown bird, with a wing span of more than four feet, wheeled in the sky a quarter of a mile away, and slanted down over the wind-sheared tree tops of the spinney. Swagdagger saw it coming, and ran faster. It was a buzzard hawk, whose wailing cry often came down from the sky. It fed on rabbits, moles, and snakes, which it dropped on from above and clutched in its yellow feet, piercing with black talons, and tearing with its hooked beak. The hawk was stronger and much heavier than the stoat, who saw its eyes and beak and hanging legs, under the line of its outspread wings, grow larger and larger as it glided upon him. Swagdagger stopped, his forepaws on the ground, his head and neck raised and pointing at the buzzard. He crouched until it lifted great wings to drop on him, and then he stood on his hind legs. The buzzard, who had meant to grip him across the back, saw a small white flattened circle, set with whiskers, that broke across with sharp clicking teeth.

The stoat stood like a lean mushroom stalk; the hawk seemed to bounce off its angry pointed nose. It flapped its broad wings, to keep itself safely above the furious pale eyes. It flapped heavily over the stoat toward the spinney, but rippling white movement lured it back again. It turned and swept down on the stoat, spreading yellow toes for the attack. The white ripple stopped, becoming fixed and upright under the snatch of talons. Again the buzzard quailed before the snapping teeth, and, beating into the air, sent a wailing cry down the wind. *Whee-ee-i-oo!*

Another bird, black from bristled beak to toe, that was perching on the highest bough of an elderberry tree, stunted and lichen-crusted, at the southwestern point of the spinney, heard the cry, and started out of its reverie — for it was contemplating the old nest from which it had driven the last of its grown winglings that morning. Immediately it stretched its head higher. Every black feather tightened when it saw the buzzard. Its craw swelled, its tail dipped, its beak opened, and *Scarl! Scarl! Scarl!* it called, harshly and rapidly.

Another carrion crow heard the call, and left the broken carcass it had been eating — rabbit in snare set by laborer — and flew toward the elderberry. The crows built their nest in one or other of the trees of Windwhistle Cross every year; they owned the spinney, and the fields around it, and whenever they saw a winged or a four-legged intruder they drove it away from their property.

Krok! Krok! — *Hawk! Hawk!* said the first crow, flying up to meet her mate. Together they flew, silently, just above the green slope of the wind-sheared tree tops. They appeared suddenly over the spinney, seeing the field below. *Krok! Krok!* said the crow again, and flew faster toward the buzzard, meaning to peck out its feathers — a thing which the crows tried to do whenever they flew near a buzzard, not liking its face.

Before its beak had closed again, the male crow saw the stoat. The crow's name was Scarl. Scarl had seen Swagdagger many times before. *Krarr! Krarr!* cried Scarl and his mate together, turning across the wind, and slanting over the red lane and the bramble-grown bank.

Swagdagger was not far from Windwhistle Cross when the crows dived at him. He recognized the voice of Scarl, and ground his teeth. With open

beak Scarl dived, but a yard from the ground the crow flattened his wings and with a jeering *Krarr!* passed over him. Scarl alighted two yards behind Swagdagger, while his mate flapped above and in front of him. The stoat stood up to meet the peck of the crow, and Scarl, hopping quickly over the grass from behind, nipped the black tip of his tail.

In this way they teased Swagdagger for more than a minute, while he grew more and more angry. Every time he attempted to run forward he was poked and jabbed from behind by one or another of the crows, and at last he was not very far from the bank whence he had started.

Meanwhile the buzzard was soaring higher, watching the shifting white streak. It soared two fields away, stared at by a bird perched on a thorn growing out of the bank near a gate. This bird was the size of a crow, but more huddled-looking; and it had a whity-gray face of bare skin. The buzzard saw it looking up, and wailed for its mate again. The gray-faced bird launched itself off the thorn, and with leisured beat of wings climbed into the air to look around. It was a sentinel rook, and the buzzard was scared of rooks, for often they mobbed him.

It flew under the hawk, and cried *Caa! Caa-r!* Hearing the summons, the rooks looked up from the earth where they were digging potatoes. Buzzard never harmed, and potatoes were good. They went on digging again, knowing that old sentinel could easily drive buzzard away.

Now Scarl the carrion crow saw the rook flying under the buzzard, and began to think. First one eye was cocked at them, then the other — for a crow cannot reason until he has taken a double squint. His beak lifted higher, his craw swelled, he dipped, and *Krok-krok-krok-krok!* he cried. The stoat bounded upon him, but the crow, still looking at the sky, hopped over his head, alighted behind him, and gave four more croaks. *Ca-ar!* answered the sentinel rook, leaving the buzzard, and flying over the field to find out why crow had called him. He saw, turned, and flew back quickly, in silence.

Usually rooks flew wide of crows, whom they distrusted, for crows had been known to chase the little red mousehawks, or kestrels, over their rookery in spring, and, in the general uproar that greeted the hawk, to sneak into the trees and suck rooks' eggs. But against Swagdagger every bird's beak and wing was raised. *Krok-krok-krok-krok!* cried the rook, wheeling over the edge of the potato field, and calling them in a voice like a crow's. This time every rook flew up. The potato diggers (Mr. Ovey's potatoes) glided and swooped down to the grass of the three-acre field as soon as they saw the white ripple. They filled the air with cawing and the sound of wings. They alighted on the grass, making around the stoat a rough excited circle, which broke wherever Swagdagger ran in his grinding rage.

Each rook urged his neighbor to hop forward and dab him one on the head. Each rook was determined not to be the one to dab first. Their wide and simple eyes, filled with scared thoughts, looked from stoat to crow, from crow to each other. Scarl and his mate hopped about in the ring, feeling safe with so many beaks near them, and enjoying the game of peck and jump. And all the while they were playing the crows were watching their chance to peck out Swagdagger's eyes.

Sometimes nervous rooks would fly up with squawks of alarm, but the croaks of the bolder crows were reassuring, and they alighted in the circle again. Jackdaws passing over the spinney dropped among them, like flakes of burnt paper out of the blue

sky, and croaked with deep voices, for they too belonged to the powerful family of the crows, and shared ownership of all the fields and woods. They poked their gray polls and hard azure eyes between the disheveled shoulders of the rooks, and cursed Swagdagger, who in hot rage was giving off a most penetrating stench, which in itself was almost enough to keep them at a distance. Then came four magpies, sloping over the field, their wings flickering black and white as they made slow way against the wind. They scolded loudly when they saw Swagdagger. After them came a pair of missel thrushes, who flew down boldly, the smallest birds present, and screamed in the face of Swagdagger as he stood, with swishing tail, with bared teeth, with blazing eyes, in a green space enclosed by the black and shifting mass. Suddenly every bird looked up into the air, and remained motionless, as though frozen.

Three miles westward, on his pitch two thousand feet above the sea, Chakchek the Backbreaker, the peregrine falcon, had seen the commotion of wings in the field, and a white speck in the centre. He owned the air of the world; even the eagle shifted under his stoop. Across the sky on level pinions he had glided, cutting round into the wind above Windwhistle Cross. He saw upheld beaks and eyes watching him anxiously. Crows and a stoat! He turned, and swept away.

II

The sentinel rook, sire of many birds of the rookery, in the village below, an old bird whose life was set in duty to others, watched the Backbreaker an eye-blink longer than the other rooks watched. He forgot Swagdagger as he stared at the pointed wings, which often he had heard hissing in the dreaded stoop. Then a whiteness flashed, and the old rook was on his back, his feathers were flying, his legs were kicking. He tried to screech a warning, but as his beak opened he shuddered; and Swagdagger, red on teeth and whiskers, ran at the next rook. The grass was flattened by the draught of beating wings.

Cra! cried Scarl, who had flown a yard, but returned again. *Cra!* as he hopped to the stricken rook, and pecked out its eyes.

As soon as the rooks and daws had flown up, Swagdagger started to run toward the spinney, carrying his head high. He had gone one third of the way along his track when the rooks, flying at him with open beaks, but swerving a safe distance off, checked him again. Other birds came to the field — tomtits and wagtails, sparrows, finches, and stonechats. They perched on the brambles of the banks, each one adding his tick or squall or stitter to the general outcry. Some of them had lost mates or fledglings when last they had seen the white horror.

Kron-n-n-n-n-n-n-k!

The sound, prolonged and deep, was audible through the screeching and cawing. It came from the spinney, the sound as of the trunk of a strong and living beech tree beginning to split in frost. Swagdagger suddenly stopped, sniffing the air. Only one thing had such an acrid smell, and whenever he encountered it Swagdagger got out of daylight into the nearest rabbit hole.

The owner of the deep and penetrating voice had flown inland when he had seen Chakchek the Backbreaker slip off his pitch; for sometimes he robbed the falcon of what he had struck down. He alighted on a branch at the top of a tree, which bowed to his weight. Scarl the crow saw him, — he was perching on Scarl's own lookout branch, which commanded nearly all the ground around the spinney, — but

Scarl said nothing. For the newcomer was Kronk, King of the Crows, the powerful and aged owner of seven miles of coast — from Pencil Rock to the Morte Stone, where the realm of his great-grandson, the Gaping Raven, began — and of thousands of acres of forest, heath, field, spinney, and down. *Kron-n-n-k!*

The raven, looking blacker than any crow, he was so big, jumped off the lookout branch, and climbed almost vertically into the air. When about twenty feet above the tree tops he rolled on one wing, dropped a yard, and rolled level again. Then, his playful movement over, he pointed his great black beak at the stoat, and glided down to kill him.

But Swagdagger did not wait while Kronk was growing bigger in his downward glide. He turned, and galloped back along the track he had started to follow more than ten minutes before. *Whee-oo!* cried the buzzard from the sky, soaring on still, cleaver-shaped wings, as he watched Swagdagger fleeing before more than fifty clamorous birds, almost to be overtaken by the fast raven.

Swagdagger rippled up the bank, and got among the top cover. The withering sword grasses, and tough strings of bindweed tying brambles and briars, and dry thorn branches laid lengthways across old bullock-broken gaps, moved and rustled as he drew his lean body under them. Crows and rooks followed him, flapping to where patches of white showed in the long net of grasses, and trying to perch on stalks of tansy, dock, and hogweed. Three times he was pecked as he traveled along the southern bank, but he reached the corner safely, and turned up the western bank toward Windwhistle Cross.

He pushed his sharp way among the brambles and grasses to the break made by the feet of bullocks scrambling over into the sunken lane below — where Mr. Ovey had peered. The gap of earth and stone was bare for two yards. On a stone bedded in the dry earth stood the great raven.

Now stoats — and their smaller relations, the weasels — possess strength and determination which last in fullness unto the moment of death; and the mind of Swagdagger was set upon getting to Windwhistle Cross. His small flat head, sharp as a white fang, pushed out of the grasses, moved up and down, swung sideways, while the nostrils worked nervously at all the hostile scents. The quick movements wove a hole in the grasses, which set around the thin neck like a collar. The gaze of the eyes wandered, then it rested on Kronk, standing a yard away.

Raven and stoat remained still, brown and pink eyes fixed in the same stare. All the lithe furious power of Swagdagger blazed in his eyes, for he dared not run forward. His tail swished the grasses behind him; fumes of anger drove the rooks into the upper air. And then, suddenly, at a new short *Kra!* from Scarl the crow, the clamor ceased, and the air over Swagdagger's head emptied of wings. Raven, crows, rooks, daws, pies, thrushes, finches, tits, all flew away silently, big birds over the field, little birds along the hedge, leaving Swagdagger alone.

The stoat stepped through his grassy collar, smelled only furze bloom and foxglove in the air, saw the birds flying away, and forgot them. Without hesitation he ran down the bank and across the grass to his track; for he had never entered Windwhistle Cross any other way.

He was near the northern bank when the noise of wings made him stop and throw up his head. The buzzard, who had been sitting on the bank by the far corner, watching in curiosity the behavior of the birds, had been alarmed

when they had suddenly flown away; but not having heard what they had seen in the sunken lane beyond, and being fearful of taking the air when raven and crow were about, it had continued to sit there. The white moving lure of Swagdagger was too strong for its caution; it forgot the general alarm, and flew over to the stoat.

On broad brown wings it sank upon Swagdagger, flapping to check its glide and stiffening its legs for the clutch. Swagdagger stood up to meet it with his teeth, but, as the buzzard was about to strike, it looked away, startled by an object appearing in the opening of the five-barred gate by the road. It was a black and white object, and a man moved behind it.

WINDWHISTLE CROSS ESTATE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

The buzzard's wings beat violently in alarm; and instantly they beat wildly, for Swagdagger's teeth had pierced one of its legs above the knee. It rose up above the level of the bank, and tumbled sideways, the weight of the stoat struggling and twisting under it.

The buzzard unclenched its feet to be free, but they were clutched on nothing. It dived and tumbled, but could not shake off the jerking weight on its leg. It dropped toward the field again, meaning to stand on the stoat and rip it up with its hooked beak, as it had ripped up many rats and rabbits, but the shout of the man made it rise again.

Many feathers floated away in the wind over the spinney, as the hawk swooped and tumbled and recovered. The rooks, back at their potato digging (Mr. Ovey's potatoes), looked up at the struggle. Some flew around the buzzard as it zigzagged overhead, and added their cawing to the wailing whistle of the hawk. Swagdagger held to the leg with his teeth and the long claws of his forepaws, and whenever the buzzard's beak came forward to cut open his head he loosened his bite and snapped at the throat. Sometimes his tail was over his head, as he swung to the turns and somersaults of his enemy.

The flight took them away from the field, which was now distant by four lines of banks. After five minutes the wings of the buzzard flapped more heavily, and its tumblings were slower. Two claws of its right uninjured foot had pierced the loose skin of Swagdagger's neck, and were clenched tightly. It flew as before, in and out of the cawing rooks, until its bitten leg began to give it pain, when it twirled and wailed toward the ground.

A final frenzied tumble in the air flung Swagdagger's head near its own, and the buzzard's beak opened to break his skull; but Swagdagger was quicker, and his teeth, like two rows of bone thorns, snapped in the feathers of the buzzard's throat. The feathers sailed away, and he snapped again, but his teeth did not click. Hanging there, he steadily changed color, his head and neck and back and dripping tail, from white to dark red.

The banks grew larger, the field below wider, as he sank down to the earth. Near the earth the hawk began to strike with its feet and buffet with its wings, and to snap its beak; but Swagdagger held on, his eyes closed as he drew warm strength from his enemy.

The dying hawk thumped on the ground, Swagdagger riding on its back. The stoat rippled away, leaving a trail of small feathers sticking to the grasses. The idea of getting to his mate was still firmly fixed in his mind. He galloped gleefully, licking his jaws as he thought of the game he would play with his cubs.

He reached the three-acre field, and ran along his track. Halfway across he stopped, his nose working at the air that came in swirls from the bank. There was the smell of fresh-turned

earth, blown with a strange and puzzling taint. He left his track, making a loop to avoid the unseen danger; for everything strange was dangerous to Swagdagger. Ten yards off the north bank he seemed to freeze, for his nostrils had dipped into a stream of strong, familiar scent — Man.

Mr. Ovey stood by his newly painted notice board, which leaned on the five-barred gate. He was mopping his big face with a handkerchief, his hat pushed back from his pale forehead. A spade was stuck in a heap of earth at his feet. Mr. Ovey saw Swagdagger, and his eyes behind his glasses bulged. He started after him, shouting 'Hi!' when Swagdagger ran up the bank. When he got to the place where Swagdagger had climbed, Mr. Ovey said 'D—!' behind his teeth, for he saw nothing there.

Picking up a stick, Mr. Ovey hurried back through the gate, and round the outside corner of the lane. He was just in time to see a tail, tipped with black, disappear over the low bank at the edge of the spinney. He scrambled through the brambles, holding out an arm to ward off low branches from knocking off his eyeglasses. Grasping the stick firmly, and with head held tense, Mr. Ovey walked warily through the beech trees, peering left and right.

He came to a woodpile, and had a glimpse of a smaller animal, with white patches on its light brown body, before it disappeared. Mr. Ovey, warm with excitement, crept forward, and waited for it to run out again. It came out by his feet, but ran in again before the blow fell. Mr. Ovey saw another peep out, and then another. The whole place was full of the little animals!

He began to pull at a branch on the top of the pile. He felt strong as he levered it up, and with a vigorous turning movement threw it down. Lovely white skins: they must be valuable ermines! Mr. Ovey imagined himself returning to London with a dozen or more pelts, to be made into a lining for his motor coat. He saw himself in the midst of wondering villagers, but swiftly thought, as he levered another heavy bough off the top of the pile, 'No, keep it quiet! There might be money in it!' Mr. Ovey was enjoying himself immensely. An expression was on his face familiar to many townsfolk who glanced at the advertisements of 'Ovey's Liver Salts — Get That Athlete's Zest for a Farthing a Day.' (For, although Mr. Ovey took the farthings rather than the salts, a certain vanity had made him pose for the senescent and fatuous individual depicted as leaping tables, sprinting after motor buses, and running on air, whose bounding vitality was asserted and reasserted to be due to Ovey's Liver Salts.)

Mr. Ovey had thrown down four boughs when Swagdagger ran out of the pile. Swagdagger was in the greatest rage. He had been pestered and thwarted nearly all the morning, his play was interrupted (four cubs rolling him over and biting him with their milk teeth), and now his mate and cubs were threatened. He stood still, uttering whiny, champing noises — for a translation of which see the first paragraph of this story. When Mr. Ovey moved forward with uplifted stick, Swagdagger also moved forward. His harsh chakkering cry rattled in the spinney. He continued to approach Mr. Ovey, — fourteen inches of warning and aggression, — who said, '*Grrr!* Get out of it, you beast!' as he struck with his stick, and missed.

Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak!

Now Mr. Ovey's knowledge of and regard for the countryside were almost totally confined to its money-making possibilities, and he had not the least idea that birds and animals were very

near in instincts and feelings to men and women, being of the original flesh and spirit; and he did not know that Swagdagger's forefathers had run in Windwhistle Cross since the first beech tree, whose roots were long since crumbled in the ground, had sprung from a single seed planted by a rook, and founded the spinney. Mr. Ovey therefore was most surprised when, immediately after he had tried to hit another stoat with his stick, Swagdagger ran forward and started to climb up his trousers. Mr. Ovey shouted when the sharp claws pricked his knee, and struck at the animal with his hand; but so quick was Swagdagger, and so sure his eye, that he bit through the tip of a finger before the blow knocked him off.

Mr. Ovey turned to leave the spinney. He shouted for help when he saw other little animals running out of the woodpile. He blundered through the low branches to the bank, brambles clawing his clothes, and filling him with fear. He stopped in the lane, and to his horror saw that he was being followed.

Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak! Hak!

Wheeling high over Windwhistle Cross, above the rooks and the crows, Kronk the raven watched Mr. Ovey running to the gate, pulling it open, and nearly falling over the strange black and white object that had been puzzling the wary Kronk. Mr. Ovey closed the gate, and, breathing heavily behind his notice board, felt safe on his own property.

'Dangerous brutes,' he puffed. 'Poison . . . traps . . . what local authorities doing . . . permit it . . . *phoo!*'

He was pulling his handkerchief out of his cuff, where one had been tucked for many years, when the piebald family of Swagdagger ran round the corner.

Hak! Chakker! Hak!

Mr. Ovey ran as far as the middle of the field, then turned, and stared at the pack. He felt a dreadful desire to remain standing still. He gave an automatic glance round for a policeman.

High in the air the raven, who also had felt the fascination of being approached by a pack of hunting stoats, watched the man standing still until the white threads were almost to him. Only then did he turn and run to the lower bank. He scrambled up, and stood among the brambles, until the white threads reached the bank. He jumped down, with head turned to see if they were following.

Hak! Hak! Chakker-hak!

Wheeling on firm wings, the raven watched the man plodding across the next field, and the plunging canter of bullocks down wind when they got the musky scent of stoat. He watched him across another field, and so to the road.

Mr. Ovey ran on, slower and slower, groaning that if he only got out of this he would sell the beastly place, and give up smoking. He was chased almost to the farmhouse at the bottom of the hill, where a cattle dog, which had been lying in the roadway, got up and loped forward to see what the trouble was; and made off at full speed when it smelled and saw.

Swagdagger forgot Mr. Ovey, and went under a gate into a field at the top of which was one of his playgrounds, a quarry, in which ironstone had been blasted for the widening of the motor road, and which the brambles were always trying to reclaim. Here they played awhile, and hunted rabbits, and washed themselves after their meal, imitating Swagdagger, who was busy with his tongue on ribs and back and tail. When they had played again, the white leader led the way back to Windwhistle Cross, running along the track, and crossing the field for the first time with that season's jolly cubs.

TO THE ICE MOUNTAINS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It was one of the most vivid and memorable journeys I have ever made into the land of dreams. As a matter of fact, I am not sure that it was wholly a dream journey, for now and then, in mid-course of it, I remembered, dimly, that I was lying on a sofa, and also the reason why I was lying there. Perhaps I was neither awake nor asleep, but in a kind of trance during which time fever served to unlock the storehouse of subconscious memory which contains so vast an accumulation of forgotten or half-forgotten possessions. Shortly before entering upon my adventures I had been going through some old copy books in which for a number of years I have kept record of various things: of conversations with friends, of stray thoughts and fancies, of reflections upon books, together with quoted passages from books which had particularly appealed to me; and these notebook jottings were woven into my dream precisely as I had set them down.

Upon waking I seemed to have the clearest recollection of everything that had happened, and lest the memory should quickly fade I took paper and pencil and outlined my experiences from beginning to end. Meagre as it was, the outline covered many pages, and it will be clear from this that my narrative must be considerably shortened. Furthermore, I shall have to depart somewhat from the order — or, better, disorder — of events, stressing some, slighting or omitting others; but, as Mr. Santayana has said, 'to embroider upon experience is not to bear false witness against one's neighbor but to bear true witness to oneself.' This is particularly the case when one is writing of dream experience rather than of the events of waking life. But before proceeding further it may be well to explain what gave rise to the dream.

Several weeks ago I traveled by trading schooner to the Austral Islands, which lie some three hundred miles south of Tahiti, the island where I make my home. This lonely group of mountain peaks are as beautifully named as they are beautiful to see. Rimitara is the most primitive, Rurutu the boldest in outline, Tubuai the largest, and Raivavai the most enchanting as a picture, seen from the deck of a small vessel coasting the barrier reef. While the schooner was assembling her cargo of copra and pia, coffee, vanilla beans, and pandanus mats, I wandered about on shore, climbing the hills for distant views of land and sea, or lying in the shade on sandy beaches, watching the cloud shadows passing over the surface of the lagoon and the surf piling up on the reef.

On the island of Tubuai, inland toward the bases of the hills, there are wide stretches of swampy land, and in my excursions across them I was badly bitten by mosquitoes. One of the stings, having been scratched, became infected. In the tropics quite serious infections often have such small beginnings; one should immediately sterilize

the tiniest abrasion; but long immunity had made me careless, and as a result, shortly after my return to Tahiti — we were three days in making the homeward voyage — I found myself laid up with a badly swollen leg.

'A beautiful infection' the doctor called it, as he gazed, with the air of a connoisseur examining an old master, at my angry-looking knee.

'That's what comes of carelessness,' he said. 'Well, we must try to draw all this poison to one spot. When that is done I'll lance it and you'll feel better. Meanwhile, stay where you are and don't move your leg any more than you can help.'

'For how long?' I asked.

'For three weeks at least.'

'What!' I said. 'Three weeks on this sofa, in this one little room?'

'You may consider yourself lucky if you can use your leg at the end of a month. Now, then: for to-day and to-morrow, hot dressings — wet, of course — every hour or so. After that I'll see what is best to be done.' Whereupon he left me, the hot dressings were applied as he had ordered, and between times I lay staring out of the window, lamenting the fact that through sheer neglect I had let this ill wind be fanned upon me by a mosquito's wings.

But as I turned my eyes from the window to gaze round the walls of the little room, twelve feet by fourteen, that I call my library, my misgivings subsided somewhat. Ranged on open shelves around the walls were my books, and over and around the bookshelves were pictures of various sorts: crayon sketches, water colors, prints, framed photographs of old friends, of places where I had lived in former days — all or most of them so many windows looking out on the road I had traveled from the threshold of boyhood to the present moment. I saw, with the eyes of the spirit, that the one little room, small as it was, enclosed a parklike expanse of leisure, three weeks wide at the least, a pleasure ground as ample in time as Kublai Khan's was in space. Once my leg had been lanced I could lie on my sofa and wander in this garden as I chose, reading old books, or merely thinking about them, looking at my pictures, sorting over memories, or letting my mind lie fallow to the gossamer-like daydreams and fancies which blow so delightfully from nowhere. Doubtless my temperature was rising, for I became excited and light-headed in contemplating the pleasant prospect before me.

On the wall facing me was a photograph of Walt Whitman as he appeared in his vigorous maturity. I looked at that for a time, thinking of the pleasure he had given me in youth, when I could open *Leaves of Grass* at random, and before I had read ten lines he would strike fire from my spirit and set it in a blaze of enthusiasm and delight.

'I wish I might have known him,' I mused. 'What was it Emerson said of him? "One must thank Walt Whitman for service to American literature in the Appalachian enlargement of his outline and treatment." Appalachian? Andean, rather. Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson — what giants they were, compared to the most eminent of their contemporaries in America. Lord, I wish I had a glass of water with ice in it!'

II

In my desire for a drink of cold water I quite forgot Walt Whitman. I called out, but no one came. 'I must get it for myself,' I thought. So I rose, despite my sore leg, and was surprised to find that I was no longer in my room but in what appeared to be a splendid park whose lawn was shaded by a great variety of trees of both tropical and temperate climates; and sitting at a

table close by was Walt Whitman himself. The sunlight of late afternoon cast long shadows on the grass, and far in the distance was a range of mountains whose peaks rose to incalculable heights. Walt Whitman nodded affably. 'Those are the Andes, the Ice Mountains,' he said, pointing toward the horizon. 'Yes, I know,' I replied. 'I'm going there. I want a drink of cold water. I've got a sore leg. Dr. Emerson told me that it would have to get worse before it gets better.'

'That won't prevent your saying a few words, I hope?'

This seemed to me a perfectly natural question. I was not in the least surprised or perturbed.

'Oh no, not at all,' I replied. 'Shall I begin at once?'

'You may as well,' Mr. Whitman answered. 'As you see, they're all waiting.'

I then observed a large gathering, several hundred men and women, sitting on the grass around us. They were cooling themselves with little Japanese fans, and looking toward me expectantly.

'Would you like a fan?' Mr. Whitman asked. 'I expect you're rather warm, are n't you?'

I said that I preferred a drink of ice water.

'Oh, there's no ice here; you'll have to go to the mountains for that. But take this fan; that will cool you off beautifully while you're speaking.'

I did n't know what I was going to say, and yet I felt quite at ease, and after fanning myself for a moment I began, without any preliminary remarks: —

'I am one of those men who think "yesterday" a beautiful word; who love change only in its aspect of slow and imperceptible decay. To me the present and the future are but raw material for the making of the past, and I measure experience largely in terms of its value as the stuff for memories.

'Such a complexion of mind and temperament is, I suppose, an unfortunate possession in these swiftly moving times; nevertheless, it must be accepted along with the shape of one's nose, the color of one's eyes. It is an inherited characteristic as unalterable as stature or the composition of the blood. Lacking it, an octogenarian will march eagerly in the front rank of the wildest revolutionaries. Having it to excess, a child of five falls into a brown study in his high chair, musing sadly over "the good old days" of babyhood. If this fact were more widely recognized, past-minded and future-minded men would, I believe, make greater allowances for each other and live together more amicably.'

At this point I was interrupted by a murmur of approval from my audience. Several voices said, 'Hear! Hear!' and men and women looked at each other, nodding their heads very slowly and solemnly, as though they would say, 'That is precisely my opinion, too.' I was elated at the favorable impression I seemed to have made, and was about to continue, when panic seized me. I could think of nothing more to say. I was in the most exquisite agony, and my whole body seemed to be afire with the shame and mortification I felt. Then, to my immense relief, I saw that my audience had vanished. Walt Whitman, too, had disappeared, together with the shaded lawn and the distant mountains. I was now standing on a hilltop, looking down upon a city that lay on either bank of a river far below. Scattered over the floor of the valley were other towns and villages, embowered in trees, with little fields around them making a patchwork of vivid coloring, green and gold and blue and crimson. The beauty of the landscape filled me with inexpressible joy.

Not a sound came up to me from the valley. Indeed, so still it was that I became aware of a slight scratching noise, and was puzzled to account for it. Then I saw a man seated in the shadow of a rock with a pad of paper on his knee. He was writing, with his face held so close to the pad that his nose seemed to be touching it. The scratching noise I had heard was made by his pencil moving over the paper.

Presently he spied me and hastily thrust pad and pencil into his pocket. I recognized him at once. It was Lafcadio Hearn.

'You were asking,' he began, 'what the secret is of the art of writing.'

I did n't remember having spoken, but waited deferentially.

'It is n't what you think,' he went on. 'It is n't what any American thinks, or any Englishman, or Frenchman, or German, or Scandinavian. The Chinese alone are masters of the secret, and they discovered it centuries ago.'

As he said this he looked at me accusingly, and I felt somehow to blame for the fact that Americans had not forestalled the Chinese in this discovery. Again I blushed hotly; my face seemed scorched with shame, and I wondered what I had done with the little fan I had had only a moment ago. As he observed my discomfiture, the expression on Mr. Hearn's face softened and he regarded me with a faint smile.

'Here's your fan,' he said. 'I had it all the time. But we were speaking of the Chinese; among them even the children know how to write. Shall I tell you something of my experiences here?'

'Please do!' I replied eagerly. 'Nothing could interest me more!'

'The city you see below us,' he went on, 'is called Ta-ning, or An-yo, I'm not quite sure which; but it does n't matter. I am a teacher there in one of the government schools. The students are all boys in their teens, the sons of shopkeepers, well-to-do farmers, and the like, and they go to school for the same reason other boys do — because they must.

'I lecture sometimes in Chinese, sometimes in English, and in my composition classes my aim has always been to call forth and develop their native genius. Sometimes I give them subjects for compositions. I have them write about a snowstorm, or a cherry tree, or the beauty of cloud formations on a summer afternoon; the subject does n't matter, for they can write beautifully about everything or anything. They have half an hour to prepare their compositions, and when they have finished we read them aloud and discuss them.

'This morning I decided to give them a subject somewhat more difficult than usual. I explained that I wanted them to write an essay, or a story, or a poem, — they could put it in whatever form they chose, — and the idea was to be this: Misery. It was to be a story about a man at the last extremity of want — so utterly poor and wretched that whatever Fate might do she could not drive him farther down. They grasped the idea at once and set to work.

'At the end of half an hour all had finished except one boy of fifteen, the son of a basket maker. The papers were collected and brought to my desk, and still this boy sat with his chin on his hands, deep in thought. I did n't disturb him, knowing that the best thoughts are often the latest to come. While glancing through the papers before me I saw this boy seize his brush, cross out what he had already written, and substitute something else. He then brought his composition to my desk. This is what I read there: "Heavily falls the rain on the hat I stole from a scarecrow."'

Mr. Hearn glanced at me inquiringly.

'What do you think?' he asked. 'Is

it a masterpiece or not? And the brevity!' he went on, without waiting for a reply. 'The beautiful economy of words! There, if you ask me, is one, at least, of the secrets of the art of writing; and in China even the children know it.'

I was deeply impressed and enormously grateful to Mr. Hearn for having related this incident. I wanted to tell him that my enthusiasm for the little poem was equal to his. I also wanted to tell him of the pleasure his own writings had given me; how, when I went for an afternoon ramble in the hills at Tahiti, I often carried one of his volumes of Japanese sketches to read by the way; and how my copy of his *Two Years in the French West Indies* had become so worn with much handling that I had had it rebound in shark skin while sojourning in Iceland. But when I started to speak, to my great chagrin I could not remember what I was about to say. My throat was parched and dry, and I could think of nothing but my thirst.

'Could you tell me, please,' I asked, 'where the Ice Mountains are? I want a glass of cold water.'

He sprang to his feet.

'Let's go to my house,' he replied. 'I have something very interesting to show you.'

'Don't walk too fast. I have a very sore leg. I was bitten by a mosquito in the Austral Islands, and the place got infected.'

'That's what comes of carelessness,' he replied; whereupon he set out at so rapid a pace that his coat tails flapped behind him. His figure dwindled and dwindled, and soon he was a mere speck far below me.

III

I now saw that we had been sitting on the top of a mountain rather than a hill. The path descended in innumerable loops and turns, and although I followed as fast as I could I seemed to be making no progress. The road was deep in sand, which reflected back the intense heat of the sun. My infected leg was throbbing violently, and I knew that I ought to be in bed rather than making this hard journey. Then I realized vaguely that I was again lying on the sofa in the little book-lined room. Mynah birds were chattering in the mango tree at the back of the house, and through the open window I saw the broad leaf of a banana plant swaying gently in the breeze. I heard a clear, childish, compassionate voice saying: '*Aué! Mauiui te avané au papa!*' ('Too bad! Papa has a sore leg!'); and another voice replied: 'Come, Conrad. You must n't disturb Papa. He's sleeping.' 'That's curious!' I thought. 'How does it happen that my little son speaks Tahitian? Here am I, an American born and bred, and yet my child talks this strange lingo! But of course! That's because he was born at Tahiti; he's picked it up from the native children and his maternal grandmother. And when he grows up — what then? Of what use will Tahitian be to him when he leaves the islands? There are only thirty thousand people in the whole world who speak this Maori dialect, and all of them live in the South Seas. I must give him another English lesson at once.'

I called him, I called his mother, but there was no answer. Then I smiled, a bit sheepishly, remembering that I was not at home, but in China, on the way to Lafcadio Hearn's house. I could see him a long way below me, and shouted once more at the top of my voice. To my great relief he turned and came running back, so fast that it made me dizzy to watch him threading the winding road up the mountain side. He reached me in no time, and despite his exertions was not at all fatigued.

'Are you sure this is China?' I asked.

'I thought you lived in Japan! One of your books that I like best is called *Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation.*'

'Names are quite immaterial,' he replied. 'But let's go in and have some tea. You'd like some, would n't you?'

'Could I have iced tea?' I asked eagerly. 'I'm very hot.'

'We shall see,' he said, smiling mysteriously.

We entered a carved stone gateway leading to a garden so enchantingly beautiful that I stopped to feast my eyes on the scene before us, but Mr. Hearn seized my arm and hurried me along. A graveled path followed the windings of a miniature valley, and mossgrown steps led down at intervals to a stream of clear water. I wanted to stop for a cooling drink, but my companion would not permit this. We crossed a lawn so smooth and soft that it was a delight to walk on it. Shadows of trees made a lacy pattern on the grass, where the air was cool and fresh, but in the sunny spaces the heat was stifling. Most of the flowers and plants were strange to me, but I recognized some hibiscus and flamboyant trees and bougainvillæa vines of the same varieties to be found on the islands of the South Seas.

We came within view of a lake whose placid surface reflected perfectly the blue sky and a few fleecy clouds. Near the water's edge, in an arbor of cherry trees in full blossom, was a tiny pavilion with a roof of green tiles supported by slender stone pillars fantastically carved and inlaid with precious stones. On the lawn close by, three venerable Chinamen were seated at a table, drinking tea. They were dressed in long embroidered coats, one blue, one green, and one crimson, and they wore tasseled skullcaps of the same colors. They had black goatees and drooping moustaches that reached almost to their waists.

'Mr. Hearn!' I exclaimed. 'I know this place! I have a picture of the very spot! I got it from a Chinaman who keeps a restaurant at Papeete!'

'This is Kublai Khan's pleasure garden,' he replied.

A Chinese girl, beautifully dressed, with cherry blossoms in her hair, brought two stools wonderfully carved and decorated, placed them at the table, and motioned us to be seated. The three old men rose, bowed, and we all sat down together. Mr. Hearn immediately entered into an animated conversation with them, in Chinese; I regretted exceedingly that I could not follow them. Presently the Chinaman in the green coat turned to me and said, in English: —

'You are aware that during the nineteenth century the essay and the sketch have been much less cultivated in England than in France; and the reason is that writers of essays and sketches could not possibly compete with the writers of novels. The novel practically crushed the essay. It was as if an immense mass of rocks had been thrown down upon a grassy field; in order that the grass and flowers could bloom again it was necessary that the pressure should be removed. And it is likely to be removed very soon. The more speedily the novel decays, the more the essay and the sketch will again come into blossom and favor. Slight as such literature may seem to the superficial eye, it is really far more durable and much more valuable than fiction, in the majority of cases.

'As for the sketch, I think it has a great future; even now it is able to struggle a little against the novel. By the word "sketch" I mean any brief study in prose which is either an actual picture of life as seen with the eyes or a picture of life as felt with the mind. You know that the word strictly means a picture lightly and quickly drawn.

A sketch may be a little story, provided that it keeps within the world of fact and sincere feeling. It may take the form of a dialogue between two persons; it may be only a record of something seen, but so well seen that, when recorded, it is like a water color. In short, the sketch may take a hundred forms, and it offers the widest possible range for the expression of every literary faculty.'

'That is exactly what I think!' I replied eagerly. 'But I see small reason to hope that the sketch will soon blossom into favor. The novel has crushed it utterly, particularly in America. In England, it is true, there are two or three exceptionally gifted writers of sketches, but they themselves seem to have no very high opinion of the art and practise it in the most desultory fashion. Do you know Mr. Tomlinson's work? How perfect some of it is! Pictures, fragments of experience, gems of sincere feeling in settings of words chosen with the most exquisite taste. Do you remember his sketch called "The Derelict"? And the one about the sand dunes? I read them over and over with never-failing delight. Max Beerbohm is the only writer in English I know to be compared with him. His is a different but by no means an inferior method. You must have read his "Number 2, the Pines," in which he tells of his visit to Swinburne at Putney. There, in a mere handful of pages, he gives a picture of Swinburne and his friend Watts-Dunton that can never fade from the memory. One gazes, smiling, with tears in the eyes, at those two old friends sitting in their dingy suburban mansion with their memories of the past, the dusty years creeping upon them and over them unnoticed, a dying western light illumining their faces. And "William and Mary" — do you remember that? And "The Golden Drugget," which is nothing more than a description of a strip of yellow lamplight from the doorway of a mountain inn, lying across the roadway on a dark night. In my opinion sketches of this sort are worth more than a hundred novels that might be named.'

IV

Of a sudden I noticed, without surprise, that Lafcadio Hearn had disappeared. The three old Chinamen listened gravely, sipping their tea and nodding their heads now and then. I felt wonderfully carefree and happy. It seemed to me that we were outside of time; it would always be afternoon, and we would sit under the cherry tree discussing matters that had nothing to do with a workaday world. I had found at last, I felt, what I had been searching for my life long — the three wise men of my dreams, wise, tolerant, compassionate. They would instruct me not only in the art of writing but in the art of living, so that I need never have any more doubts or despairs. I wanted to give some expression to my happiness and gratitude, but as I was about to do so the little waitress appeared with an enormous pot of fresh tea, which she placed on the table. The heat from the pot was unbearable to me, although my companions seemed not to notice it. On the table before me were a thick block of writing paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink that I had not observed before.

'These must be for me,' I thought. 'I suppose I must write something, but I don't see how I can with this teapot so close at hand.' The intense heat seemed to be scorching my very brain. I moved my stool back from the table, and in doing so discovered that the cause of my distress was not a pot of tea but a ray of sunlight streaming directly upon me through a window high in the wall of a large room. It

appeared to be the reading room of a public library, and was furnished with long tables where many people sat, busily writing, with books piled round them. A man whose face was puzzlingly familiar sat opposite me; I tried vainly to place him. He had a knitted muffler wrapped several times around his throat, with the ends hanging down on his chest. He had long bony hands, pale and freckled; his face, too, was bony, and his melancholy blue eyes sunk deep in cavernous hollows.

'You're a writer, are you not?' he asked, regarding me with an air of mournful disapproval.

'Yes,' I replied. 'But I can't work in such a hot room. How do you endure it?'

'It's not at all warm here. As you see, the rest of us are working. You must waste no more time. No work, no wage.' And with that he resumed his own task.

I felt terribly depressed. I realized that I had no money and no way of earning any except by my pen. I must somehow blacken the pages of my block of writing paper. So I took up my pen and began wearily to write.

Someone touched my arm. It was the man who had spoken to me. He had come round to my side of the table and was now standing at my shoulder.

'Let me see what you have done,' he said.

I was conscious of a feeling of profound despair. 'I've only just started,' I replied. 'I'm merely practising now, setting down words haphazardly. This is n't at all what I mean to write.'

He held out his hand. 'Let — me — see — what — you — have — done,' he repeated severely, and before I could prevent him he took my manuscript, adjusted a pair of spectacles to his nose, and, to my horror, began to read aloud: —

'A self-appointed wanderer for others is under so many conflicting obligations to his travelers by proxy that the task of filling all of them passably, or any of them adequately, seems next to impossible. He combines in his office the threefold function of dietitian, cook, and serving man, and he must be careful how he goes about his duties if he is to retain his self-appointment with the consent of anyone but himself.

'Some of his patrons will dine agreeably upon indifferent food, but the service must be beyond praise. There are his dainty eaters who will rise, nourished and content, from the least substantial of repasts if he has not offended them in any particular of seasoning. Others, of greater weight of bone and muscle, demand a deal of solid food, although they have no objection to hors d'œuvres and something light and tasty by way of dessert. And there are the really heavy feeders who care nothing about service, sauces, or savories. "Away with the knick-knacks!" they say. "Bring on the dinner!" For them he must load the board till it groans, heap high the plates with ungarnished fact, mound up the platters with solid information. It matters not whether it be well cooked or nicely served, so long as there is no stint of helpings. They will crowd round tables of raw statistics, their eyes glistening with anticipation; and later, when he emerges apologetically from the kitchen to clear away the broken meats, he finds to his surprise that there are none — not so much as a crumb to brush from the cloth. Plates and platters have been scoured clean, and the diners are sitting back in their chairs with looks of placid satisfaction on their faces. How is the writer of a travel book to cater for such a variety of tastes, to appease such a variety of appetites, to avoid upsetting such a variety of digestive processes?'

His mournful voice echoed and re-echoed against the walls and lofty ceilings of the reading room as he read my manuscript, but no one paid the least attention to him. Only, when he reached the words, 'Away with the knickknacks! Bring on the dinner!' he shouted them in a deep, peremptory voice, whereupon several people glanced up, frowning slightly. They at once resumed their work, however, as if nothing had happened.

I observed that, despite the oppressive heat, all of them were muffled in heavy winter clothing, and that their breath came out in clouds of steam. 'I must be in Iceland,' I thought. 'Yes, this is certainly Iceland — the reading room of the public library in Reykjavík.' Then I turned to the man sitting on my right hand.

'It's useless trying to deceive me,' I said to him. 'I know quite well where I am.'

'I have been reading Miss Amy Lowell's poems,' he replied. 'Her "Lilacs" is a fine thing, but with this and a few other exceptions all of her verse smells of indoors even when she is writing on outdoor subjects. Her manner is studied, her style artificial, and not one of her poems would leave one in doubt as to whether a man or a woman had written it. Her free-verse forms have little or no excuse for being. Consider for a moment her "Venus Transiens"; this is how she has written it: —

'Tell me,
Was Venus more beautiful
Than you are,
When she topped
The crinkled waves,
Drifting shoreward
On her plaited shell?
Was Botticelli's vision
Fairer than mine;
And were the painted rosebuds
He tossed his lady
Of better worth
Than the words I blow about you
To cover your too great loveliness
As with a gauze
Of misted silver?'

He paused at the end of each line to accentuate its choppiness.

'You see how mannered the form is? When she might have written, in graceful prose: "Tell me, was Venus more beautiful than you are, when she topped the crinkled waves, drifting shoreward on her plaited shell?"

'You are doubtless aware that she has a high opinion of her own place among contemporary poets. In that part of her *Critical Fable* in which she speaks of herself, she says: —

'The future's her goose and I dare say she'll wing it,
Though the triumph will need her own power to sing it.
Although I'm no prophet, I'll hazard a guess
She'll be rated by time as more rather than less.

'I think she's much too sanguine. I'll hazard another guess that twenty-five years hence her poetry will be as dead and forgotten as that of James Russell Lowell, her once illustrious kinsman, is to-day.'

He went on to enumerate his reasons for so thinking, and while talking laid his hot heavy hand on my infected knee. The pain was excruciating, and I groaned aloud.

'Don't touch my knee!' I said. 'Can't you see how swollen it is?'

'It's time for your hot dressings,' he replied, firmly — and a clear, childish, compassionate voice again exclaimed, in Tahitian: 'Poor Papa! He has a sore leg!'

THE FUTURE OF PARIS

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

I

PARIS is a Lady with a Past. With that Past, dazzling and shady, tragic and light-hearted, we are all enamored. We are less impressed with the fact that she has also a Future. Indeed, as a Senator eloquently said of Aviation, 'most of her future is ahead of her.'

That future is to-day for the French a cause of serious concern. Innumerable commissions are at work about it. Reports, articles, pamphlets, and volumes are pouring forth as inexorably as Niagara, and the present writer has contributed his 120,000 French words to the flood. But why should we in America worry about the future of Paris? Because Paris belongs to us, as a beloved memory or as a dream. The world's great show places are the world's common heritage; the local inhabitants are only their custodians, and have no right to deface them under the plea, 'Can't we do what we like with our own?' We all felt poorer when the Campanile of St. Mark's collapsed, and when Rheims was martyred; and we followed the painful recovery of St. Paul's dome, threatened with a fatal disease, with the same respectful sympathy as that with which we read the doctors' bulletins about King George.

In spite of the slogan, 'See America first!' there are many European thoroughfares that hold more attraction for us than Main Street, State Street, or even Beacon Street. And, among our dream cities, Paris has a place apart. We feel more at home on the boulevards and the Champs-Élysées than on Piccadilly or Unter den Linden. This is such a truism that the one difficulty is to put it moderately enough; as the present writer was born on the banks of the Seine, it is embarrassing for him to praise too glowingly the city of Anatole France, Le Rat Mort, and Jean Patou. The classic expression of that prestige is the formal promise: 'Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.' This prospect seems too nebulous in this age of doubt, and Americans not quite so good prefer to take no chances. Even Lorelei, the Blonde Preferred, was thrilled when she reached the historical spot where Coty dispenses his fragrance to a grateful world. Paris is ours, not for the sordid reason that the American flood leaves every year a fertilizing sediment of dollars, but in the only way that can make a person or a thing our own — because we love her.

Now the mellow charm of Paris is threatened. What concerns us immediately is 'the Future of the Past of Paris.' We cannot afford to see the unique masterpiece of centuries ruined in a single generation. It is our right, and our duty, to express our misgivings.

We have a more definite responsibility in the future of Paris. In this, as in all other European tragedies, we have been cast for the character of the villain: it is Americanism, you will hear everywhere, that is spoiling Paris. Now, this accusation is neither to be

dismissed with a shrug, like the 'Uncle Shylock' amenities, nor to be taken too tragically.

Americanism is guilty, you understand — not the individual Americans. The tourists are not blameless; they do patronize a few resorts which are not models of French taste. Still, it would be unjust to single out the cousins from Emporia as though they alone were corrupting the innocence of Montmartre and scandalizing the bucolic Latin Quarter. Villon had led the Ernest Hemingway life before Columbus sailed for ports unknown. There are other tempters, from Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, without counting the noisy throng of the French *nouveaux riches*. The majority of American tourists are cheerful, well-behaved students, teachers, and professional men. They are not addicted to vice, are extremely conscientious in the performance of their sight-seeing duty, and have but a limited supply of dollars to squander. Their influence, if it were felt at all, would be on the conservative side. As Samuel McChord Crothers remarked, progressive Uncle Sam, on his trips abroad, blossoms into a fine old Tory. He would like to foster quaintness, not modernization. The Anglo-American invasion is saving the picturesque Breton costumes, which otherwise would already have been superseded by alleged Parisian fashions. Soon many parts of Europe and North Africa will be turned into a comic-opera stage for the entertainment of transatlantic visitors. After all, it is pleasant to live in comic-opera scenery — that is what the Beverly Hills millionaires are attempting to do; and if the setting reacted upon the sullen mood of Europe, the gain might be very great. So, if the beauty of Paris is threatened, American visitors must be absolved from any serious responsibility.

Americanism is accused. Oh! Not the Americanism of Washington and Lincoln; not that of Edison and Lindbergh; not even that of Wilson, Dawes, and Hoover. Of such Americanism — fundamental democracy, the pioneering spirit, efficiency, large-mindedness in production and trade, optimism, good-fellowship — Europe, and particularly Paris, could take invigorating drafts without fear of a *Katzenjammer*. But there is another kind of Americanism which, because it is purely material, excessive, a caricature, is infinitely more obvious. The Americanization of Europe means the skyscraper, the traffic jam, the tightly packed subway, the glaring signs, chewing gum, the jazz band, the cocktail, and Miss Josephine Baker. Those things did not belong to old Paris; they belonged to New York. We may exclaim with the Kaiser: 'We never wanted *that!*' Still, we brought *that* into being. When we realize plainly what harm a slight injection of such 'Americanism' is doing to a lovely city, we may be led to wonder whether what is so manifestly bad for Europe can be perfectly wholesome for ourselves. If we do not want the Paris of to-morrow to resemble the New York of to-day, — and we most emphatically do not, — is it not a warning that New York is not traveling exactly on the right road?

II

The Parisians had been slumbering happily on the rather wilted laurels of the Second Empire. They took it quietly for granted that Paris was the most beautiful city here below, and so would remain, world without end. Sixteen centuries had slowly perfected an urban picture that could hardly be matched in its rich and subtle harmony. This picture offered no wild and picturesque grandeur; but the gentle hills,

the friendly river, the trees, the houses, the public buildings, were all on the same scale, admirably adapted to the human stature. The gray stone, the bluish slate, the pewter gleams on the Seine, the subtle mist that softens without blurring, the delicately mottled tints of the changing sky, gave to the scene a subdued Racinian grace, while there was in the air a crispness that evoked the smile of a Voltaire. History had served Paris well. The site of old fortifications had twice already been turned into splendid boulevards. Under Louis XIV and Louis XV, noble plans had been carried out, the Champs-Élysées, the Cours-la-Reine, the Invalides, the Champ-de-Mars, with their magnificent vistas between the living colonnades of stately trees. The 'stupid nineteenth century,' as it is now the fashion to call it, did not completely mar that slowly maturing splendor. And the Industrial Revolution, when it finally struck France, found on the throne a mystery, Napoleon III, purblind and tottering whenever he tried to be Machiavellian, but strangely practical when he yielded to his generous visions. Napoleon III (Haussmann was but his instrument) made Paris up-to-date without shattering its traditions. There were many sacrifices involved in the transformation, and not all of them were necessary: 'Haussmannism' is not an infallible formula. Monotony frequently resulted. Among the innumerable buildings of the period, few would rank as truly beautiful. The Opéra is the masterpiece of the age: but, although its gaudiness has been toned down by the patina of half a century, it remains, like the Bonapartes themselves, too Italianate for the soberness of French taste. Still, when all is said, Napoleon III did solve for his generation the eternal problem of a living, historical city: to give full scope to the new, without sacrificing the old. Our grandparents were dazzled, and well they might be; for at that time Berlin was still provincial, Rome slumbering, New York incredibly crude, and London a chaos.

In the fifty-eight years of its life, the Third Republic has timidly continued the work of Haussmann. It has achieved far less than the great Prefect had in one fourth of the time. The boulevard that bears his name was completed but yesterday, and many of his projects have not yet been carried out. Absolutely nothing has been done that looked beyond Haussmann. Paris has had notable architects in the last half-century, and has added to its collection a number of heterogeneous buildings, like the Sacred Heart, the Trocadéro, and the Eiffel Tower. The Metropolitan Railway, planned by Brame and Flachat as early as 1855, was not undertaken until 1897, and on such a small scale that it was congested from the start. It may be said without injustice that in city planning the last two generations have been merely the Epigoni of the Imperial régime.

Already before the war a few notes of alarm had been sounded. Public opinion remained curiously passive. It offered that blend of constant grumbling and invincible conservatism which is so peculiarly French. Those who ought to have defended the beauty of Paris, the scholars, the artists, were satisfied with a fatalistic attitude. They seemed to take it for granted ('decadence' had recently been in vogue) that ugliness would inexorably engulf the city; and they found bitter delight in bewailing, like Cassandra of old, the doom they could not avert. They did not realize that men with a purpose, antiquarians as well as engineers, are natural allies against the ruinous influence of *laissez faire*.

Then came the four years of the

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world's nightmare, and a whole decade of slow fever. In a readjusted, stabilized France, Paris is awake at last. But the consequences of fifty years of complacent apathy are palpable. The city is antiquated and congested; the present building code permits architectural atrocities which destroy the miraculous balance achieved in the past. A vast suburban zone has grown haphazard, unsanitary, and appallingly mean, bearing everywhere, like the mark of the beast, the imprint of the dishonest promoter. And as the greed of the money lenders inevitably fosters hatred, the Zone of Ugliness has become the Red Belt, a threatening camp of Communists encircling the capital. One billion francs have already been voted as an emergency measure, for the relief of *les mal lotis*, the victims of unprincipled realtors. The great housing scheme of Loucheur is under way. The last traces of the old fortifications are vanishing. Yes, Paris is thoroughly awake. But how late! If drastic measures are not adopted and carried out within the next few years, Paris will remain a vast centre of trade and hectic amusement; but the refined joy of living that it once offered to all comers will be gone forever.

III

The first difficulty that Paris has to face in that great task is the indifference, nay, the hostility, of the national government. French municipalities do not enjoy the same measure of autonomy as similar bodies in the United States, and Paris, the sole exception to a rigidly standardized scheme of local administration, is far less free than the rest. The city executive is not a mayor, but the Prefect of the Seine, a functionary appointed by the Minister of the Interior; and the police are controlled by another agent of the Central Government, the Prefect of Police. It is almost inevitable that the capital of a great nation should be submitted to a régime different from that of the other cities, and Washington, for instance, is not altogether 'free.' The history of Paris justifies exceptional measures. The influence of the capital in national affairs has been overwhelming and not uniformly good. For nearly a century Paris was in the habit of starting a revolution every ten, fifteen, or eighteen years, and expected the country to follow with grateful obedience. In February 1848, France acquiesced with more resignation than enthusiasm; in June 1848, she rebelled against that capricious leadership and gave the Paris radicals a tragic lesson. In 1871, under the eyes of the victorious Prussians, Paris rose once more against the national government. The street fighting, the burning of public buildings, that marked the agony of the Commune, and above all the sombre ferocity of repression, left memories that have profoundly seared the French soul.

It may be said that, from June 1848 to the present day, France has been governed *from Paris, but against Paris.* Napoleon III, if he curbed his capital politically, if he strove to overawe any possible insurrection by a vast display of military power, if he planned his wide and straight boulevards for strategic reasons, sought at any rate to placate Paris by adding enormously to its wealth and splendor. The hostility of the bourgeois republic to its unruly metropolis is more insidious. Parliament would virtuously disclaim any anti-Parisian prejudice. Yet Paris cannot do a thing for itself without the consent of the national government, and that consent is either withheld or interminably deferred, or granted at last in the most grudging fashion. A striking instance of that veiled, half-unconscious unfriendliness is the fate

of the Paris Ship Canal scheme. Elaborated by some of the greatest engineers in French history, Belgrand and Bouquet de la Grye, it would bring to the gates of Paris the seagoing vessels which at present stop at Rouen, at a cost of less than sixty million dollars. The project was first officially submitted to the French Government in 1886; it has never been formally rejected, but Parliament has always found something more important to do than to give it a hearing.

This hostility is not purely political. The provinces follow the social and intellectual leadership of Paris with an excessive docility spiced with secret resentment. They hate Paris for their own slavishness. They suffer from an inferiority complex, and they take their revenge by snubbing the great centre whose very glory stamps them as 'provincial.' Parisians, for ages past, have poked fun at their country cousins. These offenses have to be atoned for, and Limoges has not yet forgiven the reception that the Paris of Molière held in store for M. de Pourceaugnac. Pourceaugnac now controls Parliament, and has the last laugh. The situation is not without a touch of absurdity. The French are immensely fond and proud of their capital, yet they are jealous of it. You can imagine the feelings of a good plodding husband whose wife makes a brilliant career for herself. Of course he is delighted; he basks in her glory — but he is human.

M. Poincaré, the sturdy embodiment of all the virtues and all the limitations of the provincial bourgeoisie, may be an ornament of Tout Paris, but he is more at home at Bar-le-Duc. So it was natural that he should voice, clearly and officially, the sentiment of his class: Paris is already overgrown. Every scheme that is proposed for the extension, expansion, or reorganization of the capital finds the same obstacle in its path: it might favor the development of Paris, which ought to be checked by all possible means. The fear of Paris is almost as unreasoning with the Poincaré bourgeois as the dread of the Channel Tunnel was with Field Marshal Lord Wolseley.

We are quite willing to admit that the giant city is a mixed blessing. We hope that, with electric power, aviation, the radio, television, and other inventions still undreamed of, our civilization, instead of being centred in a few monstrous Babylons, will become ubiquitous; that a man will be able to attend to business, hold conferences, enjoy social life, from a forest lodge in Maine, or a 'castle in Spain' at La Jolla. In the meantime the big city is a fact, and offers problems which have to be settled forthwith, under penalty of tragic discomfort. 'The way out is forward.' No good will be done to France by hampering Paris. The only restrictions that are justifiable are those that are dictated by hygienic and æsthetic considerations. Impose upon Paris such drastic conditions that it will have to grow into an ideal city or not grow at all — well and good. But a policy of sullen obstruction will serve no useful purpose. It will not prevent Paris from increasing, so long as industry, commerce, finance, find their advantage in a large market; but it will make the development of Paris lopsided and morbid.

There is nothing monstrous, anyway, about the size of Paris or the rate of its growth. The city, on a ridiculously cramped area of 31 square miles, has a population of about 2,900,000; on very nearly the same area as Chicago (Seine, 185 square miles; Chicago, 190), the department of the Seine has 4,600,000; and Greater Paris might legitimately be extended so as to count a little over 5,000,000 inhabitants. This is not alarmingly out of proportion with

the total population of France, which is about 41,000,000; or with that of the French empire, which is over 100,000,000. It bears no likeness to the abnormal situation of Vienna in a ruthlessly clipped Austria; to the conditions in Australia, where two cities have one third of the population between them; to the case of California, where fully one half of the people live within twenty miles of San Francisco or Los Angeles. Paris might increase to 8,000,000 within the next quarter of a century, and France be none the worse. Only that population must be better distributed, better housed, better transported, better protected against disease and nervous fatigue, than it is at present. And that can be done only through a hearty constructive campaign for 'the future of Paris,' and not through an attitude of diffidence and a policy of checks.

IV

The most immediate danger to the beauty and amenity of Paris is the skyscraper. It will amuse the citizens of Waco, Texas, which boasts of a twenty-four-story building, that 'skyscraping' in Paris begins at a height of about seventy feet. Many Americans see nothing but blind traditionalism in this opposition to the skyscraper. They think that the French are in all things among those foolish people who repeat, 'The wisdom of our ancestors is good enough for us' — a very un-American attitude, to be sure. The French are exceedingly conservative, it is true; but in this matter there are sound and up-to-date reasons for their attitude. It is obvious that modern methods of construction, and particularly swift and reliable elevator service, have made the twenty stories of to-day more manageable than the six or seven stories of our fathers. Nor is the skyscraper necessarily a thing of ugliness and a disgust forever. The old-fashioned cube of brick or terra cotta was hideous enough, even though the lower stories were veneered with marble and a bold cornice graced the top. Just as the lake freighter was nicknamed the Dachshund of the Sea, the skyscraper of the early McKinley era often resembled a dachshund standing on its hind legs. H. G. Wells, a quarter of a century ago, could compare Lower Manhattan to a titanic accumulation of packing boxes. Those days are almost over. In the form of soaring towers, and more recently through the use of setbacks and the proper balancing of masses, the new skyscrapers have achieved a majestic beauty that the seven-story houses never possessed.

The French, who, as the saying is, have not their eyes in their pockets, know all this perfectly well. It is all a matter of proportion. A few hundred feet more or less will not alter the impressiveness of a mountain; an eighth of an inch might make every difference on Cleopatra's nose, and then, as Pascal warns us, 'the face of the world might be changed.' After all, New York could easily afford to see Trinity Church, St. Paul's, the City Hall, surrounded and as it were engulfed by the enormous Cliffs of Finance. But in old Paris the proper scale is given by the river, by the trees, by the width of the streets, by the historical monuments. In order to preserve that harmony, a limit of five stories, or about sixty feet, would be desirable; the traditional limit of seven stories — seventy to eighty feet — is not disastrous; if you go beyond, the result is immediately and strikingly horrible. A single extra story in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe is an eyesore; and lovers of Paris will have no rest until they have humbled the cosmopolitan insolence of the Mercédès and the Astoria. To

change a few feet in the sky line of the Place de la Concorde would be a crime; and I am happy to say that the new American Embassy will, on the contrary, thoroughly respect the scale and style of that admirable ensemble. A two-hundred-foot building by the side of Notre-Dame would be a nightmare. It is not merely a few stately plazas or some quaint and placid districts like Île Saint-Louis that need protection: historical Paris as a whole cannot afford to change its general scale. Modernized it can be and should be; there is no valid objection to good sanitation, good plumbing, and elevators that will 'function.' But within the existing limits of the city a building height of seventy feet should be fixed as a maximum.

This height, of course, should not be reached in the narrow streets which are still so numerous, even after the grand slashing of old Paris by Haussmann. The formula favored by hygienists and *urbanistes* strongly appeals to us: the vertical walls should not be higher than the street is wide. The same rule — and this is too often forgotten — should apply to all inner courts. Paris used to have lovely gardens in the centre of its old-world blocks; they are disappearing very fast. In modern houses, the court is a mere darksome shaft; even in the pretentious palaces of the Champs-Élysées, expensive apartments are immersed in perpetual gloom.

In Greater Paris, the Paris of tomorrow, beyond the historical districts, the æsthetic limitation would not apply, and the buildings would soar as high as they please. Many French architects are interested in the idea. M. Le Corbusier, a strange mixture of verve and ruthless logic, a prophet rather than an artist, has sketched vast towers on a cruciform plan, which would undoubtedly be comfortable as well as impressive. M. Sauvage has actually built, although on a comparatively small scale, houses of a new and very attractive type. With their receding terraces, these truncated pyramids seem to offer tier upon tier of bungalows clinging to an artificial hillside. A vast hollow space is left underneath, unfit for habitation, but suitable for warehouses or garages. There is no undue timidity about certain French minds. But, whether in the heart of the old city or in the new suburbs, there must be a definite relation between the width of the thoroughfare and the height of the building. This is indispensable if we hope to secure light and air for all; if we do not want to sacrifice the loveliest ornament of a capital, its long lines of trees; and especially if we desire to avoid traffic congestion. There is no large city in America to-day in which that proper relation has been preserved. We have thoughtlessly piled up twenty towns on top of each other, along the lanes which once were adequate for New Amsterdam. Now we could escape from the consequences of our short-sightedness only by double- and triple-decking our streets. At the cost of billions, we might secure in that way some kind of efficiency — but an efficiency that could be properly sung by Dante alone. There is yet time for Paris not to become the nightmare Metropolis of the German film.

These simple truths are plain to all men, in France as well as in America. But the dazzling possibilities of real-estate values in a congested business district are plainer still to a handful of landowners. Not to heed the call of 'opportunity,' under the present régime, is the unforgivable sin. Even those who have nothing to gain and much to lose by the frenzied piling up of land values recognize the gospel of business, and bow their heads in reverence.

V

A commission is at present engaged in the revision of the nefarious 1902 Building Code. If, as we fervently hope, it decides resolutely against the skyscraper, a whole train of consequences will automatically follow. The population of inner Paris, already on the decrease, will dwindle at a faster rate. We might hope that, within twenty years, it will be reduced to something under two millions instead of nearly three; it would then form barely one third of the total agglomeration. With this possibility in view, it would be madness not to organize 'Greater Paris' at the earliest possible moment. It would be an absurdity to keep side by side one enormous congested city and seventy-nine independent suburbs, not one of which is capable of a harmoniously balanced municipal life, while many are wretchedly poor. Already there is a marked tendency to transfer powers from the sundry municipalities of the Seine to the department as a whole, which becomes an adumbration of the future Greater Paris. That tendency should be made more definite, and accelerated.

This, in its turn, will necessitate, not a mere reform, but a complete recasting of the city government. Paris has never been so glaringly mismanaged and so openly plundered as some American cities have been within the memory of living men. The permanent bureaucracy, on a civil-service basis, is, on the whole, honest, well-trained, and not quite so slow-moving as the State machinery. The fact that it harbored Paul Verlaine should not be forever held up against it. The police are decidedly good, if not invariably courteous. But the essential organ of civic life, the Municipal Council, is weak. It contains a number of men of vision, training, culture; yet, ward elections breed ward politicians. The councillor, elected by his 'quarter,' is bound to attend, first of all, to parochial interests. It does not pay a man to think in metropolitan terms. Professor Dausset, who prepared the great plan for turning the former military zone into playgrounds and gardens, was not reëlected by his ward. The Paris Ship Canal, as it would end outside the present boundaries, is of no *electoral* interest to any councillor, and is supported only in the most intermittent and lukewarm fashion. The planning of new streets and even of Metropolitan Railway lines is dictated by the principle of 'distribution,' akin to our own pork-barrel and logrolling methods. Every one of the eighty quarters must have its sliver of the pie. A sort of senatorial courtesy has become a tradition at the Hôtel de Ville; nothing can be done in any district against the veto of the local representative. This makes it impossible, for instance, to transfer the Central Market, the Halles, to a less congested location: M. X says No. This unwritten veto power is a source of grievous temptation. When the fate of a vast undertaking depends on the decision of a single councillor, the opinion of that councillor acquires a financial value out of all proportion to his salary, and possibly to his moral stamina. If Paris is to plan for her future in a large way, she will have to discard the ward-elected Council.

French reformers conceive the future government of their city as threefold. First there would be a number of boroughs, perhaps thirty, with an average population of some 200,000. These would have their municipal bodies, with extensive powers, and in close touch with local needs. Over and above these, a Metropolitan Council, elected in such a way as to represent the city as a whole, and not such or

such a section. This dual or federal system would resemble in general outline the solutions adopted for the governance of London and Greater Berlin. Finally, municipal enterprises would be, not political, not bureaucratic, but autonomous, and modeled as closely as possible upon private corporations. The Metropolitan Railway, the street-car and omnibus system, gas, water, electricity, the river port, the ship canal, would each have its director and its executive board. On account of the very special situation of Paris, and of a long tradition, it would probably be advisable to have, as chief executive, an official appointed by the Central Government, instead of an elected mayor.

From the administrative as well as from the æsthetic point of view, it is evident that the problems of Paris cannot be settled or even stated exactly in the same terms as those of American cities. This chief magistrate would not be a city manager in the technical sense; the excellent managerial system would apply chiefly to the direction of the great autonomous services. He would be a dignified figurehead, a fit host for distinguished visitors, the ambassador of the French Republic to Her Capricious Majesty the City of Paris. His duties would normally be those of a constitutional sovereign, or of the governor-general in a British dominion. Such a position, more exalted than that of a regular prefect, could be made attractive to some of the leading men in France. In a crisis, the Governor-General of Paris would no longer merely supervise, adjust, advise — he would actually govern, with the police at his command, and the army held in reserve.

But in France, as in America, constructive policies are needed. Muddling through somehow is far less 'practical' than a healthy dose of radicalism. A congregation of ward politicians, were they the best of their kind, would never grasp, far less carry out, any far-reaching scheme. Unless some enlightened leadership should be organized, Paris to-morrow might become a half-hearted and second-rate New York. It would grow 'modern' and 'efficient' in blotches, and tangled up in the main. Yielding to business temptations, it would tolerate atrocities, soon be heartily ashamed of them, but never find courage enough or money enough to undo the harm. It might never be so cynical as our Babylon-on-the-Subway was a few short years ago; but it might also lack the brutal, the formidable power which at any rate gives Lower Manhattan a sombre grandeur all its own.

Wall Street? The Place de la Concorde? Which will represent 'the Future of Paris'?

SILENCE

HERE where the cold pure air is filled with darkness,
graced but by Hesper and a comet streaming,
censed by the slight smoke from a herdsman's hearthstone
I stand with silence,

void of desire, but full of contemplation
both of these herds and of the gods above them;
mindful of these, and offering submission
to those immortal.

Older than they, the frosty air about me
speaks to the flocks like careful age, like winter,
saying, Seek shelter: to the gods, I know ye:
and to me nothing

save but that silence is the truth; the silent
stars affirm nothing, and the lovely comet
silent impending, like a nymph translated,
abides in heaven.

Shall not I also stand and worship silence
till the cold enter, and the heart, the housewife,
spin no more, but sit down silent in the presence
of the eternal?

RUTH PITTER

TOMATO BOATS AND REBELS

BY MONICA SHANNON

I

No American ships put in at the hidden harbor of La Paz, a Mexican pearl port on the southwestern coast of the Gulf of California, once known by a choicer name — the Red Sea of Cortés. The truth of it is that no boats except Mexican tomato boats and small Gulf craft go there at all.

My husband, an enthusiastic grower of oranges and apples on a Sierra Nevada ranch, did not relish the idea of a freighter, but he made me a gallant gesture and booked our passage on the Mexican government freighter, the *Washington*, with return passage on her sister ship, the *Bolivar*, captured by rebels at Guaymas and turned into a troopship some days before we saw the numerous windmills and coconut palms of La Paz.

The *Washington* was scheduled to leave the port of San Pedro on February 22, but on that day there was no sign of her anywhere. And, as after arriving she had to trudge as far north as San Francisco with cheese and tomatoes from San José del Cabo, she did not put out for Mexico again until sundown on February 27. The *Washington* is a fifteen-hundred-ton freighter, better known as a tomato boat, with cabins for fourteen passengers; but she often carries two hundred, with their necessary cows and chickens, as the captain told us when we were three miles out and sipping *tequila* together in his cabin. Tequila is the peppery national liquor distilled from cacti. The very essence of sun fire, it seemed to me. The smallest sip, and I had fire in my throat and tears in my eyes.

'Two hundred?' I asked the captain. 'But this is not the Ark!'

He explained that one must be hospitable, and that Baja Californians think nothing of rolling up in a blanket and sleeping on deck. In fact, this proved to be the usual accommodation offered passengers meandering from one Gulf port to another.

There were twenty passengers aboard when we left San Pedro, and no other Americans except a woman who had lived thirty-seven years in the old Mexican port of Mazatlán. She had gone out from Missouri at sixteen to join a socialist colony there and was now returning from her second visit to San Diego during all those thirty-seven years. This fellow American shared a cabin with an elderly Mexican woman, who she said was a leper. And it was true that the señora's eyebrows and lashes were gone and her hands wasting. A thick black silk scarf covered her head and partially hid her face and often helped to cover up her sorry hands. Appalled, I asked the American why she did not seek a change of cabin. She said, 'If I am to have leprosy, I shall have leprosy. And if I make a fuss about this gentle old woman, everyone on board will abhor me. Besides, I am being careful.'

This American was a theosophist, a teacher in Mazatlán of English and Spanish, and had weathered, she said, many more disquieting experiences.

She had retained or somehow acquired a tempered spirit and a mind unconsciously tolerant.

There being scarcely room in our cabin for two young ranchers, six pieces of luggage, and a typewriter, it raised my eyebrows to find a Mexican family — tall massive man, tall massive mother, five lusty children, and a long-haired American dog — occupying a single cabin. These were not peons, but Mexicans of the meagre middle class, and all appeared spruce and clean.

The children, Lupe, Lorraine, Salvador, Josefina, and María Luisa, ranged from nine years to just-walking age. Lupe won me completely, as all children do who are just losing their front teeth. And, as this Mexican mother kept her brood huddled cautiously about her in the cabin, when confinement began to tell on usually docile tempers I told them fairy tales from their doorstep, the deck being too narrow for steamer chairs. To glance from the glittering Pacific with its multicolored fish into their cabin was to see a hive full of brown eyes, as alive as bees — for the man and the mother listened with excitement equal to that of the children.

San Francisco had diligently fumigated the *Washington* before it dropped anchor inside her Golden Gate, but fumigation acts merely as a sedative on the magnificently proportioned bronze cockroaches of Mexico, which might have been conceived and executed by Cellini. And yet, whatever the boat lacked of the sanctified American spirit of sanitation, it made up by a happier spirit of friendliness and no end of music. Everyone knew the beautiful, artless songs of Guty Gardena, of Yucatan. And everyone knew the stirring ranchero songs from Tepic. The captain's son, a young *caballero* in yachting cap, his full name embroidered on all his handkerchiefs with hairs of his sister's head, gave himself up to improving our Spanish, and we in our turn taught him bridge. Although he had never before seen an American pack of cards, after a few hands he played a completely Machiavellian game.

Early one morning the *Washington* dropped anchor in the green-ringed harbor of Ensenada with kerosene for that little town too close to the American border to be anything but banal, as Captain Torres had told us. Ensenada sleeps all day under her laurel trees and wakes at night to a wild shout. Our captain spent his time there lamenting that, while at San Pedro five hundred tons had been loaded in ten hours, at Ensenada, owing, as he said, to the haughtiness of the *cargadores*, we were two and a half days taking aboard a hundred and forty tons of mackerel, tuna, sardines, abalone, and flour. But as the passengers and many of the crew fished from the deck with great good luck, nobody but the captain complained of the delay.

Freighting at best is a meandering affair, and on a Mexican ship there is always to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. But with a sea like mountain meadows of wild blue lupin and nights lit by a moon and a retinue of stars in polished armor, it is hard to be sure that six days were used up in getting to Cape San Lucas. There the points are strange and harsh and stony, gnarled by Joshua trees, and alive only with crowds of desert crows; the town itself is nowhere in sight.

Perchance to busy themselves about spring mating, the gulls left off following our ship. But the harbor was full of fishing pelicans, and great frigate birds swept over us, their tails wide-open but tattered fans. Japanese came alongside with a launch and swung

forty-five tons of salmon up to our crew.

All ships put in at the Cape to get their bearings, just as the *Manilia Galleon*, staggering with treasure, used to do when Queen Elizabeth was penning letters to 'My deare Pyrat,' with the *Manilia Galleon* on her mind.

II

San José del Cabo was the first port to welcome us, with a great rustle of coconut palms. It is a swampy, malarial little town, with thatched roofs, cow sheds and shelters entirely of palm, and sun-beaten streets.

Half-naked and handsome cargadores were waiting on the beach with twenty canoes, hollowed from mahogany logs, to fetch and carry away our cargo, as San José del Cabo possesses no modern boats or launches. It was a brilliant flotilla, with its cargadores in red shirts and bandannas, bringing out leafy packages of cheese. And no packages could be prettier. The cheese had been wrapped in fresh palm leaves and bound around with mesquite. Ten thousand pounds of cheese and fifteen thousand cases of tomatoes were brought out more than a mile and a half in this manner, through a high March tide. The canoes were loaded with flour for the return trip to shore. And, last of all, the two commercial Fords we had for San José del Cabo were taken off, each lowered on a couple of canoes lashed together with ropes, and rowed ashore by two singing rowers and an old sternsman apiece.

From San José del Cabo we took on a number of Spanish-speaking Chinese passengers with their gayly dressed children. A tall, rather striking-looking Mexican naval engineer also came aboard. He had graduated from the Naval Academy of Mexico with our captain, but they had not set eyes on each other for nearly forty years. As the engineer was an impassioned theosophist and our captain an agnostic, the fiesta brought on by the arrival of an old classmate was interrupted by religious discussions — partly, I think, because Captain Torres was worried about the revolution, word having reached him of the capture of the *Bolivar*.

The crew could think and talk of nothing but Mexican politics. The first and second mates confided to me their heated opinions, which were directly opposite, the pro and con of the situation. And our American friend was disturbed about her ripened bean and sugar-cane crops, knowing the Mexican soldier's natural flair for both these foods. Last year the great tidal wave had carried off her harvest. But she was quickened and comforted by the thought of our arrival in Mazatlán, and said to me, 'When we put in to Mazatlán to-morrow, you will think it is the most curiously painted and captivating spot on earth.' And I thought that. We edged in through mountains in bloom with florid cacti, rolling so close that we could look into mountain caves. The harbor itself has islands, and solitary peaks, like fairy towers, smarting from aspiring foam.

Unfortunately, when the *oficial de la emigración* came aboard he found that our American friend's passport, owing to delays caused by haughty cargadores, had expired a few days before we made port. Whereupon the poor woman began weeping, and the officer immediately gave her permission to land. There is nothing more effective than tears to settle passport difficulties in the Port of Mazatlán. A number of women were told they would have to be returned. But as a matter of fact nobody was returned. A few tears, and the *oficial de la emigración* was more than satisfied.

Mazatlán is old Mexico, with plaster houses of rose and ivory and alluring doorways. At every turn we meet with tropical plazas. The streets are narrow and cobbled, yet the peons dine there instead of on the sidewalks. Their tables are showy with ollas, and after dinner the men play the violin or guitar and sing for the applause of their families. And the applause is often deserved.

Our hotel was the hotel of the blue and Chinese-yellow tiled patio, with stair railings of solid ebony, and no elevators. Its bedrooms are huge chambers with ceilings all of twenty feet high. And from our windows we could see the *glorietas* (stairways carved in the giant boulders of the shore), two-wheeled wooden carts hauling wood up the Paseo Olas Altas, shoe and banana venders at the hotel entrance, and little bands of soldiers marching away with their officers, because the rebels were expected in at any minute.

We were beginning to feel at home in Mazatlán, enjoying its strange market and gardens, where green coconut juice is sipped, while ducks stand around with their mouths open waiting for coconut titbits, and had just come from getting ourselves a couple of talking and singing parrots, María and Felipe, when two men ran pell-mell after us to say that Captain Torres had to leave with the *Washington* in ten minutes or risk capture by the rebels.

We had grown fond of our delightful old captain, and felt reassured as to his safety when once we were headed toward La Paz.

'In La Paz,' said Captain Torres, 'nothing ever happens. Revolutions seldom go that way. It is as peaceful as its name. There is always sun in La Paz, and boats with sails, fishing for tuna and pearls.' The *Sinaloa* would pick us up there in a week or two.

III

At four o'clock the next afternoon we rode into the Bay of La Paz, once called Santa Cruz by Cortés, when he tried to found a colony along its shore on the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross.

The Bay was full of sun, and little craft with sails clouded its blueness. Not one of the innumerable windmills on shore moved and not one coconut tree rustled. It was all as peaceful-looking as the captain had said. But in a few hours the *Washington* was in the hands of rebels and Captain Torres was in jail. He had nothing to fight with, except bundles of tomatoes; consequently, when a hundred or more armed men scrambled aboard, there was nothing to do but surrender.

Two Indians waded ashore with our huge bags on their backs, while we went in a rowboat with María and Felipe. There are no hotels in La Paz, but Doña Amelie has five bedrooms in her adobe house, which lies in a garden of plantains, hibiscus, and vegetables, out beyond the town's few sidewalks.

Doña Amelie is a sandy-haired Chilean, full of high spirits and generosity. She was overcome with concern for us, as all her rooms were taken. One of them was occupied by poor Don Carlos, as she called him, a belated bridegroom. He had been sent to La Paz on a brief commission for the Federal Government, and was to have returned to Mexico City in a few weeks to attend his own wedding, but in the press of more important matters the Government, for two solid years, had ignored his existence. His recall had come two days ago, but now, with the only boats putting in at La Paz in the hands of rebels, there was no chance, she said, of giving us his room. She twisted her hand in her apron and groaned, '*Es muy desgraciado.*'

Yet she would do what she could do, as she felt miserable about us, her dear children, and Felipe and María. Once she had possessed a parrot exactly like María, and an American had given her fifty dollars for it. It was all too bad, too bad, and she hated to put us in the only bed she could, which belonged really to an engineer, but as soon as she was able she would make a pilgrimage to Mexico City, to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and ask her to pray for Mexico.

After this sympathetic preamble, and with many an exclamation of dismay and lifting of eyes and hands, Doña Amelie took us to a little staircase which went up from a flagged courtyard at the back, where a gaunt Indian woman was grinding corn for tortillas while another Indian fed a small stove with charcoal. The room we climbed to was a hall at the back, into which the other bedrooms opened. It had a single bed and a curtain at one end, hiding another bed given over to a Mexican newspaper man and his wife, who had boarded our boat at Mazatlán after a forced flight from Mexico City.

Doña Amelie kindly offered me her room to wash and dress in. It was a crowded room, containing a large altar and a statue of the Sacred Heart, set about with bouquets of red paper flowers. There was also a shrine in one corner devoted to Our Lady of Guadalupe. One finds these altars and shrines in many of the houses of La Paz, because by government order no public service may be held in the church — an order of suppression that has naturally intensified the piety of the people.

Fortunately for everyone, the newspaper man and his wife came hurrying in for their luggage, as they had been invited to stay with friends. Whereupon we were moved behind the curtain and the Mexican engineer returned to his quarters. The bed behind the curtain proved to be a single bed, hardly large enough for the innumerable fleas already occupying it.

Dinner was cooked in the courtyard and served by the gaunt Indian, her head bound in a flowing scarf. She had assumed the name Amelie out of respect and affection for her mistress. The food was very good and the conversation excellent, as we sat at table with a distinctive, white-haired man from the race of elder Aryans — a Parsee, who was buying pearls for a Paris house. He had lived in Paris for more than a quarter of a century and spoke pleasurable English and French. He told us the only black pearls ever found in the world were found in La Paz and in certain waters of the South Seas. He told us the natives of the South Seas and the Indians of La Paz could dive down twenty fathoms without any equipment whatsoever, while ordinary pearl divers, with all modern paraphernalia, could make at the most only fifteen fathoms. But he believed that the pearl beds of La Paz would soon be exhausted, as so little effort was directed toward their conservation. He told us that there was no such thing, except in popular parlance, as a pearl oyster. Scientifically speaking, all pearls come from mussels. He told us of great shells on the northern coast of Australia large enough for a man to curl up in.

La Paz was astir bright and early next morning, for the old General of the garrison had been taken prisoner, and the rebels had gutted the bank of all its money. The two hundred soldiers in La Paz were in high feather. Their officers told them to sell their chickens, start their wives tying up the bundles, and get their cows together, ready to board the *Washington*, which would take them all to Guadalajara. Guadalajara was the magic word, as the city

is famous among the soldiery for its food. There was a great bustle and smacking of lips among the soldiers, while the officers strutted, happy over the success of their trick. The boat, the officers knew, might go to Guaymas, and it might go to Mazatlán, and it might go to Manzanillo, but supping in Guadalajara was most unlikely. They rather expected orders from Mexico City somewhere out at sea, but they were not sure.

Hospitably they invited us to go along. Curiously enough, one and all urged us to accept their invitation, as the *Sinaloa* had run off and might hide out for six months. And with the Port closed, and all telegraphic communications cut off, there was small possibility of another boat. In the back of their minds there was also this: La Paz has no American consul, and they knew that, in all likelihood, the American Government would stand by the powers established, however unpopular they might be; and, as there was rumor of a force of rebels coming by land to loot the town, they felt that we were conspicuous and should be better off on our way to Guaymas, Mazatlán, or Manzanillo, all ports with foreign consuls. Besides, there was no law of any kind in the town, with the General on parole and the soldiers embarking. At such times, they told us, many individuals took occasion to pay off old scores. But we decided to stay and learn something about pearl fishing.

Before long the old General, a man of seventy-five, began to feel uneasy. He said, 'I knew these rebels who just left, and that was all very well, but I don't know this crowd who are coming in. And what will they care about me? For all I know, I may be shoved up against a wall and shot.' He decided to break parole and steal away at night in a little boat belonging to a friend of his. It had one cabin with nine berths. Twenty cronies and relatives of the General were going with him, but he invited us to go along, as they intended to make for Ensenada. The journey was distasteful to me, as the boat was much too small for March seas, but the fleas at Doña Amelie's were the worst examples I have ever seen of flea behavior. And when I called on a gracious señora for whom I had letters she advised me, as we sat under the coconut trees in her patio (which was really as big as a park), to go by all means. She felt the town was sure to be looted, and feared for our safety. She also feared, I thought, to seem too friendly toward an American, as she lived alone with her son, a very young man, who had evidently implicated himself.

IV

Just after dusk we said our goodbyes and consoled portly Don Carlos, a man of perhaps forty, as best we could about his wedding prospects. Sadly we left that blessed person, Doña Amelie, saying a rosary for our safety before her altar, and had just got our bags and parrots into a rowboat to put out to the little ship when three men rushed up to us shouting. One of them, who seemed intoxicated, held two revolvers in our faces and made us go back to the customhouse.

A number of young blades were leaning against the wall of the government building, and when they saw our plight they assured us that the man was drunk, and apologized while they overpowered him and escorted us back to the rowboat.

There was one man on the boat when we went aboard — an Indian. He took great pleasure in making María and Felipe comfortable by hanging their cages to the ceiling of the cabin, lit up

by an old oil lamp. Small boats kept coming alongside with an amazing amount of luggage. We stood on the foot-wide deck watching them for more than an hour, as there was no place on the whole boat to sit down. At last a second member of the crew arrived, but I mistook him at first for another bundle. He was dead drunk. The men in the small boat threw him aboard, and he lay where he fell.

Another hour went by and luggage was still coming, when a launch chugged up and a big smiling Mexican came aboard with orders to bring us ashore. It seemed that the General had word of a rebel gunboat patrolling the coast, and did not wish to have any international complications in case the gunboat fired on his cockleshell. The Indian reluctantly gave up María and Felipe. And Doña Amelie was delighted at our return, as she laid it to the efficiency of her prayers.

Government orders being what they were, it was impossible for Doña Amelie to have a small *Te Deum* sung, so she contented herself, the day after our return, with a large dinner and celebration. She brought out her best wines, and effervescent speeches were made by the city magistrate and 'other decent people,' as Doña Amelie called them, expressing a desire for more comradeship between the two republics. My husband responded by making a speech in English to Don Carlos, who got up and delivered it magnificently, adding a few touches here and there. And the young Mexican engineer delighted us all with his remark: 'There is nothing for you now but watchful waiting.'

But watching for a sail proved less absorbing than watching the activities of Doña Amelie's courtyard, where enormous and beautiful baskets of fish were brought in from the teeming Bay, where neighbors called and exchanged gossip and the General's wife came on a secret mission, where Indians gathered baskets of sturdy vegetables and carried them off on their heads to cry them through the town. The courtyard looked straight down over the Bay of La Paz, and I had never before seen stars make trails of light on the water — trails as wide as those made by our American moon.

Now it happens that, besides pearls, La Paz produces some extremely fine leather. And the tannery's little craft, the *Viosca*, had eluded the rebels in its junketings for hides and finally came into port. We put off on her for San José del Cabo, and rocked for several days in the harbor waiting for a northward-bound tomato boat to pick us up.

The dining room and kitchen of the *Viosca* were one particularly small room. But the cook, who looked exactly as a pirate should, graciously permitted me to make some scrambled eggs and Scotch scones — a delightful change of diet. I did not attempt Boston baked beans, remembering a Latin American friend of mine who received a potful for a present and, to please a house guest from Boston, cautioned one of her maids to see that the *fríjoles americanos* were not finished up in the kitchen. The maid, who had already tasted them, lifted her eyes and hands to Heaven and cried, 'God forbid!'

A tomato boat, bound for San Pedro, did pick us up, and we left adventure behind us. But some day, with no revolution in the wind, we shall go back to the genial courtyards and curious streets of La Paz, where life saunters along much as it did in the days of the Spanish Raleighs, and talk again with those 'other decent people,' so warm in their hearts and ever so polite, without losing their spontaneity.

THE GREAT FOREST

From the Magistrate's Indian Diary

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

I HAVE crossed the big river and am now in the 'really truly' forest, which stretches away, unbroken, to the snows of the Himalaya. Seen from the south, it is rather dark and forbidding. One vast mass of trees, pathless except for the occasional fire lines, impenetrable except along these lines for any but elephants; for the undergrowth is a tangled wilderness of fallen trunks, thorn bushes, seedlings, and lianes that hang in graceful folds from the upper branches and twist and turn, as they near the ground, like writhing snakes. All the trees in this part are of nearly uniform height, for it is a 'scientific' forest now, growing practically one timber crop only, and cut down at regular intervals of about forty-five years. It is all sal, an Indian hardwood that is rather like teak, and almost as valuable. Fine stuff it is. I have seen bridges made of it, where the unpainted timbers had been exposed to sun and rain, to occasional immersion for months, and then to the burning sun after the rains; and the piles were as sound as when they were put in. The broad flat leaves of the sal trees are now dark green, stained with storms and rains, and they will fall shortly.

Every part of the forest is exactly like every other part; it is all one long flat immensity of trees. The only variety is along the edges, where the forest peters out as it meets the river; and here and there in its huge extent one finds enormous flat plains, absolutely bare of trees, but covered by elephant grass fifteen to eighteen feet high. Trees do not grow, as the soil is slightly depressed, and holds water during the rains. That will not do for sal. These vast plains — sometimes twenty miles or more in area — give endless trouble, for unless the grass is removed before the hot weather comes they will constitute foci from which the whole forest, then dry as tinder, will almost certainly be burned. Terrific storms rage then, and even with all possible precautions the forest is often set on fire by lightning. So, as soon as human beings can live in the steaming fever-sodden land, the grass all round the edge is cut, leaving a pathway of some six or ten feet. That enables one to get about, and the forest officer has to judge the moment when the grass is dry enough to burn and the forest is still green and wet enough not to take fire readily.

Then the vast area is fired, at strategic points, careful attention being paid to the direction of the wind. The firing is always done at night, when the dews are heavy and help to control the initial stages of the mighty conflagration. Usually, it is not difficult to choose a night when the air is dead still. The fire eats rapidly into

the dry grass; any advance toward the forest is met by beaters with branches; but reliance is mainly placed on the tiny fire line that has been laboriously cut by hand, and on skillful firing. With amazing rapidity the fire spreads, and soon the vast plain is a whirling mass of flame, which turns and twists, leaps and sinks, with a roar that can be heard fifteen miles off in the silence of the night. Panic-stricken sambhar, swamp deer, leopards, even perhaps a stray tiger, and innumerable small animals of every kind dash wildly to safety in the forest; many are, of course, overcome by the flames, and perish miserably. And for days the fire burns slowly, after the first wild rush, till nothing is left but a few blackened stalks. For miles around the air is full of the scent of burnt grass; and for many days one cannot walk abroad, even many miles from the scene of the fire, without finding long spirals of black or gray ash, twisted like the tendrils of a vine, raining slowly from the sky in the still air.

The bungalow which will be our headquarters during the Christmas shoot stands on the very edge of the forest. In front there is a great plain that stretches, brown with coarse grass, here and there green with crops, to the edge of the river that marks the boundary of British India. Beyond are the low hills of Nepal, — dark indigo-blue, — rising up, ridge on ridge, till they meet the snow line. And the giants of the Himalayan range, aloof in their white majesty, look down silently on it all. A sun-bathed scene, wonderfully restful and peaceful after the hurrying, mean life of the towns and villages. Behind the bungalow, so close that one can almost touch the trees from the back verandah, stands the great forest. There is a little town of tents for our guests, gleaming white against the dark green background. The bungalow itself has but little accommodation, but we have a drawing-room and a dining room, both gay with mistletoe and holly, and vivid with the Christmas cards from home that have already arrived. Each room has a large open-hearth fireplace in which crackles an enormous log fire — there are thousands of tons of excellent wood to be had for the picking up within a mile of the camping ground. The days are hot, windless, with everlasting blue skies, and a sun that still has something of a 'bite' in it; but the nights are cold, even very cold, and the warm crackle and spluttering of the resinous logs are enormously welcome.

No one has been here since the rains shut down the forest. Riding along the narrow forest line to the bungalow this morning, I came twice across the tracks of wild elephants — a herd of ten or so. On one occasion they had moved over a slight depression in the path, where the ground was still soft and wet; and as I passed I noticed that the water was slowly oozing into the great footmarks. I stopped and listened, but heard no sound. I could not have been many minutes behind them, but they had been swallowed up in the silent forest, and — apart from those great oozing footmarks — there was nothing to betray their presence. Twice my horse shied violently, without apparent reason; almost certainly it smelled a leopard crouching beside the narrow line. One felt one was really in the forest at last, and a great peace descended.

II

The Christmas camp is over, and we have all scattered again — some going as far as Mesopotamia. We had a great time, and amazing luck, everything considered. The total bag — omitting the small game and fearful

wild fowl of sorts — was one tiger, three leopards, fifteen crocodiles, a hyena, and two wild dogs. Miscellaneous, I admit, and none of us were very proud of the hyena or the crocodiles, but they added weight at least, and served to make the total more imposing.

Fortunately for us, the wild dogs did not arrive till the last two days of the shoot. When they enter a jungle, all other game leaves. The wild dog is courageous past belief, supremely indifferent, apparently, to his own fate provided the pack survives and prospers; the fiercest thing in the jungle, the most tenacious, the most intelligent, and the most cruel. He does not kill his prey — he runs it down and eats it alive, till it dies of loss of blood and exhaustion. During the hot weather, when sleeping out in the jungle, I have on several occasions been awakened by the agonized screams of a huge sambhar deer which a pack of wild dogs had run down, and were eating till it died. I have seen a pack of twenty-five or so combing a river valley, beating through the high grass in a straight line which they kept by jumping up vertically every now and then, and giving a quick glance right and left to watch the moving grass tops which indicated where their companions were. They kept distance and line like a row of trained elephants — and that in grass four to six feet high! Once they get on to a prey, they never let go. They will attack anything — from man and tiger to leopard and deer.

It sounds incredible, but I have seen four of them round a tree where a most uncomfortable-looking leopard had taken refuge. They sat on their haunches and looked up expectantly. Sooner or later, they knew, the leopard would have to make a bolt for it; and when that time came, perhaps two of them might be killed, but those who had the fortune to survive would get the leopard all right. A leopard will risk a lot to get a chance at an ordinary dog; his powerful hind legs, armed with their ripping claws, could disembowel a wild dog easily; his great canine teeth would snap a dog's vertebræ as one would snap a twig; and yet these four wild dogs — who must have known perfectly well what they were taking on — were waiting patiently, hopefully, for the moment when 'these grave matters would be put to the proof,' as Winston Churchill said about something else. Wild dogs have treed my runners as they came into camp with my daily budget of papers; wild dogs have killed their tiger when the odds were fairly even; wild dogs will face anything, kill anything, and eat anything. They sweep through a jungle like a destroying pestilence; and the game that senses their presence — even the lordly tiger — stands not upon the order of its going, but goes at once. Where they are, one wastes time hunting anything but wild dogs.

I am deeply versed in crocodile lore, after shooting perhaps fifty of these loathsome animals in all kinds of circumstances and in all sorts of environments. But never have I seen anything like the shooting on the Suhan. That river divides British India from the lands beyond; but, apart from the importance which that fact may confer, it is a very 'one-horse,' tuppenny-ha'penny sort of river. It runs, in a bed seldom over a hundred yards wide and usually much less, between solid banks of forest; it has cut a channel for itself which is normally about fifty feet below the level of the flat forest land on each side of it; and it is, in essence, a succession of very deep pools, connected by slender threads of shallow running water. One can ford it easily, anywhere.

These great pools, however, teem with alligators — both the muggar, or crocodile, variety, with its heavy ugly snub nose, and the gharial, or fish-eating, kind, with a long swordlike snout, perhaps two feet in length, set with exceedingly sharp overlapping teeth. This formidable weapon ends in the *tumba*, a crinkled, horny sort of mass about the size of one's doubled fists in the male, and hardly perceptible in the female. On the top of the tumba are the air valves which the crocodile shuts when swimming, or lying up under water. I brought my party, by devious forest paths, to the edge of the river overlooking one of these deep pools; in front, fifty yards off, lying like a row of gray sal logs, higgledy-piggledy in the sun, were perhaps fifty crocodiles, gharials and muggars. Many had their mouths open, and little birds were picking industriously at the interstices of their teeth; all were fast asleep. They looked so like logs, with the dried gray mud covering them almost completely, that it took some time to pick up the unmistakable outlines, the armored backs, the ridged tails with the triangular fins standing vertically, the wicked-looking heads, the powerful jaws.

I silently placed my party of four guns; and told them to aim at the middle of the neck and to fire as soon as they heard the first shot, training their rifles, meantime, steadily on the object. In thirty seconds or so the first rifle went off, and the others followed in a volley. We were all using high-power rifles, cordite, mostly of .400 bore. At the sound, the great mass of logs leaped into life, and in the twinkling of an eye the sand bank was clear, except for four great animals that gave one convulsive heave and then lay still. A crocodile that one misses, or that one hits in any but the vital spot, is into the water like lightning; he may look slow, but he most certainly is n't. We finished off the four with aimed shots, taken at leisure; and then forded the river to examine our kills.

With the help of the shikaris who accompanied us, we dragged them one by one to a safer distance from the water's edge. All were over eighteen feet; two were over twenty. All were gharials, the fish-eating kind. But experience teaches one not to believe the chamber naturalists; and in one of the four 'harmless' fish eaters we found a complete set of women's silver ornaments. He evidently preferred a varied diet. 'That is another story'; but I may say in passing that I have shot a gharial that pulled in his buffalo a week, and that terrorized a village for months, taking toll of one woman and three children during that period. All crocodiles are loathsome; all will drag in human beings or animals if they get the chance; and that particular 'fish eater' lived exclusively on an animal diet.

As soon as the skinning started, the vultures began to gather. When we arrived, there was not a vulture to be seen; before we had finished the skinning, perhaps a hundred were hopping expectantly round, at a safe distance on the sand. Their bald heads looked repulsive and obscene; they waddled about clumsily, screaming and gibbering at each other; their necks were purple and leprous white in patches; their legs scaly and horrible. If one looks up into the pale blue sky, one will — when the eyes get accustomed to the glare — perhaps see, thousands of feet up, moving in slow even circles, a vulture quartering the ground. He spots the kill, and swoops down in long smooth curves. Another, from some distant post of vantage out of one's sight, notes his descent; he follows — for he knows that a kill has been sighted. Others, still farther off,

note these disappearances; they too glide down to the anticipated feast; and in less time almost than it takes to tell, the sky, for miles and miles around, is emptied of its hovering scavengers. In the air they look beautiful; every action is taken with such effortless ease; they are so completely at home, and so amazingly masters of that element.

When we withdrew from the skinned carcasses, they thronged round them. They stood, stretching out their repulsive necks, screaming, and waddling over each other to get closer — but seemed to be arrested by some haunting fear. Round each dead body was a ring of heaped-up vultures, wings beating wings, feet treading on bodies, all screaming, all betraying the most intense eagerness to get their great beaks into the bleeding flesh, but all, apparently, afraid to make the final plunge. And then, as if at a signal, the invisible barrier broke. The crocodiles were completely hidden under a screaming, writhing, struggling mass of birds. The pile was roughly six feet high, one heaving mass of fighting birds burrowing their way to the core of flesh underneath. I gave them twenty minutes by my watch, and then advanced slowly. They hopped and waddled away, most of them so gorged that they could not fly; and when I reached the crocodiles, nothing was left but clean-picked skeletons. Sharp work!

III

On the way back, we were met by an excited crowd of villagers from one of the forest hamlets near. It took some time to get their story; but it eventually appeared that, as one of them was going to work in his field, which was in the centre of the great plain stretching from the front of the bungalow to the river, he was attacked by a leopard. It was still in a patch of grass, he said, beside the field. I disbelieved the tale, for the field was entirely isolated; it was over a mile from the nearest point of the forest; and leopards are seldom met with in a spot which affords no cover and involves a journey across absolutely open ground before cover can be reached. However, we had a few elephants with us, though no howdahs; and it is always sound policy in such cases to have a 'look-see.' We tramped across the plain, and soon found ourselves beside the field. The patch of grass was possibly twenty yards square; and it seemed about as likely that there would be a leopard there as that you would meet a tiger strolling on Piccadilly. The grass was short brown coarse stuff, perhaps two feet high; and all round, for miles, lay the bare brown soil on which a rice crop had been grown. We formed our four elephants into line, taking the patch from the edge nearest the forest. Almost as soon as we entered it, one of the elephants 'called'; that is, it hit the ground with its tensed trunk, with a *bruuump!* — emitting at the same time a peculiar little squeal. Leopard, certainly, after that — 'no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no shadow of doubt whatever.' We were perched uncomfortably on our pads, a posture in which it is impossible to change one's position rapidly, and often very difficult for the tyro to maintain his seat at all. One can fire on one side only, usually, and must keep one's seat mainly by balance. A second or two later I saw the leopard — a very big one — darting through the grass. There was no time to fire; and I preferred in any case that one of my guests should get him. All very exciting; for the elephants — which were a scrap lot, and not our howdah beasts — began to show signs of fear,

and moved about unpleasantly. They did n't like the game at all.

As we got near the edge of the patch, one rifle rang out — missed! The leopard dashed back, like a flash, far too quick to give anyone a chance of shooting. We turned the line, and went over the ground again. Time and again we saw him, but no one had a chance to fire. Then another shot — another miss! They were all much too excited; and the squealing elephants, jiggling unsteadily, added to the difficulty. Most of my guests were hanging on to the pad ropes with one hand, while their rifles, held in the other, pointed any way. They were confusing the mahouts with conflicting orders. '*Dhut! Dhut!*' — which means 'Stop! Stop!' '*Mail, oh mail, mail, mail!*' — 'Go on, go on! Push on!' And so it went on, while the leopard slunk about in the miserable cover, taking advantage, with the marvelous instinct of a hunted creature, of every false move on the part of the elephants, and doing always the unexpected. But this could not last; he was 'tied to a peg,' as the Indian shikaris say. To break in one wild dash across the open for the nearest bit of forest was his only chance; and inherited instinct forbade that. He clung to his meagre cover; and the trampling of the broad-footed elephants made that cover less and less serviceable every instant. At last the end came, tamely enough — as it so often does in such cases. One of us saw the leopard squatting, flattened out against the ground, his color mingling so completely with the brown grass that only the shape of his head gave him away. One shot between the shoulders killed him instantly, and it was all over.

It was rather like murder; but one could not leave a huge leopard near a forest village, especially after he had been so harried. After tossing a cartridge or two on him to make certain that he was really dead, everyone was preparing to descend, when I sensed — rather than saw — an unexplained movement in the grass some yards to my right. I shouted instantly, 'Hold on! There is another!' Almost as I spoke, we saw the second leopard, which seemed equally big, darting to a clump of grass that remained still untrodden. The beating recommenced, and it was the same game over again. It is extraordinarily difficult to hit in such circumstances.

I think six shots were fired before a lucky bullet caught the leopard rather far back. Instantly the character of the thing changed; the leopard, wounded, was fiercely angry, and charged at once. Time and again she — for it was a female — routed the elephants; time and again, after her charge, she sank back into the grass that absorbed her completely. Two of the elephants bolted, and careered wildly across the open plain, the riders hanging on anyhow as the great black legs worked like huge pistons. We found later that both elephants had been rather badly clawed. With two only, the task was easier. It was merely a case of pushing quietly into the trampled mass, and watching carefully for any movement. Shooting was easier, too, for there was less danger. The end came much as before — my guest saw a heaving flank, and fired. The merciful bullet went through the shoulder and heart, and that was the end of it all. They were both big beasts — the male eight feet three, the female seven feet eight. I suppose they had come near the village during the night in quest of dogs or goats, had been surprised by the dawn, and had decided to lie up during the day in the patch of grass which gave the only cover for miles around. The bolters came back slowly, under heavy

punishment all the way; we padded the kills, and went home.

And then, perhaps the best of all, tea in the drawing-room before a roaring, crackling, sizzling fire of logs, the place alive with pleasant talk. All the day's work was gone over faithfully, and then the talk drifted to the thousand and one topics that hold and interest men in the East. Everybody in the East knows, more or less, everybody else; and the talk always has a strong personal flavor. It changed lightly from the London we all knew so well to the jungles of East Africa, from man-eating lions to the crocodiles of the Suhan, from curious murders to the ruses of war. I remember that someone happened to mention Oregon, and I heard for the first time Melbourne's remark that he was 'damned if England wanted any country where the salmon would not take a fly.' Was n't he the man who, when appointed Colonial Secretary, went upstairs to find a map to 'see where all these places were'?

I remember another yarn of the kind that sticks. One of us was serving in Madras. One day he rode over, in the evening, to a village on the coast that had not been visited by the district officer for very many years — it was isolated, and of no particular importance. He got talking with the village elders; and they suggested that he had come, of course, to see the white man's grave. He had never heard of any white man being buried there, and asked where the grave was. One old fellow set off, keeping the top of a Hindu temple in line with the crest of a distant hill; another walked on a line with two other landmarks; and they met in a wilderness of sand dunes, where the wind had piled up wave on wave of yellow sand in fantastic shapes. 'It is here,' they said. So he started them digging; but the work was heavy, the day was declining, and it soon became clear that nothing could be done before it was dark. They promised to have the grave cleared soon after dawn; and he arranged to ride over in the morning to see it.

Next morning he duly arrived, and galloped to the little knot of people that he saw collected near the site. They had cleared away the sand, and they led him to the edge of the cutting at the foot of which the grave was. He leaned over, and there, six feet down in the yellow sand, he saw a white marble slab, fresh as the day it had left the sculptor's hands, bearing, in deep-cut leaded letters, his own name! 'Alan Alastair Soames' — no common aggregation of names, either. His grandfather had been district officer there many years before; while in camp an infant son had died and had been buried there, — there was no choice, — and my friend (who had no knowledge of the facts) stumbled nearly a hundred years after on the grave. An uncanny happening, that, and a bit upsetting after a long ride without breakfast!

IV

One afternoon, while returning from one of the crocodile *battues* with which we diversified events, I noticed three or four vultures sitting in a tree on the edge of the forest. We went off to investigate at once, for vultures mean meat, and meat in the forest always means a kill. We found a young sambhar which had been killed by a tiger — there is no mistaking these deep holes in the neck, beside the vertebræ, where the forefinger sinks in till well past the middle joint. Nothing but a tiger's tooth could leave *that* mark. Hunting round, I found some of the pugs; they indicated

a fairly large tigress. (The pug of the male is round, almost circular; that of the tigress is elongated, more like an ellipse.)

Only a little had been eaten; that portion of the jungle was quite undisturbed; there was excellent cover near, — tall, thick, green grass, — and close by there was water in plenty. It was a 'new' tiger; we had not seen pugs of exactly that size and shape before. And a new tiger meant an unsophisticated tiger — not one of the local kind that went about with a copy of the Forest Code under one forearm, and of the shooting regulations under the other, took sights through a theodolite, and worked out a course by logarithms before moving. In short, a fool of a tiger. So we drew lots at once — the usual short and long grass stems — to decide who should sit up for her.

Meantime, an elephant was sent off for the machan; and soon one of the party was ensconced in the little tape-strung frame, cunningly hidden in a tree that dominated the kill. Fresh green branches were arranged so as to hide him, while leaving his line of sight open; and other branches were stuck in below, to break the hard line of the frame. I filled him with good advice, — which I may say here and now shared the usual fate of good advice, — and in particular I told him to use his rifle while the daylight permitted, and then to trust to his twelve-bore, with a soft-lead ball, for the more likely half hour or so of twilight. He must sit absolutely still, and he must *not* think the tiger was looking at him. The white patches on the ears — about the size of a half crown — always give that impression to a tyro, and this particular man had never seen a tiger outside a zoo. Then we went off quietly to tea, after wishing him good luck.

I was dressed early, and he returned just before dinner, though the kill had been rather a long way off. He was white and shaking, and dejected beyond measure. In brief, his story was that the tigress had come trampling out as if the jungle belonged to her, while it was still broad daylight. He kept still, but was trembling with excitement. He took his gun instead of his rifle; and he fired hastily, without aiming, because he felt sure the tiger was looking steadily at him. 'Did it call to the shot?' He did not know; all he did know was that it whirled round and disappeared before he could collect his wits enough to try a second barrel. He felt certain he had missed it; it was a tremendous beast, about a thousand feet long; it had been less than fifteen feet off; it was as big as the side of a house; and he had missed it, missed it, missed it! There is no bitterness like that bitterness. There was nothing to be done that night, but his dinner was a sad and sorrowful meal. He could not take his mind off the tremendous chance which he had thrown away. We knew what he was feeling — we had all *passé par là;* we left him to his brooding.

Early next morning, before the sun was up, he and I went off on an elephant to see what could be done. I put him in the machan; told him to sit exactly as he was sitting when he fired; and then, having made *quite* sure myself that the gun was in fact empty, I handed it up to him, and told him to hold it on the aim he must have taken the evening before. I then searched the ground. There was no sign of the bullet in the narrow area where it must have struck, assuming that he was holding his gun more or less correctly; *ergo*, the bullet must be in the tigress. I searched for blood, but found none — that, of course, was not conclusive one way or the other.

I hunted for the claw marks — for a tiger almost always 'strikes' its claws when hit; but the ground was grassy and covered with débris of sorts, and I could discover nothing. I picked up a few faint traces of pugs in the direction in which the tigress had fled; they led straight to a large area of very tall elephant grass, which extended for some miles, but which was quite beatable. My guest's drooping hopes having been revived by a positive statement that the tigress was wounded, lying up in the grass, and that we should get her all right, we went back to the bungalow, and prepared for the beat. We had twelve elephants, four of which carried howdahs. It was arranged that two 'stops' should keep well ahead of the line, the farthest nearly a hundred and fifty yards ahead, the second about fifty; that a third should remain about twenty yards in advance; and that I should take my howdah into the middle of the grass, keeping and directing the line.

We started; the *swish-swish* recommenced, and the long swaying heave — but this time we were all agog with excitement. We began the beat at the point where I had tracked the tigress into the grass; and we had not advanced twenty yards when my elephant — a particularly trustworthy one in such matters — 'called' unmistakably to tiger. No other elephant gave any sign, so I thought that she was merely acknowledging the scent where the tigress had lain the night before, and that we should find the tigress farther on. But as we went on she gave no further sign. There was no movement, either, in the grass. I felt so certain that Luchma — that was my elephant's name — was right that I stopped the line and went back alone, with the intention of going carefully, zigzag, through the narrow bit of grass we had just beaten. When fifty yards or so behind the line, there was a terrific roar, and the tigress came charging down on my elephant, crashing her way through the tall stems. Luchma never moved; she stood like a rock, ready for anything. I did not have my rifle in my hand, even — for in thick grass one cannot see to shoot. Before I could snatch it up, the tigress had disappeared. She did not like the looks of Luchma, evidently; and the charge was not pushed home. The line, of course, heard the roar, and turned instantly, coming along in excellent order. I waited for it, with the tigress giving tongue somewhere close in front of me, but entirely hidden in the grass, which was twelve feet or more high. Fortunately, it was a narrow spit of grass, right at the end of the great grassy plain, but uncomfortably close to the forest. We could concentrate the elephants better there than in a wider area; but the two stops did not follow what was happening, and they misunderstood all my frantic signs and shouts to them to rejoin us. I was afraid that the tigress might make a dash for it and escape — though probably she would be wounded again — into the forest, where she would be safe for a time at least, and where it might be difficult or even impossible to find her.

However, we pushed slowly on, and then the fun began. With a heart-shaking roar, she sprang for the head of a pad elephant. I saw her curled up like a caterpillar on the top part of the trunk, holding on by her claws, and biting the poor beast above the eye. It was impossible to fire; one would have killed the mahout or wounded the elephant. The latter soon shook her off, but an attempt to get its knees on the tigress failed. The tigress dropped into the long grass, and disappeared instantly.

With only two of us available, we had to kill as quickly as possible in order to save the elephants — some of which, naturally enough, were uneasy and even frightened. We therefore fired at every movement in the grass, trying to allow for the fact that the tigress must be somewhere near the bottom of the twelve-foot stems that shook and rustled as she changed position. But it was very unsatisfactory. We never saw her, except when she charged, bounded on to the head of an elephant, and clawed and bit there till she was shaken off. I noticed one stout-hearted mahout laying into her, as hard as he could hit, with the heavy iron ankus — which they usually call a *gujbank* here. The tigress's head was within a foot of him as he sat on the elephant's neck, but his legs were protected by the big long ears. Time and again she charged; time and again she managed to get home a savage bite; but she was always shaken off quickly, and then dropped from sight immediately into the long grass.

On one occasion I caught a flicker of her tawny hide as she dropped, and a very quick shot luckily went home. After that it was easier. She could no longer leap on to the elephants, but she charged continually; and it took us over an hour of vivid excitement before we hit her again. That was nearly the end. I finally spotted her again, in a little clear tunnel in the grass where she lay panting, and finished her off with a soft-lead bullet in the neck. She was a very fine tigress, nine feet long and beautifully marked — the white parts were clear and brilliant, the dark head markings almost black. We found that the bullet fired from the machan had entered just behind the shoulder, had been deflected by a rib, and had ploughed its way, just under the skin, right to her tail. It did no real damage; but she must have been very sore, poor beast, all night, and her temper when we met her was of the worst.

Padding home, all agog with the adventure, all mightily pleased at having added a tiger to the bag, we put up a huge hyena quite by accident; the ugly lumbering beast went off at a great pace, but was bowled over by a fine shot which took him clean between the shoulders. The first thing to be done on arrival was to attend to the elephants. I went over them myself, most carefully, swabbing out the wounds with dilute carbolic acid; and it was touching to see how the big beasts lay down, turned over at a word, and curled their trunks up out of the way. They squealed and whimpered as the acid bit into the wounds, but they knew that it was all right — they were being doctored, and were as good as gold all through. Their mahouts talked to them all the time, and so did I. 'It's all right, my daughter; this will do you good.' 'Turn over, my daughter; let me get to your other side.' 'I won't hurt you.' They knelt, or lay, as ordered; and there was never a shake in the big bodies. Every morning and evening I went over all their wounds; they healed up in no time.

V

The next to last day, as I took my morning stroll along the fire lines, rifle in hand, I saw about twenty wild dogs popping across one of the paths. They were hunting, regularly spaced out, not following any game, but just beating the jungle for anything that might be there. Their line, in almost impenetrable undergrowth, was perfect — and absolutely true as regards direction. They did not see me — or, if they did, they took no

notice. They were making for the open plain near the bungalow, and I went back there — to find the wild dogs sitting on their haunches just at the edge of the forest, and regarding with the most obvious interest the array of tents and the men who were walking about near them. The tents were perhaps three hundred yards off. It was hopeless trying to stalk the dogs either from the plain or from the forest; the former had absolutely no cover, and the latter was so thick with undergrowth that it would have been difficult to force a way through, and in any case I should have made as much noise as a German band in doing it. Only one of my guests was about. I called to him; he got his rifle, and we arranged to stroll leisurely toward the dogs, inclining spirally toward them, and dropping for as steady a shot as possible as soon as they began to get uneasy. It was the only plan, and fortunately it worked. He got one, and I got another; both dropped dead to the shots. Handsome brutes they were; heads like Scotch collies, heavy orange-tawny coats, bushy tails, 'breedy' in form, and in perfect condition. The Government, by the way, pays three pounds a head for the dogs; but this high reward — for India — has but little effect. They are very difficult to get, for a hundred different reasons.

And now it is all over. To-morrow we move off to another forest centre where there has been disturbing news of dacoits. Our guests have already scattered, and we are all alone in the bungalow. The little town of tents has vanished; and to-morrow the gay drawing-room, bright with Christmas cards, hanging draperies, calendars, photographs, and all the 'homey' touches, will be but four bare white-washed walls. There is an 'after the ball' air about the place which depresses; we rattle about in the deserted bungalow that was, so lately, full of life and gayety. *Partir, c'est mourir un peu.*

'SHAKESPEARE UNLOCKED HIS HEART'

BY IAN COLVIN

I

I AM not, as I am open to confess, much interested in the eternal debate as to who is the 'man right fair' and who the 'woman colour'd ill' of Shakespeare's sonnets. There is another question, however, which concerns the reader more legitimately, since it affects his pleasure in the reading thereof: What is the true order of these marvelous poems? They are obviously connected by some sort of story or chain of thought, emotion, experience; but that chain seems to be broken in quite a number of places; the reader is every now and then brought up with a jolt by some inconsequence, as if a path once clearly cut had fallen away in places or had been twisted about by an earthquake. Editor after editor has felt this disorder so forcibly that he has been driven to a reordering; but these changes have no authority save likeli-

hood behind them, and the reader therefore falls back upon the original disorder, as he feels it, of the original edition of 1609.

How that edition came to be printed is the secret of oblivion; but critics suppose that the manuscript was taken without any 'by your leave' of the poet, and, as the sheets were probably unnumbered, they got jumbled in the printing, so that, though whole batches of the sonnets run consecutively, there are others which are obviously out of place. In Elizabethan times poetry still circulated largely in manuscript, and copies were made of copies, so that the mistakes may have crept in before the poems came to the printer; or it may have been that the patron to whom they were addressed or the poet himself dislocated them, so that their story, which was probably scandalous, might not be too plain to the vulgar eye. Who knows? The fact remains that by accident or design the sonnets are disordered.

Some years ago a very ingenious attempt was made to restore this shattered mosaic to its original condition. Sir Denys Bray's *Original Order of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (London, 1925) was by no means the first emendation of the original quarto; but it was novel in this respect — that it did not depend, like its predecessors, merely on the sense, but upon a very remarkable clue in the technique of the poet.

This clue consisted in the curiously constant use of the same rhyme words and rhyme sounds in sonnets obviously consecutive. Whereas the modern sonnet writer — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for example — endeavors to change his rhymes from sonnet to sonnet of a sequence and would think it a blemish to repeat the same rhymes in consecutive sonnets, Shakespeare, evidently with deliberation, repeated his rhymes, even the identical rhyming words, in one sonnet after another. The rhymes used in one sonnet are echoed in the next, and Sir Denys Bray had the wit to notice that this occurs in just those sonnets in the Quarto which are, by common consent, linked in sense and therefore in their true order. In those forty or so, the order of which, in relation to one another, nobody disputes, there is in every case this linking by a common rhyme word or rhyme sound. The English language is, of course, poor in rhymes, and if this repetition were only occasional it might be put down to accident or coincidence; but as it occurs in every case where the sonnets are coupled by the sense, there is hardly room for doubt that it is done, as I have said, with deliberate intention.

This, at all events, Sir Denys Bray believed, and, working from those which were known to be in their true juxtaposition, he proceeded to seek these rhyme links between sonnets which, in the opinion of students, should by their sense be read together, but are printed separately. Here again he found them, and so at infinite pains he gradually worked over the whole 154 until at last he had them fitted into a chain, the links of which were connected by rhyme words carried from one to another, which also satisfied the sense of the reader by the logical and orderly development of the theme.

It was unfortunate for the acceptance of Sir Denys Bray's rearrangement that he discovered the strongest part of his case when his book was going to press, and there was no time to develop it fully in his preface. It was this: —

That not Shakespeare alone, but most of the Elizabethan sonnet writers — and there were many — practised this same device. The Elizabethan sonneteer did not conceive his fourteen-

line poem as a complete unit, but as part of a larger symphony to be linked together by a carillon or chime of variations and repetitions of the same rhymes.

Not only so, but many Elizabethan sonnet writers were not content with the rhyme link, but repeated either half lines or whole lines from sonnet to sonnet. And this is extremely important, for, while it is possible (although difficult) to contend that the repetition of the same rhyme word or rhyme might be mere accident, due to paucity of rhymes in the language, it is utterly impossible to argue that a whole line could be repeated by accident.

Take, for example, these two sonnets from W. Smith's *Chloris*, a sonnet sequence printed in the year 1596: —

I

Courteous Calliope, vouchsafe to lend
Thy helping hand to my untunèd song!
And grace these lines which I to write pretend,
Compelled by love that doth poor Corin wrong.
And those, thy sacred sisters, I beseech,
Which on Parnassus' Mount do ever dwell,
To shield my country Muse and rural speech
By their divine authority and spell.
Lastly to thee, O Pan, the shepherds' king;
And you swift footed Dryades I call!
Attend to hear a swain in verse to sing
Sonnets of her that keeps his heart in thrall!
O Chloris, weigh the task I *undertake!*
Thy beauty, subject of my song I make.

II

Thy beauty, subject of my song I make,
O fairest fair! on whom depends my life:
Refuse not then the task I *undertake*
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife!
Etc. etc.

It will be noted that not only the rhyme words *make* and *undertake* are repeated in the most obviously deliberate manner, but the whole of the last line of the first is repeated as the first line of the second sonnet. And this device is used in no less than twenty-one out of the fifty-one sonnets of the sequence.

So with others too numerous to quote. Spenser himself, who was the admired model of all the later Elizabethans, repeats the same rhyme words with deliberate intention through whole batches of his *Amoretti*, a sonnet sequence only less beautiful than Shakespeare's own. Thus, for example, —

Sonnet I Might, sight, light, spright
" II Hart, art, part, smart
" III Write, endite
Admyre, fyre
View, hew, dew, true
" IV Delight, spright, night, dight
" V Desire, admire
Pride, envide, implide, tride, pride
" VI Pride, abide, dride, divide
Fyre, aspire, desire;

and so *ad infinitum* — an interlacing, a running chime of the bells of rhyme, very pleasant to the attuned ear.

Whence was this device derived? I have traced it back into mediæval poetry, and notably to that marvelously beautiful fourteenth-century poem, *The Pearl*, where the last line of each stanza, with variations, is used as a refrain or link between stanza and stanza. Professor Saintsbury, in his *History of English Prosody*, says of this poem that it is 'a sort of carillon — not indeed of joyful but of melancholy sweetness — a tangle, yet in no disorder, of symphonic sound, running and interlacing itself with an ineffable sweetness'; and we find this fashion running back into the metrical romances of chivalry as well as those ballades and rondeaux practised so skillfully by the Provençal poets. Those three daughters of romance, stanza, rhyme, refrain, born before the Renaissance, joined in the creation of the sonnet form. The refrain somehow faded out; but it lived long enough to give us a clue to the true order of Shakespeare's sonnets.

II

Having gone so far by way of general explanation, let us now examine a little more closely into the working of this key in the lock of the great mystery. But first let us give one or two examples, to bring home more clearly to the mind of the reader what the key, as Shakespeare used it, exactly is. Take from the Quarto any two sonnets commonly held to be inseparable, as, for example, 46 and 47. If the reader turns to them he will find that among the rhyme words of 46 are *sight, right, heart, part,* and among the rhyme words of 47 are *heart, part, sight, delight.* In Sonnet 50 the rhyme words *woe, know, mind, behind,* correspond with the rhyme words *find, wind, slow, know, go,* in 51; in 33 and 34, *face, disgrace,* echo *face, disgrace;* in 15 and 16, *stay, decay,* answer *way, decay;* in 1 and 2, *eyes, lies,* correspond with *lies, eyes;* in 9 and 10, *behind, mind,* with *mind, kind;* and so on and so forth through all the sonnets generally held to follow by the poet's design their neighbors in the text.

Turning from these to sonnets which are printed apart but have been put together by the conjecture of various editors, we find the rhyme test confirming the rearrangement. Thus Sonnet 24, beginning 'Mine eye hath play'd the painter,' has *heart, art, lies, eyes;* and Sonnet 46, beginning 'Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,' responds with *heart, part, eyes, lies.* The same editor (Mr. Knox Pooler) who suggested that these two should be put together suggested also a connection between 27, 43, 61, and the linking rhymes in these three are *thee —see, sight—night; see—thee, bright—light; night — sight, thee — me.* Mr. Knox Pooler suggests a connection between 52 and 48, and they are found to have no fewer than three separate word and rhyme links: *survey* with *way, are* with *are, chest* with *chest.* There is an obvious connection between 106, that glorious sonnet beginning with

> When in the chronicle of wasted time,

and 59, which contains the line, —

> Show me your image in some antique book,

and when we bring them together we find the link in the correspondence between the two final couplets, thus: —

> For we, which now behold these present *days,*
> Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to *praise,*

and

> O, sure I am, the wits of former days
> To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Here the links, so marked as to be plainly deliberate, come at the end of both sonnets, but in 109 and 117 the chime is between the end of the one and the beginning of the other: —

> For nothing this wide universe I *call,*
> Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my *all,*

and

> Accuse me thus: that I have scanted *all*
> Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
> Forgot upon your dearest love to *call,*
> Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day.

These are only a few examples out of so many that we may say that, wherever the sense shows that two sonnets are either rightly together or wrongly apart, the word or rhyme link is to be found. And conversely, lest it should be thought this is a mere coincidence, when two sonnets are obviously from different parts of the sequence these links of rhymes are found so seldom that their appearance may confidently be put down to mere coincidence. The comparative poverty of the English language in rhymes would explain these coincidences, but is altogether inadequate to account for the correspondences we have described. Thus Sir Denys Bray proves his case even

without the argument drawn from the practice of other Elizabethan sonnet writers. With that clinching evidence thrown in, his position is irresistibly strong.

So at least it seems to me. That the fashion of linking sonnets by words or whole lines existed there is no doubt; that Shakespeare followed that fashion is proved; if he followed that fashion, then obviously we have a clue to the rearrangement, and when that clue is followed, and the sonnets fall into their places in the poetical argument like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, so that what was formerly dark is made clear, — when, in fact, the pudding is proved by the eating, — there is no longer room for reasonable doubt.

Let us turn now to the result, as set forth in Sir Denys Bray's critical edition of 1925.[1]

The sequence there set forth begins with 20 of the Quarto, —

> A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,

and ends with 146, the last line of which suggests finality: —

> And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Between these two sonnets there are very many changes from the Quarto order, although in one broad aspect the orders remain the same. In the Quarto the sonnets fall roughly into two cycles, the one addressed to the 'man right fair,' the other to the 'woman colour'd ill'; but whereas in the Quarto the reader is continuously puzzled by breaks and changes within these cycles, in Bray's order there is, as he claims, 'an easy flow from sonnet to sonnet, from idea to idea, from subject to subject, each cycle forming a chain by itself, well-knit, compact; a continuous whole; a unity both in matter and form.' There is no longer the jar of finding some pleasant trifle wedged between mighty opposites; no longer the broken chain of thought, the sudden and puzzling hiatus; the whole march of ideas is smooth and logical, continuously developing that tragic and dramatic theme: —

> Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill,

which is stated thus in the last sonnet but one of Bray's order. Thus that order seems to me a discovery well worth knowing for those who, like myself, already admire Shakespeare's sonnets 'this side idolatry.' Hitherto one has enjoyed them and admired them for the glorious single sonnets, which rise like sky-piercing mountain peaks out of the tangled ruck of foothills; but, thanks to Sir Denys Bray, we can now see the chain in its true perspective, in its logical connection, balanced and united from horizon to horizon.

III

And now let us look more closely at the new order and what it discloses. The rearrangement, then, is drastic. Thus, for example, Sonnet 20 of the Quarto becomes Sonnet 1 in Bray; 91 becomes 2; 25, 3; 31, 4; 53, 5; 62, 6; 22, 7; 18, 8; 126, 9; 65, 10; and so forth. Even in the Quarto we see obscurely the main design, but this rearrangement brings it out clearly in all its details. There are in Bray's revision, as in the Quarto, two series, the first and longer to the 'man right fair,' the second and shorter to the 'woman colour'd ill.' It is the internal jumbling of these two parts that Bray sets straight, and one of his notable discoveries is that the first series (126 in all) ends with 87 in the Quarto, —

[1] The additional evidence (of Elizabethan sonnet practice) was published in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* (Tauchnitz, Leipzig, 1927). — AUTHOR

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,

and the second series opens with the only tetrametrical sonnet in the whole series, no doubt used originally to mark the transition, —

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,

while the last sonnet of all, ending the whole sequence, is 146 of the Quarto, the last line of which has, to be sure, an air of finality: —

And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Such, then, are the main punctuation marks: one sentence with a longer and a shorter clause, but within both are many phrases, hitherto dislocated and now reduced to order.

The whole sequence discloses itself as a drama, like *Hamlet*, of soliloquies. These soliloquies consist of chains of sonnets hitherto broken up into ones and twos or threes and mixed together and now set in their right place so that the whole tragedy develops in logical and orderly procession.

Consider this triangular drama of the Poet, the Fair Youth, and the Dark Lady. The Poet is aging, disappointed, poor,

Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,

and

In disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.

The Youth is evidently the darling of fortune, noble, rich, with troops of friends. There is always something of bitterness for age in its relations with youth, but the circumstances heighten the poignancy. The Poet, we feel, warms his hands at the fire of this friendship, which is so much to him, so much less to the friend; he is pathetically grateful for his place at the hearth; he offers with humble eagerness the immortality of his poems in exchange for the gift of friendship, and solicitously tenders the advice (disinterested, since marriage is apt to separate friends) that the young man should marry. Then comes absence, neglect on the one side, bitterness on the other; slanderous tongues, the influence of a rival poet, and a darker and more sinister note, the approaching catastrophe of this tragedy: the Poet is in thrall to a mistress, and has reason to suspect both mistress and friend. About the mistress, his darling sin, he has no illusions; but that his friend should thus have betrayed him hits him more nearly, since it shows a falseness of heart where he had not expected it. Thus in Sonnet 68 (Bray's order, Quarto 42): —

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.

Protest, reproach, appeal, acquiescence, surrender, — tame, yet inwardly raging, — helpless jealousy, intolerable chagrin, chase one another through the wretched Poet's mind. *Le roi s'amuse!* What argument can age use that will appeal to careless and heartless youth? The woman inwardly laughs as she deceives him; the patron turns coldly from his expostulation. The Poet humbly pleads for forgiveness; let friendship be restored, and 'no bitterness that I will bitter think.' His great friend being the source of his fortune, his patron, his only possession, as well as his idol, his adoration, his position in argument is terribly weak; he has everything to ask, nothing that is valued by the other to offer. The shame of the position tortures him: —

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within.

And so to the farewell sonnet already quoted, which ends the first act of this sonnet drama. Farewell! His friend is gone beyond recovery: —

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Then in Part II (127–154) we see the degradation of the Poet, in sexual slavery to the woman whom he despises while she enthralls him. The sonnet with which it opens (Quarto 145) shows her the accomplished and heartless flirt: —

> 'I hate' from hate away she threw,
> And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

His dalliance with this Delilah; his scorn of himself and of her; his bitter reproaches. He admits that he is bad, but she is worse: —

> In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
> But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
> In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
> In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

She is not even beautiful; but beauty does not matter, since he loves her with all his senses. He has indeed become as one of Circe's beasts: 'I myself am mortgag'd to thy will.' And so, —

> When my love swears that she is made of truth,
> I do believe her, though I know she lies.

Then comes the bitter apostrophe to lust, —

> The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,

which is 129 in the Quarto and in Bray 152. It is followed by the sonnet (144 in Quarto) which sums up the whole story: —

> Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
> To win me soon to hell, my female evil
> Tempteth my better angel from my side,
> And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
> Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
> And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
> Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
> But being both from me, both to each friend,
> I guess one angel in another's hell:
> Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
> Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Then, as I have said, comes the last (Quarto 146, Bray 154), the renunciation, the turning from the world, to buy terms divine, opening with a note of self-pity, —

> Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,

and ending in the refuge of the grave, or beyond, —

> And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

We are reminded of another sonnet sequence, hardly less difficult to follow: George Meredith's *Modern Love*, and the lines, —

> Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
> Look we for any kinship with the stars.

When the last drop of gall is wrung from the sponge of life, the Poet turns to death. What a tragedy! Was it Shakespeare's own story? It looks as if it were. Or was it a fiction like his plays? We can hardly think so.

But, whether fact or fiction, it is restored to coherent and shapely order by this wonderful effort of constructive criticism, this Rosetta stone of Shakespearean scholarship.

'STAY, CORYDON, THOU SWAIN'

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I

THE moon was at her full, and the Choral Society of Wells in Somerset was holding a practice. Moonshine had to be consulted, for many of the singers lived outside the town and would not venture from their homes by night unless they could see the ruts and puddles. Mr. Mulready, however, was independent of the moon; he lived in the market place, and a gas lamp shone in at his bedroom window until 10.30 P.M., when all the street lamps gave a little jump and died.

Mr. Mulready was a draper. He lived above his shop, though he was sufficiently well-to-do to live, had he wished to do so, in a villa near the station; and this evidence of proper feeling made him much esteemed by the local gentry. He was a small, bald-headed, puggy man, and could sing both bass and alto. What was more, he could read music at sight. These good gifts he employed weekly at the Bethel Chapel, and it was said that Mr. Bulmer, a vicar-choral, had fervently attempted Mr. Mulready's conversion, in order that he might sing in the Cathedral, especially that alto solo in an anthem by Samuel Sebastian Wesley which declares that, 'as for the gods of the heathen, they are, are, are but IDOLS' — a sneering chromatic phrase which would ring finely under the stone arches if delivered by the rescued Dissenter, but which that bleating old Philpot could never sing in tune.

But Mr. Mulready was faithful to Bethel, as much from social as from religious convictions; for, as he said, he was a Baptist born and dipped, and it never did for people to pretend to be what their neighbors knew full well they were not. The Choral Society was another matter: he had been a member of it for nearly twenty years, and he knew most of its repertory by heart.

The piece they practised this evening was a madrigal by John Wilbye: 'Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain.' He had sung in it many times before; he knew every note of it; but this did not lessen his pleasure — indeed, it increased it; for he was able to enjoy its beauty undistracted by the sheet of music which Mr. Fair, his neighbor bass, jerked up and down before him in time to the music.

Yet to-night he was destined to hear the old favorite with new ears.

'Thy nymph is light and shadowlike,' sang the first sopranos, coming in on high G, and the second sopranos took up the phrase a fifth lower. All of a sudden Mr. Mulready found himself wondering about nymphs, and wondering, too, in a very serious and pertinacious way. He had never to his knowledge given a thought to these strange beings before, and yet it now seemed to him that he had an idea of them both clear and pleasant — as though perhaps in childhood he had been taken to see one as a treat.

He wished to see a nymph again: not from motives of curiosity, not because he thought a nymph would be

a pretty sight to gaze at, not for any reasonable, pleasure-seeking reason — for how could anyone entertain a rational wish about a mythological fancy? What he felt was more than a whim; it was an earnest desire, a mental craving somehow to re-create a bright image that Time had once timelessly given, and then by course of time effaced.

Even as he sang he looked round on the lady members of the Choral Society to see if they could afford him any clue as to the looks of a nymph. One by one he rejected them. Miss Fair was as pretty a girl as you could wish to see, young Mrs. Buckley had a complexion as red and white as the rosebud chintz in his shop, little Jenny Davy was as light as a feather and as ruthless as a kitten — yet none of these answered to his idea of a nymph. She would be quieter, somehow—more ladylike.

So next he studied the ladies, the real ladies who came from the Cathedral Close or from the country houses round about. They were no more helpful. The Reverend Miss Perceval (so he thought of her) had something rather promising about her small pale ears; but, poor young lady, how she did stoop! And as for Mrs. Hamlyn, whom there had been all that talk about, she was a highflyer, sure enough, but nothing like a nymph. Her nose was too large.

Not like any member of the Choral Society, not like his dead wife, not like his two daughters, not like any woman he had ever seen — how did it happen, then, that in his mind's eye there should be this image of a nymph which he was now trying to confirm by looks of flesh and blood? A picture? On an almanac, perhaps; some of the wholesale firms sent out very handsome ones to the trade. But a picture was flat, a picture was dead: no picture could have become so living to him as this projection of a nymph which he could n't quite see, but which was none the less present in his thought; for otherwise how could he reject so certainly all these unnymphlike ladies?

'Thy nymph is light and shadow-like.'

The words haunted him as he walked home, and he hummed the phrase over and over as he sat at supper, with a kind daughter on either hand. As he kissed Sophy good-night, he thought how cool a nymph's forehead would be. 'Light.' Light-footed, that must mean, not light-complexioned; for his nymph was dark — at any rate, she had dark hair. The words ran into a new order: 'Light-and-shadowlike'—wavering, rippling, as the light bubbles through the shadow of a bough that sways in a spring breeze. As one has a word on the tip of one's tongue, so Mr. Mulready had a nymph on the tip of his imagination. And for one moment, just as he blew out the candle and resigned his senses to the bed, he thought he had caught her. Alas, she was gone again in a flash, and he was left with a new perplexity; for now it seemed to him that instead of having seen her long ago he had seen her quite recently, so that her image was indistinct and elusive not because Time had effaced it, but because Time had not yet enforced it, leaving it still a faint penciling, a sketch.

II

In the morning he had forgotten these thoughts; but he was soon to remember them again, for when he walked into the shop, there, behind the polished counter and laying out rolls of flannel and sarcenet, was his nymph. He recognized her as one recognizes a melody; her looks, her gestures, fulfilled everything he had

sought for overnight, as though a tune which he had tried unavailingly to recall had come back into his head complete. With the recognition came the identification: his mind's nymph was Miss Edna Cave, the young lady who sold staylaces and suchlike female oddments in a dark secluded corner of his shop which in high-flown moments he referred to as the 'haberdashery department.' There she was, and, what was even stranger to him, there she had been for a couple of months. She was a very respectable, quiet-spoken girl, and a good worker, though she had somehow a rather languid air. He remembered wondering when he engaged her if she were anæmic, and if she would be strong enough to lift down the heavy boxes from the shelves. And from then till this moment he had scarcely given her a thought, perhaps because of her very merits as a satisfactory worker and respectable young person.

He wanted to think of her now, to examine her in this new and exciting aspect of a discovery. But it was market day, and the shop soon filled with customers. He was kept busy and could scarcely steal a glance at his nymph until the moment came for him to put up the shutters and for her to put on her hat and gloves.

'You look a little tired, Miss Cave. It's been a busy day, I'm sure. There's more than twenty pounds in the till.'

'I'm not tired, really,' replied the nymph. 'Only a little sleepy. It's the spring, I expect. These first warm days often make me feel a little queer.'

'You should go out more,' said Mr. Mulready. 'Have you a bicycle?'

'Yes, I've got a bicycle.'

'I'll tell you what you should do. To-morrow is early closing. Now, will you come out for a ride?'

'I must say that Annie will come too,' he thought; but before he could utter the words the nymph had answered, 'Thank you, Mr. Mulready. I should like to very much.'

Even so, he fully intended to ask Annie, or, if not Annie, then Sophy. It would be nice for her to have the company of girls of her own age — bright, friendly girls like his two. But on the morrow he learned from their talk at breakfast that they proposed to go off early in the forenoon to shop in Bath, and would not be back till late. Apparently it had all been settled long ago, even to the hats they were going to buy: a pink chip for Annie, and for Sophy a leghorn with a wreath of white roses.

'You won't mind, will you, Pa? Mrs. Creak will see to your tea.'

'I don't know whether I shall want tea, my dear. I was thinking of going out for a ride with —'

The shop bell rang. A little boy had been sent in a great hurry for some narrow black elastic, and Mr. Mulready did not have another chance of a word with his daughters. It seemed as though Fate had taken the affair in hand. It would be a pity to disappoint the poor thing, and on such a lovely day, too. But would it be right to ride with her alone? He tried to quiet his scruples by remembering the innocence of his intentions and the number of years that he had been a respectable widower. Yet in a small town one cannot be too careful; and he would be sorry to compromise a nymph. Besides, it would be dull work for her, riding through the spring lanes with such an old fogy as he; she would enjoy herself more when the girls could come too.

Just before closing time Miss Cave approached him.

'Would it be as convenient, Mr. Mulready, if we don't start till about five? Mother wants me to help with the ironing.'

He would have spoken then, but suddenly she raised her eyes and said, 'I am looking forward to it so much.'

No, he could not make difficulties now. After that stint of ironing, the hot room, the heavy sheets to handle and fold, a bicycle ride would be just what she needed.

It was after five when they set out.

'Where shall we go, Miss Cave? Is there anywhere you specially fancy?'

'I should like to go —' she had a low voice and spoke with a curious slight lisp, her speech seeming as it were to rustle — 'I should like to go by Glastonbury to that wood called Merley Wood.'

'It's rather a rough road, you know. Have you been there before?'

'No. But I've heard of it; and I have often wanted to go there.'

He knew the wood she spoke of; that is, he had often passed below it, had heard it murmuring aloofly to itself, had seen the long shadow it stretched down to the road. He was not a fearful man; yet for some reason he did not much care to pass Merley Wood toward dusk. It gave him an uneasy feeling in his back, and he had once declared in the safety of jest that he would n't walk through it — no, not for a five-pound note. But if Miss Cave wanted to go there, that was another matter. When one has a nymph vouchsafed one for a whole evening one does not boggle over details. He was extremely happy and excited at the thought of such a shy and rare being becoming his companion. Now he would really be able to watch, to discover, to make sure of her — or, rather, of the nymph idea she represented for him. Whatever she did or said would be, he felt sure, the right, the revealing thing. He had already a general idea how a nymph would behave: she would be rather quiet, and take a great interest in flowers.

Yet when Miss Cave, riding ahead of him, suddenly jumped off her bicycle, he cried out, 'Is it a puncture?'

She did not answer. It seemed that she had not heard him. She stood looking into the hedge and smiling at whatever it was she saw there.

'White violets,' she said softly. And then she smiled again, and gently nodded her head, as though between them and her there were some especial understanding. Mr. Mulready also nodded — nodded in approval. Yes, it was just as it should be; a nymph would certainly behave thus. It was a pretty sight, and he hoped she would do it again.

She did, jumping off her bicycle, as other people jump off when they see a friend, to greet a flicker of windflowers in an ash coppice, a new growth of Queen Anne's lace, — very light and feathery, yet eminently vigorous with the thrusting strength of its sappy green stems, — a handful of wild white hyacinths which some child must have gathered and then thrown down in the road to die. But these she took up without any word at all, and for a moment she looked almost severe as she considered them, drooping limply and exhaling their heavy smell of sweetness and untimely death, before she laid them among the grasses at the side of the road.

'It's a thing I don't like at all,' said Mr. Mulready; 'picking flowers just to throw down.'

'No more don't I!'

He was surprised at the passion in her voice. He had never heard her speak so vehemently — nor, it occurred to him, in such a rustic way. But in a moment she was her ordinary self again, had mounted her bicycle and was pedaling on before him with her white thread gloves on the handlebars. She rode very fast for a girl of her build. He had quite an ado to

keep up with her, and by the time they reached Merley Wood he was hot, and glad of a respite.

III

They ran their machines into the field below the wood and laid them down under a group of blossoming thorns. A blackthorn hedge straggled up the slope toward the wood; the blossom was beginning to go over, and drifts of tarnished snow lay under the bushes. But in the shadow of the wood, where the sun had not penetrated, the thorn trees were at the perfection of their bloom. They were very old trees, gnarled, and tufted with greenish-gray moss, dry and dead-colored. It did not seem possible that those angular boughs should have put out the lace-work of milky blossoms, each a blunt star, each with its little pointed pink star within it. It seemed rather as though light had rested upon the dead boughs and turned into blossom.

Behind this flowery rampart the wood rose up — sycamore, and sad spruce, and larches sighing and swaying their young green overhead. It was certainly a mournful wood, but Mr. Mulready could not now imagine why he had thought it to be a frightening one. Now that he was within it, walking about with Miss Cave, he thought of it as a gentle place. Presently they sat down side by side, and, having sat a little while, lay back, as everyone does, sooner or later, in a wood, to stare up at the tree tops waving so high above them.

Mr. Mulready watched till he began to feel a trifle sick. He sat up again, and as he did so it occurred to him that he had come out this evening to watch, not larches, but a nymph. And this was a good moment to begin; for she lay staring upward as though she had forgotten his presence — he could look as much as he pleased without being ill-mannered.

First, then, how slender she was, and how supple; for she lay among the wood sorrel as though lying on the ground could never make her stiff, could never give her rheumatism. And next? What struck him next? Her pallor — she was as white as the thorn blossom. But down here at the foot of the trees the light was dim and watery, as if it floated down to them through still, shadowed water. That was why she looked so pale. No real woman had naturally such a moonlight look.

And then? Her hair, which he saw now was not black, as he had believed, but the color of very dark earth? Her eyes, which were a bright, spangled hazel? Her wide, thin mouth; the line of her jaw, traveling from the small chin to an ear which was quite as fine as Miss Perceval's? He noticed all these things, but he knew that there was something else, something more significant than any of these. Of course. Her silence. For, except for that one outburst over the wild hyacinths, she had scarcely put two words together during the whole evening. Yet you would n't call her uncompanionable. When he had spoken she had answered him, though not in words, now he came to think of it; but assenting with sighs of contentment, and acquiescent murmurs, and even little grunts — matching her speech, as it were, to that of the whispering and faintly creaking trees around them.

How still she lay! He could hear her light breathing among the sounds of the breathing wood. Had it not been for her eyes, still open and fixed upon the tree tops, he would have said she slept.

Outside the wood, among the thorns, a blackbird had begun his vespers; and the rays of the sun slanted in and turned the larch stems pink. Time was getting on; they should soon be

thinking of the ride home. When she woke, when she came out of her waking dream, he would take out his watch tactfully.

But suddenly she turned to him, saying, 'I am so happy here.'

One could n't answer that by taking out one's watch: it would n't be manners.

He made a nice reply — hoped they might have another ride soon. A second blackbird was answering the first from the farther side of the wood. Their voices traveled through the solitary still dusk where these two sat, unguessed-at and secluded as though they lay at the bottom of a shadowy pool.

'Listen to those two chaps,' said Mr. Mulready. 'There's singing for you! Are you fond of music?'

'I'm afraid not. At least, I don't care for the piano.'

He wondered if he should tell her how a phrase from a piece of music had brought them here together. But perhaps she would n't understand, for he was a poor hand at explanations; and perhaps it might wound her feelings if it came out that he had invited her for such a queer reason.

'Thy nymph is light and shadow-like.' He began to hum to himself, softly and strayingly. Music has a different meaning, a different beauty, out of doors.

IV

The sun had faded out of the wood, the stems of the larches were grown silvery, the wood sorrel they lay upon lost all earthly color, became gray, became almost black. The smell of the thorn blossom drifted into the wood. Every moment it became more intense and more searching, as though it were the smell of the moonlight.

The nymph sat up and looked about her. She put her hands to her forehead as though to wipe away a dream. Then, shaking her head, she rose and began to walk out of the wood. Mr. Mulready picked up her hat and gloves and followed her. When he came to the edge of the wood he caught his breath and started. The thorn blossom shone so in the moonlight that it looked unearthly. The landscape lay before him, undulating to the horizon in swaths of gray and silver like the swaths of mown hay. Down in the field he could see the two bicycles. Their spokes glittered in the moonlight. The dew was falling, and they would be rusted.

He began to descend the slope, but stopped again; for the nymph delayed. She had turned back toward the thorn trees at the edge of the wood. She stood beside them, quite still, gazing at them as she had gazed at the white violets, earlier in the day — gazing as though, rather than seeing them, she were listening to them. Now she began to walk toward them, very slowly. She put out her hands. He thought that she was going to break off a spray, and, remembering the country belief that whoever takes home blackthorn blossom carries death into the house, he had a confused idea that he must call to her, warn her, tell her not to. And then in a moment she had disappeared.

He saw it happen, but he could not believe his eyes. He told himself that she must have slipped round to the other side of the brake, and as he ran back across the dewy grass he kept on saying, 'Oh no, oh no! It can't be! It can't!'

But though he called, and searched, and fought his way into the strong mass of the thorn thicket, frantically believing that she had got in somehow and fallen there in a faint, there was no sign of her. She was gone. With his own eyes he had seen her vanish.

Breathless, and scratched all over,

and trembling, at last he sat down on the grass; and, covering his eyes with his bleeding hands, he began to whimper like a lost child. But it was she — she who was lost! And as he abandoned his mind to an acceptance of what had happened he began to forecast in a confused terror all the things that would happen next: a scandal, nobody believing him; Edna's mother weeping and wailing, and perhaps bringing an action; his customers leaving him; his daughters disgraced and turning from him; misery, shame, ruin! The scent from the thorn trees flowed out over him. He caught hold of a branch and clasped it in his arms, awkwardly, as though he would embrace it. The thorns ran into his flesh and the petals slipped floating down on to the ground. 'Oh, come back, come back!' he implored. But there was no answer, no sound, except the nightingales singing in the wood.

PRISON MUSIC

BY HOMER HENLEY

I

SHORTLY after the San Francisco fire and earthquake, the State of California created a new department in one of the two reform schools in the state — a department for the teaching of singing. The department was to be an experiment. Its object was to find out whether vocal music could have a reforming effect on the young criminal. I was appointed to conduct this experiment.

As an experienced concert singer, vocal instructor, and choral director, I was expected to teach five hundred boy criminals the elements and meaning of song, and to form, if possible, a body among them capable of part-singing in harmony. For two years I spent two days of each week at the reform school.

The superintendent introduced me to the boys one Sunday afternoon, at chapel service. They were dressed in gray trousers with a black stripe, soft shirts, and postmen's caps, and they ranged in years from fourteen to thirty-five. The older ones had been sent to the reform school through political influence to escape the rigors of state's prison. Their scale of height began at about four feet seven and climbed to six feet three. Some were misshapen; some were superbly formed. Some had heads like sugar loaves; others were conspicuous for hydrocephalous front; still others had no back of the head at all — just a straight line. Some had 'cauliflower' ears and undershot jaws. Some had short teeth. Many had the typical pale silver eye of the criminal. There were negroes and Spaniards and Mexicans, French, Italians, Danes, Germans, and Russians, English and Welsh and Jews, a Chinese and two Japanese, and a Mormon from Salt Lake City. They were segregated into 'companies' according to height alone. Thus a tall lad of seventeen years, whose only transgression was violation of the curfew law of his home town by

staying out of doors after nine o'clock at night, was placed in a company of hardened, mature criminals, owing simply to the accident of his stature.

The boys looked me over. I was a tall, thin, wide-shouldered man with a pince-nez, 'dressed like a dude,' as some of the boys told me afterward. The pince-nez drew a broadside of grins and smothered snorts. For my part, I saw as choice a collection of young criminality as could probably be found anywhere, favoring me with a regard compounded of truculence and a sardonic humor that was not all mirth. But, if I was dismayed, I was not going to show it, as I had made up my mind that the experiment should be a success. I had read a lot about criminology, and had Lombroso and Hollander and Havelock Ellis and Ferri and Aschaffenburg and a host of others at my finger tips, and I was sincerely interested in the experiment.

My first duty was to try the voice of every boy in the school, and the trials took place in the great assembly hall. After trying two or three voices in the presence of all the other boys, I saw that I must find another plan. The tests must not be made an opportunity for uproarious mirth at the expense of the singers. So I had the room cleared and received only one boy at a time in the otherwise empty hall.

I now put into practice a device which I had long used in my private teaching, and which, so far as I know, was peculiarly my own. It was this. I sat on a low seat at the piano, my body turned sideways. The young criminal stood above me and rather close. I asked him to sing *ah* on one note only, striking the note loudly and singing the *ah* myself to encourage him. The thing being novel to him, he watched my mouth attentively (for curiosity is one of the strongest traits of the criminal make-up), and when he started to sing his own *ah* he still watched my mouth to see if he were properly following the pattern. At that instant I smiled broadly. With the involuntary reflex action of unconscious imitation, his mouth also formed itself into the mechanical position of a smile. Startled at this new sensation, his eyes leaped to mine and found another smile there, the heartiest I could summon. And in that instant I won a genuine and sincere smile from the boy. The most hardened and 'hard-boiled' succumbed to the formula as malleably as the others. I met only one failure in the five hundred tests. That smile, together with a good, deep look, laid the foundation of my success in the school.

I selected one hundred and fifty boys whose voices I thought good enough for my purpose. (I found no exceptional voices either then or later, as the criminal is a defective and rarely exhibits a talent or gift to be counted as truly extraordinary.) We met in the large assembly hall, and armed guards sat about the walls. This meant compelling the obedience of the prisoners to my wishes through fear of consequences. I saw in the first two meetings that this condition must be changed if I were to make any real headway with the boys, and I asked permission of the superintendent to drill my chorus without the presence of the guards. He said I might try it.

It seemed fitting next to hold a little talk with my hundred and fifty. I learned that the school body was divided into two main parties — the 'round guys' and the 'square guys.' The square guys were those rebellious spirits arrayed against the school law and all law. They comprised 95 per cent of the five hundred inmates. The round guys curried favor with the institution officers by 'snitching,' or talebearing. They pretended to be loyal

square guys, and were seldom found out. The square guys hated them with every hatred known in Hell.

The reform school was ruled by three of the inmates, called 'kings,' who controlled the internal life of the prison with deadly finality. The officers of the school believed their own rules to be the law of the young criminals they guarded; but the mainsprings of action and volition of the five hundred lay in the hands of the three kings. Their 'monikers' (professional names) were Fish-Mouth Hogan, Frisco Fat, and the Cincy Kid. It was of the first importance to win these three kings to my side, and one day I had a private talk with them, not wholly unlike the talk I gave the hundred and fifty. I won them. How, I do not know, nor can I remember just what I said; but I won them.

With the help, unobtrusive but powerful, of the three kings, I taught that school of criminals to sing. I taught them the slow, deep breathing of the great singers. I taught them to realize the meaning of the words they sang as well as that of the music, and to sing them with feeling; I taught them to count time and to read music at sight.

Then I began to organize my chorus. Not one of the boys knew a note of music, and not one of them knew anything whatsoever about singing. Yet in a little over six months they were able to sing such music as 'The Soldiers' Chorus' from *Faust;* John Hyatt Brewer's arrangement of 'The Lost Chord'; Arthur Sullivan's 'The Long Day Closes'; Dudley Buck's harmonization, in contrary motion, of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep'; 'The Heart Bowed Down'; and eight other numbers, in perfect harmony, time, and tune. I also selected a semichorus of thirty-six voices which sang the same things and a few others, in a style creditable to an organization of greater pretensions.

And they loved it!

We devoted a half hour weekly to popular sentimental songs and jazz songs; and at the end of the third month the boys voluntarily asked that the 'cheap stuff' be cut out. They knew all about that 'hokum.' All the underworld sang that stuff. But the choral music was different; they could not express the difference they felt in it, but they knew that they liked it better. It was not the words that caught them; it was the music. They could be heard singing and whistling the choral music all the rest of the week during my absence, so the officers told me.

II

These boys became my friends as I tried to be their friend. As the terms of some of them expired I did my little best to help them in the world outside. News of these efforts came back to the school on the lips of the newcomers who flowed in constantly. (This constant fluctuation caused more than a thousand young criminals to pass through my hands.) I became of good report. And I was adopted by my boys as much as anyone not of their world could be adopted. I talked to them at odd times, trying to win my way inside their mental barriers. 'Look here, fellows, why do you keep on with this stuff after you get out of here? Don't you know you can't get away with it? Don't you know that you are bound to end up in the Big House [state's prison]? Why do you do it, anyhow?'

Sheepish grins. Silence.

'Is it because of the excitement you get out of it?'

'Sure! That's it, Professor!' Lying cordially.

No. That door was closed. They could not have told me if they had

wanted to, any more than a wolf can tell a man why he loves fresh blood.

But not all the prisoners in this reform school were criminals. Many of them were boys from good families, who had been sent to the institution for the most trivial offenses. A boy was generally committed to the school until he was twenty-one years of age. Thus, if a boy of sixteen was sentenced for that standard term, he had to remain in the closest possible contact with calloused criminals of the most dangerous type for five years. And this generally meant, in the majority of cases, that the innocent newcomer became as 'tough' a citizen as any of the others.

This was due to the standards of those in the boy's new environment. The criminal is a hero worshiper, but his hero must be measured by the standards that compel respect in the criminal mind. In the social world, physical courage is generally the hall mark of the hero. In the criminal world, it is not; for the majority of criminals are cowardly at heart, as is sufficiently exemplified by the manner and character of their procedure. Many of them have brute courage of a sort, but it lacks the twin fibre of moral courage which more often complements the physical courage of social man. And it is probably this lack which causes the criminal to hold physical courage in negligible esteem. No. His standards are of a different sort. The greater the criminal deed, the greater the hero who commits it.

The murderer is first. King of the underworld, set apart in a strange aura, he moves aloof, silent, amid whispers, furtive glances, and cringing treachery. The 'big-job' cracksman is next. Then the hold-up man, the burglar, and so on down to the humble 'dip,' or pickpocket. But the standard of desperate deeds is ever before the mental eye of every criminal. He is always ambitious. He dreams by night of feats which shall place him high in the estimation of his world. By day his thoughts and his talk revolve about little else. Fame is the criminal's only ambition — fame among his fellows. Wealth means nothing to him; nor do any of the other rewards which inspire social man. But the great criminal deed! For this he lives, and for this he would die, if it were not for that inconvenient lack of moral fibre. And the criminal's standard never changes. It has never changed in all history.

But the standards of social man sometimes do change. And so the innocent boy who comes fresh from a sheltered home to the poisoned air of this new association is almost invariably changed by it. When he emerges again to freedom, he joins the underworld. Such a boy might be termed a 'made' criminal.

Born criminals, or boys and men who had grown up in the criminal atmosphere, environment, and thought from early youth, formed the bulk of the prisoners in this particular reform school. I am perfectly aware that Aschaffenburg and Sernoff and Baer and many others vehemently deny the contention of Lombroso and his school that criminals are born, or that heredity has any place in the study of crime. These questions have never been settled. Yet I found some of the Lombroso stigmata present in nearly every boy with a criminal record — the prognathous jaw, the pale eye, the bulging forehead, the outstanding ears, the scanty beard, the short teeth and the long gums. Lombroso says that all these stigmata must be present in one person to prove the criminal type; but any experienced officer will tell you to look out for the fellow who has one or two of them.

An interesting point for the criminologist, just here, is the experience I

had in regard to malformation of the roof of the mouth. Some alienists and criminologists claim that defective dentition in early youth makes for a malformed change in the shape of the roof of the mouth, and a consequent abnormal pressure on the brain space; and they believe that this pressure is responsible for criminal motivation. However that may be, I was interested in the theory, and took occasion to examine the vault of each prisoner's mouth as I tried his voice. A majority of the mouths were malformed, showing the most grotesque and shocking distortions. But the point is this: some years later I took charge of the singing at a branch of the state university, where I had to try the voices of some two thousand youths of normal parentage and environment, and I found not a dozen malformed buccal arches in the whole number!

III

When I had learned this much about a strangely complex situation, I was not long in perceiving the necessity of learning more if I hoped to make a complete success of this unique experiment. First and most important, I became conscious of a barrier of secret understanding existing among the entire body of the criminal inmates. Everyone outside that barrier was thereby thrust away to some nethermost pole, to an antipode so distant that the gulf could never be bridged. It was not a clannish or a class distinction, as might perhaps exist between the working and the leisured classes; or a group distinction, as among taxi drivers or I. W. W.'s; or a distinction between races — Americans and Chinese, for example. It was something more than that. It was a deeper rift, I found, than between any other two aspects of human relationship. It was more like the separation that lies between man and the other animals. A man cannot think as a cat thinks, or as a wolf thinks; and between the criminal mind and the mind that functions under the laws of civilization there has always been and is to-day a separation as distinct as that between a man's thoughts and the thoughts of a wolf. And it is because of this fixed mental separation that all society's efforts to bridge the gulf have failed.

There are many who would resent such a statement. They would point to the work being done in prisons by ministers, by the churches, by the laity; to the charities; to the well-organized work outside the prisons when the criminal has been released, and has, supposedly, entered on a new and better life; to the juvenile courts; to the welfare societies; to every branch of endeavor that has for its object the reclaiming of the criminal. And one cannot decry these efforts, for they are founded, it must be believed, upon sincere and well-meaning motives. Nevertheless they do not, unfortunately, answer the question, 'Is the criminal reformed?' in the affirmative. There can be but one answer; there never has been but one answer. The criminal is *not* reformed. Punishment has never deterred crime, nor moved the phlegm of the criminal. Kindness and consideration may move him emotionally, as the murderer in the theatre gallery hisses the villain and sobs when the heroine is driven out into the snowstorm; but emotion does not cure him of the urge to commit more crime, any more than it prevents the murderer from going forth and again taking human life.

Religion has done its best by crime, but a pathetically ineffective best it has been. Crime is to-day as it was on the day that society was established to control it. The criminal still follows

with joy the mysterious voices within. If there is hope for an amelioration of crime through breaking down the barriers between social man and the unsocial criminal, then the first and most important step must be for the social man to face the facts as they are, and to cease glozing over the social ulcer. The point which must be understood is that what is done inside the prison toward reformation is futile unless the criminal changes his life after he has left the prison.

The reform school does not reform. It teaches useful trades — tailoring, shoemaking, brickmaking and masonry, carpentry, blacksmithing, mechanics, band-instrument playing — and gives the boys common-school education. Very often its officers are kind, and have perhaps evolved little systems of helpfulness and fair dealing in their relation to the inmates. Ministers and social-service workers expend their most devoted and untiring labors here, year in and year out. Systems of self-government have been tried, and physical punishment has been tried.

The measure of all reformatory efforts is the measure of the criminal's conduct after he has left the prison. It is difficult to keep a record of that conduct, for the criminal tries to cover his trail from the prison doors. His main desire is to escape notice until he is safely back among his kind. Even then he trusts no one, for criminals are notable informers. Generally he seeks new fields and new companionship. And it is because of this that statistical data on the individual criminal after he has been released from prison must of necessity be meagre. The statistical limit for tracing his movements is three years.

I went about the school, into the carpenter shop, the tailor shop, the shoemaker's shop, into the brickyard, the blacksmith's shop, the electrician's shop, and the band room. I talked with the officers of these departments and I talked to the imprisoned workmen. Some of the officers had theories — one favored rewards, another favored punishments. One officer had been nicknamed 'Fifty' by his squad of workers, because he gave fifty demerits for any infraction of rules, where other officers gave but ten. (In the rules of the school, ten credits or demerits stood for one full day added to or subtracted from a prisoner's term of confinement.) This officer believed in punishing infrequently, but making it jolt when he did punish. Other officers believed in greater degrees of tolerance. Still others believed in the 'paddle' as the only sure means of enforcing discipline.

The paddle is like a tennis racket in shape, but longer. The oval, a solid piece of leather half an inch thick, is allowed to soak in water until it becomes like iron. Its first stroke brings the blood roaring to the surface; the second or third starts the skin; the fourth takes it off. With the sixth and seventh the flesh begins to give way in little lumps. Fainting spells generally follow the tenth stroke. After the first faint, a bucket of water used to be dashed over the victim, and the paddling continued until his spirit was broken. I was told that some boys had received over one hundred strokes — and spent weeks in the hospital afterward.

I do not know whether paddling is an illegal procedure; I do know, however, that it was most cautiously referred to by the officers, who seemed to be fearful of losing their positions if they were quoted as admitting that the punishment existed. That it did exist I did not positively know for some time, although I was morally certain of its practice through the guarded talk of

the officers and the entirely frank accounts of it by the boys in my class, many of whom had undergone its rigors. It was not until the second of the two superintendents under whom I served had taken office that I actually witnessed a paddling. The affair took place in a sort of subcellar whence no sound could penetrate. The paddle was wielded by a powerful officer, who swung the thing with both hands like a baseball bat.

Some officers took the law literally into their own hands and 'beat up' their charges. One day one of my singers came into my class after several weeks' absence. He was one of the three kings of the school. His eyes peered painfully out of a purple mask (it was no longer a face), every feature beaten flat. Tears came to my eyes when I looked at that pitiable sight.

The prisoners were hard to handle. All prisoners are. Cut off from liberty, sex, drink, dope, tobacco, and amusements, man quickly throws back to the savage. He becomes sullen and dangerous. He broods over the slightest fancied wrong. Finally he strikes back. Then punishment of some sort must follow if discipline is to be maintained; and maintained it must be among criminals. Yet I gave not one demerit, nor did I have a single boy punished during the twenty-two months I spent at that school. It was not wholly that I was liked by the boys. Other officers were liked fully as much. Why was it, then? Frankly, I was never able to understand the reason.

Whatever it was, its effect came out notably in one instance. After a year's drilling of these boys I broached to the superintendent the idea of taking my chorus to Sacramento to sing at the yearly State Fair. I had expected an explosion, but, owing possibly to my success in being left alone with my hundred and fifty prisoners every week for so long a period, he merely remarked that my idea was impossible. He pointed out that the fixed idea of every prisoner in the institution was to escape; all other thoughts were swallowed up in that — day and night they planned for it. To take one hundred and fifty prisoners many miles by train to open grounds in a public exhibition park, to house them precariously in tents overnight, where there was little to prevent their escaping, seemed indeed an absurd project.

But we went. And we sang. And it was capital singing, too. We made a tremendous hit.

How was it done? The three kings did it for me.

I had called them into conference before my talk with the superintendent and had asked their advice and help. They assured me that the plan could be carried out, solely on account of the rule of fear which they exercised over every prisoner in the school. That their confidence in their power was justified, the result showed plainly enough.

One incident of the journey will illustrate how thorough and far-reaching that power really was. The chorus traveled in a special car. It was hot, and I had discarded my coat and waistcoat. Like every smoker who 'rolled his own,' I carried my sack of tobacco in a back pocket of my trousers, with the string and round tag of the sack hanging out of the pocket. Presently I missed my tobacco. I was not going to say anything about it, as I was far from grudging the boys a chance to smoke. But one of the kings had seen me reach for the tobacco, and noticed that my hand came back empty. Instantly he asked me, with some appearance of anxiety, if I had lost my tobacco. When I told him I had, he explained that it must be recovered at once, as it would permanently undermine the authority of the

three kings to allow a thief to go unscathed on this journey. He asked me to turn my back and look out of the window. I did so, and in less than two minutes the sack of tobacco was in my hands. How the magic was worked I could not pretend to say; but the great point was this: its power was enough to overcome one of the strongest impulses in the breasts of these wild, unruly spirits. Every one of those hundred and fifty prisoners came back to the reform school the next day without one attempt at escape.

IV

The young criminal of to-day is in every essential the counterpart of the young criminal of sixteen years ago, when my work in the California reform school came to an end. Whatever conditions applied to the men and boys with whom I dealt at that time, and whatever conditions have applied to those men and boys since that time, will just as fitly apply to the young criminal of to-day.

Since I left that school there have been, so far as I have been able to learn, less than 10 per cent of my singing criminals who have got into trouble again — that is, who have committed crime and been sentenced to prison for it.

On the other hand, during those sixteen years I have had letters innumerable from these boys (long after the three-year statistical tracing limit), telling of honest, useful lives in jobs here and there all over the country. I have met these boys by the score on the street, on the automobile highway, on trains, in theatres, on street cars, on ocean liners; I even encountered some of them in London and others in Paris. All whom I met had led the plain, uneventful life of the honest social man. Each told me news of scores of others of whom I had lost track. They were scattered all over the world — in Texas, Maine, Florida, New York, in Canada, France, Germany, South America, Africa. They were all 'out' (not in jail). They had nearly all been out ever since they had left the reform school where I taught them to sing. Scores of others have come to see me over the years, just in friendship, and to tell me of other plain, uneventful lives.

But since they had left that California reform school, 90 per cent of those erstwhile criminals had been *singing!* Some of them sang in cafés; some of them in vaudeville; some few in churches; most of them only in their homes and in their families (for many of them now have families); but they had all been singing somewhere. And they had not gone back to criminality or to prison for sixteen years.

Is there the germ of an idea in this account of the experiment in a California reform school? If there is, might it not deserve a measure of consideration in the task of solving the problem of youthful criminality?

LET ME READ SENECA

Let me read Seneca and learn again
The Roman manner in the face of death.
Here is the Stoic anodyne for pain
Sharp as the wind's edge or the indrawn breath
Of a hurt child that sees all manhood gone
With flooding memory of the thing denied.
This is the road all men have journeyed on
From Socrates to Jesus crucified.

But I am woman, of no heroic mould.
Marcus Aurelius is a weary land,
And Bernard's love of God has left me cold
With passionless fear, who would have laid my hand
For comfort on the desolate bright head
Of Lucrece weeping on her marriage bed.

Henriette de Saussure Blanding

BEHIND THE GERMAN FRONT

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

DEEP is the gulf between history and historic truth, and perhaps never more so than in books dealing with military history. If one reason is that they are usually written by soldiers untrained as historians, and another that there is frequently some personal link, whether of acquaintance or tradition, between author and subject, a deeper reason lies in a habit of mind. For the soldier, 'My country,' right or wrong, must be the watchword. And this essential loyalty, whether it be to a country, to a regiment, or to comrades, is so ingrained in him that when he passes from action to reflection it is difficult for him to acquire instead the historian's single-minded loyalty to truth.

Not that the most impartial historian is ever likely to attain truth in its entirety; but he is likely to approach it more closely if he has this single direction point. For the historian loyal to his calling it would be impossible to put forward the suggestion, such as one has heard from distinguished participants in the last war, that certain episodes might 'best be glossed over' in war histories. Yet these officers were men of indisputable honor, and quite unconscious that they were sinning, not only against the interests of their country's future, but against truth, the essential foundation for honor.

But in military history there are extenuating circumstances. For the soldier who has had experience of war knows that the reality is so utterly different from the customary account that he may well shrink from being a pioneer in bridging the gap. He knows so well the strain on, and the frailty of, human nature, his own included, that he is inclined toward charity. These influences operate most strongly on the regimental or divisional history, whose values become mainly as a line of pegs on which to hang memories, but as history are small.

There is a better chance of historical truth at the two extremes formed by the general history and the war diary of an individual. With the general history of a campaign the defect is that, if based exclusively on a comparison of the documents, it will miss truth, not only because such documents are often written with an eye on the subsequent historical student, but because orders and instructions are 'soulless.' They betray little or no hint of the discussion from which and the personal atmosphere in which the decisions recorded in them were produced. And they are so filled with the physical details of strengths, moves, and objectives that they obscure the psychological factors which, in Napoleon's phrase, are really 'as three to one.'

The best corrective comes from individual diaries or memoirs. These fall normally into two classes. One class comes from the responsible leaders who wish to explain or to justify their conduct. Such personal records are usually written up or revised after war, and their defect is that the authors inevitably have too close a personal

interest in the verdict to be impartial and cannot help tending to color the picture accordingly.

The other class comes from those who served and saw the effects without being handicapped in recording them by responsibility for the causes. Unfortunately the bulk of this class is contributed by individuals who are only concerned with their personal experience and that of their own circle, and not with the military aspect. We have had an abundance of impressions in diary or novel form, but very few which are valuable to the military history of the war — perhaps because few have come from men who were soldiers by training and instinct. On our side, indeed, there is nothing to equal Mercer's *Journal of the Waterloo Campaign*, which shrinks from neither criticism nor realism. But on the side of our late enemies a book has recently been published which gives the day-to-day impressions of a German poet and novelist, Rudolf Binding, who was also a trained soldier, beginning the war in command of a cavalry troop and subsequently filling various divisional staff posts. The German may 'gloss over' the truth in writing official histories, but, less reticent by nature than ourselves, has a passion for unburdening his soul to his diary, as our Intelligence found to its profit in the war.

In this case the author, being a poet, has been too wise to mar the literary quality of his impressions by revision. As the preface says, they 'resist any effort to work them up, to collate or elaborate them. In recognition of their documentary value, and to conserve their spontaneity, they have not been altered from the form in which they were originally written during the war.' Hence the military historical value of the book. But it has a threefold claim to immortality. As a picture of men at war it is one of the most vivid and realistic books yet published, even though the scene and atmosphere are drawn from the angle of a divisional headquarters close up to the front rather than from actually inside the trenches. Binding has the imagination and the insight to span this gap, and his very detachment enables him to take a larger view. The defect of most of the loudly acclaimed war novels is that they focus attention too straitly on one small group of people in one small group of circumstances. The great war novel, so long sought, will assuredly weave all grades of experience into the narrative, from the private soldier in the trenches to the supreme commander at general headquarters and the statesman in the cabinet. One of the first books to attempt this in a measure was *The Case of Sergeant Grischa.*

II

A second value of Binding's book lies in its critical judgments on the nature of war and the course of the Great War. One is struck by the parallel with C. E. Montague in its wideness and calmness of view and its acuteness of military criticism. These qualities are all the more notable because this is not a book written after the war, but consists of unaltered extracts from the author's war letters and diaries. His prophetic vision is often startling, while the dispassionate balance he preserved in those days of passion and lies is almost miraculous.

The third value of the book is the light it sheds on the history of the war. I would sacrifice a ton of self-styled histories for such a book. And so illuminating is this aspect that to it one must here sacrifice the pleasure of bringing out its qualities as a brilliant yet profound contribution to literature. In the move through Belgium toward

the Yser and Ypres, Binding writes on October 21, 1914: —

'Baptism of fire for three days of all sorts. We are up against English and French troops. A very tough fight, because, although we outnumber them, we are hampered by the lack of planes. So the gun positions cannot be spotted and we have to endure their fire without replying to it. . . . Great confusion. Supplies already broken down. We are so hungry that we pinch everything we can see.'

On October 25: 'There is nothing to be done with cavalry here at present. We are lying much too far up, and it is pure luck that we have not been badly knocked about.' And on the twenty-seventh: 'The battle, which has lasted nine times twenty-four hours without effecting a decision, has immobilized both fronts close to one another. Now forces will be massed for the attack. Our army has Ypres as its objective. There is no doubt that the English and French troops would already have been beaten by trained troops. But these young fellows we have, only just trained, are too helpless, particularly when the officers have been killed. Our light infantry battalion, almost all Marburg students, the best troops we have as regards musketry, have suffered terribly from enemy shell fire. In the next division, just such young souls, the intellectual flower of Germany, went singing into an attack on Langemarck, just as vain and just as costly.'

At the end of the month, when the battle strain appeared from the other side to be almost beyond endurance and the British front was held by a terribly frayed and thin line of troops, Binding writes: —

'It is the thirteenth day of uninterrupted fighting at the same place. It was only on the first two days that we had something to show for our daily losses — indeed, it seems to be the case along the whole line from Belfort to the sea. I can see no strategy in this manner of conducting operations. Each of the countless divisions, like ours, is allotted a definite sector. It has to be held without consideration for the character of the ground and the inner strength of the troops, and *is* held to the point of senselessness. This, of course, ensures the continuity of the front, but . . . means that all the divisions are really doing nothing besides keeping their direction. . . .

'This leaving the lie of the country out of consideration and not considering the quality of the troops both show themselves in our divisions. The country is difficult, and was not properly reconnoitred beforehand as it should have been. The troops themselves are young and are overcome by the first too powerful impression.'

These are curious side lights on that 'perfect war machine,' the German Army. And with prophetic insight Binding sums up: —

'I don't call it a success when a trench, a few hundred prisoners, are taken. They have always cost more blood than they are worth. The war has got stuck in a gigantic siege on both sides. The whole front is one endless fortified trench.'

Ten days later he reflects: —

'War is a strange business. No one has really known it, and its methods of teaching are cruel, rough, and primitive. Human methods seem clumsy and foolish — in fact, offensively theatrical — compared with them. I can see in front of me the general who commands one of our brigades. He received a report that a small garrison was holding us up and firing bu from the White Château — any shed, the simplest kind of house long as it is not a peasant's habitati is called a château here. He raised hi arm with the gesture of a great com

mander and cried from his horse, pointing forward like a conqueror of the world, "Lay fire to the castle!" which seemed to settle the matter as far as he was concerned. He behaved in the same sensible manner — and thought he was doing the right thing, I am sure — when he was snowed under with reports, when his troops were having the hottest time, when they were in the most dire need of calm, clear orders . . . and he cried to his brigade major in a state of terrific excitement, "The horses, my dear L——! Come, let us fling ourselves into the battle!"'

In the weeks which follow, Binding recurs frequently to the subject of leadership. One weakness of the German leading, all too well attested by post-war revelations, is indicated in this passage: —

'Unfortunately everyone does not seem possessed with patience. The corps and army commanders see that others in other parts have obtained tangible successes — so they thirst for laurels too. It is a human weakness, but they think it is a virtue not to lag behind the others, and they do not realize that this virtue must be paid for in blood.'

As we now know, this thirst for laurels, especially on the part of the princely commanders in Lorraine, did much to drain the original German advance in August 1914 of its vitality.

On November 27, writing at Passchendaele, that spot of later ill omen, as if its shadow had already cast itself three years before, Binding remarks: —

'For five weeks the newspapers have been saying that Ypres is to be the decision of this phase of the war at last. This may have been right a few weeks ago — but a decision depends on the time taken to effect it. Now, this part of the front is losing the character of a decisive sector. . . . Generals and colonels are flirting with the idea that to take the crossroads of Broodseinde may mean something in the history of the world. . . . This bickering over crossroads . . . is too small a job for an army; I should say that every man sacrificed at it, on whichever side, is wasted.'

He shows, however, that the losses were not all the fault of the leaders, and incidentally sheds light on the effectiveness of British musketry, when he complains of the men's habit of exposing themselves carelessly, not from contempt of death, but from 'lack of discipline,' in disregard of the most precise instructions.

His New Year reflections return to the question of generalship. 'Not one of the belligerent Powers or not one of their men has as yet developed a technique of modern war — unless it is Hindenburg. To impress one's particular stamp on a war — Napoleonic, Hannibalic, Moltke-esque, or Cæsarian — *that* would constitute a style. . . . Every blow of Hindenburg's army shows the impress of the same mark. One recognizes him in every one of his thrusts, as one might know a knight, close-visored, by the way he bears his lance.

'But whose style have we to show in the West? Of course I do not speak of the Germans alone. Neither have the French or the English produced a man who imprints his personality on the war. One cannot deny that the hedgehog shows a certain originality in his manner of self-defense — but one cannot discover any particular sign of genius.

'The French and English lack even that elementary and convincing quality which we showed at the beginning, in default of a style; at any rate, it was imposing.

'Our first advance had a style that could be perceived. But it seems probable that it was conceived and planned by one who is now dead, and

who is not on the spot to carry on the style.'

If Binding does not yet penetrate behind the mask of Hindenburg to perceive the mark of Ludendorff, which in turn, on the Eastern Front, bore the impress of that greater genius, Colonel Hoffmann, it is interesting that so early he should know, or guess, what the original German plan owed in conception to Schlieffen, and what it lost in execution by his death and replacement by the vacillating 'younger' Moltke. Moreover, he very early shatters the hollow façade of Mackensen, one of the last 'leaders' whom students of war among the Allies found out.

'The colossal staging of the big synchronized attacks in the Balkans makes one aware of a very superior intellect. To natures like that of Seeckt it is a matter of indifference if Mackensen is acclaimed by the multitude.'

III

Later Binding was transferred for a brief while to the Russian front, and came in contact with Seeckt, now chief of staff to another dummy commander, the Archduke Charles. Personal experience heightens his high impression of this veiled but gifted figure who, when peace came, was to reconstruct the German army from the Imperial ruins. There also he met a young staff officer, Captain Geyer, from whose brain were to spring many of the tactical devices which carried the Germans repeatedly through the British and French fronts in 1918.

Always Binding is searching for the good, and is delighted to recognize it, but more often he finds evil and is equally prompt to expose it, his candor unaffected by any pseudo-patriotic or pseudo-idealistic bias.

'Now, does the individual think that he fights for ideals? He only thinks so in the hours when he is not fighting; but when he is attacking . . . he has an elemental urge to get the other fellow . . . he strikes out so that the other will not strike; he does not flee because he is fighting in an unrighteous cause, he does not attack because his cause is just; he flees because he is the weaker, he conquers because he is the stronger or because his leader has made him feel the stronger. . . . And then: does not the war become senseless, discordant, mendacious, when peoples fight for so-called ideals? What is the sense of saying that one fights for Kultur? I do not fight for Kultur in the least, because I hold it to be nonsense to fight for Kultur with weapons in one's hands. I understand the stag who fights his rival for the right of the stronger to possess the doe. I understand the man who murders his enemy. I could even understand a fight for the joy of fighting. But it is not justifiable in the eyes of a thinking man to kill Englishmen, who have done me no harm, for the sake of Kultur, for Emperor or Empire (as a concept), and for national honor. Really, the savage who wonders why people make war and kill each other without wishing to eat each other is quite right.'

He shows how the subordinate staff in rear competed and intrigued for Iron Crosses, their clamor in contrast to the 'strangely silent folk among us. These are the men who have taken part in attacks and have lain under fire for hours and hours.' Reveling in the quiet beauty of Bruges, he is disgusted at the type of German officer who displays 'such a lack of understanding and reverence that I really feel happy to think that there is nothing of this kind in Halle or Bitterfeld, or wherever he may have come from.' He reveals how the Prussian leaders would rather sacrifice ability than give a Jew a com-

mission, and how the 'German N. C. O. does not know the difference between the use of influence and brutality. Whether he has to deal with a subordinate in his own capacity, or with the public in that of a policeman, or with a horse as its rider, does not matter—he illtreats it.'

Above all is his hatred of hypocrisy, from which springs his scathing contempt for the German middle classes and for whining appeals to the neutrals.

'How can one bear it, this German shriek for sympathy to America? "Look how cruel it is! England is trying to starve millions of women and children to death!" . . . As if we would not starve out all England in cold blood until the thinnest English miss fell through her skirts!'

He is the more scornful because this cry for sympathy is incongruously accompanied by the pretense that the blockade is doing no harm. His early insight into the economic factors is remarkable.

In April 1916, he takes the realistic view that 'our conduct must depend on consideration or decision whether we are heading for starvation or hunger. If they can starve us out, any continuation of the war is criminal folly. . . . If hunger is all that we have to face . . . the momentary impossibility of effecting a decision cannot justify us in throwing up the sponge.'

And earlier still he had made the prophetic remark: 'Perhaps wars may be won, perhaps this one may, by letters from home; I would rather not use the word "lost."'

The historian to-day appreciates more and more how Germany's starvation decided the war, and how 'letters from home' caused the decline of German military morale in 1918. With far less incentive, the tone of letters at a bad period of bread queues in England caused G. H. Q. serious alarm over the fighting will of the troops.

In June 1916, Binding says: 'What thrills the men most in an undertaking is the prospect of loot. . . . A pot of English marmalade or a razor is more important to them than a British officer's notebook.' The moral effect of this inferiority of supplies is seen growing. 'We economize in material because we have to, whereas the enemy has enough and to spare.'

Binding had been quick to appreciate the effect of England's intervention. How different was his insight from that of the German leaders, and even some of the British, such as Sir Henry Wilson, on the value of 'Kitchener's armies.'

'What the English do they do well; they will make good soldiers. . . . I do not agree with those who ask contemptuously where they will find their officers and N. C. O.'s. They will all come — the rowing Blues, the leading lights of the cricket and football teams. . . . Are the Berlin police to be compared with the English police, although most of them are Prussian N. C. O.'s? The English policeman knows how to deal with masses; he handles them perfectly.'

And nearly two years later he writes of the campaign of 1916: —

'I believe that its main significance for the future, and especially for our future, will be that it has brought the realization of the power of the British Empire. . . . In contrast to the old Roman and German empires, in contrast to the Napoleonic conception, it is based on facts, not on an idea. It is so simple that it must be incomprehensible to us Germans. . . . It is questionable whether this power will last forever, but I believe that it will decide our fate.'

Because of this dispassionate realism, there is special significance in his

varying view at different periods on the quality of the British forces.

In the winter of 1915–16 the morale of the British troops is pictured as being high, even though Binding is badly impressed with the physique of some of the city-bred prisoners compared with 'the first regular troops that we fought against in 1914. . . . The officer contrasted favorably with his men.'

In the first fortnight of the Somme battle, July 1916, the quality of the English troops is considered 'superior to ours.' But the opinion falls six months later: 'The English shells are not too dangerous. We hardly even duck to them now, so many of them are duds. All is not well, either, with the enemy. But it appears that they are now using against us those monsters which can crawl anywhere over the deepest shell holes like great tortoises, and shoot at the infantry in the trenches from close to with machine guns and light cannon. These enormities approach in the dark over all obstacles and open fire in the morning on the garrison of the trenches before our guns can even find them.' The tanks evidently created an uncomfortable impression!

Then the success of the March withdrawal to the Hindenburg line brings about another change of atmosphere. The English 'seem to know everything, but cannot do anything serious to stop us. . . . It is an eternal shame to the English that this operation cost us no losses. It was a safe calculation to assume that the immensity of the facts would leave Sir Douglas Haig entirely without inspiration.' This calculation had apparently been inspired by reading 'Haig's report on the Somme battle. . . . It is almost deliberate and studied in its mediocrity . . . a dummy filled with sawdust, without any life, without any soul, without the least creative spirit.'

But the early days of the spring offensive at Arras bring renewed depression, and impression: 'On the whole I should not be surprised if the English, backed by an unused American army, came out on top at last. . . . If the German war correspondents find our troops marvelous, I don't know whether they have any experience of the English troops.' The Messines battle in June even brings a tribute to English leadership. But, as the Passchendaele struggle wears on, 'Tommy over yonder has lost some of his keenness.' The impression of British fighting power seems to wane thenceforward, and both then and in 1918 it is the incessant attacks from the air which seem, in Binding's record, to wear down the German spirit of resistance, far more than action on the ground.

IV

With confidence renewed, even 'unbounded,' the Germans came to deliver their great 1918 offensive. His testimony to this psychological condition of the German troops should be read in conjunction with his observations three years earlier: 'We have been attacking again; success nil; heavy losses. . . . The men see that they are not out for a big purpose, only for a trench; and they are no longer willing to sacrifice themselves for that.'

The dominant impression after the break-through is of the treasure revealed behind the English lines. 'Our cars now run on the best English rubber tires, we smoke none but English cigarettes, and plaster our boots with lovely English boot polish — all unheard-of things which belong to a fairyland of long ago.'

Binding meets an immaculate English brigade commander whom he calls 'General Dawson, an equerry to the King.' This is a mistake. The

brigadier general referred to was not the well-known Sir Douglas Dawson, but F. S. Dawson, commanding the South African Brigade, in the Ninth Division, who was one of the many A. D. C.'s to the King.

'The sight of all this English cloth and leather made me more conscious than ever of the shortcomings of my own outfit, and I felt an inward temptation to call out to him, "Kindly undress at once"; for a desire for an English general's equipment . . . had arisen in me, shameless and patent. . . . By way of being polite, I said with intention, "You have given us a lot of trouble. . . ." To which he replied: "Trouble! Why, we have been running for five days and five nights!" It appeared that when he could no longer get his brigade to stand he had taken charge of a machine gun himself, to set an example to his retreating men. . . .

'Now we are already in the English back areas, at least rest areas, a land flowing with milk and honey. Marvelous people these, who will only equip themselves with the very best that the earth produces. Our men are hardly to be distinguished from English soldiers. Everyone wears at least a leather jerkin, a waterproof . . . English boots, or some other beautiful thing. The horses are feasting on masses of oats and gorgeous food-cake . . . and there is no doubt the army is looting with some zest.'

On the next day follows a highly significant extract: —

'To-day the advance of our infantry suddenly stopped near Albert. Nobody could understand why. Our airmen had reported no enemy between Albert and Amiens. . . . I jumped into a car with orders to find out what was causing the stoppage in front. Our division was right in front of the advance and could not possibly be tired out. It was quite fresh. . . .

'As soon as I got near the town I began to see curious sights. Strange figures, which looked very little like soldiers, and certainly showed no sign of advancing, were making their way back out of the town. There were men driving cows . . . others who carried a hen under one arm and a box of notepaper under the other. . . . Men staggering. Men who could hardly walk . . . the streets were running with wine.'

It proved hopeless and the officers powerless to collect the troops that day, and the sequel Binding records was that 'the troops which moved out of Albert next day cheered with wine . . . were mown down straight away on the railway embankment by a few English machine guns. . . .'

But the intoxication due to loot was even greater and more general than that due to wine, and the fundamental cause of both was 'the general sense of years of privation.' A staff officer even stops a car, when on an urgent mission, to pick up an English waterproof from the ditch. And in this intoxication the Germans not only lose their chance of reaching Amiens, but ruin sources of supply invaluable to their own advance — wrecking waterworks for the sake of the brass taps. The cause of this senseless craving is revealed in the impression they had that 'the English made everything out of either rubber or brass, since these were the two materials which we had not seen for the longest time.'

'The madness, stupidity, and indiscipline of the German troops is shown in other things as well. . . . Any useless toy or trifle they seize and load into their packs; anything useful which they cannot carry away they destroy.'

Once this plunder was exhausted, the reaction was all the greater, and the contrast of their own paucity with the enemy's plenty the more depressing.

For a time hopes of the German offensive struggle with these fears of the enemy's economic strength: —

'If we can reach the sea before the Americans reach the land we shall have struck the decisive blow. To capture Paris itself would not be sufficient. . . . Nevertheless I do not count on either England or America giving up the war; they have no need to.' A fortnight later 'everything seems at a standstill. I do not believe that we shall ever get our hands free again. The American army is there — a million strong. That is too much.'

When in late July hopes of military success disappear, and with them the hope of ever again nourishing their stomachs, and souls, on the enemy's supplies, nemesis is swift.

In early August 'one hears men say, "Why not give them this b——y Alsace-Lorraine?" (This from men who are by no means the worst, even from the stoutest fighting men.) Their manhood has been sapped in such a way that there is no way of stiffening it. Our division is one of the few possible exceptions. Carelessness and callousness are spreading like plagues.'

No recovery could come to men whose stomachs were both empty and sick, fed on bread that was 'as damp as a sponge' and on 'green potatoes' dug up 'out of the fields,' while 'for days the horses have not had a grain of oats.' The story of the Confederate collapse in 1865 was being repeated.

Anyone with personal experience of war knows how the thought of food and of civilized comfort fills the horizon of the intellectual equally with that of the ordinary man. How far was Germany's military decline, itself the fruit of a rapid and unmistakable loss of morale in the late summer, due not only to increasing hunger and 'letters from home,' but to the eye-opening conviction of the enemy's greater power of economic endurance? Propaganda and the censorship could hide the difference so long as the front remained an inviolate partition wall. But when the Germans broke through the British lines and into their back areas the truth was revealed to the German troops.

Is the historical verdict, penetrating beneath the surface of military acreage and statistics to the psychological foundation, to be that the disaster of March 1918 was a stroke of fortune for those who suffered it? If so, it seems a pity we did not try the solution earlier! Instead of conducting unwilling 'frocks' round our front, we might have arranged tours for Germans round our back areas — that 'land flowing with milk and honey.' Or at the least we might have released a proportion of our prisoners after they had been suitably entertained! Such a policy would certainly have supplied the imagination which Binding, and others, found so lacking in our leadership.

MOVING

BY NINA A. LEY

I

Was I really awake! It hardly seemed possible, for as I gazed out of the window a queer black stream of something was pouring steadily down the mountain side. At that distance it looked like tar or molasses, but common sense told me it was neither. What could it be? I had seen snakes of many kinds, but certainly there was no such mammoth snake alive in this modern age. I left the house and walked down the gravel path to the fence.

As I looked, the steady, dark stream came nearer and nearer. No, it could n't be! Yet what else could it be? Ants! Ants! I realized in a flash that I was about to witness the moving of an ant colony. Here before me was just the thing I had doubted in the tales the old Arkansas settler had so earnestly told me. Being a Northerner, new in that section of the Ozarks, I was somewhat incredulous, and the old fellow had patiently said, 'I recken you-all has got a lot t' learn. If ye're awful lucky maybe ye'll see this-here ant-moving day like I did when I was a boy.' Of all his stories, the 'ant story' was just a little too much for me.

Ants! There were his ants. Ants! There they were — millions of them streaming down the mountain side. Fascinated, I walked back to the porch to watch them. I had read of air that was 'black' with locusts; I was seeing ground 'black' with ants. So close together were they, they seemed to be a moving, bubbling mass of thick, dark liquid boiling up from the earth. Intensely interested, I stood wondering and musing about ant life. Why were they moving? Where were they going? Just as they came near enough for me to be able to distinguish the individual ants, my interest changed to complete horror.

In true ant style, they were traveling a 'straight and narrow' path. They entered the yard at the gravel path which was in line with their mountain course. Was it possible that all the old Arkansan had told me was true? 'Cleveh an' industrious as ants is supposed t' be, they're mighty stupid in some ways. When traveling, I recken they might send scouts t' look over the ground an' choose a clear path. But I recken they just decides which way t' go, an' goes straight ahead no matter what's in their way.'

The 'straight and narrow' path! The house lay in that path. 'So great is their determination to do the thing before them that when traveling they allow nothing to turn them from their chosen "straight and narrow" path.' Somewhere I had heard or read that. Could it actually be true? But the house — could n't they see it? Surely they would have sense enough to turn their course before they reached the house!

Nearer they came. Plainly they were not intending to make an exception to their rule. In an instant I was in the house and had shut the doors and windows.

Slowly up the porch they boldly

marched. My faint hope that they would have intelligence enough to change their course was soon a thing of the past. Across the porch floor to the wall of the house they came, and then, still undaunted, they marched up the side of the house.

I called the chore man, who was chopping wood on the other side of the house just a short distance away. In a flash he was off to get aid from some of the near-by mountaineers. We poured boiling water on the ants, threw ashes on the ants — but steadily forward marched the others, with no heed for the dead bodies of their comrades.

As I think of it now, what a splendid game of 'follow the leader' those ants played! Every one of them determined to keep to the original agreement to do as the leaders did. Our attempts to turn them only made their progress slower in their chosen direction. The leaders they were all determined to follow.

Unbelievable as it may seem, those ants — yes, those millions of ants — were ready to do as the leaders had done — climb the side of the house, follow the ceiling of the roof out to the edge, then start along the roof of the porch to the house again. Thus some of them continued their journey up, over, and down the other side of the house. Fortunately the chimney did not lie in the path of their march. Had they gone down the chimney they would have found their way into the stove and elsewhere, and — well, we were thankful that didn't happen.

Seeing that boiling water and ashes were not effective, the mountaineers tore up the porch floor and spaded the ground underneath it. Thus, eventually, seemingly after hours and hours, the ants decided it would be wiser to swerve from their straight east course and follow the gravel walk around the corner of the house and on down the road.

Ants must have a keen sense of direction — as soon as they were clear of the house they changed their short southward course and turned east again (which was also the line of the gravel walk). Perhaps it was a sense of direction; perhaps they like to follow a beaten path if possible.

Strange as it may seem, every one of those ants which followed made exactly the same turn. The loss of their leaders did not break up their organization in the slightest degree — no panic, no riot, nothing but perfect order.

II

After the new course had been followed for several hours we felt somewhat safer — knowing at least that we could occupy the house that night without sharing it with thousands of uninvited guests. No attempt was made to get the ants out of the yard — it would have been hopelessly futile.

There was nothing to do, then, but watch them; and watch them we did for two days — yes, two days before the last ant left the yard. There were no laggers or stragglers — just continuous, steady streams of ants.

Actually those ants seemed to possess an extremely practical military knowledge of the order of marching. Large ants, probably the leaders of the colony, led the procession. Guards were posted on each side of the line at intervals to keep the file in order. Our attempts to check their progress broke the ranks only for a few minutes right at the porch. Their formation resembled an arrow — the head of the procession was always a perfect V shape.

They seemed to be organized in a regular series of these V-shaped regiments, marching through the yard at

various intervals. Several times we were extremely relieved, feeling that the last of the ants had gone through the yard — but on looking toward the mountain we could see another regiment appearing. And so it continued from early noon of the first day until sunset of the second.

Those poor stupid ants — as if trying to climb over the house were not enough extra mileage for them! As I have said, they followed the gravel walk, at the end of which was a gate. Since the gate was narrower than the walk, the gateposts were in line with the walk. Fortunate indeed were the ants in the centre of the procession, for they could walk under the gate. But those gateposts! They were right in the path of the ants who were on both sides of the file. Those ants — you can probably guess by now — went up, over, and down the posts.

The birds in the vines on the porch were frantic during the first few hours the ants were around. They fussed and cried in a very disturbing manner. Some of the ants got into the vines and thus into the birds' nests. It was early summer; the young birds had just been hatched. Late the first day we found that all the young birds had been killed.

After two days we saw the last of the ants climb the gatepost and continue down the road. A few days later the old Arkansan, returning on horseback from a few weeks' absence, stopped in passing the house to tell about a wonderful sight — a traveling colony of ants he had passed the day before miles down the mountain. 'You-all should have been there. 'T was just like when I was a boy. I recken you-all would have believed my story then, 'cause it was just like I told you 't was.' And very humbly and sincerely I told him I had decided to believe every word of his story. He left greatly flattered and pleased.

UNTHEOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS

BY HANS ZINSSER

I

THE years sweep over us — inexorably time eliminates the individual. As we grow old a cumulative sorrow disrupts the ties of blood, of love and friendship, that garlanded the passing years and made them precious.

One by one they go, until we follow. Millions have gone before; millions will come and go. However wisely we grow old, however strong the discipline of life may forge our hearts, eventually we, as units, disappear. And yet, uninterruptedly, the thread of living things continues; with its beginnings deep in the dim past, handed along through myriad forms and individuals, through us — perhaps — to something higher.

Laboriously we trace our linkage with the past, and, hopefully, from this deduce an upward evolution. Beyond this, for the time, reason alone is helpless. The larger comprehension, the source, the goal and purpose, are

beyond us. We have not reached the point where we may hope to answer, yet we have learned to question. Of all the living things on earth, mankind alone is born a 'why' upon its lips. This 'why' has been the source of science and religion.

No conflict should exist between the two. The problems of the one cannot be solved by methods of the other. Science cannot extend to primal cause. The indestructibility of matter gives no clue to its beginnings, and tracing energy through all its transformations inevitably leads 'to an initial point at which it all existed, unchangeably determined for all time.'

In spite of this, as we increase in knowledge and the amazing order is revealed by which the laws of nature interlock, we cannot fail to gain conviction of a plan, continuous and purposeful, which we, at present, cannot comprehend. But less and less we question its existence.

From Aristotle on, whenever scientists have given thought to origin and purpose, their speculations always led to this: The truths which science gathers represent the raw materials of philosophy. It charts the wonders of the world about us, investigates the worlds about the world, and, peering inward, turns its own perceptions to search the mind with which they are perceived. Yet by its probing nothing is created. All it observes has always been. But slowly, thread by thread, it lifts the veil from marvelous coördinations; reveals adjustments joining substances and forces, an order and a plan we cannot, as comprehension grows, accept as chance. This, in the end, will be the contribution which science has to offer to religion.

A generation past, when Huxley wrote, his conflict was not truly with religion. The quarrel he and his Darwinian band engaged in was with superstition. To attack the supernatural to-day would be to ride one's lance into a windmill. For, since those days, science has gained velocity with mass. And those who understand, they also know that its amazing revelations are not a whit more easy to explain than are the superstitions they destroy. The miracles of yesterday become, to-day, the natural ends of calculable causes. But are they any the less miraculous?

II

From that time when Lavoisier first conceived the indestructibility of matter, and Joule, for energy, defined a like relation, and with his paddle wheel and falling weight transformed mechanical movement into heat, nature has become for scientific eyes an orderly arrangement. Changes of form and state; a constant interchange of forces; pressure, volume, heat, and concentrations, all calculably linked with one another! The elements in periodic systems, first recognized by their atomic weights, now by symmetrical configuration of stellar systems formed by their electrons! The balance struck between electric force and chemical reaction! Although our ignorance is great, and wide the seas still unexplored between the little islands of our knowledge, yet in the realm of inorganic nature a harmony of matter and of forces begins to be revealed.

And likewise in the world of living things, though difficulties grow a hundredfold, patiently plodding science ploughs a way to deeper comprehension. Since Darwin turned the key, the life that teems about us has yielded many of its mysteries. The principles of fitness to surroundings, selective evolution of adjustments, survival of those fittest to adjust, have joined the infinite varieties of form in one great

family tree of life — which we can follow to its common roots. Man can no longer stand apart, the centre of creation planned for him, but finds his modest place — the temporary apex of transitions that will pass beyond him.

The laws that govern nourishment and growth, or reproduction and inheritance, are taking form. Mendelian genetics are applied to plant life as to flies, to mice and men; and principles are everywhere the same. The energy by which we move is measurable by chemical exchange. The elements that nourish us are traced until they reappear in altered form. Ingestion and excretion strike a balance which cannot be disturbed without disaster. An ordered equilibrium of synthesis and cleavage governs life. The inorganic world serves living things, and animals and plant life serve each other, in ceaseless building up and breaking down — in cycles that cannot be interrupted. The single cell, whether alone and near the roots of life, or whether a unit in a complex whole, must strike an equilibrium with its surroundings and regulate its maintenance. And those mysterious things we call its enzymes form bridges between living things and dead. The syntheses by which it grows, the cleavages that give it energy, the mechanism which returns its wastes to nature, are processes which science can approach.

Thus infinite detail, patiently pursued, guides the divergent rivulets of science back to a central channel — where basic energies that regulate the inorganic world and life are found the same.

But did we understand it all, — as, at some future day, we may, — just as the source of matter and of force remains unsolved, so does the source of life defy our understanding. Thus, though we may reply to 'how,' the 'why' escapes us.

In spite of this our gain is great. For though the very facts which we have gathered convince us that the range of our perceptions is limited to things most obvious, and little though we know of cause or purpose, our comprehension has gone far enough definitely to exclude the accidental.

III

But need we stop with this? Science is but a method. Whatever its material, an observation accurately made and free of compromise to bias or desire, and undeterred by consequence, is science. Exploring thought can turn upon itself, study the process of its own deductions, and search the vaguer aspirations we call 'soul.'

Much that the mind of man conceives can be dismissed as based on instinct to survive, or moved by force of physical desire. But there are things that stir it more profoundly, and which cannot so simply be explained.

Through the recorded history of mankind, through all the races and throughout the world, a struggle to lend life nobility is evident. Not sprung from needs of physical existence, without relation to self-interest, often in opposition to the instincts of personal or racial preservation, man has developed codes and theories that prove a yearning for release from pure materialism. Call it conscience; call it search for beauty; call it the formulation of religion; whatever we may call it, it is there. And its consistency, under diverse experimental circumstance of time and background, proves it — as any scientific fact was ever proved — a natural law that governs consciousness.

Conceived in many varying forms,

the spirit is the same. As William James has put it, 'Stoic, Christian, Buddhist saint, their lives are indistinguishable. The theories which religion generates are variable, therefore secondary. To grasp their essence one must look to constant elements, the feeling and the conduct.' The Greek philosophers, Confucius, Buddha, Christ — why did their precepts sweep across the earth in permanent conquest of the minds of men as no mere victory of arms could subjugate their bodies? What was the irresistible, impelling power that took the hearts of men by storm?

A leader leads because the way he points makes deep appeal to those that follow him. His teachings would be sterile did they not release a hidden force of dormant aspirations — of which there often was no consciousness until his call awakened them. It proves that, deep implanted in the mind of man, as much a part of his biology as laws of nourishment and growth, a hunger for spiritual development is rooted.

The discipline of man is self-imposed. The slave of Michael Angelo is bound with ropes. But when we look to see what binds him, we behold the knots are held by his own fingers.

Christ is reborn in every little child — and that which we revere in him is but a something in ourselves which answers to his voice. His spirit, urged by some instinctive yearning, — uncomprehended, often slumbering, never completely crucified by life, — holds us erect to face the universe, helpless and wondering and soon to disappear, but conscious of the dignity of living. Voices of singing children carry it; and it pervades the tender whisperings of women who hold desired children to their hearts; rejoices with young men who smile at death for some vague aspiration; it speaks to those who know that love is giving; guides hands that seek the shoulder of a friend; and sits in empty rooms with him who grieves.

Conscience, pity, honor, sense of justice — untaught, they grow as organs of the mind.

And all this lends conviction to belief that there is some consistent, basic law which underlies the spirit of compassion, of charity and the nobilities of life by which we are impelled without volition, upward, whither no one knows, to some as yet unfathomed, surely harmonious end.

Scientific thought can go no farther. But need it?

IS THE RESERVE BOARD KEEPING FAITH?

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

DURING the past two years, the Federal Reserve Board has shifted its position so many times — first making interest rates artificially low, then artificially high; encouraging the financing of business by well-established methods, then proscribing those methods; insisting that price control was not its business, then trying to control prices; issuing warnings, followed promptly by reassurances; first blowing hot, and then blowing cold — that the whole world of commerce and finance has been kept in a state of nervous apprehension.

When the Federal Reserve Board entered upon this vacillating course, economic conditions in the United States were remarkably sound. Real prosperity was high — never higher. Never before, in any country, would wages buy so much. Monetary conditions were precisely what both economists and business men had long hoped to attain. Abundant credit was available at rates sufficiently low to induce steady growth of business. Gold reserves were far in excess of all needs. Commodity prices were remarkably stable, and had been for several years. During these years, real wages, profits, savings, production, capital, and, consequently, real values of business enterprises had increased steadily. Prosperity was not illusory, as it always is when accompanied by inflation of commodity prices.

Under such conditions, sudden reversals of monetary policy are sure to be injurious. They cut to the heart of commerce and industry. Hardly a wage earner, a farmer, an enterpriser, or an investor who is unaffected by changes in the volume of money, or in the channels through which money is allowed to flow. And here, as always, we mean by the term 'money' both currency and bank credit.

Money is the blood of the economic body. Whenever it flows, rightly distributed and in sufficient quantity, the various members of the body function; life abounds in energy. When it does not flow, rightly distributed and in sufficient quantity, some of the members cannot do their part of the work. Debility results; the whole body is lethargic. Periodically this condition recurs. There is trouble in the central pumping station. Men, materials, and machines, ready to do their part, lack the driving force which is needed to put them into such relations that they can go on with the world's work. As a matter of fact, it is almost exclusively through the medium of money that various causes operate to retard or to promote material progress. The flow of money determines what is produced, who is allowed to produce it, and who is allowed to support his family.

The Reserve System was established for the express purpose of maintaining the right flow of money, by making the reserves of all banks available for each individual bank. That is why it was called the Reserve System. Under that System, the entire business structure of the United States was built on the

confidence of business men that, by certain established procedure, they could obtain money for constructive business as long as there was money to be had.

II

Then came drastic changes of policy. In the midst of unprecedented prosperity — prosperity so real and sound that it was the envy of the world — the System began to interfere with a method of financing business which is older than the System itself; a method, moreover, upon which the business of the entire country had come to depend, more and more every year, by and with the powerful aid of the System. We refer to the long-established practice of lending money on stock-exchange collateral.

Constantly encouraged by the Federal Reserve Board and aided by the banks, the business of the country to a large extent changed the basis of its financial structure from debts to stocks. This is the most notable and far-reaching change in methods of financing since the war. Thousands of corporations, including most of the large ones, reduced bank loans and bonded indebtedness, and in their place obtained funds through the sale of stock.

This has strengthened the industrial structure of the whole country, for it is sounder business to operate on capital subscribed by the owners of the business than on debts. A concern which is financed solely or mainly by the sale of stocks is in less danger of being forced, even though solvent, into the hands of creditors, and in less danger of having its wholesome growth hampered in other ways. It is more likely to have the opportunity to work itself out of temporary troubles. This is better, both for investors and for the public generally, than to have the stockholders squeezed out by banks or bondholders, to have foreclosures, and to have somebody who does not know anything about the business trying to run it. A concern financed by capital stock can go ahead with greater confidence, planning for long-range efficiency, utilizing new inventions, employing more men, and reducing unit costs and prices. Such a concern, moreover, is in a position — as a concern financed on debts is not — to build new equipment and employ more men, precisely when the whole country most needs such capital growth; namely, when a period of business depression is setting in.

This movement toward a sounder method of financing business, as well as the industrial prosperity which gave rise to the movement, would have been impossible without the aid of the credit which has been created on stock-exchange collateral. It is difficult to overemphasize the importance of this point. Yet it is a point which the Federal Reserve Board appears to ignore. Nowhere in the reports of the Board is there any indication that it understands to what extent the extraordinary prosperity of constructive American business has depended on the expansion of bank credit based on stock-exchange collateral.

Suppose, for example, the Arno Producing Company needs ten million dollars for the purpose of enlarging its plant, employing more men, increasing its output, thus helping to reduce unemployment and lift standards of living. The company applies, let us say, to a finance corporation. This corporation, however, does not have ten million dollars lying around idle. It could not do business that way. It provides the Arno Producing Company with the needed funds by issuing stock and distributing a large part of that stock to security dealers throughout the country. The dealers are obliged to borrow

from the banks, using the stock as collateral, until they can distribute the stock to investors. Most of these investors, in turn, do not carry enough money in their pockets or in the banks to pay for the stocks. The investors also must use bank credit temporarily. Accordingly, many of them take their certificates to the banks and obtain loans. Largely through this process, the new issue of stock is gradually absorbed and paid for. Meantime, the Arno Producing Company has obtained the ten million dollars, and a considerable part of it has already entered the circuit flow of money as wages.

III

The artificially low interest rates formerly maintained by the Federal Reserve Board, coupled with the expansion of bank credit based on stock-exchange collateral, have also had much to do with the growth of installment selling; and installment selling, as everybody knows, has grown so rapidly that it now accounts for sales in excess of six billions of dollars a year. This method of financing consumer buying is, on the whole, sound. Moreover, a large proportion of the goods sold on installments could not have been sold, and therefore would not have been made, had it not been for the development of efficient partial-payment plans. Consequently, the rapid growth in installment selling has helped to make the country prosperous. Whether this six billion dollars a year of business is sound, however, is not the question we are discussing. The fact remains that huge, constructive industries — notably the automobile industry, which in a single generation sprang from nothing at all to first place among industries — have attained a growth, and are now operating at a rate, made possible by the recently abandoned policies of the Federal Reserve Board.

Not only has consumer spending been aided in this way, but also consumer saving. During the past eight years, several millions of wage earners have become stockholders in the concerns for which they work. So far-reaching in its industrial and social effects is this movement that a Harvard professor of economics has called it *The Present Economic Revolution in the United States.* Experience proves, moreover, that lending money on stock collateral to a man who has a steady job, and who buys stock with the intention of paying for it weekly out of earnings, is sound credit policy. Incidentally, it should be noted that this is the principle on which building and loan associations operate, and they have long been regarded as thoroughly desirable enterprises, both financially and socially.

Now, the point is that these millions of wage earners have been enabled to buy stocks on installments only because the stocks themselves have in some way been used as collateral for bank loans. To put a stop to such buying of stocks is to place at a great disadvantage every workman of assured earning capacity who desires to share in the growth of the country, or even in the growth of the very concern for which he himself is partly responsible. To deny such opportunities to wage earners is to enable the rich to acquire even larger shares than they can now acquire in our expanding wealth; for it is a fact that the wealthiest individuals and corporations can borrow money without any collateral at all.

Whether this method of financing the growth of industry is the best one that could be devised is not the question at issue. The fact remains that the method is firmly established. The business world has been encouraged to rely

upon it, and it has been fundamental in our recent substantial growth. But even if the change to this method were not a change for the better, the Federal Reserve Board would be outside its legitimate sphere in trying to force the business world back to its old methods. The Board was not appointed to tell business men how to finance their business.

Nevertheless, having made the industrial world dependent upon this method of financing capital development and confident that the method would be available for future growth, the Federal Reserve Board suddenly decided to use drastic measures to put a stop to it. The Board did not offer any substitute. It merely said: 'We dislike what you are doing. Stop it; or we don't know what dire penalties we may inflict.'

This is what happened. On April 4, the Board requested the 'voluntary coöperation' of the member banks in reducing loans on stock-exchange collateral, and informed the banks that unless the Board was satisfied with the extent of their coöperation, the banks would suffer the penalty of being cut off from the resources of the Federal Reserve System.

The System was devised, however, partly for the purpose of placing the banking resources of the country in any emergency behind each solvent member bank; and each bank has built up its business, as contemplated under the Reserve Act, in reliance upon the aid of the System. No member bank, therefore, can function without the possibility of recourse to the System in time of need. Under these circumstances, 'voluntary coöperation' is universal.

Thus the Federal Reserve Board has forced many banks into the embarrassing position of saying to customers who have long relied upon them, 'We must deny you the services which we have always rendered. We cannot meet your ordinary business needs, as we have led you to suppose that we would. Why, we do not know. Ours not to reason why; ours but to do and die.'

For the banks cannot, without penalty, continue a practice which for generations has been a fundamental part of sound banking. Indeed, from the very beginnings of joint-stock enterprise, loans on stock collateral have been regarded as the safest and most liquid of loans. They have always been treated as such by the member banks themselves. More than that, 'Borrow and Buy Bonds' was the slogan of the United States Government in the most extensive campaign of education in finance ever conducted. Thus the people of the nation were taught that it is good business to borrow money on collateral and sound banking to lend the money.

The virtual order of the System in regard to this long-established practice is the most drastic peace-time interference of the Government with business in our generation. It is almost as though the Government had said to the railroads: 'You cannot have any more rails. Run your trains some other way. We have no idea what other way there is. Find one if you can.' Both in itself and as precedent, such interference on the part of the Government is fraught with unknown consequences. Indeed, in our complicated mechanism of business, upon the smooth operation of which the happiness of a hundred million people largely depends, it is doubtful if anybody knows enough to tell how far-reaching may be the future effects of this sudden reversal of fundamental banking policy.

IV

Whatever the future effects may be, one immediate effect is a destruction of

property values. Millions of investors have bought stocks with the knowledge that call loans, based on such stocks, are and long have been the safest and most liquid of all loans. These investors have acquired this property, therefore, in good faith, with the confidence based on long-established custom that they were buying acceptable collateral for bank loans. Suddenly, however, the Federal Reserve Board, without for a moment questioning the soundness of loans on such collateral, arbitrarily decides to penalize any bank which does not obey orders concerning the reduction of such loans. This discrimination against loans on one particular kind of property constitutes a destruction of property values, and therefore an infringement of property rights.

This discrimination, moreover, puts the Board in an untenable position. Borrowing money on stock-exchange collateral is banned; but borrowing money on buildings or on commodities is not. If you own one tenth of the Equitable Building, the Board decrees that you should not be allowed to obtain bank credit on that property, since your equity happens to be represented by a stock certificate. Loans on such pieces of paper are called dangerous. But if you own precisely the same property, and the evidence of your ownership happens to be a different kind of certificate, that makes all the difference between black and white. In that case, your share in the building is satisfactory collateral. Similarly, if you own a shipload of bananas, you should be allowed to borrow money on the bananas; but if you own United Fruit Company shares, of the same market value as the bananas and supported by equal stocks of bananas, you should not be allowed to borrow money on those shares.

Again, the Board approves expansion of credit in order to enable a man to buy, on installments, a part of a cooperative apartment building; but not to enable him to buy, on installments, a share in the telephone company for which he works; although in the first case he buys for consumption, and in the second case he buys for investment. In the condemned case, moreover, he buys a right to dividends which he can use in paying off his debt. In the opinion of the Board, one of these practices is safe and sound; the other is not. To the safest and soundest of bankers and business men, however, that distinction is meaningless.

The announced ground for this drastic interference with business is that the Board desires to reduce the amount of credit used for the purchase of stocks. But this is another complete reversal of policy. From the beginning of the Federal Reserve System, bankers and business men generally have understood that control of the *volume* of credit is a proper function of the Board, but control of the *uses* of credit is not.

On this point, the Federal Reserve authorities, themselves, are explicit. Mr. W. Randolph Burgess, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in an authoritative book on the Federal Reserve System, says: 'A reserve bank cannot tell from the nature of its loans what the money will be used for. . . . It is thus impossible for a reserve bank to dictate how its credit shall be put to employment. It cannot, for example, restrict loans on the stock exchange and at the same time encourage loans to the farmer. Reserve bank loans to a farming community bank may, and often do, find their way promptly to the stock-exchange money market. The specific use of credit is the business of the individual member and nonmember bank; and the Reserve System is no substitute for sound banking practice.'

This was the position also taken by the late Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and Governor Strong was the outstanding leader in the whole Federal Reserve System. Indeed, this was the position firmly held by the Federal Reserve Board itself until the past year. It has now executed a right-about-face.

If the Board, in defense of such a change, asserts that the Reserve System was not established to create bank credit for speculation, the Board should be reminded that the System was not established to create bank credit either for speculation or for any other purpose. Bank credit is not, and never has been, created by the Reserve Board. It is created by the joint act of solvent borrowers and solvent banks. For what purpose the credit shall be created is not for the Board to prescribe.

In attempting to prescribe the uses of credit, the Board has reversed its policy, stoutly maintained with one or two unfortunate exceptions from the very beginning, of noninterference with prices. It is now trying to control stock prices. For the Board to reply that it is merely trying to reduce the amount of credit used in the stock market is childish. There is no difference between controlling the price of securities and controlling the money available for the purchase of securities.

By this change of policy, the Board takes upon itself a difficult task, for how can the Board be sure that stock prices are too high? Consider these facts. The chief function of the Reserve System is to maintain an ample supply of sound money for all responsible borrowers, so that producers may go forward confidently on a stable commodity price level. For several years the Board served that purpose well — exceedingly well. The Board cannot achieve that purpose, however, without increasing *real* wages, *real* profits, *real* capital values, — in short, *real* prosperity, — thereby increasing the *real* values of common stocks.

Real values are much higher than they were a few years ago. Nobody doubts that. How much higher? And how much too high are stock prices? How much too low were stock prices in 1921? Again, how much of the money which is now being borrowed represents inflation, and how large a volume of brokers' loans is necessary to promote a wholesome growth of business?

All these problems are quantitative. All are questions of 'How much?' They cannot be answered by opinions.

Three years ago many people were sure that stock prices were too high. What do they think now? What will the Reserve Board itself think about present prices a year from now? What, after all, *is* the proper basis for the capitalization of present earnings and prospective earnings? Nobody knows.

All these quantitative problems call for measurements. We do not argue concerning the pressure of steam; we consult a gauge. We do not take a vote concerning the number of cases of smallpox; we count them. Yet on fundamental questions of finance, which are just as susceptible of measurement, we receive from the Federal Reserve Board nothing but opinions.

Even if it were possible for the Board to prove that stock prices are too high, the question would still remain whether the regulation of stock prices is a proper function of the Board. Nearly everybody agrees that the System should not attempt to regulate the prices of anything else. What can justify discrimination? It cannot be the large profits made by speculation in stocks. For, if that is the basis of action, why not restrict the credit available for speculation in real estate? Or, for that matter, in copper? The possible rate of profit through speculation in

copper during the past year has been higher than the average rate in the stock market. Why, then, should the Board seek to regulate the prices of securities and of nothing else? Is it not just as sound a policy to regulate prices of wheat, pig iron, shoes, and rent?

Once, however, any board goes into the price-fixing business, it will be overwhelmed with problems which the wisest body of men could not solve. Yet the Reserve Board, through its recent shift of policy, is already a price-fixing body; for regulating the credit available for any one business is the chief way of regulating prices in that business.

V

The Board has also reversed its policy in connection with the purchase and sale of securities in the open market. Under the law, the Reserve System is permitted to invest its funds in government securities and in bankers' acceptances. Until within the past year, the Reserve System, quite properly, used that power as one means of controlling the total volume of credit. Elsewhere we have explained at length how the wise use of this power helped to stabilize the commodity price level, steady the markets, and thus enable the country to prosper at a safe rate. In pursuit of this policy, the Federal Reserve banks lowered money rates when there was a scarcity of credit, and advanced money rates when there was a superfluity of credit. They used their open market operations to put money into circulation or take money out of circulation, thus helping to make their rates effective.

This action was based on facts, not opinions.

Few people have any idea of the enormous power which the Reserve System exerts over banking, and consequently over business, through these open market operations. The extent of this power can be shown by a single illustration. A few years ago, the Reserve System, in order to make a market for bankers' acceptances, acquired acceptances to the value of about half a billion dollars. In this way the System created potential bank credit of, let us say, about seven and a half billion dollars; for under our present system a reserve of one dollar sometimes makes possible bank credit of about fifteen dollars.

Recently, however, the Federal Reserve System, in connection with its new policy of controlling the *uses* of credit, has reversed its policy regarding bankers' acceptances, and has reduced its holdings to less than one hundred and fifty million dollars. Within a year the reduction has amounted to over two hundred million dollars. This has reduced the available bank credit by about fifteen times that amount, which is more than three billion dollars.

If such a reduction had been made under conditions like those which prevailed early in 1923, when commodity prices and other measurements of business conditions showed dangerous inflation, the restriction of the total volume of credit would have been in accord with established and approved Federal Reserve policy. It would have been warranted by the facts. The facts of the present sound situation, however, do not warrant such action. The present action of the Board is based on opinions.

The credit stringency of the past few months has been created, deliberately and artificially, by the Board itself. When, on the other hand, international exchange is allowed to operate in a normal way, high interest rates draw gold from abroad. This gold serves as a basis for the expansion of bank credit, and thus tends to bring down interest

rates and check the imports of gold. The Reserve Board has prevented the world forces of supply and demand from operating in the usual salutary way. The gold which flowed into this country just prior to April 25 would have been used by the banks, but for the interference of the Reserve Board, in such a way as to prevent the shortage of funds and the rise of call rates to 20 per cent; but member banks were forced by the Reserve Board to use much of this gold to pay off loans instead of using it to prevent credit stringency.

Thus the Reserve Board has so obstructed the operation of an admirable system as to bring down upon the business world the very evils which the System was designed to prevent.

The member banks, in giving up their independence and relying on the reserves of the central banks, were assured that any solvent bank could at all times make loans freely to its customers, and yet maintain a liquid position, through rediscounting with the reserve banks, according to law. The moment any doubt arises concerning the freedom of rediscount, there is a complete change of attitude of the banks toward their customers. The banks can no longer pursue a courageous policy toward solvent borrowers. They can no longer freely encourage the development of sound business enterprises, because they may find that the paper which they take from their customers, and which they had supposed was always eligible for rediscount, is no longer eligible, because of an entirely new interpretation of the word 'may' in the Federal Reserve Act.

The Federal Reserve Act says that central banks 'may' rediscount paper. It is our conviction that the word 'may' was used to protect the banks from insolvent borrowers. We feel sure that this provision was not intended to give any body of men power to decide, on the basis of opinions, to which of the solvent banks presenting eligible paper the rediscount privilege should be denied. But whether or not we are right in this conviction, there can be no question about the danger of granting such an option to any body of men. The efficient system which we have built up for financing business simply cannot function if a few men are allowed to deny credit to a solvent bank solely on the basis of their opinion concerning who should, and who should not, be allowed to borrow money of that bank.

VI

The effort of the Reserve Board to reduce stock-market loans involves another reversal of policy; for it is an attempt to restrict the freedom of individuals in the investment of their own savings. The Board does not seem to be aware of this fact, but it is none the less a fact.

Hitherto, the world over, central banking authorities, including the Federal Reserve Board, have had no concern over an increased flow of capital into security markets, as long as that capital represented savings. Quite the contrary. As a matter of fact, such a flow of capital is one of the best measures of the growth of real wealth.

Now it is private funds of this sort — genuine savings — which account largely for the recent increase in the volume of stock-market loans. This is evident from the figures published by the Reserve Board itself. These figures show that the *bank* funds which have been used for stock-market loans during the past year have increased hardly at all. Loans 'from others,' however, have risen over one and one-half billion dollars; and these loans are made up

almost entirely of the capital savings of individuals and corporations.

These savings belong in an entirely different category from credit which is created by the joint acts of banks and borrowers. Control of the volume of such credit has always been considered a proper function of the Reserve Board. Such control is necessary if the Board is to succeed, as it has succeeded notably for several years, in preventing inflation of commodity prices. But control of private savings and the uses of savings is wholly unnecessary. Savings cannot cause inflation.

Quite properly, therefore, the Federal Reserve Board formerly did not attempt to tell individuals how they should invest their savings. But that is virtually what the Board has done during the past year; for the chief aim of its tight-money policy, according to its own announcements, has been to check the increased flow of money into the call market; but this increased flow has been made up almost entirely, not of bank credit, but of private savings.

Incidentally, the fact should not be overlooked that this flow of private savings into the stock loan market, which appears to worry the Board, has been caused by the Board itself. For when the Board deliberately sterilizes our more than abundant gold reserves, and mops up surplus funds as fast as they become available, thereby creating rates of 10 to 20 per cent on the safest and most liquid loans in the world, at the same time repeatedly expressing its fear that security prices are too high, it is no wonder that many people invest their savings in call loans rather than in stocks or bonds.

VII

In the past, the Federal Reserve Board, acting upon facts, as does the Bank of England, won the aggressive and almost unanimous support of business men. Recently, by acting on opinions, it has undermined their confidence and undone much of the constructive work which it had performed, throughout the world, in support of stable money and the gold standard. By the lack of a consistent policy, by undertaking the new task of controlling the uses of credit, by employing its open market operations for that purpose, and by alternate vague warnings and reassurances, the Board has kept business men in a state of nervous apprehension. At the same time, it has provided professional speculators with many opportunities to reap profits at the expense of small investors.

When the Board first took its changed course, we remarked that there was one way, and only one way, whereby the Board could succeed, for more than a little while at a time, in its efforts to stop the rise in stock prices — namely, by injuring business. Indubitably the Board has injured business. How severely, nobody can yet tell; for not all the depressing effects of arbitrary restrictions of credit supply appear promptly. Usually there is a lag of several months.

But already there has been a marked decline in construction activities, especially in home building, directly caused, as the Board admits, by its own arbitrary advance of interest rates. As a result, there has been an increase of unemployment in the building trades and a consequent decrease of consumer income. In addition, a large number of sound, constructive business developments have been postponed solely because, the Reserve System having ceased to function in the established way, these projected enterprises cannot be financed by the sale of stock. Partly for these reasons, there

has been a decline in the commodity price level which cannot long continue at this rate without doing further injury to business.

This is a serious matter for all of us. The difference between hard times and prosperous times, as we have explained at length elsewhere, is largely the difference between times in which extensions of private and public capital are adequately financed and times when they are not. We can prosper to-day only by getting ready to prosper to-morrow.

The action of the Board has also complicated foreign exchanges, aggravated the problem of maintaining employment and the gold standard in foreign countries, and thereby hampered the growth of foreign trade. At home, as well as abroad, there is paralyzing uncertainty among business men as to whether the Reserve Board will allow that expansion of bank credit without which such prosperity as we have had in recent years simply cannot last. In short, the Board has created a state of mind which breeds business depression.

Yet the injury which the Board has already done is insignificant compared with the injury which the Board may do in the future, if it is allowed to make further radical reversals of policy based, not on facts, but on opinions. If the Board has power to lay down the decree, subject to review by no authority whatever, that the resources of the only monetary system we have shall not be available to any bank which lends money on stock securities, what is to prevent the Board from refusing to accommodate any bank which lends money on wheat? What is to prevent it from discriminating in this way, whenever it sees fit, against any bank which lends money on real estate? And if the Board can destroy certain property rights, why not other rights? What, indeed, is to prevent the Board from doing anything it takes a fancy to do?

The greatest need of the industrial world is one more right-about-face on the part of the Federal Reserve Board. It should go back to the policies under which it aided powerfully in creating the greatest era of sound and widely diffused prosperity which this country, or any other country, has ever enjoyed. No change in laws is needed. All that is needed is such widespread understanding of the seriousness of the present situation that never shall it happen again.

THE PROFANE INVASION OF HOLY BOKHARA

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

THE cities of ancient Turkestan have each their endearing adjectives; to mention a city without its adjective is inelegant. Thus Fergana is 'empearled Fergana,' circled as she is by cotton fields. Shahri-sabs, birthplace of Tamerlane, and just now the hot centre of land confiscation, is 'Town of Beauty.' Samarkand is always 'the ancient,' or else 'green-curled Samarkand,' an allusion to the trees of her irrigated district. But Bokhara has three adjectives: 'high, holy, divinely descended Bokhara.'

It is also said of the cities in an ancient verse, 'Samarkand is a jewel on the face of this earth, but Bokhara is the heart of Islam.' And again the proverb runs, 'Whoever says Bokhara's walls are not straight, he is cast out of God.'

Such was the reverence offered to that holiest stronghold of the Mussulman faith, into which I trudged one dusty morning in November to study the profane invasion of the past few years. For Bokhara has a new reputation since the Emir fell to the Soviet Republic. Its women unveiled themselves last year more spectacularly and with more resultant murders than anywhere else in Central Asia. Bokhara is to-day Soviet Bokhara; and, whatever else the Soviets may claim, they make no claim to holiness or divine descent, but quite the contrary.

It must at once be admitted that godliness has no relation to cleanliness anywhere in the East. The streets of Old Bokhara, through which I passed that morning, are narrow alleys of thick dust which the winter rains change to heavy mud. There have, it is true, been notable street improvements in the passionate modernization of Soviet days. Rough cobbles have been laid in the main bazaar streets, and, whereas it was formerly necessary to traverse their deep mud on horseback, they can now be walked, albeit somewhat filthily, at all seasons. The few pale electric street lights, which make a dim dusk of the crooked alleys, are also a late contribution to the Soviet religion of electrification, and were turned on for the first time amid appropriate ceremonies, while women shrieked and sophisticated men applauded. They have brought about a decrease of the picturesque night murders for which the city was famous. I learned also that the Institute of Tropical Medicine, a recent organization, has drained the malarial swamps which once were permanent within the very walls of the city, and which formerly offered to Bokhara's dwellers a frequent transit to that paradise from which the city itself is divinely descended. No Western newcomer, however, without this information, would imagine that Bokhara could ever have been any dirtier than now.

None the less, or perhaps all the more, Bokhara was truly holy, filled with many ancient mosques and medresses (religious academies) to which aspiring students came from the plains

of Kazakstan or the irrigated lands of the Uzbeks to study the Koran. Old Bokhara was so holy that no Jew was permitted to ride in its streets. Millionaire merchant he might be, — and rumor made all Bokharan Jews famous and wealthy merchants, — but he still might not escape Bokharan mud or dust by sitting even on a donkey; he was obliged to walk, wearing always around his middle a little rough rope, in token of slavery. To-day, Jew and Mussulman, Russian and Uzbek, are equal citizens in the streets of the city. Only the merchants and the clergy are downtrodden — they who once made the fame of Bokhara.

As I passed through narrow dusty alleys from the massive gate which once was shut at sundown and is now open continuously for the autobus line to Kagan, the high, unwindowed earthen walls behind which lay the homes of the Uzbeks, with their separate quarters for men and women, began to be broken at the base by shop fronts. Sellers of meat, bread, rugs, silks, and silver sat on carpeted floors a little above street level and invited would-be buyers to sit also, quaff tea, and begin bargaining. Shopping in the East is no mere business, but a leisurely pastime. Between the shops walked the Bokharan water carriers bearing large goatskins filled with water, from the necks of which they deftly expelled a scattering shower to lay the dust of the streets. I later learned that the profane invaders have put all these water carriers into trade-unions, with working clothes and vacations on pay provided by the householders who employ them.

As the alleys opened into a dusty square I saw the source of the water — the Holy Pool, surrounded by mosques and medresses and tea houses, with stone steps on all four sides down which the water carriers trudge to fill their goatskins. There are other pools in Bokhara visible through stone archways, some dark, some sunlit, but all of them stagnant. The Holy Pool, also unmoving, is the largest, the 'Father of Waters.' Its water is brought by ditches from the distant river to serve as drink for the Bokharans. Boiling it for tea is insufficient to disguise its taste — only strong coffee makes it drinkable; and after consuming this coffee I had trouble with my digestion.

Only one change has the profane invasion yet made in Bokhara's water system. The Institute of Tropical Medicine, an admirable institution dating from 1924, has forbidden the water carriers to enter the pool with bare feet, and has thus brought under control a loathsome parasitic worm which burrowed in long curls under the skins of the city's dwellers and was transported by the water. The water carriers still enter the pool, but they now wear shoes; thus civilization advances! Other changes are under way; a new waterworks, hailed as a modern triumph, is even now approaching the city. Lest unthinking Westerners envisage actual water pipes laid in dwellings, let me explain that the water will be delivered at three places in the city and there will be no resultant unemployment of water carriers.

But neither the water, with the continuous resultant indigestion, nor the bare hotel room, which lacked even the grace of this water to wash with, sending me to a common bucket on the verandah of the court, nor yet the dust, which rose in special clouds when the city's cattle came home at evening, and lay like a London fog obscuring the sunset — none of these things could prevent Bokhara from being a constant thrill of joy. Here is the most colorful bazaar of Central Asia, running for miles under covered streets. Every

corner, every shop front, is crowded with gorgeous pictures; old bearded Abrahams and Noahs from the Sunday School cards haggling over ancient silks, or roasting succulent mutton over an open fire, or preparing hot meat-filled crusts of such tempting odor that one again imperiled internal peace by indulgence. From deep in the shops came the sound of music, monotonous throb of tambourine and *baraband* or the wailing of a variety of stringed instruments in native strains which cannot be reduced to European notes. The method of writing this music was lost five hundred years ago, but has now been revived from ancient manuscripts. Meanwhile the melodies themselves have passed from musician to musician through the ages. The Central Asians are so devoted to them that they sit even in the dust of the streets with their backs against a shop front and their legs thrust out under the passing donkeys, thrumming their musical instruments in oblivious contemplation — the same look with which the old men in the *chai-khanas* (tea houses) watch the centuries roll by them.

II

To-day, however, in the very midst of the amusing donkeys and their serious human freight, in the swirl of camels, under the very shadow of the Tower of Death whence former emirs cast enemies to death in the market place — everywhere in Bokhara are signs of a new and unholy invasion which makes no truce with the picturesque life of bazaar and medresse and Holy Pool. Right across its waters I see a great red banner waving 'Welcome to the Regional Congress of Trade-Unions.' Beneath that sign is a large clubroom with ugly instructive placards about tuberculosis, the industrial loan, the unveiling of women, venereal diseases — everything at once that is new and scientific. On the floor above is a crowded cinema, displaying a feature film made in old Tashkent by the Uzbekistan State Motion Pictures — 'The Second Wife,' a propaganda tragedy of polygamous marriage. I visit the film and enjoy its picturesque Uzbek interiors, but conclude that Central Asian audiences resemble the Russians at least in this — they can take their tragedy undiluted for three hours. This clubhouse and motion-picture theatre are housed in a former medresse.

Many other old medresses have been turned to secular uses. Above one I note, 'Dormitory of Construction Workers Union'; above another, 'People's Club and Red Tea House.' The largest medresse of all, overlooking the Holy Pool, is being remodeled for a women's club — what greater profanation than this, for women to meet here in public? Into still another medresse I come by chance, to witness what may have been the legal death of the last religious academy of Bokhara.

A pale-faced clerk, local representative of the Committee on Ancient Monuments, faces a group of sullen, swarthy sons of Allah, Kazaks from the desert, Kirghiz from the eastern steppe, who have come to enter a course of religious study announced to reopen, after many years' interruption by war and famine, in the most holy medresse Mir-Arab, the favored medresse of the deposed Emir. It is clearly an attempt of the Mohammedan clergy to try out the Soviet Government, and most predictions are that they will succeed. 'Have we not religious freedom and are these not adult students?' The young clerk of the Committee on Ancient Monuments informs them, however, as he refers to lists in his large black ledger, that all rooms in the medresse

have been apportioned to other uses and that none are available for their residence. Thus neatly he cuts the ground from under their expectations, without the slightest mention of religion, though all know this is his reason.

They make no loud protests, though any one of the desert sons could have felled the slight clerk with a hand touch. They only stare bitterly and file out.

'They will protest,' says the clerk wearily, 'to the government at Samarkand.'

'And what will be the outcome?' I ask him.

'How do I know?' he answers. 'I merely obey orders.'

'To what extent does the local population support you?' I ask, curious to learn how religious, after all, is Holy Bokhara.

'It is hard to tell,' he confesses, 'but I think they are indifferent as to what happens to the clergy.'

'And if the clergy try to arouse them against you?'

'They did try,' he answers briefly. 'It was liquidated.'

He alluded, of course, to the Bashmach movement, the 'Holy War' against the Bolsheviki, last and most persistent of all the armed attacks on the Soviet Union. It sprang up when the Emir of Bokhara fell; it was given form by Enver Pasha's political disappointments and by the military-religious ambition of Ibrahim, a would-be Genghis Khan of the hill tribes. Though beaten as an important foe in 1924, it dragged its way through bandit raids of the two following years, and the echoes of it still survive in occasional murders of unveiled women and young Communists in distant villages.

The late and unlamented Emir of Bokhara, who still survives as a wholesale caracul merchant in Kabul, was one of the last of the theocratic despots who once ruled all of Central Asia. The Emir's officials had both civil and religious authority; the courts were church courts, with the Koran as law code, liberally interpreted by those in power. The schools were church schools in which small boys squatted on rugs to recite the Koran, learned by rote in an alien language. In its treatment of Jews, and peasants and workers, Old Bokhara was of the early Middle Ages. Not even the industrial capitalism of Russia had touched it; the first factory ever known in this ancient city is a silk mill opened recently by the Soviet Government.

III

The tale of the Emir's fall and flight and of the Holy War thereafter has passed into legend, cunningly embroidered by all the Eastern tellers of tales. My story comes from the Emir's adjutant via an Armenian journalist, and I do not guarantee anything except its picturesqueness. It may quite well be true; it carries the flavor of ancient Asia and contradicts no facts elsewhere reported.

In 1920, when the revolutionists set fire to the castle, said my informant, Emir Said-Alim-Bahadur-Khan fled away to the hills of Eastern Bokhara, where is now the Republic of the Tajiks. He left his wives to the number of a hundred, but took a few of his best-loved boys, who could travel faster and pleased him better. With him went also three thousand of his clergy officials. The Uzbeks, through whose territory he passed, had been heavily taxed and hated the Emir, so they systematically stole baggage and killed stragglers. And a whisper ran through all the peoples that 'Emir Said-Alim rides covered with black

dust' — omen of death or ultimate disaster.

From time to time, at weary stopping places, the Emir got out his English letter of credit, indicating that fifty-four million gold rubles cannily deposited by his father in London were still available. He remarked dismally: 'If England does n't pay, there is no hope, even in the next world.' To improve immediate finances, since the London banks were very distant, the Emir sold high titles, a method of raising money which grew more effective as he neared Dushembe by the borders of Afghanistan, where the people are especially religious.

Weary with his journey, Emir Said-Alim desired to rest awhile with Avliakul-Bek, a high official of his own creation. To refuse hospitality is a thing that is not done in the East. But Avliakul, mindful of the high cost of entertaining an emir, who might remain many days, whispered abroad the rumor that the Reds were close behind in the hills. This caused Said-Alim to hurry on. At Dushembe he was well received, and rested many weeks to replenish his harem with girls brought as presents from the countryside.

More adequate means of financing his campaigns now appealed to the Emir. There were in Dushembe many wealthy Jewish merchants of Bokhara. The Emir accused them of bringing the Bolsheviki into the land; he beheaded them and took their fortunes. Thus he acquired sixty lakhs of silver, three quarters of a million dollars. The deceitfulness of Avliakul was also discovered at this time, when a reconnoitring party found no trace of Reds in the hills. So the Emir beheaded Avliakul also, annexing twenty-five lakhs of silver and all of the deceiver's wives.

Worthy of the *Arabian Nights* is the tale of Ibrahim, who rose from the post of bandit chief among the Lokei tribes to be Commander of the Holy War against the Reds. Ibrahim it was whose daring raid through the hills in search of Bolsheviki first disclosed the deceitfulness of Avliakul. For this service the Emir wished to ennoble the young chieftain, and, searching for a post which demanded the least book learning, since Ibrahim was illiterate, he fixed upon the title, 'Keeper of the Royal Stables.' To this, however, the Emir's advisers objected, saying that Ibrahim was by profession a horse thief, and to give him such a post would rouse nothing but mirth in all Islam. On this the Lokei tribe to which Ibrahim belonged declared their tribal honor attacked. Were they not all professional horse thieves, and honorable followers of the Prophet? The matter was settled, and the too conservative city-bred advisers discarded. Ibrahim secured the post of honor and rapidly rose to others, especially after the Emir himself left the discomforts of the hills and took up residence in Kabul.

Many are the tales reported of this young brigand of the hill tribes. Of his love for Dona Gul (the Unique Rose), a wealthy widow, and how she disdained to marry a horse thief, but answered his entreaties: 'Come to me when you are Bek, and I will marry you.' Of how he sent for Dona Gul on the day when forty thousand horsemen paraded before him, one thousand armed with rifles and the rest with mountain weapons — and married thus the bride of his choice, who is still his one wife in Afghanistan, for the men of the mountain tribes are not like the city emirs.

Of how he dealt with Enver Pasha, that famous Turk, who tried to use the Bolshevist Congress of Eastern Peoples in Baku for a Pan-Turk movement,

and, being rebuked by Zinoviev, fled away into Central Asia to organize the Holy War against the Reds. Enver was armed with the holiest relics of Moslem tradition, but his outward form was too European for the mountain warriors. So Ibrahim feigned to think him an impostor and imprisoned him in a cave, with a watermelon rind as his only drinking cup. This the Emir heard in far Kabul, and wrote a sharp letter addressed 'To the Lokei Tribe and all known and unknown thieves.'

While yet the messengers were some days from his stronghold, the news of this letter reached Ibrahim by the subtle telegraphy of the hills. So he set Enver free and made his excuses, and secured from Enver a signed paper stating that he had been treated with all courtesy. Thus, when the Emir's envoys arrived with their letter of denouncement, Ibrahim was able to reply calmly, 'My Lord the Emir is deceived; no one has arrested Enver Pasha; lo, here he sits in honor!' And Enver himself sat silent, hoping to unite all forces and lead the Holy War.

However, it fitted not with Ibrahim's plans that Enver should be leader, so he undermined him by the craft of the hills, leading him into difficult positions where the Bolsheviki beat him and his authority was lessened. So at last Enver Pasha was killed by chance in an encounter with a Bolshevist reconnoitring party, and lay many days dead before it was known that he was Enver. Then the Red soldier who had stolen the shirt from the dead body found in its pocket a gold-bound Koran, sacred gift from the Sultan, and thus was the death of the famous leader made known. After Enver's death Ibrahim secured the title 'Ghazi,' Commander of the Holy War, and kept it till the people, weary of strife, forsook him, and he also fled away to Afghanistan, where he still remains.

Such was the tale I heard of the Emir's fall and the Holy War — a tale of an ancient Asia that has vanished in four years' time so completely that its high priests obey the low-voiced order of a pale clerk in charge of Ancient Monuments, and disperse their last religious school.

IV

The modern voices in Old Bokhara are startlingly different. In the city palace of Emir Said-Alim, a hideous fortress shattered by bombardment, I saw in the rooms above the ancient dungeons the secretary of the Regional Executive Committee receiving delegations of peasant women. The women came unveiled, bringing petitions. In the worn stone halls were antituberculosis posters, placards of the State Fire Insurance, of the State Savings Bank, of the coöperatives, agricultural placards proclaiming the benefits of tractors, village libraries, and sanitary stations. The People's House of Old Bokhara advertised a benefit opera 'for the funds of the united Red Cross and Red Crescent.' Another poster in red showed a gigantic workman and peasant standing guard over a factory and a university — twin shrines of the new régime.

Among the picturesque shop fronts and the haggling Abrahams and Noahs are the signs of the Workers Coöperatives, of the Uzbek State Trading Company, of the branches of the State Savings Bank. I note on an ancient arched door the sign of the 'Gusar People's Library,' and know that the inhabitants of this street, or 'Gusar,' have established a library of their own. How many of them, one wonders, could read four years ago? In the large shop of the Government

Publishing House below my hotel I can even buy ribbons for my portable typewriter.

Just outside the ancient gate which once was shut at sundown, and where all travelers were searched before they were permitted to enter or leave the holy city, is Bokhara's first factory, a silk filature mill, employing five hundred workers. As befits the first shrine of the new religion, it tries to be a model factory, with day nursery, new workmen's dwellings, a dining hall, a club, a radio, a motion-picture machine, and a wall newspaper. Its young director sees in it no commonplace mechanism for producing silk thread, but civilization itself descending on Old Bokhara. He tells me how, in selecting employees, they apportioned them to as many villages as possible, 'so that all might share the cultural stimulus of factory life.' How the first remark of the Labor Exchange was, 'Veiled women cannot work in factories' — and at this the veils began to come off in even the darkest villages. The large dusty space around the factory buildings is destined, he assures me, to become a recreation park. Turning from him, I read in the wall newspaper, written by employees in both Russian and Uzbek, the new evangel: 'Forward to industrialize the land.'

In rooms once devoted to learning the Koran by rote under the long pole of chastisement with which the watchful teacher stimulated attention, I saw 'new style' schools, where Uzbek boys engaged in the evening in 'collective study' — without a teacher, but with grave discipline explaining next day's decimal and geometry problems to each other. In the Mothers' Consultation I saw a procession of Uzbek mothers cutting the long sleeves from their baby's cramping clothes under the instruction of a Russian woman physician, and when I marveled that they should accept advice so obediently the doctor answered, 'That woman has buried her first ten babies. The eleventh comes to the Consultation — and lives.'

No wonder the dazzled native woman hearkened willingly to the magic that had wrought this wonder.

And yet, for all the saving of life by the new health measures, the population of Holy Bokhara has fallen. Not by death, but by exit. Once a trading town and a sacred capital, it is now a mere regional centre under a government which disbelieves not only in God, but even in private trade. The clergy have moved away to more and more distant villages, high renowned *mudarisses* contenting themselves with the post of lowly rural mullah so that they may still denounce the accursed Bolsheviki and secure tribute from believers. Even into the hills the profane invasion pursues them; the radio and the movie penetrate. In spite of the fact that drama and photography are anathema to all good Moslems, the traveling cinema has a wild success in the villages, and has led to a new proverb in Central Asia: 'Curses don't work against the movies.'

Competing with the old chai-khanas of Bokhara, where the tea devotees squat forever in genial converse, and passively contemplate the march of empty time down the ages, there arise the 'Red chai-khanas,' filled with placards and instruction and statues of Lenin.

Is it indeed possible that the East may lose its leisure, and that even tea cannot be quaffed unmixed with propaganda? In the rooms above the tea houses are classes in the Latinized alphabet, in Marx, and in stenography. The young musicians of the Uzbeks, even while they scoff at the European music scale, are humming new songs to

the ancient melodies — songs in praise of the factory.

In a small stone court, flanked by tiny cells where once lived religious students, I attended the meeting of the local Gusar, or street assembly. Men, women, and children from some sixty households came together in what is to-day the lowest unit of Bokharan city government. Women sat shyly removed from men, but they were unveiled and took vociferous part in the proceedings. Discussion turned on using this ancient court for a modern school; on the fortnight's vacation due the street water carrier by trade-union rules; on the collection of subscriptions to the new government loan. As the meeting began there sounded from the mosque across the street the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Some of the group assembled looked uneasy and turned their heads; but none arose from his seat or answered the summons to pray.

Even as the mullahs and muezzins have fallen on evil days, so have the once-famed traders of Old Bokhara. For all its gorgeous color, the ancient bazaar is not so wealthy as it once was in rugs and silver and silks; as a would-be purchaser, I even found it shabby. The local merchants sadly bewailed its decline, blaming the rise of village coöperatives, which have carried trade out of the towns to the rural districts.

A one-time millionaire, introduced to me as 'a very famous merchant of former days,' hastened to disclaim the title; he substituted for it 'a former revolutionist.' Very typical this of the evil repute that has come upon private traders. Can even the centuries-old bazaar of divinely descended Bokhara prove mortal?

OUR SIDE OF THE TRANSFER DILEMMA

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

I

We have heard so much about the Transfer Question during the past ten years in connection with the discussion of reparations that we have come to regard it as something peculiarly, if not exclusively, related to the problem of extracting reparation payments from Germany. The difficulty of transferring millions of marks every year to Germany's reparation creditors has been emphasized again and again since the end of the war. The problem was officially considered in 1924 by a special committee of experts, whose findings were given wide publicity; and it has recently come up for reconsideration at the hands of another special committee. No other transfer question has risen to such dignity or, if recognized at all, has been given more than passing notice. That there could be a second transfer question comparable in magnitude or importance with the one which has commanded the attention of the world's experts is a possibility that has received scant recognition in the public press or in the utterances of our official spokesmen.

Yet it is a fact that we too have a transfer question to face, involving far larger sums of money than are involved in reparation payments. Where Germany is required to provide a reparation annuity of approximately $600,000,000 during the current year for transfer to her creditors, we are scheduled to receive payments, on account of the interest and dividends from our foreign investments, of almost twice that amount. The outstanding difference, of course, between our situation and that of Germany, other than in the amount of the yearly sums involved, is that we are to *receive* payments, while Germany is to *make* them. It is probably for this reason that we have shown so little concern about our own problem. We take it for granted that, inasmuch as we are to receive, the yearly transfers will be made, and we need feel no responsibility in the matter.

There is no deep mystery in the methods by which payments are usually transferred between debtor and creditor countries. The transfer problem is one that ordinarily solves itself without formal plan. The record of international transfers in pre-war days clearly shows that whenever one country was required to make payments on the outside, say, on account of interest obligations on its foreign borrowings, the mere effort put forth in meeting these obligations called into operation certain economic forces which caused the exports of the paying country to increase or its imports to diminish; while the imports of the receiving country tended to increase or its exports to diminish. By exporting more than it imported, the debtor country was able to build up cash balances, somewhere beyond its own borders, on which drafts could be drawn for the payment of foreign interest charges. The whole mechanism of effecting transfers between nations through the shipment of goods worked automatically. There was no transfer question to be dealt with.

We should not be bothered with transfer questions at the present time any more than in pre-war days were it not for the tremendous sums to be transferred and the general antipathy on the part of creditor countries toward receiving their payments in the form of imported goods. What nation, for example, wants to receive its share of German reparations in goods? And what chance would a candidate for election to the highest office in this country have if he suggested that we should arrange to collect the enormous payments due us by opening our markets to foreign products? The situation is wholly unlike that which obtained in pre-war days when industrial countries invested capital in remote and undeveloped parts of the world and then took imported raw materials in payment of interest charges. It is no longer the simple matter of transferring coveted raw materials from the newer to the older countries. On the contrary, it is a question of transferring large payments between nations that are essentially industrial and strongly opposed to the importation of manufactured products which might have a prejudicial effect upon their own trade and industry.

II

Before considering the transfer question which directly concerns us as a great creditor nation, it will be well to note briefly some of the special problems in the German transfer question, affecting Germany herself, which made it necessary to set up special transfer machinery.

At the time the Dawes Committee undertook to deal with this matter,

the German economic system seemed hopelessly disorganized. The national budget was unbalanced, and the new currency of the country, though temporarily stable, was wholly unfitted to serve the needs of a prosperous trade. The inflation of the old paper mark had destroyed confidence in money as a storehouse of value. More than that, it had literally stripped the nation of its working capital. A part of the nation's great productive equipment, to be sure, was still on hand — there were the famous factories, railroads, and other fixed properties in more or less workable condition. But stocks of raw materials and consumable goods had been virtually used up in the inflationary process.

It was at once obvious that it would be physically impossible to extract reparations from a country which had nothing on hand to offer. If reparations were to be obtained at all they must come from the products of industry. And it was an essential to the restoration of German industry that the country be made reasonably safe for the investment of foreign capital and for the repatriation of German capital which had sought refuge in other parts of the world. With these considerations in mind, the immediate task of the Committee lay in devising means that would stabilize the currency, balance the national budget, and restore confidence.

In taking the next step, — namely, that of providing for reparation annuities, — the Committee was forced to recognize a distinction between two related issues: first, the amount of money that Germany could raise for reparation purposes; second, the amount that could be transferred to her creditors. There was no question whatever about the ability of the German nation to make large sums of money available out of tax revenue for transfer purposes, especially after industry once got on its feet. But there was a question as to how much could be transferred. On this point it was finally conceded that, irrespective of the amount of reparations to be provided for in the national budget, the maximum amount that could be transferred was limited to the economic surplus arising out of the nation's activities. The evidence seemed conclusive that the transfer of reparation annuities over a period of years could be effected only out of the cash balances which Germany might build up in foreign countries from the sale of her goods and services. She must have an excess of exports over imports.

Considering the depressed state of German industry, the absence of any economic surplus or foreign balances, and the insistent demand on the part of some of the creditor nations for reparations, it would have been fatuous to assume that the transfer question would take care of itself automatically in pre-war fashion. There was no getting away from the fact that, without ample safeguards during the period when an economic surplus was being built up, forced transfers of mark payments into the money of other countries would upset the exchanges, destroy currency stabilization, and imperil the whole future of reparations. Accordingly, it was arranged to make transfers only as conditions permitted, and to relieve Germany of all transfer responsibility. Once she had turned over to the Agent General for Reparations the prescribed annuity, the task of effecting a transfer would then devolve upon the Agent General. It was further arranged that the annuities should be graduated in amount, small at first, and rising to a peak of $600,000,000 during the fifth reparation year. The whole plan was well conceived to take the reparation

problem out of the field of speculation and to bring about the transfer of the largest payments consistent with German industrial recovery and progress to the creditor nations.

A review of the practical operation of the plan during the first four years shows that, while transfers were effected promptly in accordance with the Dawes schedule, they did not come out of any economic surplus. They were made possible only because of the foreign cash balances which Germany acquired through external borrowing. For example, during the four Dawes years ending August 31, 1928, the total transfer for reparations account amounted to a little more than 5,000,000,000 marks. During the same period the volume of long-term foreign borrowing by the national, state, and municipal governments and by German industries exceeded 6,000,000,000 marks. When allowance is also made for the enormous volume of short-term loans which have been granted to German industry by outside lenders, it is safe to conclude that Germany's external borrowings during the four-year period took care of all reparation transfers and gave her a substantial supply of working capital besides. The transfer question, therefore, is almost as far from a settlement as it ever was. The fundamental problem remains to be dealt with.

Germany, still short of capital, must now face the prospect of extracting large sums from her taxpayers in order to provide the reparation annuities. The extraction and transfer of these sums — the exact amount for the sixth and succeeding years is unsettled at this writing — should tend automatically to create a void in her capital market, to attract funds from abroad at high interest rates, and to provide the foreign cash balances needed to effect further reparation transfers. But how long will it be possible to carry on in this manner? The continued growth in the volume of foreign loans will mean that larger and larger sums must be transferred to pay both reparations and foreign interest charges. Somewhere there is a limit to the amount that can be borrowed, and the use that can be made of foreign loans for effecting transfers. Eventually, exports of goods or services must be forthcoming for this purpose. Will Germany be able to increase her exports to the point where interest on foreign loans as well as reparations can be transferred in goods? If so, who is going to take the goods? With fresh tariff barriers everywhere to contend with, and with no colonial markets under her control, one cannot help wondering by what legerdemain Germany will be able to accomplish her task.

In one respect, at least, the situation of the reparation creditors is more hopeful. To the extent that they are able to sell to private investors their reparation rights, they will collect their reparation claims in cash. It should be observed, however, that the flotation and sale of reparation bonds in the investment markets of the world would not settle the question. The burden of collecting payments from Germany would merely be shifted to the shoulders of individual investors.

III

The American side of this question might be described as the reverse side, on the ground that we are scheduled to receive indirectly a substantial part of the reparation payments. During the present year, for example, we shall receive from our European war debtors — who are, in fact, the principal reparation creditors — more than $200,000,000 in principal and interest, or

one third of the total reparation annuity.

But there is a much larger aspect to our side of the transfer question. During the past fifteen years our private investors have advanced to foreign borrowers more than $15,000,000,000, on which we expect to receive upward of a billion dollars in interest and dividends every year. It is here that our real problem emerges. It might not be a difficult matter to collect the interest and principal on our war loans, but how are we going to get the interest payments due our private investors? If the transfer of $400,000,000 to $600,000,000 a year out of Germany presents a problem for the experts, what about the transfer of twice that amount into this country? Our side of the question makes the German side seem small by comparison. And yet we confidently assume that our payments will be forthcoming in the regular way — automatically, without the aid of any special transfer machinery.

We should have no difficulty in getting all these payments if we showed a disposition to take them in the ordinary commercial way — that is, if we adopted a more reasoned attitude on tariff policy and allowed foreign countries to send goods to our markets. The importation and sale of foreign goods would immediately create dollar balances within this country which foreign debtors could transfer to their American creditors in settlement of interest claims. A stroke of the pen is all that would be needed to effect a transfer of the money once it was deposited in our banks.

Our opposition to this mode of settlement is proverbial. We have served repeated notice on the world since the end of the war that we meant to resist the importation of foreign goods. Fearful lest the war debts be repaid to us in the form of goods, we made haste to put through the Emergency Tariff Act in 1921. This was followed by the Fordney-McCumber Act in the following year, which contained a 'flexible provision' empowering the President to raise any prescribed duty by as much as 50 per cent whenever it was established by investigation of the United States Tariff Commission that an increase in the duty was needed to equalize the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. In some twenty-odd instances to date, the flexible provision has been used to advance import duties. And, not content with these results, we have again thrown the tariff question into the Congressional arena, where there is always the danger of getting a general upward revision of import duties in accordance with time-honored principles and precedents — 'You vote for my schedule and I'll vote for yours.'

Truly we are a high-protectionist country. The extent to which high-tariff doctrine has attracted and captivated the average voter is nothing short of phenomenal. It would seem that practically everyone has become convinced of the efficacy of high tariffs. Even the Democratic Party at the Houston convention definitely abandoned its traditional stand on the tariff question, and boldly proclaimed its support for a tariff that would maintain a high standard of wages for American labor.

It must come as something of a shock to those who would try to look below the surface of our industrial activity to note how the phenomena of high wages and high standards of living are everywhere attributed to the beneficence of a high tariff, when, in point of fact, it is only through the interchange of products that we prosper at all. One has only to realize the significance of the free interchange of

products within our own borders, and what national loss the abandonment of that policy would entail, to appreciate how costly is our policy of restricting trade with other countries, and how fallacious the high-wages argument for protective tariffs. It is through trade that we prosper and pay high wages, not through the imposition of insurmountable trade barriers.

There are, indeed, sound arguments that could be advanced in support of a protective tariff under certain circumstances. These arguments — they are not heard to-day — all rest upon the obvious truth that restrictions on trade are costly, and upon the assumption that there may be times when it is worth while to pay the cost. For example, a good case could be made for the protection of infant industries which hold promise of vigorous growth if it is fully understood that the tariff will be removed gradually but surely when the industry has passed beyond the infantile stage. Then there is a specious military argument which holds that a nation should develop a good measure of diversification in its industries, or it should tax food imports and keep its farms under tillage so that it would be able the better to supply the minimum of its needs in time of war, independently of other nations. Finally, one might propose the argument that we should maintain a high tariff because business has grown up to it, has become dependent on it, and serious consequences would follow for the whole industrial structure if we reduced it.

There is an element of respectability in all these arguments, particularly in the last one. We have had a number of experiences in the past with general tariff reduction, and they have all had unfortunate results for labor and industry. Experience has shown that a high tariff cannot be reduced in the twinkling of an eye without disrupting employment, destroying capital values, and provoking a period of trade depression. Possibly it is this fact in our experience which has so popularized current protective doctrine. Sound arguments against hasty tariff reduction have come to be used wrongly as arguments for an increase in tariff duties. At the present time no sound argument can be advanced in support of an increase in the tariff, nor could one find any economic justification for the succession of tariff increases since the end of the war.

Notwithstanding the size of the foreign payments that are scheduled to come our way, there is every indication that we shall maintain a scale of high tariff duties for many years to come, and that the trend in our rates of duty will be upward. The two major political parties are committed to the dangerous principle that import duties should be approximately equal to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, which means that we should have virtually an excluding tariff on all goods capable of being produced in this country. And so strongly rooted is this doctrine in the popular mind that no argument can shake it. The suggestion that we shall have to take goods from the outside if we are to collect the interest on our foreign investments meets with practically no response.

IV

If the foregoing analysis is correct, and we adhere to a goods-exclusion policy, raising the present scale of duties higher and higher as the occasion requires in order 'to protect our high wages and living standards,' how will our side of the transfer question be settled? What will be the outcome of this dilemma?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let us note how payments are coming to us at the present time. An examination of our trade balance with foreign countries discloses an extraordinary relationship between exports and imports of goods. Instead of finding a yearly excess of imports over exports, as would befit the status of a great creditor country, we find exactly the opposite. Year after year our exports have exceeded our imports by a substantial margin, and during the year 1928 our 'favorable balance,' so called, amounted to more than $1,000,000,000. The explanation for the persistence of these favorable balances seems to be that the tariff keeps goods from coming into the country, while our mass-production methods, combined with our facilities for financing foreign countries and industries, enable us to sell abroad an increasing proportion of manufactured articles at prices below those of our most efficient competitors.

Now the question arises, What becomes of the yearly credits we build up in foreign countries out of our excess of exports? Specifically, what became of the net cash balance of $1,000,000,000 which must have been credited to our account in foreign banks during 1928 as the result of our large export trade?

Questions of this kind cannot be answered absolutely. Foreign cash balances are not, as a rule, earmarked for a special purpose. It is generally known, however, that we have to make available in foreign countries every year a net cash balance of about $1,000,000,000 in order to provide cash for American tourists, to pay foreign shipping companies for their services in transporting our ocean freight, and to turn over to foreigners the cash remitted to them by our immigrant population. These are all 'invisible' imports. They are services we have to pay for out of our foreign cash balances. Generally speaking, we obtain these cash balances by exporting more goods than we import.

One of the large invisible items for which we must receive payment is the interest due our private investors on foreign bonds, together with the interest and principal installments growing out of the war-debt settlements. Roughly, these combined items amount to about $1,200,000,000 a year. And how do we collect this enormous sum? The fact is, we do not collect it. We take promissory notes for it. Where we should be importing goods which could be sold and converted into cash balances so that foreign debtors might pay us, we are 'importing' their bonds and other pieces of paper on a grand scale. It is true, of course, that these foreign bonds are sold in our investment markets and cash balances are created, but in effect the cash is borrowed cash — the real settlement is only deferred.

There is thus a striking resemblance between our position and that of the chief reparation creditors. It has already been shown that reparations are received by these creditors only because Germany is able to borrow the money to pay them; and now it appears that our investors are getting interest payments from foreign debtors in precisely the same way. In neither case is any real transfer taking place. If we used to be appalled at any cry of 'Borrow and buy,' what are we to think of the form it has taken to-day — 'Borrow and pay'?

In considering the ultimate outcome of our predicament, there is only one thing of which we can be absolutely certain — namely, no matter how far we carry the goods-exclusion policy, there will still be a balance between our total exports and total imports when full account is taken of the invisible

items. Visible and invisible exports together must be equal to the combined total of visible and invisible imports. There is always a balance in these accounts. While a particular policy may affect the manner in which the two sides are balanced, it cannot possibly prevent a balance. How, then, may the balance be affected by the policy of excluding competitive goods?

If we start with the premise that tariff rates will be readjusted as often as may be necessary to exclude the competitive products of foreign countries from our markets, — and this appears to be our determined policy, — then there are only four possibilities in our situation to be considered. A change in some or all of the following factors along the lines suggested will be necessary to maintain the balance: —

1. Further imports of gold
2. An increase in the imports of noncompetitive goods and foreign 'services'
3. A material decline in our exports
4. Default and repudiation by foreign debtors

There are no other possibilities to be considered under the conditions as stated. While it is probable that we shall continue to buy vast quantities of foreign securities, — an invisible import which looms large in our present balance, — it is obvious that the accounts cannot be balanced in this way for an indefinite period. The interest accumulation on our foreign holdings is being compounded — it is growing larger and larger every year. And it can be only a question of time until there will not be a sufficient supply of sound foreign securities to discharge the annual interest payments due us. Some other way must be found whereby interest can be paid. No merchant can continue long in business if he gets only promissory notes from his customers.

There is always one mode of settlement open to our foreign debtors, and that is to send us gold — a commodity on which no tariff duty is levied. It would, of course, be impossible for them to pay us in full with gold — there is not enough gold in the world to serve that purpose. But by sending us a little gold from time to time as new gold becomes available at the mines, or as foreign banks permit a portion of their gold reserves to be released for export, our debtors could contribute that much toward the balancing of our accounts in real goods.

We have already acquired vast quantities of the metal in this way over the past fifteen years. We have had flood after flood of foreign gold. Its intelligent purpose in coming to us was, first, to maintain a balance in the two sides of our account, and, second, to inflate our prices so that foreign goods could come in over the tariff wall. Thus far we have succeeded in thwarting the inflationary purpose of gold imports in the commodity markets, but inflation in the security markets has run riot.

Recent financial experience clearly shows that excess gold is a trouble maker. With nearly one half of the world's stock of monetary gold still in our possession, it is recognized by the banking authorities that further imports of gold should be prevented if possible. A few also recognize that only through a liberal credit policy on the part of the Reserve banks can gold imports be prevented over the years immediately ahead. Little wonder that astute speculators in the security markets during the past year have refused to be perturbed by high money rates.

With reference to the second factor which may come into the picture, — namely, an increase in the imports of noncompetitive goods and foreign 'services,' — it is hoped and believed by

many observers that as time goes on we shall increase our imports of dutiable luxury articles like furs, diamonds, Oriental rugs, and so forth, and of duty-free products such as rubber, coffee, works of art, hides, raw silk, newsprint paper, bananas, and the like; furthermore, that we shall pay out more and more abroad on account of our tourists' expenditures, ocean freight charges, and immigrant remittances. As a matter of fact, if our tariff policy is any criterion at all, we are trusting blindly that we shall buy on the outside a sufficient quantity of luxuries, non-competitive goods, and services to balance our account without the aid of any other factor.

Surely no one questions our ability to take larger quantities of these goods and services. It is to be presumed as a matter of course that we shall import more and more rubber, more luxury goods in general, and that we shall have to provide larger foreign balances to pay for foreign services. But by what flights of fancy can it be assumed that such imports will be sufficient in themselves to effect the transfer of interest? There is no ground whatever for this assumption. It completely overlooks the fact that interest payments due us are being compounded from year to year, and that no such progressive rate of increase in the imports of special goods or services is possible. There is a limit to the amount of help we can expect from these items, and besides there are other available sources of help which must contribute their share to the common cause.

A decline in our export trade would improve the transfer situation for the simple reason that it would reduce the net amount foreign countries must pay us. It is probable that we shall witness a marked decline in this trade over the next few years. All are agreed that the recent great expansion in our export trade could not have taken place had we not put money into the hands of foreigners, through the purchase of their securities, with which they could pay our exporters. From this it follows that any curtailment in our purchases of foreign securities must operate to produce a corresponding diminution in our exports. Nations will not and cannot continue to buy from those to whom they cannot sell. Tariffs can be invoked in retaliation against those who impose them. And, on the strictly economic side, it becomes unprofitable to buy in markets where trade is artificially restricted, either because production costs and prices are too high or because the means of payment cannot be made readily available through the normal process of exchanging goods for goods.

In the case of agriculture there are stock examples of how a high tariff restricts exports. Since 1921, American agriculture has had a surplus problem to contend with. In part, the surplus production of our farms has been only a reflex of the shortage of purchasing power in European countries. These countries, unable to restore their pre-war productivity by manufacturing goods for sale in our markets, have been obliged to restrict their purchases from us, particularly of those products which could be obtained elsewhere. They have found it possible to obtain larger and larger supplies of wheat, pork products, cotton, tobacco, and other raw materials from newer sources, with the result that the surplus-production problem of our farms has been aggravated.

In time, the same tendencies are bound to appear in our export trade in finished products — when new sources of supply have been developed or when our foreign customers are forced by a shortage of purchasing power to economize in their buying. Equipped as we

are for mass production, we need the widest possible outlet for our goods in foreign markets if we would attain the maximum of prosperity. Yet, by restricting and threatening still further to restrict the importation of foreign goods, we are bent on narrowing the foreign outlet for our products. The only compensating feature in our programme is that the automatic restriction of our exports will afford some relief to the foreign debtor who owes us money.

Finally, foreign debtors themselves might contribute something to the balancing of our account through sheer inability to pay us — that is, through default, if not complete repudiation. This is not a possibility that one likes to contemplate, yet it is a factor to be reckoned with. In times past, nations, states, and municipalities have been known to repudiate under stress; and many large business corporations, including most of our own railroad companies, have at one time or another had their capital structure relieved of the burden of excessive debts at the hands of a court of equity. It is only logical to expect that some of our foreign loans, carelessly made in a burst of optimistic sentiment, will give a bad account of themselves under normal circumstances. And under the special circumstances we are imposing it is certainly to be expected that losses on foreign loans will be well above the average. While wholesale repudiation is both unnecessary and unlikely, heavy losses would seem to be inevitable.

One of the unfortunate by-products of our tariff policy is the fact that credit and banking policy must be kept in line. Our creditor position in the world is such that Federal Reserve policy cannot be determined independently of credit conditions in other countries. We have encouraged foreign countries to return to the gold standard in order that they might absorb some of our excess gold and stabilize their currencies, thereby ensuring the continuity of the gold standard and an improved foreign market for our products. We cannot now retrace our steps by imposing on these countries credit conditions which would undo all that has been accomplished. In reconciling credit policy with a tariff policy over which they have no control, our banking authorities have a difficult problem to face; and not the least of their difficulties will be to meet the criticism aimed at their credit policy, when it is tariff policy that is fundamentally at fault.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Shall I retire?

I am in the late forties; I am married and have two children, two moderate-priced motor cars, and a comfortable home in the semicountry a few miles from one of the largest cities in North America. My private income from conservative investments is about $2000 per year. In my business I earn an average of $6000 annually, while my wife receives something over $10,000 each year from her estate. The total, therefore, we will say, is $18,000.

Our expenses are the usual ones common to the typical American family — taxes, mortgage interest, wages, schools, clubs, contributions, amusements, and the general upkeep of a family of four. We dress very well, and entertain better and oftener than the average (we are told). We save next to nothing.

Each and every morning, after an early and hurried breakfast, during which takes place a hectic discussion relative to the most satisfactory methods of transportation to our respective destinations, I conclude to walk (or run) to the station, while the children are motored in great haste to another station or direct to schools (private). I take a seat in the train beside another 'business man' and appear as happy, important, and conventional as possible while I read my morning paper. It is vital that I turn eagerly to the financial page, because everybody else does. I am then submerged in a seething mass of human protoplasm which presently scatters itself to every conceivable corner of this North American city. And the fight is on.

In a close, steam-heated office my day is given over to frantic pursuits which involve the dictation of letters, telephoning, calculations, and discussions. Both within the office and without, the noise is constant, the movement continual — and the fight eternal. When the formality of the day's routine is over, I rush homeward by another route, having learned by telephone that I am to entrain and be met, or extract a car from some distant garage, or linger on a windy street corner to be collected by my wife or someone. Finally I reach home. I am tired, nervous, depleted, almost unclean. It is difficult to be agreeable. Casual conversation irritates me. My remarks annoy the family. I am useless, a burden, a poor investment. Sometimes a bath or a cocktail or both revivify me for a time, but usually, with great effort, I pull myself together and go in to dinner, resorting to neither. If the evening is to be spent at home, it is sure to be a brief one. If we 'go out,' I pray for decided inspiration or wild excitement. And, in either case, tomorrow I pay. My home is bulging with dusty books; my musical instruments are stored in the attic; my pen is used to write checks; my garden is full of weeds, and the thrushes come and go before I know it. 'The world is too much with us.'

On that fatal morning, some twenty years ago, when I embarked on the turbulent stream of business apprenticeship, I felt an indescribable sensation of reluctance. I was conscious, somehow, of taking the wrong step. My evenings, for the most part, were spent in studious pursuits removed as

far as possible from the sphere of the business I was entering — or any business, for that matter. But there was the fine opening for the young man, and I was persuaded to fill it. And now, after nearly a quarter of a century of business endeavor, I show earning power of $6000 per year! Good proof in itself that I am no business man!

Several college contemporaries of mine are farmers, naturalists, psychologists, and the like — and I am sure that they would have limped helplessly into the arena of business life and out if they had not shown the courage of their convictions. Their talents, with which they are peculiarly blessed, are nurtured and caused to flourish. They appear happy, calm, healthy, hard-working, and successful — and earn little or nothing. They are well able to avoid the madding crowd — and likewise am I, and you perhaps.

Among my acquaintances is a man, ten years my junior, who receives from his inherited estate an annual income of $20,000, I should judge. (The exact figure, of course, I don't know, for if there is one secret which is assiduously kept sacred, it is the extent of one's wealth.) In his business he too earns about $6000. (This I happen to know.) He could readily retire — more readily than I. But he won't, — at least until infirmity overtakes him, — because he has no outside interests. All his eggs are in one basket. He would be like a fish out of water. He is happy — and let him stay where he is. Our cases are not similar.

If the college undergraduate whose open letter to his Alma Mater appeared recently on the front pages of several daily papers was sincere in saying, 'I have existed in your civilization now for twenty years. I have existed merely as a spectator. You have forced me to do certain things and I have done them — reluctantly, always inwardly rebelling. Now I have decided to give expression to my nature and to try whether it be possible to live humanely,' I heartily sympathize with him, though we must consider his subsequent action a little drastic. His rebellious attitude is splendid. He apparently is not intended for the struggling activities of this world.

If release is possible, it is difficult for me to believe that a man should cling to the apron strings of a business in which he is not in the slightest interested. He continues to cling, perhaps, for protection, and to avoid ridicule, for if he lets go at middle age or before (provided he is in good health and in possession of his faculties) he is forthwith considered a loafer or rich — and perhaps is neither. Nor can I believe it is fair and fitting that his natural aptitudes should be continually cramped and crippled; that his lifelong effort must be in pursuit of something he really does n't need or want; that he should be prohibited, so to speak, from satisfying his precious interests; that he should be forced to associate with people not of his own choosing, people who are perhaps uncongenial.

Sometimes I liken myself unto the reckless driver, who crowds his car between and past others and races along the public highways at a cruel speed, and who is sure to injure himself and his vehicle sooner or later. And unless he slows down he will one day die at the wheel. I am not fond enough of reckless driving to jeopardize my whole existence. The pace is too rapid for safety.

Why should I be made to take a violent interest in the policies of the Nippifling Oil and Supply Corporation of Arkansas when the whole idea of the thing appeals to me not in the least? What difference does it make to me if the Farmers' Mortgage Trust and Loan Company is inclined to rearrange its

stock and 'give four for one'? There are plenty of people who delight in following these fascinating interests. Let them 'strain and sweat' over the ticker. Some eager broker or my trustee can well look after my diminutive affairs. I prefer to give my time and energy to other matters.

Somehow I don't feel ashamed to record frankly that business as I know it — business for its own sake — is continually an exasperation to me. It all seems commonplace, impersonal. There is no chance for a man to show his own propensities, his personality, his soul. Our inveterate men of business use the same terms in conversation, keep the same office hours, eat with each other at lunch clubs, think the same commercial thoughts, and even smoke with the same mannerisms.

If a traveling salesman ever again offers me a cigar and asks, 'What is your line?' — I think I shall scream. A stockbroker, a merchant, a clerk, an automobile salesman, I can invariably spot. And I can also spot a naturalist and an artist!

The first question asked among men in reference to a passing individual is, 'What does he do?' — which means, 'What *business* is he in?' That is the vital point! There is little or no interest in knowing anything concerning his personal qualities. Whether he is a scholar, a botanist, or an Episcopalian is of little consequence. On our tax returns and legal questionnaires in general we are required at the outset to state address of home and address of business. It is evidently taken for granted that we maintain both, and sometimes by the documentary phrasing I wonder whether both may be obligatory. More than once I have been tempted to fill in the second space with the words, 'My business address is the Maine Woods.'

I don't mean to be critically cynical in these observations. The position I take is indeed a serious one. I am fully aware of the importance of continuous business in all its intricate departments. It is certain that someone must attend to these jobs. There is no dearth of laborers — and pay in plenty for the competent and earnest ones. Schools and colleges annually turn out hordes of trained workers intent on business careers. They doubtless love their work and the money they make. Splendid. They are welcome to both. I am interested in neither. And I have no right to occupy space that could be filled by someone who would be happier and more successful than I.

If, then, I step bravely to the side lines of this business game, instead of $18,000 we have $12,000 a year. And if we save nothing on eighteen thousand, it's not likely we can on twelve. But for the time being I am not treating of the accumulation of wealth. Do I *need* two servants and two cars and four clubs? Do my children *need* to go to expensive schools? Do I *need* to entertain so well and so often? At all events, it now appears that we Americans are swept on, unconsciously perhaps, by this conventional current. It is evidently not customary to drift calmly aside into still waters. We are doing the traditional thing. We are pretending. We are afraid to slow down. We don't dare to resign.

My reading, my music, my writing, and my study of nature are investment securities which I have sold each year for a mere $6000. Public opinion gave me to understand that I should be happier and better off if I parted with these interests for cash. The cash has come in handy, to be sure, but think of what I have been made to forfeit! These investments were invaluable. Someone has said, 'Life consists in what a man is thinking all day.' Through all the distasteful routine of the office, if my

thoughts continually turn to a poem, a melody, a fancy, a thrush, then my business is not my life. I am acting one rôle and living another.

'When my time comes, I want to die in the harness,' I have heard active, hard-working people remark.

It seems a pretty and courageous declaration — but if the harness has irritated for nearly twenty-five years, who wants to die in it?

The road

Here is a dead road through the depth of the Connecticut forest. Like the mortal remains of some animal, which season after season shrink to smaller semblance of species until nothing is left but a few scattered ribs and vertebræ, so the dead road has diminished, now displaying only its hardiest principles even to a careful eye: the stone-slab bridge over the brook, the deep wheel ruts, and an occasional patch of decayed corduroy, the whole shrouded in briars and bordered by the dooryard maples of long-vanished homesteads. It is an ancient highway. If it stretched back into time as into the dark wood, measured not by miles but by years, we should be able to walk beyond history.

Our first lap would take us back into coaching days, when this was the post road between Hartford and Boston. Unless the engravers romanticized their period — and few artists so treat their present — we should find ourselves in a jolly countryside. On each side of the road the forest has been pushed back to the hills. The sun pours over a plateau checkered with the varying greens of oats, rye, barley, and maize. Comfortable farmhouses are surrounded by orchards, where the grass is kept like a lawn by grazing cows which soon, when apples are ripe, will be exiled to less intoxicating pasturage. The dooryard maples, planted by grandsires early in the eighteenth century, are not yet fully grown.

But not everyone here tills the soil. We see a small mill for the making of spindles. For some time along the road we have heard the brawl of the mill race rushing between walls of Cyclopean masonry. The spindlery has a few more years of prosperity ahead of it, for thus far Mr. Whitney has kept his cotton gin to himself. (Would that he and other inventive souls, especially that high priest of Ahriman, the inventor of the gasoline motor, had continued in obscurity.) If neither farming nor the making of spindles pleases us, we can doubtless find a humble place in the excellent coaching inn which we reach at the turn of the road. Here also is the cemetery of this highway village, facing the tavern like the skull at an Egyptian feast. . . . No, that is not quite just. The juxtaposition is unpremeditated and casts no grim cloud over the minds of the voyagers. Our fathers entertained their dead more casually than we; sometimes they tucked them in within a few yards of their house. Many an old dwelling is surrounded by headstones rather more decorative than the cast-iron deer of a later generation.

We turn again beyond the tavern, and, since we are traveling through time instead of space, we are not surprised as the trees close in upon us, darker and darker, until we stand on a footpath amid virgin forest. To-day New England has no such trees; long struggle against axe and fire has exhausted the breed. The road — or the Connecticut Trail, as it has now become — is silent. Yet there are travelers, many going and coming like shadows, single warriors furtively moving from tree to tree, tribes on the march toward the south, war parties so hideously painted as to slay with fear before their tomahawks are out of their

belt. Along this trail we could find paths leading everywhere, to Canada, to the swamps of the South, the Western prairie, and the isles of the sea.

But if we go on we shall push farther than any of these places or any point of the compass, for we journey through time, and the road goes farther back than the Connecticut Trail. Until the age of railways, roads were the most ancient of all man-made things. A son might wish a more splendid house than his father's, but he would never dream of changing a road. It was not his to change, and besides, human feet most naturally tread where others have gone before. Our feet are our most conservative members, the quickest to note the change of an angle, the last to desist from protests against clothing. We may bewail the demolition of an old house or the construction of a new one, but even in these mobile days we more heartily bewail the opening or closing of a street. Not presidential years or threats of war so move a town meeting to frenzy as the project of a new road.

We may suppose, then, that this road is older than the Connecticut Trail. Who traveled it then? We may take a scholar with us (one at a time, please, for the sake of peace) and turn over theory as we turn over a stone with our walking stick — the one as grubby as the other. Or we may go with a poet and be

> as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
> And bleat the one at the other.

But I strongly advise following the road in solitude. In the known we kneel to the gods of the known, but when we proceed into conjecture, let us, without benefit of anybody, create the universe best pleasing to us. A man must share facts; his ghosts are his own.

However far back we journey, we shall at last find the road very much as it is now. For to-day, unless we search carefully, we shall discover few traces of its past liveliness. As if to make up for lost time, the short New England summer attacks the hills with the vegetable fury of a jungle. Were it not so, what Connecticut pasture would show forth so much as a thistle? The fern leaps from the ground unfastening its frond as it goes, like a belated guest tearing off his overcoat as he hurries through the front door. The briars spring at each other, joyfully wrestling into impenetrable thickets. No crack is too fine to escape the eye of the twirling seed, and the rocks are split asunder by the roots of trees. From the wild geranium of early summer to the last blue succory pinched half open by the October frost, riots of frivolous bloom sweep into every gully and field. Without doubt it was their invincible and offensive beauty which drove the sturdier Puritan out of New England to the more congenial austerities of Iowa, Kansas, and the like. To such eager growth the conquest of the ten-thousand-year road was not even sham warfare. It was a dress parade.

Yet, if we have soft soles to our shoes, we may still feel out the course of the wheel ruts. If we are equipped with steel nippers or the hide of a rhinoceros, we shall be able to force our way through to the cellar holes of the farmhouses and the tavern. Great trees stand on the fireless hearths. The stone bridge still spans the brook, and the graveyard, though most of its stones have been overthrown or cracked, may still be found in the middle of the forest. If we would see these things, and perhaps meditate on them, we must hurry. The road was an ancient way and it was a good way, but it will not be found by our children. It is traveled no more.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XIX

WAKEFIELD scented excitement in the air from the moment when he first opened his eyes. There was something in the way the window curtains swelled in the breeze that made him think of the bellying of sails. There was something unusual in the smell of the air, as though it had come from a long way off, a different country, full of strange adventure.

He thought he would see what time it was, for he did not wish to spend too much of his day in meditation. He went to the dressing table where, among Renny's rather meagre toilet articles, lived the alarm clock. It was twenty minutes to ten. There would be little left of breakfast to tempt one of wayward appetite. He opened Renny's top drawer, and there, among the neat rows of ties and mounds of handkerchiefs, he discovered a small tin box marked 'Chest and Lung Tablets.' These were richly flavored with licorice, and, while not large in bulk, might be counted on to stay one until something more intriguing than half-cold porridge and tepid tea turned up.

He laid one on his tongue, and, when he had got into his clothes, dropped a few more into a pocket of his knickers. His ablutions were a miracle of producing the most pleasing effect with the least effort. However, he spent a good deal of time on his hair, for he had found that its sleekness invariably produced a favorable impression on his elders, with the exception of Piers, who took delight in rubbing it the wrong way.

He was about to go downstairs when he heard the peculiar bubbly cooing by which young Maurice was wont to express his pleasure in the morn. He glided to the door of Pheasant's room and looked in. No one was there save the infant, sitting on a quilt on the floor, sucking something out of his bottle. When he saw Wakefield he kicked convulsively and took the bottle from his lips, a waggish smile widening his mouth, showing all his pearl-like teeth.

'Nug-nug! Ee-ee! Nug-nug!'

'Hello, Mooey!' returned Wakefield, kindly. 'Glad to see your old uncle, are n't you?'

'Nug-nug! Brrrr!' bubbled Mooey, and replaced the nipple in his mouth. He sucked energetically, the muscles in his lip quivering, his eyes turned slightly toward his nose.

Wakefield took him under the arms and raised him to his feet. Mooey stamped his bare soles energetically on the quilt, but the bottle fell from his grasp and a shadow troubled his pink brow. His motto was 'One thing at a time, and that done thoroughly.' This promenading in the middle of a drink confused him.

'Ba!' he declared, trying to see his uncle's face. 'Bub-bub-bub!'

Wakefield walked him the length of the room between his knees. 'Nice walk,' he said, dictatorially. 'Bad old bottle.'

But Mooey was of a different opinion. There, on the quilt, lay his bottle, still half full of delicious sweetened water, and here was he, leagues away, held by two vise-like hands, while tweed-knickered legs and

[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

leather brogues imprisoned him on either side.

'Ha-ha-ha-ha!' he cried, but his 'ha' was of lamentation, not mirth.

'Hush,' said Wakefield, sternly, 'or you'll have your mother fussing about! What's the matter with you? Why don't you step out and learn to walk when I'm taking all this trouble with you? Do you know what's likely to get you, if you're naughty? Well, a big wolf is, and gobble you right up.'

Happily Mooey was unable to take in the import of this dire possibility, but when he threw back his head, and looked up into Wakefield's face, he saw something in that smooth, alive visage that brought tears welling into his eyes, and made him raise his voice in a despairing wail. Wakefield propelled him to the door and balanced himself on one leg while he shut it with his foot. He then returned Mooey to his quilt, on which he dropped him so precipitately that the infant's faculties were occupied, for the moment, in recovering his balance.

Wakefield picked up the bottle and shook it. He removed the nipple and tasted the insipid fluid. At this sight, an expression so outraged came into Mooey's wet eyes that Wakefield was moved to reassure him.

'Can't you trust your uncle?' he asked. 'You're very much mistaken if you think I want any of this beastly stuff. And if you were n't such a little fathead you'd never let them put you off with it! Now I'm going to give you something really nice. And it's good for you, too, 'specially as you sound sort of wheezy.'

Mooey made noises indicative of a broken spirit, and watched Wakefield fascinated as he took two of the Chest and Lung Tablets from his pocket and dropped them into the bottle. He placed his palm on the opening and shook the bottle vigorously. It took the tablets some time to dissolve, but at last the water took on a dark, rather poisonous color, and Wakefield assumed that sufficient of the medicinal quality of the tablets had been absorbed. He replaced the nipple and put the bottle into the outstretched hands of his nephew.

'There you are, my boy!' he said, heartily, and a benevolent smile curved his lips as he observed the gusto with which Mooey returned to his drink.

He was not a Boy Scout. He had not the physical strength to take part in Scout enterprises. However, he liked the idea of beginning each day with a kind act. He was one whom it would be impossible to hamper by sectarianism, but who, nevertheless, was willing to take something of good from any creed.

He descended the stairs lightly.

In the hall below he was interested to see that Rags had just let someone in at the front door. It was Mr. Patton, Grandmother's lawyer. He carried his brief bag, and, as Rags divested him of his coat, he gave Wakefield a pleasant but rather nervous smile.

'Good morning,' he said, 'and how are you?'

'Thank you, sir,' answered Wakefield, 'I'm as well as can be expected, after all I've gone through.'

He had heard Aunt Augusta make this same remark to Mrs. Fennel the day before, and he saw no reason why a remark so fraught with mournful dignity should not serve for any member of the family.

Mr. Patton looked at him sharply. 'H'm,' he said, dryly. 'I suppose so. Well, well.'

Aunt Augusta appeared in the doorway of the sitting room. She held out her hand to Mr. Patton, and Wakefield saw that almost all the family was gathered in the sitting room. Uncle Nicholas sat in an armchair in a corner, filling his pipe; Uncle Ernest was by a window, nervously rubbing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other. Piers and Renny stood together talking, and Mr. Patton was barely inside when Meg and Maurice arrived. Meg was carrying her infant daughter, Patience. Wakefield was consumed by curiosity. He was also humiliated to find that a family conclave had reached such a point as this without his knowledge.

Finch came along the hall, rather more sheepish than usual, and he too made toward the door of the sitting room. Wakefield caught his arm.

'What is it?' he asked, eagerly. 'What are they up to?'

'The will. Patton's going to read the will.'

'The will? Oh! Then we'll know who's going to be the heir, shan't we?'

'Shut up,' whispered Finch, and pushed past him.

But Wake was not to be put off so easily. He followed Finch into the sitting room and drew up a chair beside Mr. Patton where he sat at the square table, with some papers spread before him.

Mr. Patton looked at him over his glasses.

'I don't think the child should be allowed to stay,' said Aunt Augusta.

'Of course he should n't,' agreed Piers.

'Wake, darling,' said Meg, joggling Patience on her knee, 'run along and feed your rabbits.'

Wakefield did not demur, but he hitched his chair a little nearer the table and pushed Aunt Augusta's bottle of smelling salts within reach of Mr. Patton, in case of need.

'Put that child out,' growled Nicholas from his corner, pointing at Wake with his pipe. 'I don't see — ' began Renny, but Piers took the little boy by the arm and put him into the hall.

He stood there ruffled, like a young robin pushed from the nest, looking at the door so inexorably shut against him.

'I wonder how long it will take,' he said to Rags.

'It'll take some time,' replied Rags, dusting the mirror of the hatrack; and he added sarcastically, 'I expect you'll 'ave time to order yerself a new touring car, in case you're the old lidy's heir.'

'There is n't any "in case,"' said Wakefield, on a sudden impulse. 'I am.'

'Of course you are!' jeered Rags. 'Sime as I won the Calcutter Sweepstikes! We'll go araound the world on a tour together.'

'It's all very well to laugh,' returned Wakefield, gravely, 'but it's the truth! She told me so herself, not long before she died.'

Rags gaped at him, duster in hand. He could not help being impressed. 'Well, if wot you s'y is true, them in there will get the surprise of their lives.'

'Yes,' agreed Wakefield, 'and they'll feel meaner after shutting me out and all.'

'I wish I knew if you're telling the truth.'

'You'll know soon enough.'

Wakefield went out into the morning. He sauntered along the flower border, brilliant with marigolds, zinnias, and asters. Bright cobwebs veiled the cedar hedge where the sun had not yet struck. A birch tree was letting fall little yellow leaves into the moist green of the lawn.

What should he do to pass the time until the reading of the will was over? This was an important hour in his life, he felt, and should be spent in no trivial fashion. He began to feel qualms of hunger, but the thought of reëntering the house was intolerable to him. The blue and gold of the morning, the little breezes that skipped about like young lambs, the spaciousness of open air, were necessary to his mood. He strolled, hands in pockets, to the back of the house, and there came upon a tub set beneath an eave, full of rain water. He squatted beside it, peering at his reflection, darkly bright in the water. So looked the heir to the Whiteoak millions! He lengthened his face, trying to make his nose into a Court nose, and when it began to ache from the strain he eased it with a hideous grimace or two.

The sight of these grimaces reflected made him burst out laughing, and a tiny cockerel, which had followed him, responded with a boastful crow.

'What have you to crow about?' asked Wakefield. 'If you were me, you might crow. What are you heir to, I'd like to know? A dirty old nest, and a worm or two. Do you know what I am? I'm heir to the Whiteoak millions, and it'll pay you to crow when I tell you to, and not before!'

The cockerel looked at him so hard that it turned its head almost upside down. Its bright amber eye glittered with greed.

Then in the rain water Wakefield discovered a black beetle half-drowned, lying on its back, only a feeble kicking of the legs showing it to be still alive. He picked a blade of grass and with it steered the beetle round the tub. A dear little boat making a tour of the world. He made it call at various ports — Gibraltar, Suez, Ceylon, Penang. How he loved these names in his geography lessons with Mr. Fennel! Lucky, lucky beetle!

Alas! Just as they reached Shanghai, it sank. Rather ungrateful of it. Not many

Canadian beetles had a chance to go to Shanghai!

He peered down at it, lying on its back in the depths of the tub. It must be rescued. He pushed up his sleeve and put his slender brown arm into the water, found the beetle, and laid it right side up in the sunshine. He lay down beside it, watching with satisfaction the slow but sure return to life. It was his second kind act that morning!

His cup was full. But not his stomach! It seemed hard that he, heir to the Whiteoak millions, should go empty.

He crouched before a window of the basement kitchen and peered down into the twilight depths below. He could see Mrs. Wragge kneading dough, her large red fists pounding it so vigorously that one could not help wondering whether it might not hurt the dough. Bessie, the kitchenmaid, was paring vegetables in a corner, her hair in her eyes. Rags, cigarette in mouth, was cleaning knives, dipping the cork first in a little puddle of water on the knifeboard, then in a small mound of Bath brick, before he angrily furbished the blades. Rags was always angry when he was in the basement. No matter how cool his temper might be above, it rose to boiling point as he clattered down the stairs. No, Wakefield did not want his breakfast from that galley!

He ran across the fields, climbed the sagging rail fence, and was on the road. Soon he was opposite the door of the blacksmith shop, between its tall elms. John Chalk, the smith, was shoeing a gray farm horse. He glanced at Wake from under his shaggy brows, and went on hammering the shoe.

When he dropped the hoof, and straightened his back, Wakefield remarked, 'My pony's cast that last shoe you put on her.'

'That's queer,' said Chalk. 'Are you sure it was that one? She'd no right to cast that one so soon.'

Wake looked at him dubiously. 'Had n't she? I had my doubts of it when you put it on. I thought it was a very queer-looking job.'

Chalk glared. 'I like your cheek! There was never a shoe better put on than that shoe, and I'd like you to know it!'

Wakefield folded his arms. 'I don't want,' he said, 'to take my custom from you.'

'You and your custom!' bawled the blacksmith. 'You and your one little pony that I could pick up under my arm like a sheep! Take it away, and be darned to you. I guess I can make ends meet without it!' He wiped his brow with a blackened hand.

'Well,' said Wake, 'if it only *was* one pony you might be snifty! But it'll likely be a whole string of race horses before long. You see, I'm the heir to the — my grandmamma's money.'

'A likely story,' jeered Chalk. 'The old lady 'ud never leave it to a little whippersnapper like you!'

'That's just why she did it. She knew I needed it — what with my weak heart and all. I've known it for a long time, but the family's just finding it out this morning.'

Chalk regarded him with mingled admiration and disapproval. 'Well, if that's true, and you've got the old lady's money, I pity them, for of all the high-cockalorum, head-up-and-tail-over-the-dashboard young rascals I ever set eyes on, you're the worst.' He began to hammer so loudly on his anvil that further conversation was impossible. Though fast friends, their intercourse was often stormy.

Wakefield let the smith feel the weight of his gaze for a few moments, before he moved on with dignity along the straggling street. At the Wigles' cottage he stopped. Muriel, as usual, was swinging on the gate. He brought it to a standstill so abruptly that the little girl fell off. Before she could begin to cry, Wakefield took her by the hand and said, 'Come along, Muriel. I'm going to take you with me for a treat.'

The door of the cottage opened and Mrs. Wigle stuck out her head.

'Muriel!' she called. 'Don't you dare leave the yard! Come back here this instant moment!'

'But he'th taking me out for a treat!' whined Muriel. 'I want to go out for a treat!'

'Treat nothing,' retorted her mother. 'The last time he took you out for a treat you came home in rags and tatters. Treats may be fun for him, but he ain't going to take my daughter to 'em!'

Wakefield listened to this tirade with a reproachful air.

'Mrs. Wigle,' he said, 'it was n't my fault that Muriel fell in the stream, and the old sheep tossed her about, and the burrs got in her hair. I did what I could to save her. But I'd forgotten the sheep's name, and she won't come for any other name but her own. You see, all our animals have names, we make such pets of them.'

Mrs. Wigle came down the path, her arms rolled in her apron. She looked somewhat mollified.

'Where did you plan to take her this morning?' she asked.

'Only to Mrs. Brawn's shop to buy her something nice to eat.'

'Well, fetch her straight back here afterward. And there's one thing I wish you'd tell me. Have you ever heard your brother say aught about mending my roof? It leaks into the best room like all possessed every time it rains.'

Wakefield knitted his slender black brows. 'I've never heard him say a single word about it, Mrs. Wigle. He does n't seem to mind what roof leaks so long as the stable roof does n't. But I'll tell you what I'll do — I'll mend your roof myself!'

'Bless the child! As though you could mend my roof!'

'I mean, I'll have it mended for you. You see, I've inherited all my grandmamma's money, and I'll be wanting to do all sorts of nice things for ladies that have been kind to me. Come along, Muriel.'

Mrs. Wigle was dazed before the splendor of it. A little boy with all that fortune! Beautiful to see him holding her Muriel by the hand! She followed them, rolling her arms tightly in her apron, into Mrs. Brawn's shop. She did not give him time to tell his news to fat Mrs. Brawn. She poured it out for him, and the two women stood, wrapped in admiration, while he scrutinized the contents of the window.

'I was so excited,' he murmured, half to himself, 'that I could n't eat my breakfast. "Air," I said, "I've got to have air." . . . I think I'll have two currant buns, a little dish of custard cakes, and three bottles of orangeade. Muriel, what would you like?'

He stood before the counter, slender, fragile, the toe of one crossed foot resting on the floor, his dark head bent above the bottle from which the lovely drink ebbed through two straws into his throat. Before him stood the unopened bottles, the custard cakes, a currant bun. He held the other bun, soft, sticky, warm from the oven. At his shoulder was the tow head of Muriel, her eyes raised adoringly to his face as she munched a bun. She would have followed him to the ends of the earth.

XX

In the hall Wakefield almost ran into Mr. Patton, who was putting on his coat. Mr. Patton had the uncomfortable expression on his face of one who has eaten something that has disagreed with him. The expression on the face of Renny, who was accompanying him to the door, was even more uncomfortable. He said, 'You're sure there's no doubt of her sanity?'

Mr. Patton puckered his lips. 'None whatever.'

'Well, she had a right to do what she liked with her own money, but — it's rather hard on my uncles.'

'Yes, yes. . . . Yes, indeed.'

'And so entirely unexpected. She never seemed to care especially for him. She was much more partial to Piers.'

'You never can tell.'

'With women — I suppose not.'

'Nor men, either. It's extraordinary what some of them will do.'

Mr. Patton picked up his brief bag, and looked into Renny's eyes with some embarrassment. 'It's hard on you, too. Particularly as in most of the former wills — '

Renny scowled. 'I'm not worrying about that. How many wills did you say there have been?'

'Eight during the twenty years I have looked after her affairs. Some changes, of course, were only minor. In most of them you — '

They became conscious of the little boy's presence. He was staring up at them inquisitively. Renny saw a question coming, and took the back of Wakefield's neck in a restraining hand. Mr. Patton's lips unpuckered into a smile.

'He's looking pretty well,' he remarked.

'There's no bone to him. Just gristle. He's got no appetite.'

The lawyer felt Wake's arm. 'Not very firm! Still, his eyes are bright; but then, your family runs to bright eyes.'

'Who — ' began Wakefield, and Renny's fingers tightened on his neck.

He and Mr. Patton shook hands. The lawyer hurried out to his car.

'But who — ' began Wake again.

The master of Jalna took out a cigarette, struck a match on the underside of the hat-rack, and, after its flare had lighted the cigarette and been reflected in his eyes, threw it into the umbrella stand. He turned then toward the fantastic silence of the sitting room. Wakefield followed.

This was the strangest room he had ever been in. The drawing-room had seemed strange when Grandmother lay there in her coffin with the lighted candles about her and the presence of death making the air heavy, but this was stranger still. For, though the air was heavy as death, it was pregnant with the life of battling emotions.

Nicholas still sat in the corner with his pipe. He held it in his teeth, and stared at Renny and Wakefield as they came into the room without seeming to see them. He stroked the back of Nip, his terrier, with a large trembling hand, and seemed to be unaware of his presence also.

Ernest was rubbing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other, as though he had never stopped, but now he did stop, and began to tap his teeth with them, as though all the polishing had been leading up to that. Augusta looked more natural than the others, but what disturbed Wake was that her eyes, fixed on Ernest, were full of tears. He had never seen tears in them before.

The eyes of Piers, Maurice, and even the infant, Patience, were on Finch, and Finch looked more miserable than Wakefield had ever seen anyone look in all his life. Certainly he had not fallen heir to a fortune!

'But who?' Wake entreated, in his penetrating treble. '*Who?*'

All the eyes, dark and light, intense and mournful, turned on him. Words froze on his lips. He began to cry.

'No wonder the child weeps,' said Aunt Augusta, regarding him gloomily. 'Even he is conscious of the outrage of it.'

Nicholas took his pipe from his mouth, tapped it over the hearth, then blew it out with a whistling sound. He said nothing, but Piers broke out, 'I always knew he had a yellow streak. But how he accomplished this — '

'My mother,' declared Augusta, 'must have been demented. Let Mr. Patton say what he will — '

'Old ninny,' said Piers, 'to allow a woman of that age to play ducks and drakes with her money! It's a case for the courts. We must never stand for it. Are you going to let yourself be done out of what is really yours, Renny?'

'Really *his!*' cried Augusta.

'Yes, really *his!* What about those other wills?'

Augusta's glazed eyes flashed away the tears. 'What of the will in which all was left to your uncle Ernest?'

Ernest suddenly seemed to feel weak. He sat down and twisted his fingers between his knees, and his underlip between his teeth.

'That was years ago!' retorted Piers.

'She was sane then. She *must* have been *quite mad* when she made this will.'

Ernest held up his hand. 'Don't! Don't! I can't bear to hear Mamma spoken of so!'

'But, Ernest, the money should be yours!'

'I can do without the money.'

Piers glared at Augusta. 'I don't see why the blazes you insist that the money should come to Uncle Ernest! What about Uncle Nick? What about Renny? Renny's had the whole family to keep for years!'

'Shut up!' growled Renny, savagely.

'How dare you insult us?' cried Augusta. 'This is my brothers' home! I have been here to look after my mother. What could she have done without me, I should like to know?'

'Kept up an establishment of her own! She'd plenty of money!'

Nicholas pointed with his pipe at Piers. 'Say one word more!' he thundered. He struggled to rise, but could not. Ernest sprang up, trembling, and went to him. Grasping his brother's arm, Ernest pulled him to his feet. Augusta also went to him,

and the three stood together facing the younger generation.

'I repeat what I said,' said Piers.

Renny interrupted, 'It doesn't matter what he says! I've never grudged — '

Nicholas exclaimed, sardonically, 'Well, now, that's handsome of you! Very handsome of you! You haven't grudged us a roof! Our meals! We ought to feel grateful. Eh, Augusta? Eh, Ernest?'

Renny's face went white. 'I don't understand you. You purposely put me in the wrong! For God's sake, be fair! Have I ever acted as though I didn't want any one of you here? I have always wanted you. I always wanted Gran!'

Piers burst out, 'That's the trouble! Renny's been too generous. And now this is the thanks he gets!'

'You to talk!' snarled Nicholas. 'You who brought your wife here, when everyone was against it!'

'Yes, and who was she?' thrust Augusta.

Nicholas proceeded, 'And what did she do? Made a little hell here!'

'Eden would have been all right,' cried Ernest, 'if she had only let him alone!'

Piers strode toward them, his hands clenched, but Meg interrupted: 'Everyone talks so selfishly! As though his side of the question was the only one. What about me? Put off with an old India shawl and a big gold watch and chain no one ever carries the like of now!'

Augusta cried, passionately, 'My mother's watch was a valued possession to her! She thought you, as the only granddaughter, should have it, and those India shawls are priceless nowadays!'

'Yes! I've seen Boney make his bed on this one!'

Piers was trying to shoulder himself from Renny's restraining hand. 'Do you expect me,' he muttered, 'to let them say such things about Pheasant? I'll murder someone before I've done.'

Renny said, with composure, though he was still white, 'Don't be a fool! The old people are all wrought up. They don't know what they're saying. If you care a straw for me, Piers, hang on to yourself!'

Piers bit his lip and scowled down at his boots.

Meg's voice was heard again. 'When I think of the lovely things she had! I could have borne her giving the ruby ring to Pheasant, if she'd treated me fairly afterward. But a watch and chain — and a *shawl* that Boney'd made a nest in!'

'Margaret!' thundered Augusta.

Meg's face was a mask of obstinacy. 'What I want to know is who the ruby ring really belongs to!'

'*Belonged* to, you mean, Meggie, before your grandmother gave it away,' corrected Maurice.

'I think,' said Ernest, 'it was the one she intended for Alayne.'

'As though Alayne needed one of my grandmother's rings!' Meg's mask of obstinacy was broken by temper.

Renny said, with a chest vibration in his voice, 'Each grandson's wife is to have a piece of jewelry, or the grandson a piece for his prospective wife. As I understand the will, Aunt Augusta and I are to make the choice. Isn't that so, Aunt?'

Augusta nodded, judicially. 'Pheasant already has her bequest.'

'She has nothing of the sort!' said Piers, vehemently. 'The ruby ring was a present entirely outside the will.'

'I agree,' said Renny.

A sultry lull fell on the room for a moment, in which could be heard the ticking of the clock, the heavy breathing of Nicholas, and the loud tap of a woodpecker on a tree near the open window. The momentary silence was broken by Augusta's contralto tones.

'The whole situation is disgraceful,' she said. 'I've never known such insensibility. Here I and my brothers are put off with not very valuable personal possessions of my mother's, and expected to be content while all the squabbling goes on among the rest of you over her jewels.'

Nicholas added fuel to the flame: 'And the memory of our mother is insulted by one nephew who says she sponged on Renny — '

'And we too,' put in Ernest.

Nicholas continued, gnawing his gray moustache, 'While another nephew benevolently tells us that he's never grudged us shelter and our meals!'

'If you're going to bring that up again,' Renny exclaimed, despairingly, 'I shall get out, and that's flat!'

Maurice Vaughan said, heavily, 'What we should all do is to get down to brass tacks, if possible, and find out why your grandmother did such an extraordinary thing as to leave all her money to Finch.'

Augusta reared her head in his direction. 'My mother was deranged — there is no doubt of it.'

'Have you anything to go on?' asked Vaughan. 'Had she been acting strangely, in your opinion?'

'I've noticed a difference.'

Meg asked eagerly, 'What sort of things, Auntie?'

'For one thing, I overheard her several times talking to herself.'

Talking to herself! The phrase produced a strange tremor in the room. Those in the corners appeared to draw toward the centre, as though their intense individualism were about to be merged.

'Ha!' said Vaughan. 'Did you notice anything singular in what she said? Did she ever mention Finch's name?'

Augusta pressed her finger to her brow. 'M-yes. Yes, she did! She muttered something once about Finch and a Chinese goddess.'

Nicholas leaned forward, clasping his gouty knee. 'Did you ask her what she meant?'

'Yes. I said, "Mamma, whatever do you mean?" and she said, "That lad has guts, though you might n't think it!" . . . I did wish she would not use such coarse expressions!'

Vaughan looked at the faces about him. 'I think that is sufficient proof. Do what you like about an appeal, but I think no one who was sane would ramble like that.'

Nicholas rolled his gray-crested head from side to side. He growled, 'That's nothing. If anyone could hear my mutterings to myself, I might easily be considered insane.'

Piers flashed, 'You may be, but the rest of us are n't! It's a case for the courts!'

'Yes, indeed!' chimed Meg. 'We might easily arrange to have the money divided equally.'

Augusta cocked her Queen Alexandra fringe. 'If it could be done — it's really the just way out of the difficulty.'

Ernest raised his long face from gnawing his forefinger. 'It seems to me,' he faltered, 'that I've never known Mamma brighter than she was that last day.'

Meg exclaimed, ironically, 'If you call it *bright*, giving away her most valuable ring on a mere whim!'

'For the Lord's sake,' shouted Piers, 'try to get your mind off that ring! One would think it represented a fortune!'

'It quite probably does,' returned his sister suavely. 'What can you know of the value of jewels — you, a crude boy who has been nowhere, seen nothing!'

Piers's eyes grew prominent. 'I should like to know what you've seen and done?' he inquired, sarcastically. 'You spent nearly twenty years trying to make up your mind to marry your next-door neighbor.'

Meg burst into tears, and the baby, hearing her mother cry, put her kid slippers in the air and wept with all her might.

Above the noise Maurice called to Piers, 'I won't have you insulting my wife!'

'Make her let my wife alone, then!' retorted Piers.

Augusta boomed, 'Is it our duty, I wonder, to make an appeal? To settle the matter in court?'

'What's that you say?' asked Nicholas. 'I can't hear you for the noise they're all making!'

'I said I wondered if we should go to law about it.'

The sound of crying ceased as suddenly as it had begun. All the heads in the room — they seemed to Finch, sitting guiltily on his ottoman, to have swollen to the size of balloons — turned, as though drawn by a magnet, facing Renny. It was one of those volcanic moments when the entire family shouldered all responsibility upon him. The faces, which had been distorted with emotion, gradually smoothed out as though each had inhaled some numbing incense, and an almost ceremonial hush fell on the room. Renny, the chieftain, was to speak. Goaded, harried, he was to give expression to the sentiments of the clan.

He stood, his hands resting on the table, his red hair raised into a crest as though distraught, and said, in his rather metallic voice, 'We shall do no such thing! We'll settle our affairs in our own way without any intervention from outsiders. I had rather

give up Jalna than take Gran's will into court! As to her sanity — sane or insane, her money was hers to do what she liked with! I believe she was perfectly sane. I think I never knew a better brain than hers. All her life she knew what she wanted to do — and did it. And if this last act of hers is a bitter pill for some of us, all we can do is to swallow it, and not get cockeyed fighting over it. Imagine the newspaper articles! "Descendants of Centenarian at War over Will"! How should we like that?'

'Horrible!' said Ernest.

'No, no, no. It would never do,' muttered Nicholas, indistinctly.

'Newspapers! And outsiders gossiping!' Augusta gasped. 'I never could bear that!'

'But still — ' wavered Meg.

Piers said, 'You are the one most concerned, Renny. If you're willing to take it lying down — '

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair and looked sombrely at Piers. 'I can't see why you persist in regarding Renny as the one chiefly concerned. It's very irritating. It's impertinent.'

Renny broke in, 'That's beside the point, Uncle Nick! The point is that we can't go to law over Gran's will, is n't it?'

Nicholas gave a proud and melancholy assent. No, they could not go to law. The wall about them must be kept intact. Their isolation must not be thrown down like a glove, to challenge notoriety. Bitter as the disappointment was, it must be borne. The Whiteoaks would not supply a heading for a column in any of the tawdry newspapers of the day. Gossip for the neighborhood! Their affairs settled by a court! They were a law unto themselves.

The temporary breach in their protective wall closed up, knitting them together, uniting them against interference. Renny had spoken, and a sigh of acquiescence, even of relief, rose from the tribe. Not one of them — not, in his heart of hearts, even Piers — wanted to go to law over the will. That would have been to acknowledge weakness, to have offered submission to a decree from outside Jalna.

Even Maurice Vaughan felt the hypnotic spell of the family. Impossible to fight against it. Knuckle under and bear with them, that was all one could do. They raised Cain, and then they took hands and danced in a circle around the Cain they had raised. They sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind, but they wanted no outside labor to help garner that harvest. . . . Maurice took his baby daughter and dandled her. She was the image of her mother. He wondered if she would have her mother's nature. Well, she might do worse. Meggie was almost perfect. He was lucky to have got her. And the baby, too!

Piers was standing with his back to the mantel, looking at Finch with narrowed eyes. 'There's one thing I think we should find out,' he said.

He got no further, for at that moment a tap sounded on the folding doors, they were drawn apart, and the dining room was discovered, with the table set for dinner.

Rags said, addressing Augusta, 'The dinner has been ready for some time, Your Ladyship. You seemed so occupied that I thought I 'ad better not disturb you before.' His eyes flew about the room, his impudent nose quivered, scenting trouble.

Augusta rose and passed her hands down her sides, smoothing her dress. She said to Renny, 'Shall you ask your sister and her husband to dinner?'

He thought, 'She's punishing me for what Piers said about her and the uncles stopping here so long. She won't take it on herself to invite Meg and Maurice to dinner. Lord, as though there were n't enough trouble!' Well, he would not give her the satisfaction of appearing to notice anything. He said, 'Of course you two will stay to dinner.'

'There's Baby,' said Meg.

'Tuck her up on the sofa. She's all but asleep.'

'Oh, I don't think I had better!' Her tears overflowed again.

Nicholas hobbled up, stiff after sitting so long in one position, and tucked his hand under her arm. 'Come, come, Meggie, stop your grizzling and have a good dinner,' he rumbled.

Even with old Adeline gone, they retained the air of a procession as they moved into the dining room. Nicholas first, holding by the arm plump-cheeked Meg; next Ernest, struggling against self-pity, comforted by Augusta at his side, full of pity for him.

Then Piers, Finch, and Wakefield. Finch looked as though he did not see where he was going, and when Piers jostled against him in the doorway he all but toppled over. Maurice and Renny came last.

Maurice said, grinning, 'So you're to have the old painted bedstead! What are you going to do with it?'

'Get into it and stay there, if this sort of thing keeps up,' returned the master of Jalna.

He sat down at the head of his table and cast his sharp glance over the clan. Still a goodly number, even though Gran and Eden were missing. After a while young Mooey would be big enough to come to table. . . . But Pheasant was not there. He frowned. Just then she entered timidly, and slid into her place between Piers and Finch.

'Where have you been hiding all morning?' asked Renny.

'Oh, I thought I was superfluous,' she answered, trying to appear sophisticated, entirely grown up, and not at all nervous.

Piers pressed his ankle against hers. She trembled. Was it possible that he was signaling her — telling her that Mooey was the heir? Her eyes slid toward his face. No jubilation there. A grim, half-jocular look about the firm, healthy lips. Poor little Mooey had not got the money. Then who had? Her gaze, sheltered by long lashes, sought one face after another, and found no answer. Had there been a mistake? Was there perhaps no fortune after all? Under cover of the voices of Maurice and Renny, discussing the points of a two-year-old with determined cheerfulness, she whispered to Finch on her left, 'For goodness' sake, tell me, who is the lucky one?'

His voice came to her in a sepulchral whisper: —

'Me!'

She whispered back, 'There may be thousands who would believe you, but I can't.'

'It's true.'

'It is not!'

Yet, looking into his eyes, she saw that it was. She began to laugh, silently, yet hysterically, shaking from head to foot. It was too much for Finch; he too shook with soundless mirth, very near to tears. The eyes of all at the table were turned on them in shocked disapproval or disgust. Finch — an indecent young ruffian. Pheasant — a hussy.

Augusta saved the moment from tragedy by declaring, sonorously, 'They're mad! They must be mad.'

The meal proceeded. With decisive movements of his thin muscular hands Renny cut from the joint portions to the taste of each member of the circle — for Nicholas, it must be very rare, with a rim of fat; for Ernest, well done, not a vestige of fat; for Augusta, well done *and* fat. For all, generous pieces of Yorkshire pudding. For Wake alone fat, when he hated fat! 'See that he eats it, Aunt!' And — 'Wakefield, you must, or you won't grow strong!' Then the usual slumping on his spine until Meg transferred the despised morsel from his plate to hers.

To a family of weaker fibre such a scene as the one just passed in the sitting room might have ended all appetite for dinner. It was not so with the family at Jalna. The extravagant and wasteful energy of their emotions now required fresh fuel. They ate swiftly and with relish, only in an unusual silence, for they were still oppressed by that empty chair between Nicholas and Ernest, and into their silence was flung, every now and again, the sharp memory of the harsh old voice, crying, 'Gravy! I want more gravy! Dish gravy, please, on this bit of bread!'

Ah, how her shadow hung on them! How the yellow light, sifting through the blinds, threw a sort of halo about her chair! Once Ernest's cat crept from his knee to the empty chair, but no sooner was she seated there than Nicholas's terrier leaped to drag her down, as though he knew that empty seat was sacred.

Renny fed his spaniels with scraps from his plate. He shot swift glances at the plates of his aunt and uncles. He urged their replenishment, but they steadfastly refused. He set his teeth. They were remembering, he was sure, what Piers had said; out of hurt pride they were refusing second helpings.

When a steamed blackberry pudding came, with its syrupy purple sauce, deep melancholy settled on them. It was the

first pudding of this kind they had had since her death. How she would have loved it! How her nose and chin and cap would have pressed forward to meet it as it advanced toward her! How she would have mashed the pudding into its sauce, and dribbled the sauce on her chin! Ernest almost found himself saying aloud, 'Mamma, must you do that?'

They ate the pudding in heavy silence. Finch and Pheasant were barely able to restrain their insane laughter. Wakefield's eyes were bright with admiration as they rested on the tall silver fruit dish in the middle of the table. From its base sprung a massive silver grapevine, beneath the shelter of which stood a silver doe and her fawn. It was heaped with glowing peaches and ripe pears. Aunt Augusta had had it brought out on the day of the funeral, and it had remained. Wakefield wished it might remain forever. He wished he had been placed opposite it instead of at the far end, so that the nearness of the darling little fawn might take his mind off the terrible silence. He knew now quite definitely that he had not inherited Grandmother's money, and he did not so very much mind. He had had a nice morning pretending that he was the heir, and he did not see why the others could not accept their disappointment as he did. . . . Funny to think of Finch. . . . Would Finch take Gran's room now and sleep in the painted bed? He pictured Finch propped on the pillows with Boney perching at the head. Finch, in a nightcap and teeth like Grandmother's! Wakefield was rather frightened by this picture. He put his head to one side and reassured himself by the sight of Finch looking wretched, beyond the fruit dish. A queer grayish color over Finch's face made him remember something. He puckered his forehead, winked fast, and then broke the silence.

'Renny,' he questioned, with great distinctness, 'was Finch born with a caul?'

The steaming cup of tea halfway to the lips of the master of Jalna was suspended; his eyebrows shot upward in astonishment.

'A *caul!*' he snapped. 'A *caul!* What the devil — what put that into your head?'

Meg broke in. 'I think it is too bad of you, Renny, to swear at Wake! He was only asking a natural question!'

'A *natural* question! Well, if you call *cauls* natural, I'll be — '

'There you go again!'

'No, I don't.'

'Only because I stopped you! Really, you can't *speak* without swearing!'

Piers asked, 'But was he?'

'Was who?'

'Finch. Born with a caul.'

'Yes, he was,' answered Meg, stroking Wakefield's hair.

'Extraordinary!' said Nicholas, wiping his moustache and staring at Finch. 'I had never heard of one in the family.'

Meg said, 'His mother kept it in a little box, but after she died it disappeared.'

Ernest observed, 'It is supposed to be a good omen. To bring luck.'

Piers laughed. 'Aha! Now we've hit it! Good luck! It's the caul that did it!' He laughed into Finch's face. 'Why did n't you let us know about it before? We might have been on our guard. Gosh, you're a dirty dog, Finch, to go sneaking around with a caul on your head, rounding up all the ducats in the family!'

Finch pushed back his chair and rose, shaking with rage. 'Come outside with me!' he said, chokingly. 'Only come outside with me! I'll show you who's a dirty dog! I'll — '

'Sit down!' ordered Renny.

Nicholas thundered, 'Have you no sense of decency, you young ruffian?'

Everyone began to talk at once. Wakefield listened, astonished yet not ill pleased, as one who had sown the seed of a daisy and raised a fierce, thorny cactus. A caul. To think that one little word like that should raise this storm.

Finch sat down and rested his head on his hand.

Ernest looked across at him not unkindly. 'You need never be afraid of the water,' he said. 'One who is born with a caul is never drowned.'

Augusta asked of Wakefield, 'But, my dear, however did you hear of such a thing?'

'Finch told me himself. I wish I'd got one!'

'So do I!' said Piers. 'It seems a shame that Finch should have all the luck.'

Pheasant could remain in doubt no longer. 'But what *are* they?'

'One does n't explain them,' replied Aunt Augusta, looking down her nose.

Renny regarded Finch with no good eye. 'I don't like your telling the youngster about such things. I don't like it at all. I'll have a word with you about this. Another cup of tea, Aunt, please.'

Good appetite had attended all the Whiteoaks at dinner, but Finch had eaten as though famished. In spite of the fact that he was in acute disfavor, looked upon with suspicion and reproach, something inside him was ravening for food. He felt that if he could appease that something he might not feel so light-headed. But he rose from the table unsatisfied. . . . If only he could escape and hide himself in the woods! Press his hot forehead against the cool earth and his breast upon the pine needles! He made a stumbling effort to go into the hall instead of returning to the sitting room with the others, but Nicholas laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

'Don't go away, boy. I should like to ask you a few questions.'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, on his other side, 'I should like to find out something of the inside of this affair, if possible.'

Finch returned, as between jailers, to the torture room. He heard the clock on the landing strike two, and this was echoed in a silvery tone by the French clock in the drawing-room, and in an abrupt metallic voice by the clock on the mantelpiece of the sitting room. Nicholas took out his large hunting-case watch and looked at it. . . . Ernest looked at his nails. . . . Meg hung over her baby. . . . Maurice dropped into a comfortable chair and began to fill his pipe with his active hand, the disabled one lying, unmoved and smooth, on the leather arm of the chair. Finch, seeing it, felt a sudden morbid envy of it. It was hopelessly injured, neglected, let alone. . . . Renny took the muzzle of one of his spaniels in his lean brown hands, opened it, and examined the healthy white teeth. . . . Piers, in a corner, laughed at Pheasant. . . . Augusta produced a piece of crochet work from a bag, and a long, stabbing crochet hook. . . . Finch saw them all as torturers.

There was Rags, closing the folding doors upon them, seeming to say, 'There naow, I leave you to your own devices! Whatever you may gaow through, it's all the sime to me!'

But not yet were they to settle down. A voice came from Grandmother's room, crying, 'Nick! Nick! Nick!'

Ernest clapped his hands on his ears.

'Boney!' ejaculated Nicholas hoarsely. 'God, what has come over the bird?'

'He has made up his mind,' said Augusta, 'to torture us.'

Ernest cautiously removed his hands from his ears. 'It is unbearable! I don't know what we are going to do about it.'

Maurice suggested, 'Perhaps it would be better to put him away, as he seems to be out of sorts and all that.'

Every blazing glance in the room branded him as an outsider.

'He will be all right,' said Renny, 'as soon as he's done moulting. He ought to have a few drops of brandy in his drinking water. I remember Gran used to give him that for a tonic. Fetch him in here, Wake. He needs company.'

The parrot was brought in, squatting glumly on his perch, and placed in the middle of the room beside the ottoman on which Finch had uncomfortably disposed his lanky form. Boney ruffled himself, shook his wings, and three feathers drifted to the floor.

'It's uncanny,' muttered Nicholas, 'that he should have forgotten his Hindu, and should say only my name.'

'It's dreadful,' said Ernest.

'I think,' declared Augusta, 'that there's something portentous about it. It's as though he were trying to tell us something.'

'He looks strangely agitated,' said Ernest.

Everyone looked at Boney, who returned melancholy stare for stare out of cold yellow eyes.

After a silence, Nicholas heaved himself in his chair and turned to Finch. 'Did my mother ever give you reason to believe that she was going to leave her money to you?'

'No, Uncle Nick.' Finch's voice was scarcely audible.

'Did she ever speak to you of the disposal of her property?'

'No, Uncle Nick.'

'Did she ever speak to you of having made a new will?'

'No — she never spoke of any will to me.'

'You had no faintest idea that her will was in your favor?'

'No.'

'Then you would have us believe that you were as much surprised as we were this morning when Patton read the will?'

Finch flushed deeply. 'I — I was terribly surprised.'

'Come, come,' put in Piers, 'don't expect us to believe that! You never turned a hair when Patton read the will. I was looking at you. You knew damn well what was coming.'

'I did n't!' shouted Finch. 'I did n't know a thing about it!'

'Stay!' said Nicholas. 'Don't get blustery, Piers. I want to untwist this tangle, if possible.' His eyes, under his shaggy brows, pierced Finch. 'You say you were as astonished as the rest of us by the will. Just tell us, please, what in your opinion was my mother's reason for making you her heir.'

Finch twisted his hands between his knees. He wished some tidal wave might rise and sweep him from their sight.

'Yes,' urged Ernest, 'tell us why you think she did such a thing. We are not angry at you. We only want to find out whether there was any reason for such an extraordinary act.'

'I don't know of any reason,' stammered Finch. 'I — I wish she had n't!'

He did himself no good by this admission. The words coming from his mouth, drawn in misery, made him the more contemptible.

Nicholas turned to Augusta. 'What was that about Mamma's talking to herself? Something about a Chinese goddess.'

Augusta laid down her crochet work. 'I could n't make it out. Just some mumbled words about Finch and the goddess Kuan Yin. It was then she said that he had more — you know what. I prefer not to repeat it.'

'Now, what about this Chinese goddess, Finch? Do you know what my mother meant by coupling your name with such a strange one?'

'I don't see why she should have,' he hedged, weakly.

'Did she at any time mention a Chinese goddess to you?'

'Yes.' He was floundering desperately. 'She said I might learn — she — that is, she said I might get to understand something of life from her.'

'From her?'

'Yes. Kuan Yin.'

'This is worth following up,' remarked Vaughan.

'It sounds as though Gran and Finch were both a little mad at the time,' said his wife.

'At the time,' repeated Nicholas. 'Just how long ago did this conversation take place?'

'Oh, quite a bit ago. At the beginning of summer.'

Nicholas said, pointing at Finch with his pipe, 'Now, tell us exactly what led up to this conversation.'

Ernest interrupted him, nervously, 'The little Chinese goddess Mamma brought from India! Of course. I have not seen the little figure for some time. Strange I did n't miss it! Have you noticed it lately, Augusta?'

Augusta tapped the bridge of her nose sharply with her crochet hook, as though to stimulate her faculty of nosing out secrets. 'No — I have not. It is gone! It is *gone from Mamma's room!* It has been stolen!'

Finch burned his bridges. 'No, it has n't. She gave it to me.'

'Where is it?' demanded Nicholas.

'In my room.'

'I was in your room this morning,' said Augusta. 'I thought I smelled something strange. The goddess was not there! I should have noticed instantly!'

Finch cared for nothing now but to have this cross-questioning done with. He said, with weary contempt for the consequences, 'You did not see her because she is hidden. I keep her hidden. The stuff you smelled was incense. I was burning it before her at sunrise. I forgot to shut my door when I came down.'

If Finch had suddenly produced horns on his young brow, or hoofs instead of worn brown shoes, he could scarcely have

appeared as a greater monstrosity to his family. The monotonous pressure of their various personalities upon his bruised spirit was violently withdrawn. The recoil was so palpable that he raised his head and drew a deep breath, as though inhaling a draft of fresh air.

They drew back shocked from a Whiteoak who had risen at sunrise to burn incense before a heathen goddess. What sort of abortion had the English governess — young Philip's second wife — produced? That they, Courts and Whiteoaks, — gentlemen, soldiers, 'goddamming' country squires, — should come to this! A white-faced, wincing boy who did fantastic things in his attic room while his family slept! And to this one had old Adeline, toughest-fibred of them all, left her money!

Their invincible repugnance toward such a deviation from their traditions caused a tremor of bewilderment to shake their tenacity. Finch, slumping on his ottoman, seemed a creature apart.

But this spurious advantage was soon past. The circle tightened again.

Nicholas, his chin gripped in his hand, said, 'When I was at Oxford there were fellows who did that sort of thing. I never thought to see a nephew of mine . . . And you expect us to believe that you hoped to gain nothing by my mother's will, when in secret she was giving you valuable presents?'

'I did n't know it was valuable.'

Meg cried, 'You must have thought it was very strange that she should be giving away things she had treasured all these years! The goddess — the ruby ring!'

'What motive had you in hiding the present?' probed Nicholas.

'I dunno.'

'Yes, you do know. Don't lie. We're going to get to the bottom of this!'

'Well, it was hers, I thought. I did n't think — I knew she would n't want it mentioned.'

'And what else?'

'I thought I'd get into a row.'

'Just for having a present given you? Come, now!'

Ernest interjected, 'But why should she have given him anything? I can't make it out!'

Piers grinned sarcastically. 'Look at him, and you'll understand. He's such an intriguing young devil. I am always longing to give him something.'

Renny spoke, from where he sat on the window seat. 'Cut that out, Piers.'

Nicholas continued, 'Were you often alone with my mother? I don't remember ever finding you together!'

Finch writhed; his chin sank to his breast. He set his teeth.

Renny said, 'Make a clean breast of it, Finch! Hold your head up.'

The boy was intolerably miserable. He could not bear it. Yet he must bear it. They would give him no peace till they had everything out of him.

'Buck up!' said Renny. 'You did n't steal the goddess, or the money either. Don't act as though you had!'

Finch raised his head. He fixed his eyes on Augusta's crochet work, which lay on her lap, and said in a husky voice: —

'I've been going to the church to practise on the organ at night. Once, when I came in very late, Gran called me. I went into her room and we talked together. That was the night she gave me the goddess. After that I went often — almost every night.' He stopped with a jerk.

There was a sultry silence while they waited for him to go on.

Nicholas nudged him, almost gently. 'Yes? You went every night to my mother's room. You talked. Would you mind telling me what about?'

'I talked about music, but not much. She did most of the talking. The old days here — her life in India, and about when she was a young girl in the Old Country.'

Ernest cried, 'No wonder Mamma was drowsy in the daytime! Awake half the night talking!'

Finch was reckless now. They might as well have something to rage about. 'I used,' he said, 'to go to the dining room and get biscuits and glasses of sherry, and that made her enjoy it more. It helped keep her awake.'

'No wonder she was drowsy! No wonder she was absent-minded!' cried Ernest, almost in tears.

Augusta said, with dreadful solemnity, 'No wonder that for the last month her

breakfast trays have come away almost untouched!'

'I saw her failing day by day!' wailed Meg.

Nicholas cast a grim look at those about him. 'This has probably shortened her life by years.'

'It has killed her!' said Ernest, distractedly.

'He's little better than a murderer!' said Augusta.

Finch could look them in the eyes now. They knew the worst. He was a monster, and a murderer. Let them take him out and hang him to the nearest tree! He was almost calm.

Their tempers were surging this way and that like waves driven by variable winds. They were all talking at once, blaming him, blaming each other, desperately near to blaming old Adeline! And the voice of Uncle Nicholas, like the voice of the seventh wave, was the most resonant, the most terrible. It was the voice of the wronged eldest son.

Presently the voice of Piers, full of malicious laughter, disentangled itself from the others. He was saying, 'The whole thing is a tremendous joke on the family. We thought Finch was queer. A weakling. But, don't you see, he's the strongest, the sanest, of the lot? He's been pulling the wool over everybody's eyes for years. Poor, harmless, hobbledehoy Finch! Well-meaning, but so simple! I tell you, he's as cool and calculating as they make them! He's had this under his hat ever since he came back from New York!'

'Rot!' said Renny.

'You'd stand up for him, Renny! Why, he's fooled you all along! Did n't he trick you into thinking he went in to Leigh's to study, when he was up to his eyes in play-acting? Did n't he trick you nicely over the orchestra? He was supposed to be studying then, and he was playing the piano in cheap restaurants, and coming home drunk in the morning! And now he's tricked you out of Gran's money!'

The laughter had died out of his voice — it was savage.

Enraged, Finch cried out, 'Shut up! It's a pack of lies!'

'Deny that you ever set out to deceive Renny!'

'What about you? You deceived him when you got married!'

'I was n't *cheating* him out of anything!'

Finch rose to his feet, his arms rigid at his sides, his hands clenched. 'I'm not cheating Renny! I don't want to cheat anyone. I don't want the money! I want to give it back! I won't take it! I won't take it — I won't take it — '

He burst into despairing tears. He walked up and down the room, wringing his hands, entreating Nicholas — entreating Ernest to take the money. He stopped before Renny, his face broken into a grotesque semblance to that of a gargoyle by devastating emotion, and begged him to take the money. He was so distraught that he did not know what he was doing, and when Renny pulled him on to the window seat beside him he sank down bewildered, dazed by his own clamorous beseechings. His throat ached as though he had been screaming. Had he been screaming? He did not know. He saw them looking at him out of white, startled faces. He saw Pheasant run from the room. He saw Meggie clutching her crying baby. He heard Renny's voice in his ear, saying, 'For God's sake, get hold of yourself! You make me ashamed for you!'

He put his elbows on his knees and hid his face in his hands. Against his cheek he felt the roughness of Renny's tweed sleeve, and he wanted to rub against it, to cling to it, to cry his heart out against it like a frightened little boy.

In a heavy undertone the talk went on and on, but no one addressed him. They were done with him now. They could not or would not take the money from him, but they would let him alone, and they would talk and talk, till from afar off the tidal wave he had been praying for would come roaring and sweep them all into oblivion. . . .

The tidal wave came, and it was Rags; the oblivion, tea.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Francis Bowes Sayre is a professor of law in Harvard University. As adviser in foreign affairs to the Siamese Government from 1923 to 1925, he negotiated treaties with a variety of Powers, great and small, which freed Siam from the burden of extra-territoriality. **Henry Williamson's** name may one day rank with W. H. Hudson's. Both men deal with nature and both have a deep feeling of the innate cruelties of life; but the work of each is individual, and one could never be mistaken for the other. Δ No person from Porlock interrupted the recording of **James Norman Hall's** extraordinary dream. **Albert Guérard** is a professor of French literature in Stanford University. He has published in France an extensive volume, *L'Avenir de Paris*, discussing in detail the problems of which he writes so pleasantly in his paper. When his book appeared, Professor Guérard received a letter from Abbé Ernest Dimnet, author of *The Brontë Sisters* and *The Art of Thinking*. Abbé Dimnet wrote in part: —

> I finished yesterday your *Future of Paris* and wrote at once to Madame Guérard. The book, I told her, is capital, and its programme persuasive.
>
> I was astonished by its erudition, for I was not aware that you have been interested in these matters for twenty-five years. As for your general trend, I am delighted with it. 'Greater Paris the savior of old Paris' in a country more awake than ours would quickly become an irresistible slogan. Your ideas about my own street and quarter are just those that my own annoyances suggest. I am glad that you are brave enough to let your imagination take in possible reforms and to speak of them.
>
> The book, surely, will make a powerful assault on our national apathy.

Ruth Pitter makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic* with an ode which we print with particular pleasure. **Monica Shannon** writes of the lighter side of Mexican revolution. **Sir John Campbell** concludes with his third paper the remarkable pictures of life in India which he preserved in his diary.

Ian Colvin, literary critic and chief editorial writer of the *London Morning Post*, speaks as follows of Sir Denys Bray, whose reconstruction of Shakespeare's sonnets he outlines in his appreciative paper: 'Sir Denys Bray is Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, and has been busy rescuing foreigners from Afghanistan. If he were permitted, could he unravel the tangled skein of King Amanullah's fortunes as he has done with William Shakespeare, I wonder . . .' **Sylvia Townsend Warner** is known as the author of such small but inimitable volumes as *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* and *The True Heart*. **Homer Henley** has found art and morals less indifferent to each other than some æsthetes would have us believe. **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** builds her sonnet on the lasting foundation of the classics. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** is the military critic of the *London Telegraph* in succession to Colonel Repington, and is an accomplished biographer as well. The war diary of Rudolph Binding, which Captain Hart interprets with illuminating comment, is published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company under the title, *A Fatalist at War*.

In a letter supplementing her strange account, **Nina A. Ley** writes: —

> An uncle of mine who, as a metallurgist, spent much time some years ago in Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico, often heard accounts of moving armies of ants, though he never happened to witness one.
>
> The Mexicans seemingly welcomed the moving ant colonies if they did n't come at night. For, straight and exact as their march always was, when they entered a house they went all over the walls and ceiling, into every chink and crack. Thus, when they left, the shacks were rid of all the cockroaches and other insects which infested them — which the Mexicans could not get rid of in any other way.
>
> To Northerners living in the Ozarks for the first time the ants were just one of the amazing and unusual things that happened.

Hans Zinsser is a professor of bacteriology in the Harvard Medical School. His paper is the substance of an address delivered at the Annual Commemoration Service in St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday, January 7, 1921, in memory of those who during their lifetime advanced the honor of Columbia University. **William Trufant Foster,** director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, and **Waddill Catchings,** manufacturer and banker, have for several years conducted a vigorous campaign for economic principles by which they believe permanent prosperity to be assured. President Hoover himself has paid their ideas the compliment of his expressed sympathy.

Anna Louise Strong is one of the two or three foreign correspondents who have been allowed to visit Soviet Central Asia in the last five years. **George E. Putnam** has served as a professor of economics at several colleges, and acted at one time as special expert to the United States Tariff Commission.

For those who may have missed an installment of **Mazo de la Roche's** *Whiteoaks of Jalna* we print a brief synopsis: —

Alayne Archer, a manuscript reader in a New York publishing house, marries Eden Whiteoak, a young poet, and goes with him to live at Jalna, his family's Canadian estate. Within a year Eden disappears, as the result of a brief affair with Pheasant, the wife of his brother Piers. Alayne returns to New York, but not before a strong attraction has sprung up between her and Renny, Eden's oldest brother, the virtual head of the Whiteoak family.

Eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak, struggling to pass his examinations for college and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, quarrels with his brothers and runs away to New York, where Alayne befriends him. There he accidentally discovers Eden, seriously ill. Renny goes to New York to bring both his brothers back to Jalna, and Eden succeeds in persuading Alayne to return with them to nurse him through his sickness.

Finch, after his return home, finds unexpected sympathy from his grandmother, who, over a hundred years old and venerated by the whole family, inspires him with her flickering spirit, until it is suddenly extinguished by death.

Charles D. Stewart's pen has been kept active answering letters of comment upon his paper, 'The Tree as an Invention,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic.* Two, in particular, of the letters which he has received and forwarded to us are so interesting that we cannot forbear quoting them.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

DEAR SIR, —

If I understand you, the men of science are more or less in doubt as to what force is sufficient for getting water up the tree from the roots. But there is another problem associated with this. How does the tree contrive to get the starch content produced in the leaves and manufactured by sunlight out of the carbon dioxide of the air, all the way down even to the roots, and change the tender walls of the cells into solid wood substance or lignin? This is all accomplished between spring and fall. There must also be a current both ways. Have your botanists worked out this problem? You see I am hungering for *mehr Licht,* as Goethe did in his last hour. And I shall have to get it soon if I get it in this world, for I was ninety on Easter day just passed.

A. B. HERVEY

The experimenter caught in the act.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR SIR, —

I have just been reading your fascinating article in the *Atlantic Monthly,* on 'The Tree as an Invention,' and was particularly interested in your résumé of the explanations offered for the ascent of the sap in trees.

I notice that no mention is made of the phenomenon of electro-osmosis, and it occurs to me that a suggestion in this direction — if it be not presumptuous — might be of interest. This phenomenon, I need hardly inform you, occurs when a difference of electric potential is maintained between the opposite sides of a porous membrane immersed in a liquid. In such a case it will be found that the liquid will travel through the membrane from the region of low potential to the region of high potential.

About eight years ago I was preparing a thesis on this subject (for my degree), and among the experiments were some in which I took small square sticks of wood, about six inches long, into which, at one end, I fastened ordinary brass electric-wire terminals. These sticks of wood were placed with one end in a dilute solution of common salt, and the other end was attached (by means of the brass terminal) to a source of potential of 2000 volts approximately. Of course a slight current flowed from the wood to the

solution, and it was found that the salt solution would rise from twenty to fifty times as rapidly by this means as it would by ordinary capillary attraction alone. This, of course, suggested to me that possibly the sap rises into a tree by some such action as this. As is well known, the static potential of the atmosphere increases at the rate of about 100 volts per metre, owing to the increasing concentration of free ions, as we rise above the surface of the earth. And it is also well known that if a large kite be sent up into the air, it will collect a sufficient charge to be detected. Now a tree is provided with an excellent mechanism, in its spreading branches and leaves, provided with points in many cases, for the collection of electric particles. So why should there not be a small electric current flowing toward the ground through the twigs, branches, and trunk of a tree, which would very materially assist in causing the sap to flow upward from the ground? I understand that the rise of the sap is greatest on clear, bright days, which is the very time when the production of ions by the actinic rays of the sun is greatest.

I mentioned these points in my thesis, but I must confess I was unable to detect any stir in the scientific world on their account. I have always intended to come back to this matter, and make some quantitative experiments, but unfortunately have never had the time or the opportunity.

A. M. WRIGHT

Mr. Stewart replies: —

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

DEAR MR. WRIGHT, —

Of a number of letters I have received, yours is one of the most interesting, the reason being that it takes certain scientific facts and states them in a way that makes at least a tangible theory. It is worthy of notice, if not as an explanation of the rise of sap to great heights, then anyway as one of the forces that may be affecting plant life.

Like a true scientist you say that you have been intending to make some 'quantitative experiments.' Let me confine my reply to making certain suggestions.

Regarding the experiment you have already performed, you say that the capillary flow was 'twenty to fifty times' as great under the electric influence as without it.

You know that water or other fluid will not rise in a stick of wood, or a lamp wick, or other such conductor, and *overflow the top* in any degree at all. Whether the stick or the wick is ten inches high or ten feet, the liquid will rise exactly to the top and there come to a stop without overflowing. If this were not so, we should have perpetual motion at once, and the world's power problems would be solved.

Three years ago this spring I was walking through the woods near my house, where a maple tree had been cut down in the fall; and now, as the sap began to rise in the spring, a solitary bee, the first I had seen, was at work on the top of the stump, filling up on the bountiful supply of sweetness. The sap not only wet the top of the stump, but overflowed on the bark and dampened the soil and leaves at the base with a liberal and continuous flow. Being then interested particularly in bees, I stopped to look at this early worker; but at once I found even more to interest me in that overflow of sap. Anyone who had not some primary notion of physics would naturally suppose that this was capillary attraction, the mere lamp-wick principle, working in the upward grain of the tree. But this was not the true case; this upward flow was due to root pressure — to osmosis acting through the osmotic membrane that surrounds all the roots of a tree. Capillary attraction can never cause a liquid to overflow the top of a tube or a collection of fine tubes; it can only raise the water to the top — and that to a limited height. And the reason that a lamp wick has a continuous upward flow is that the oil is continually being removed from the upper surface or end of the wick; and this is replaced by more from below.

As to future experiment, you evidently intend to put such dead sticks of wood to further tests. That is correct. Biologists, in their effort to solve the secrets of the upward flow, have been at pains to kill completely all living cells in the trunk of a tree, throughout its thickness, leaving the upper parts alive; and the result was that the sap flowed upward the same as ever. This was satisfactory proof that the rise of the sap was not due to any live or heartlike action in the cells of the tree — that the tubes were in fact mere inert tubes of cellulose.

Now let us ask what the nature of your future experiment shall be. You want to determine not simply whether the upward capillary flow is freer and greater in quantity under the electric influence than without, but whether that results in raising the water to greater *height*. What could be simpler then, for such experiment, than to take a very long stick of wood — one reaching beyond the limits of unaided capillary attraction — and conduct the test with that? A wire extended upward for a hundred feet or two and connected with the end of the stick with electric terminals would give you the difference in potential between the upper air and the ground without any resort to an artificial source of electricity, and thus duplicate the tree's natural state of existence. Then find if it works.

I might here add that biologists do not con-

sider the tubes in a tree as an osmotic membrane in making their calculations. The osmotic membrane is that which surrounds each little root of the tree; and it is this which makes the osmotic pressure which forces water to a certain height under certain conditions. Therefore, to duplicate the natural conditions of a tree, I should say that the end of your stick ought to be covered with an osmotic membrane of greater or less extent.

I conceive it to be a virtue in a writer not to be too sure of things on which he is not absolutely and finally posted; and so I merely venture the opinion that if actual power could be obtained by uniting the atmosphere at a moderate height with the ground, we should have the practical equivalent of perpetual motion.

However, in any proposal to put a theory to practical test, — the scientist's last resort if not his first, — mere mental effort can afford to set aside its usual procedure and throw all responsibility on the outcome.

CHARLES D. STEWART

A condensed bibliography of Prohibition.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In view of the comments concerning the telegram from the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University as reproduced in the Contributors' Column of the April *Atlantic Monthly*, the following statement seems warranted. The 200 copies of the February *Atlantic Monthly* were ordered for distribution among the freshmen because of President Lowell's article entitled 'Reconstruction and Prohibition.' The freshmen concerned are enrolled in a course called the Introduction to Responsible Citizenship. The purpose of this course is to arouse interest and develop insight into current social situations of a controversial character; that is, such situations as confront the intelligent citizen to-day. The method is to bring to the students' attention readings which, taken altogether fairly, illuminate the problem from various significant angles. In the discussion of Prohibition the readings included a general treatment of the Prohibition Movement from 1915 to 1924, by Dr. Herbert Shenton, the reprint of Senator Borah's speech before the United States Senate on 'Obedience to Law,' an article by Dr. Haven Emerson on 'Prohibition and Public Health,' and one on 'Prohibition and Prosperity' from the *Survey Graphic*, by an anonymous economist. This series was written by writers who are favorable to Prohibition. On the other side were included the following titles: An International Survey of Conditions under Prohibition by the Moderation League, the annual report of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, President Lowell's *Atlantic Monthly* article, entitled, 'Reconstruction and Prohibition,' and a series of articles criticizing the operation of the law, printed in various issues of the *Outlook*. Although the above readings fall far short of an exhaustive survey of the Prohibition situation, it is believed that they offer a fair basis for assessing current conditions and for raising the question in the students' minds as to what should be the intelligent citizen's attitude with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

WILLIAM E. MOSHER, *Director*
School of Citizenship and Public Affairs

Further parallels.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Analogies are not always convincing, but they are often interesting and sometimes illuminating. The one drawn by President Lowell between present conditions under Prohibition and those of Reconstruction days after the Civil War suggests others between the present struggle against the liquor traffic and that against the slave power in that earlier day.

In both instances the issue was forced by an institution which threatened to control the politics of the country. The slave power began the war because it saw the political power it had wielded beginning to fail. The liquor traffic forced the issue of Prohibition by its arrogant resistance to war-time prohibition, which was aimed to prevent the diversion to its purposes of an enormous share of the nation's food supplies at a time when whole peoples were starving. In both instances the nation was struggling to free itself from the strangle hold of institutions swollen with power which threatened the whole civil fabric.

In both instances the enemy found its sympathizers mainly in the aristocratic element of society. The Copperhead faction then, like the wet faction now, prided itself upon its superior social standing, and with equal unction quoted Scripture in defense of its position. The slogans then were States' rights and property rights, and now they are States' rights and personal rights. The common people in both conflicts have stood by the government. In only one particular does the analogy fail. The immigrant population was heartily antislavery, while now it is as ardently pro-liquor. The wet states are those that combine inherited wealth and immigrant population, while the states of native population and moderate wealth are dry. Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which so distinguished themselves in the recent campaign, while reckoned among the old

states, are in point of population the very newest states in the Union, and at the same time they have their full quota of pedigrees.

But if our analogy fails in this particular, it promises to hold good in the final and most significant phase. In each case the government seemed to win. Emancipation and Prohibition were both enacted and victory was celebrated, while in both cases realization has lagged far behind the proclaimed decision. Emancipation, as President Lowell makes clear, is far from complete sixty-five years after, and Prohibition is proceeding with leaden feet. No doubt both have been retarded by the aggressiveness of many genuinely patriotic and philanthropic partisans who lacked patience to await the gradual process. But they have been retarded also by those who insist that equality of opportunity for the colored race is impossible in a white man's country, and by those who insist that Prohibition can never be enforced in a thirsty land. Now, as then, the fanatical pros and the fanatical antis unite to hinder progress. Democracy always must muddle through.

But in both instances it becomes increasingly clear that the nation must ultimately see the thing through or surrender to an insidious and relentless foe to democracy. In both conflicts the light is breaking. The colored man is coming into his own, and there is little doubt that some day the antislavery and anticaste amendments will come into full effect.

And in the later issue, the President's appeal to good citizens to quit playing into the hands of criminals is certain to bear fruit, while the highly significant benefits that President Lowell concedes to Prohibition are gaining recognition in the public mind. The automobile is making the menace of the liquor habit plain even to the wayfaring man, and so justifying in his eyes the personal inconvenience the law puts him to.

He must soon see that the real issue is only secondarily one of personal habits, but primarily is between the people and the organized traffic of which speak-easies and blind pigs are and always have been as characteristic as the saloon, a traffic always unscrupulous, corrupt and corrupting, defiant of all law, and allied with vice and crime.

WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

The defense rests.

CHICO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No doubt the article bearing the title 'A Study in Still Life' in the Contributors' Club of your magazine for April caused much amusement to your readers.

It also served to demonstrate that the writer is no kin to Lucy. You remember the article closed with the witty sentence: 'Certainly not too bright!'

When I read the article I vividly recalled a scene in my mother's kitchen nearly sixty years ago. My mother wore a brown calico dress. She was sitting in a sunny window embroidering. With some effort, — for I was very small, — I lugged a large book to her and begged her to read to me. She read in her beautiful way, 'We Are Seven.' I had just lost a brother and sister, and the poem made a deep impression on my childish mind.

When I was a bride of eighteen someone gave me a book of poems. It lies open before me as I write, ragged and worn-out, like the old poems that nourished us in our childhood. In the book is a beautiful woodcut of the man and the moron, Lucy, and candor compels me to confess that curls are, indeed, clustering around her head. Well, I loved the poem and I love the picture, though I know now, thanks to your contributor, that I should n't have had any joy of them during the long years. I'm not bright, but I'm not too old to learn.

How did it happen that the writer omitted the two lines: —

> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me?

Those two lines should have made a good subject for brightness to try its wit upon.

C. M. M.

We are enabled to reproduce exactly as it reached us the following copy of verses by a granddaughter of A. Edward Newton, through the kindness of her father, E. Swift Newton.

SHEEP

Audreyswift
Newton

Some sheep on a hill
White as white can be
Jo and Bobby called them
clouds.
Carol did n't see,
Of coarse I knew they were n't
a cloud,
All tho' I did n't tell them so,
Alowd
age 8½
Saturday April 20, 1929

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1929

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

On April 9, 1926, the *Evening Democrat* of Fort Madison, Iowa, contained the following announcement: —

MRS. BROWN'S BIRTHDAY

An unusual family party took place today when Mrs. Maria D. Brown celebrated her 99th birthday. Gathered about her at the dinner table were her widowed daughter and her five sons with their wives. The oldest son is 80 years old, the youngest 56. The combined age of the family group, mother and six children, is 521 years. All are in sound health, physically and mentally.

The party took place at the Brown homestead, where Mrs. Brown has lived for more than a half century. She presided at the dinner table, asking the blessing in a strong voice and blowing out the candles on her birthday cake in one vigorous breath. Not the least among her achievements is the fact that she has kept to her extreme age a high degree of personal beauty and is still lovely to look at.

This family has on both sides a remarkable record of longevity. Mrs. Brown is the last survivor of a family of six sisters and one brother, all of whom lived to be over 70. She was born in Athens, Ohio, the daughter of Eben Foster, scion of Revolutionary ancestors who had migrated from Massachusetts. Her husband, Daniel Truesdell Brown, who was also born in Ohio, and was well known in Iowa as a paper manufacturer, died in 1906 at the age of 84. Considering him and his wife and their children as a family, there have been only three deaths in a family of 10 in 104 years, his own and those of two infant daughters. Aside from his death, there has been no death in the family for 60 years.

It came upon me that she sat enthroned among us not merely as Head of her Family, a precious figure of Maternity, but that, in some sense, she had become an Historical Personage, symbol of the pioneer age in the development of our great country. Of her like, few were now left on earth — not more than one in every twenty-five thousand of our population — who were alive when John Quincy Adams was president. Sprung from colonists who had settled the Atlantic seaboard, established its independence of Europe, and then pushed on into the Northwest Territory, claiming it too for freedom, she herself had joined in the great migration down the Ohio, helping to carry forward the customs and ideals of the English-speaking world into the wilderness that lay beyond the Mississippi. I felt that, dearly as they loved her, greatly as they honored her, it had hardly occurred to her twoscore descendants that she represented, in her person, something bigger than her own family, a complete tradition of many families, which had significance for the whole nation. I was filled with a desire

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to take from her own lips her impressions of the stirring age of which she had been a part. And so, when the reunion was over, and others had returned to their homes, I lingered a little longer, sitting beside her every day for two weeks and taking down in her own vigorous language her memories of life in the past century. The result is not only a chronicle of typical experience in the life of Woman, but also a panoramic view of an age seen through the eyes of an individual.

Had Grandmother Brown been a woman of literary attainments, of wider reading and more varied acquaintance with the great world, her observations on life might be more interesting to the sophisticated. But the mass of men and women who have made America have not been literary or sophisticated. They have, however, been people of ideals, people of courage. What benefits we now enjoy in America have come to us as the result of the labors of people inspired by ideals such as Grandmother Brown has cherished, upheld by courage such as she has had. As we go forward into another period of our country's development, it is well for us to try to understand the forces that have created us and the world in which we find ourselves, even though we ourselves are driven by very different forces and are building up another kind of society, based perhaps on a different philosophy of life. Many of the influences that have affected Grandmother Brown — religious, political, social — leave me unmoved, but I can understand how they wrought on her in her day, can understand and sympathize.

Recording her story in her own pungent speech, I have hoped to catch and preserve for Grandmother Brown's descendants some of the flavor of her personality; her aspirations, her achievements, even her limitations; her innocent vanities; her lovable animosities; her patient endeavors. Especially her summing up as she reviews it all. It is not merely that she has hung on the tree of life a hundred years — significant as is that fact alone in the history of poor feeble mankind — which moves me. It is the fact that she is, after a century of wear and tear, still a vivid Person. I can see that, sitting on the edge of the world and peering over, she gets a thrill from that experience as from all others. A pity to let so much of intelligence and sweetness and gallantry at age ninety-nine go unsung! The reactions of Nineteen to life we have all heard about many times; those of Nine-and-ninety we have, as yet, merely divined. To the psychologist — if not to the poet and preacher — those reactions are, as yet, little known. Perhaps we may learn from Grandmother Brown the secret of growing old gracefully.

Chiefly, I think of her as a mother. In that experience she has found understanding of many things. A careful craftsman in all she does, and by nature proud, — though timid, too, — she demands that her pride be satisfied in her children. It is impossible to tell her story and not refer constantly to her children, to her hopes and plans and work for them and their reaction to her efforts. Otherwise, she has no 'story.' And, indeed, her story is the typical story of women. What is noteworthy about it is her attitude toward it. 'Why, what has she ever done that is great?' is a question that nettled me when I told a friend that I was trying to write the history of my hundred-year-old mother-in-law. The general attitude of mind reflected by my friend's question is the thing that makes me want to see published the story of how one good mother has spent a hundred years. I want to honor a woman not esteemed 'great,' one who has had the

common fate and would be consigned to oblivion, despite work well done throughout a full century of living, unless someone like myself can rescue her from it. To read of her may comfort other women who, passionately and devotedly, but more or less rebelliously, are doing the duty that Nature points them to, the kind of work which the man-world, despite all its fine talk about the glory of womanhood, holds so lightly.

I

Grandmother Brown was born in Athens, Ohio, at ten o'clock in the morning, on April 9, 1827. She was the third child of Ebenezer Foster and Achsah Culver. They named the pretty baby 'Maria Dean,' after her father's sister, Maria, who had married John Nicholson Dean and lived across the street.

'Tell me, Grandmother Brown,' I began, drawing up my chair beside her on the morning of the day when she entered on her hundredth year, 'how it was in Ohio when you were a little girl.'

'It was n't like this,' she mused, gazing out of the window into the Iowa sunshine. 'I was born in an April shower. They used to say that was why I cried so easily. But I was born into a happy home, where there was little cause for crying. Two children were there before me — Brother John, five years old, and Sister Libbie, who was two. When I was three years old, Sister Kate came to join us. We lived in a commodious house surrounded by gardens and orchards. Our home occupied just one square block in the town of Athens. Oh, there never was any place that looked to me so beautiful as that did in my childhood days!'

To get a clear picture of that early home one must remember that, when little Maria first opened her observant blue eyes, she looked out on a cultural environment that had been developed by her parents and grandparents and their contemporaries in the short space of only forty years. Scarce four decades had elapsed since Congress had passed the famous Ordinance of 1787 under which the Government of the Northwest Territory had been established. Before that, the beautiful Hocking Valley where Maria was born had echoed to the tread of hardly any feet save those of red men and wild beasts. To be sure, French and British had passed that way, but only fleetingly.

None of Maria's forebears had been in that immortal band of forty-eight heroes of the Revolution whom General Rufus Putnam had landed, on April 7, 1788, at the point on the Ohio River where now stands Marietta. But her grandfather, Zadoc Foster, — a resident, like Putnam, of Rutland, Massachusetts, — came to Marietta only eight years later. In his boyhood he had known General Putnam, who had dwelt in a house not far from the one built and occupied by Zadoc's father, Lieutenant Ebenezer Foster. The families were friends. Both houses are still standing. Both are substantial, dignified structures of the type occupied by the leading citizens of New England a century and a half ago.

Studying the history of the times, I wonder if Zadoc Foster was not one of the multitude who streamed westward from the barren hills of New England as soon as news of General Anthony Wayne's decisive victory over the Indians began to reach them. 'During the year 1796,' says Walker in his *History of Athens County, Ohio*, 'nearly one thousand flatboats, or "broadhorns," as they were then called, passed Marietta laden with emigrants on their way to the more attractive regions of southwestern Ohio.' Ohio was reputed to be a land flowing with milk and

honey, and to Zadoc Foster tales of its fertility must have sounded alluring. Freed from the fear of savages, inspired by 'the siren song of peace and of farming,' he joined the living column moving westward.

Close as he was in kinship to Grandmother Brown, Zadoc Foster is rather a misty figure in her story. Having died tolerably early in life, he seems lost in the woods and wilds of those early colonies.

However, we have a very good idea of what cabin life in Ohio was like in those early days. And we have very definite information about the community with which Maria's grandfather had cast in his lot. 'As I never heard any complaint about my grandfather,' says Grandmother Brown proudly, 'I think he must have been entirely satisfactory. I believe that all my people were enterprising and industrious.'

II

In making a home for his family in the Belpré settlement, Zadoc Foster had, undoubtedly, full scope for any enterprise and industry of which he was possessed. To make a clearing in the forest and to rear on it a comfortable cabin was real man's work, even though the logs were piled up like children's cob houses and held together by wooden pins instead of nails, even though no tools were necessary in the construction except an axe, an auger, and perhaps a cross-cut saw. Rude, indeed, were those first log cabins with their puncheon floors, wooden shutters, leather latchstrings, stone chimneys, clay hearthstones. Primitive was the homemade furniture within them. Following the direction of Grandmother Brown's pointing finger as we peer backward into the past, we catch a glimpse of a table split from a large log, a bedstead made of poles interlaced with bearskins, a spinning wheel in the corner, a rifle hung in forked cleats over the door with powder horn beside it, three-legged stools, splint-bottomed chairs, cast-iron spiders, long-handled frying pans, a movable Dutch oven.

In some such home lived the Zadoc Fosters, I've no doubt, when they first came to Belpré. Here were met the needs of the children born to them before they moved to Athens in 1809.

'Pa's brothers and sisters were Sally, Ira, Hull, Issa, Maria, Melissa, and Samuel,' said Grandmother. 'Most of them I knew during my childhood in Athens. When I remember what kind of woman presided over this household, my dear Grandma Foster, and when I recall all the merry quips of Uncle Hull and Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria and Aunt Melissa, I am sure that that simple cabin must have been a very happy home. But I am sure too that Grandma Foster must have had her hands full in those log-cabin days. All sorts of accidents were likely to happen to one's children, in those pioneer times, besides the kind of thing that may befall any baby at any time. Think what happened to Aunt Sally! She fell into the open fire when she was a child and burned the side of her face so that one nostril was drawn down.'

The Fosters arrived in Belpré at a time of great activity in the settlement. Released by the treaty of peace with the Indians in 1795 from their five years' imprisonment in garrisons, the white settlers began to move energetically over the face of the land, chopping down timber, erecting houses, building roads and bridges, breeding stock, and setting out orchards. Fruit trees in the virgin soil of the Ohio bottoms grew with astonishing rapidity. It was not long before Belpré was noted as the fairest spot between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Situated on beautiful meadows

set high in a lovely curve over the Ohio River, it had a commanding position.

Just opposite Belpré, a small island in the river had been purchased in 1798 by a rich and eccentric Irish nobleman named Harman Blennerhassett, who became famous in our history. In that romantic situation he had laid out a fine estate — a spacious mansion surrounded by lawns and gardens, by stables, dairies, and hothouses. The tragic story of the Blennerhassetts is known to all the world — how, fresh from his duel with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr tarried at their island home on his way down the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and how he interested them in his scheme to establish a colony of wealthy individuals in Louisiana, a scheme that was later declared to be treasonable as making a project to separate the people of the West from those of the Atlantic States. When Burr was arrested, the Blennerhassetts became involved in his fall. Their lovely home was ruthlessly destroyed by the militia. But during the eight years that the Blennerhassetts — husband, wife, and two children — dwelt there they endeared themselves to all their neighbors, high and low. Mr. Blennerhassett was a man of varied intellectual interests and artistic gifts, Mrs. Blennerhassett a woman of engaging qualities of person, mind, and heart. Socially inclined, hospitable and kind, they made welcome at their home all who shared their tastes. They themselves went often to visit friends in Marietta and Belpré. Mrs. Blennerhassett is described by Hildreth as dashing along forest paths in a riding dress of scarlet broadcloth, accompanied by a favorite black servant.

'Oh, Uncle Hull remembered seeing her in that red habit!' exclaimed Grandmother Brown. 'I recall now hearing him tell about it. He was only a little boy when he lived in Belpré, but he had a vivid recollection of seeing Madame Blennerhassett riding through the woods in a red dress on a fine horse.'

In 1809, when Grandmother Brown's father, Eben, was eleven years old, Zadoc Foster brought his family to Athens. There he conducted a tavern until he died, five years later, of the 'cold plague.' 'That was probably the disease we know now as "grippe,"' explained Grandmother Brown. 'It raged with terrible violence, and many died.'

Left a widow with a large family of children, Mrs. Sally Foster continued to keep the tavern a few years after her husband's death. Then she went back to the vocation of her youth and became a school-teacher once more, 'in which occupation,' says Walker, 'she was eminently useful and beloved during the remainder of her life.'

'With his own hands,' said Grandmother, 'my father built a house for her to live in. There it was she opened the first "select school" for young children that was known in Athens.'

Why Zadoc Foster and his wife decided, after a dozen years at Belpré, to move to Athens is not now known. Possibly because other enterprising people were doing it. Athens was coming to be a trading point for furs and wild meats.

Dr. Manasseh Cutler of Ipswich, Massachusetts, after Dr. Benjamin Franklin the foremost scientist of the Western Continent, a man of consummate business ability and a master hand at diplomacy, was director and agent of the Ohio Company, and one of the 'principles' dearest to his heart was that of educational opportunity. In dealing with Congress, he had insisted that in the Ohio Company's purchase of land there should be an appropriation of land for the endowment of a university. In 1804, Ohio University was, accordingly, established by act of

legislature. Two years later, a two-story brick building, twenty-four feet by thirty, was erected as the first home of that institution.

'I remember that old academy at Athens,' said Grandmother Brown. ' 'T was n't torn down till after I was born.'

If Eben Foster and his brothers had dreamed, perhaps, that in coming to Athens they were getting nearer to a university education than they had been at Belpré, their dreams were probably disturbed by the death of their father. The question of bread and butter was the one that undoubtedly pressed them for solution in their early manhood. Just as their father had done at Belpré, they, at Athens, turned instinctively to supplying the essential needs of the community, Hull to making shoes, Eben to manufacturing bricks, while their patient, precise, dainty little mother attended in the background to the intellectual needs and social conduct of Athen's youngest set. All were useful and successful citizens, much beloved and respected by the community.

By the time his daughter Maria was born, Eben Foster, twenty-nine years old, had reason to feel proud of the domain he had created for himself. His home was one of the most comfortable and pretentious in the thriving village. And the town records for that year and the previous one showed his name among the town officers: 'Eben Foster, supervisor.'

III

My father made steady progress all his life (said Grandmother Brown proudly). Indeed, he prospered amazingly. When he died, at the age of thirty-three, he was counted among the wealthy men of Athens. No other little girls had a home a whole block square. Everyone thought well of him.

To show what kind of child he was, I will relate a story that was told me by a man who had been a friend of his in boyhood. He said: 'Do you want to know how I got acquainted with your father? Our folks were moving to Athens and I was trudging behind the wagons, driving the cow. I was tired and hot. Along came a little boy. He walked right up to me and said: "Here, would n't you like to have this apple?" I thanked him and we were friends ever after. That was your father!'

Later, when that friend thought that Eben ought to have a wife, he came to Grandma Foster's home one night and said to my father: 'Why don't you get married, Eben?' 'I can't find time to ask my girl,' was the answer. The friend said: 'Here, Eben, you go right off and speak to her about it now.' Eben was shelling corn at the time, shelling it into a big basket hung over the end of a spout. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'All right, Nick, I'll do it.' Up he jumped, seized his cap, and started off. 'Are n't you going to change your clothes?' called Nick. 'No. If she does n't like me this way, she would n't like me at all,' answered Eben. So he struck out toward his girl's home, which was about a mile from there. 'I looked out and watched him in the moonlight,' his friend told me. 'He went round the point of the hill on the run.'

And so Eben Foster told Achsah Culver, that moonlight night, how he happened to come in his working clothes and what he wanted of her. They fixed it up; and that's how I happen to be here now, you see.

The land on which our house stood sloped toward the east. From our front porch we could see Miles Mill on the Hocking River and the hills beyond, but not the river itself. Around our place ran a 'post and rail' fence — that

is, a fence that had slots cut in the posts with flat smooth rails fitted into the slots. Within our enclosure was everything to make a happy world for children. We had no need to go abroad for pleasure, although we often did run across the street and down the road to play at the homes of our numerous cousins.

Our house was of weatherboard inlaid with brick, so that the walls were very thick and the window sills very deep. It was a two-story structure above the cellar kitchen. In the middle of the house, opening on to the porch that faced the street, was the main entrance. This porch had a railing around it, and a seat against the railing all the way around. It was a resort for old and young. There Ma sat with her sewing. There we all gathered on a summer afternoon. The front door opened directly into the big living room, with its huge fireplace. Behind this were kitchen and summer kitchen; across the way, best room — we never called it parlor; upstairs the sleeping rooms. My mother used to say, after we had lived about in different places, that never was there any place where she could accomplish so much as in that house.

What kind of furniture did we have? Well, in the best room the chairs were of the kind called Windsor, the bottoms solid, the backs round. In that room too was one large rocking-chair, with the most beautiful cushion on it. I think the chairs must have been of cherry, perhaps mahogany; they were red. And in one corner stood a large bureau — the most work on it! — big claw feet, glass knobs. The walls of this room were painted white. The floor had a rag carpet. At that time all window shades were made of paper, green paper. We had thin white curtains over the shades. No pictures.

In our living room we had no carpet. The floor was of ash wood, very white, and kept white. Every morning, after sweeping it, we wiped it over with a clean, damp mop. It took but a few minutes and kept the floor sweet and clean. That mop was rinsed then and hung in its place. We were always up at five o'clock in the morning, so that we had plenty of time for everything.

At the back of the house lay orchard and garden, the well and drying kiln, the milkhouse and smokehouse, with the stables at the farther end of the lot, where my father drove his oxen in. I used to run when I heard the oxen coming at night, to see them put their handsome heads into the stanchion. My father's oxen were famous for their beauty. Once, a little while after Dan'l and I were married and living in Amesville, we drove back to Athens. Stopping at a wayside place, Dan'l introduced me to the innkeeper, saying, 'This is Eben Foster's daughter.' And the man exclaimed: 'Oh, those fine oxen that he had!' He was more interested in them than in the bride.

My father was always thoughtful of his oxen. Once he dismissed a hired man who swore at them. 'They work hard for me six days a week,' he said, 'and all they get is what they eat. They can't be sworn at or abused.' Every Saturday in warm weather Pa turned the oxen out for a nice long Sabbath rest.

He used to send them to his farm. That was the first ground outside the corporation. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway station stands on that land to-day. There my father raised hay for his cattle and there our cows were pastured. We never kept less than two, for Pa always would have plenty of milk and butter. We children used to drive the cows back and forth to pasture. Other people kept theirs on the common. All the hills around Athens were covered with lovely grass where

cows could walk knee-deep. But we knew where our cows were if we kept them on our own farm.

The oxen were used by my father for hauling the brick he manufactured. He always kept at least three teams. The brick he made was eight-sided, like a honeycomb design. Some of it I saw, a few years ago, in a pavement in Athens. The soil about there is full of iron and the brick made from it was so hard that it would n't break when unloaded. They used to pull out the linchpin of the cart and just drive on.

Near the house too was the dry kiln where my mother dried fruit for the winter. The kiln consisted of a big oval flagstone, at least six feet long, which had been brought from my father's quarry. It was as smooth as if polished. It was set up on brick legs so as to be well off the ground, and a fire was built at one end with a flue running under the flag so as to warm the stone. The fire was made of chips and sticks and not allowed to get too hot or it would bake the fruit. On this flagstone Ma spread out apples, peaches, pears, and quinces, cut in quarters. These she covered with a cloth, which absorbed the moisture and kept off the flies and bees. From time to time she would turn the fruit over until it was thoroughly dried.

Fruit! We were rich in fruit those days, our trees and bushes burdened with it. Boys always know where apples grow. I've heard Judge Welch say, 'We boys used to flock up to the Foster orchard. We never got yelled at or driven away from there.' Well, we had all we needed. I never saw such prolific apple trees as we had, such wealth of early sweet apples and Vandevere pippins, such cherry trees. As for quinces and currants, there are n't such any more. Why, our quinces were great golden things like my two fists put together — yellow, the color of lemon, and no 'furze' on them. Currants so abundant that we could n't possibly use them all! Stems as long as my finger, and tapering down just like it. My mother used to put them up with raspberries — how good they were!

My mother was a good housekeeper and used to try to save everything, but there was so much fruit that some of it had to go to waste. I remember that close at the left of our well an apple tree grew up slanting, completely covering our smokehouse and milkhouse. The apples were not considered especially good — had n't much tang; but they were solid and sweet. Ma would wash and boil them, press the juice out with clamps, and boil it down to make apple molasses. We children loved it on our bread and butter. Then Ma would boil quinces and apples together in this molasses. Usually a ten-gallon jar of this stood in our pantry. My, how good that was!

I have never seen any place kept so nice, inside and out, as ours was. In those days bedsteads had no springs, so we used to have straw beds under our feather beds to make them springy. Every spring the ticks were emptied and washed and filled with new straw. I remember hearing it said that my father would n't let the straw be carried through the grounds because some of it would be dropped on the grass and give it an untidy look. No, everything about our place was neat and in order while my father lived. And there were roses, tidy rows of lovely roses, to make things beautiful. I remember a row that ran the whole length of the house, a row of red roses big and round, as big as doorknobs. We did n't have so many kinds of roses as nowadays, but we had them in abundance. When Ma would be sitting outdoors sewing, we'd stick roses in her hair. I can see her now with a big one flopping from her comb.

IV

It was a happy home for ten years; but when I was four years old my father died. After that things were different.

I have been told many times about my father by those who knew him and admired him. Once I said to Grandma Foster, 'Tell me, did my father have no faults? Everybody praises him,' and she answered thoughtfully: 'Well, if he had a fault at all, it was his levity.'

My mother said she lived with Eben Foster ten years and never heard him speak an impatient word. He was evidently a man of peace, for Grandma Foster has told me how depressed he used to be as a child if his brothers, Hull and Ira, would quarrel.

Young as I was at the time of his death, I have some precious memories of my father. I have a clear recollection of him in his Sunday clothes, and he seemed to me very grand and handsome then. Our folks are all proud. We like our Sunday clothes. My father did. Uncle Hull was the same way. And Grandmother Foster, too.

I suppose I remember my father in his Sunday clothes not only because I admired his appearance but because that was the day when we saw most of him. He had time on Sunday to hold me on his lap. It was a day of quiet leisure with us. No cooking was done on that day. Oh, we might make a fire to boil some coffee, but all the other food had been prepared the day before. And so it happened that, sitting on my father's lap, I studied the last Sunday clothes he ever wore. They were made of a dark navy blue cloth in a heavy weave. With them he wore a white vest and a hat with a kind of bell crown.

I remember particularly the kind of buttons Pa wore on his white vest, because I played with them once when I lay in his arms, his naughty, adoring child. It happened this way: We older children were in church with Pa and Ma, but Kate, the baby, had been left at home. My mother suddenly felt the milk come. When they were singing the last hymn, she stepped out of church and hurried home to the baby, leaving us to follow with our father. I began to cry for my mother. 'Daughter,' he said, 'you'll stop this crying, or when you get home I'll have to switch your legs.' I kept on crying. And so he led me home and out into the garden, where he cut a little twig from a currant bush, — one with little nubs along the side, but it would n't break anything, — and he gave me a tingly switching across my legs. Then he took me up in his arms and talked to me as we sat on the front porch, and I played with the buttons on his vest. They were glass buttons held in by a ring. If I should be so fortunate as to get to Heaven, I think my father'll meet me. I always felt he'd be the first one.

I know that he must have been a kind and tender-hearted man, a loving husband and father. He thought, for instance, that if a woman had a baby her husband ought to give her something. When Kate was born, he brought home to our mother stuff for two dresses. One was a beautiful black satin. Those were the days, too, when they did n't know enough to make satin without making it all satin. The other was an oil calico, fifty cents a yard, a groundwork of red overlaid with a figure in many colors. Beautiful pieces of goods! Well, a woman earned it when she had a baby.

My father was good to many. My mother had a brother who was drowned in Lake Erie, leaving behind him a wife and several children. When my father heard of it, he harnessed his team and drove up to Sandusky and brought them home to our place. He gave Aunt Betsy our cellar kitchen and the room above that and the room above *that* to

live in, gave her practically all her living, and provided a loom for her on which she could do weaving and earn a little herself. I remember that once my father went into Aunt Betsy's kitchen when she and her children were at table. 'What's that?' he suddenly said, quite fiercely, pointing at a pan of milk. 'That looks like skimmed milk.' 'It is,' said Aunt Betsy. 'Giving your children skimmed milk to drink?' he asked severely. 'Well, I took the cream to make a little butter,' acknowledged Aunt Betsy. 'You can have the butter, too,' said Pa, 'but I don't allow anyone on my place to drink skimmed milk. That's only for pigs. Children must have the top of the milk.' He made her go to the milkhouse and get more. After my father died, Aunt Betsy would talk by the hour about how good he'd been to her.

My mother told me once of how a neighbor came with a silver pitcher asking for cream, and at the same time the little girl of Mrs. Johnson, a poor widow who lived on the next place, came with the same request. After they had gone, my father said sternly: 'Did you put as good cream into that earthen jug as went into the silver pitcher?' He always had his men haul wood from his woodlot to Widow Johnson's door, and he had them cut it where she could get every chip that flew. Every baking day he'd say to Mother: 'Don't forget a loaf for Mrs. Johnson.' He gave freely, and it never made him poor.

As for his levity, I think he was rather a wag, liked a good story as much as my Gus does, and sometimes played a practical joke that he enjoyed greatly. Even when the matter was serious! I remember hearing about his helping three runaway slaves to get away. He hid them in his haymow and then blacked his own face and had two of his hired men black theirs. Then he and his men showed themselves running toward his stone quarry. The slave owner pursued them into the quarry, thinking they were the slaves, while the real negroes used the opportunity to get away. My father enjoyed playing this trick on the slave master, and telling about it, too!

I can remember other times in the dining room when my father's levity was more apparent, when he stood by smiling at me in my red morocco shoes as I danced for the men. They sang while I danced and they beat time with their hands.

'Heigh, Biddy Martin!
Tiptoe, tiptoe!
Heigh, Biddy Martin!
Tiptoe, tiptoe — fine!'

Then they'd laugh and shout: —

'Follow my lady
On tipty-toe.'

And I would strut and toss my head and lift my skirt and twirl my toes until perhaps one of the men would snatch me up and toss me high and not let me down until I'd tell his name. Ezra Goodspeed! Tom Francis! I could not pronounce them well, and they'd laugh to hear me try. No indeed, my father never objected to dancing. You can't find a thing in the Bible against it, either.

One of those men, Tom Francis, named his baby Eben Foster after my father. He used to say that Pa cured him of drinking. A man was considered very mean in those days if he did n't keep whiskey for his hired help. But Pa persuaded Tom Francis to limit his drinking. He would only give him a little at a time and gradually got him out of the habit of drinking. When the temperance wave struck Athens, my father had two barrels of whiskey in the house. He rolled them out, struck the heads in, and let the whiskey run down the gutter, down our pretty gutter which, with its sloping sides, all neatly

paved with his own honeycomb brick, ran from our back door to the street. The first temperance society organized in Athens was called 'The Washingtonians' and my father was a member of it.

(It is ninety-five years since Grandmother Brown lost her father, but there was a tragic quality in her voice still when she told of his untimely taking-off.)

I was only four years old when my father died. It was in the month of August, and very warm. It had been raining hard for days and the river had risen and overflowed its banks. On the farm Pa had been working hard trying to save his hay, to get it in before it was ruined by the water. He took cold — had a sunstroke, perhaps — anyway, came home exhausted, running a high fever. Ma was alarmed and sent for the doctor, who gave him calomel and forbade him water. Probably he would have recovered if there had been no doctor and he had had plenty of rest and cold water. When the doctor found himself unable to check the fever, he told my father that his hour had come and he would have to die. Pa was only thirty-three years old, but he said: 'For the sake of my family, I would like to live longer; but if I lived ever so much longer I could be no better prepared to go.'

But the fortunes of the family declined. We were cheated by those who should have protected us. And then my mother was no financier. Good Aunt Eliza, my mother's sister, had a husband, Francis Beardsley, who was not so good. He had the management of our father's estate, and somehow he managed most of it away. He was a deacon, but he'd use our cattle to haul wood from our woodlot to my mother's door and then charge her for doing it. And Ma'd be fool enough to pay. All the time, too, he was getting his own wood supply off our woodlot. In time he got to be pretty well off.

But, dear me suz, 'what comes over the devil's back goes under his belly.' Beardsley lost all his property, and at the last he lost his mind, too. His house was robbed, and after Aunt Eliza died he just went to nothing. Finally he got so he did n't know anything.

V

After my father had been dead three years, my mother married again. That was a sorry day for all of us. She married Edward Hatch, a clerk in a dry-goods store. He was a pretty man, but without moral character.

She had plenty of warning, too, but seemed possessed, poor woman. I remember my Uncle Hull and one other member of the church coming to see her and urging her not to marry that man. I remember, too, that Brother John was much offended when Mr. Hatch came courting our mother. Sister Libbie and I helped him put a mop against the door so that when Mr. Hatch came out it would whack him. 'That cottontail!' John called him.

But Ma married him. None of her sisters and none of her children were at the wedding.

And so Mr. Hatch came to live in our plentiful home. He never took care of anything. He would even pull boards off the house to burn them. He was wasteful and dissipated and lazy. He was this kind of man: if he was talking to a Whig, he was a Whig; if talking to a Democrat, he too was a Democrat. Between him and our dishonest trustee, practically all my mother's property was mismanaged away.

Three children were speedily added to the family circle — Mary, Ann, and Charlotte. Pretty little girls they were. When Mary was born I was only eight years old, but I took entire care of her

just the way I'd seen my mother take care of Kate. She said she had nothing to do but take the baby to nurse. I am glad that I could be a comfort to her, for she needed comforting. The night the last child was born I heard Ma calling me in her distress. My stepfather was too drunk to know what was needed and did nothing except curse and swear, but I went for help, as Ma directed, and got everything ready. The next morning, when neighbors came in to see the baby, Mr. Hatch bethought himself to get some oranges and make a fuss over Ma. But his way was very different from my father's.

How did I look? Oh, I was rather a puny child. Not until I got into my teens was I at all robust. I came to be a tall, healthy girl with curly dark hair and high color, but as a child I was small and pale, with blonde hair. Little 'Liza Hatch, my stepfather's niece, hurt my feelings one time by saying spitefully, 'Pa says you're a pot-gutted little thing.' I s'pose I was. I used to have sick spells in school and faint away sometimes. Once I was sent out in the country to a Mr. Richey's. 'Let the little girl go home with us,' he had said to my mother, when he heard I was not well. There I hunted eggs and romped with his little girls, Caroline and Mehaley. What a happy time it was!

I know that my hair was light once because I remember the first time it was ever cut. Mrs. Hoge stood me up on a chair and cut my curls. Mrs. Hoge was a friend of my mother's whose husband was a professor in the college. I remember looking at the yellow rings of hair lying on the floor. We girls wore nets over our hair. Our mother made them. She made them of black silk thread, netting them over a pencil — like a fish net. At the top a long portion was left plain so a ribbon could be run through and tied at the top of the head. It was a very nice way to dress children's hair so as to keep it smooth and tidy.

Usually Sister Libbie and I were dressed alike. We were for a long time about the same size, and many people thought we were twins. Then I took a start and began to grow, and became considerably the taller. Libbie always liked pink and I blue. I don't think so much pink looks well — I was too big to wear it.

I remember some of the pretty clothes we used to have when we were little girls. There was a garnet-colored cashmere which was different on the two sides and there was a merino which was alike on both sides. We used to get such pretty lawns in those days in all kinds of colors. Ma made them up with yoke and belt. I remember that the sleeves were cut with a perfect circle for the armhole, making the part under the arms only about an inch long and a puff on the top. I had long mitts of fine brown linen which my mother had embroidered. They reached above the elbow. Our mother used to take great pains with our clothes. We were supposed to wear sunbonnets and mitts to protect us against the sun. It was thought dreadful to get tanned as we did whenever we went out to Uncle John's farm. I can hear my mother saying, 'Oh, my child! I hate to take you to church. How you look!'

I remember the prettiest little bonnet that I once had. It looked much like a sweet pea. The crown went up this way — oh, you know how a sweet pea looks! It was made of a pretty shade of green silk and lined with pink. This bonnet was made by Miss Crippen, the milliner, and promised for Saturday night. But it was not finished until late and was brought home to us as a special favor Sunday morning, which impressed me very much.

I had green shoes to match that

bonnet, shoes made of green prunella and trimmed with ribbon pleating and buckles. I had another pair of shoes of which the front part was blue prunella and the back blue kid to match. With these pretty shoes we wore white stockings which were knitted from fine cotton. Our common shoes were made of black morocco or calfskin.

In all our play Sister Libbie and I were partners. We always did things together. It had to be an awfully hot night when we did n't sleep with our arms around each other. We slept so until we were married, and we were married on the same day. When one of us had a beau and the other one did n't, one would always wait until the other's company had gone before she went to bed.

We loved and admired each other devotedly. And indeed Sister Libbie was a pretty, dear little thing. I remember once when we were staying all night at Aunt Maria Foster's how I looked up and saw her standing there in her little shimmy, looking for fleas and shaking herself over the rose blanket. That's a kind of blanket that has a rose woven in one corner and is made with a very long fibre. Rose blankets were fine things to catch fleas.

Did n't you ever see a flea? Well, they used to be terribly common. The dust and air seemed to be full of them. The flea is n't bigger than a big pinhead, but he can bite and raise great ugly welts on tender flesh. But he has a beard on his legs, and so, if shaken off into a rose blanket, he is caught by his beard in the long fibre. We used to spread a rose blanket on the floor at night and then shake ourselves over it. As Libbie stood there in her little shirt, that night, she looked so sweet that I could n't resist calling out, 'Oh, come, Aunt Maria! Come quick! I've got something pretty to show you!' And I caught hold of Libbie's shimmy and drew it tight around her, calling Aunt Maria to come. But Libbie called out: 'No, *don't* come, Aunt Maria, don't come!' And Aunt Maria came running, wondering what it was all about, and nodded and laughed at us and said: 'Yes, yes, she *has* a pretty shape.'

VI

(Prominent in Maria's family background stood out her two grandmothers. Each of them made a deep impression on her youthful mind. 'Were the two good friends?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' she laughed; 'both were good Presbyterians.')

Grandma Foster was a tiny little body, always immaculately dressed.

At Grandma Foster's school, little girls learned not only to read and write, but to sew and knit also. When the boys got so they could read well in the Testament, they were graduated.

We learned knitting, too. First we knit our garters, afterward our stockings. I knit eight pairs of socks for soldiers in the World War, but I did n't follow the instructions of the Red Cross; I shaped the feet the way Grandma Foster had taught me nearly ninety years before.

When we were little girls and went somewhere, we always took our knitting along. We had to knit so many times around before we could play. Children must learn to be useful, they thought in those days. My cousin, Lucinda Gillmore, came to play one day. 'My children have done their task,' said Ma. 'Just give me your knitting and I'll do yours.' We went running down to the orchard to the swing while our mother did Cindy's knitting. It made a great impression on me — Ma's doing Cindy's stint for her.

After sewing and knitting came spelling and reading. We used *Webster's*

Elementary Spelling Book, beginning with the *a-b; e-b;* and so on. Then came short sentences of just one line. Like this: 'Brass is made of zinc and copper.' Then another line telling something else that would be useful to know. Every line different; all important. We had the *New England Primer*, too. Then Grandma taught us the Roman numerals, so that we could open the Bible and know right away what chapter it was.

We were taught good manners, too, at Grandma Foster's school. At recess, the little girls used to play under the apple tree while the boys would romp in the street. I remember that one day when I had been laughing boisterously Grandma called me to her and said mildly, — she always corrected us very quietly, — 'My child, if something amuses you, laugh, but not so loud.' When school was dismissed, it was n't just open the door and go out, but first the girls filed past Grandma, making a deep obeisance, and then the little boys marched by, caps in hand.

She had eight children and taught school at least thirty-five years after her husband died. That's what I call a full life.

(*Grandmother Brown's next chapter will be 'Four Little Buckeyes'*)

FROM ATOMS TO STARS

BY A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

THROUGHOUT the ages intellectual progress has been due to three attributes of mankind—a deeply implanted, insatiable curiosity; a far-reaching, unrestrainable, unfetterable imagination; and an undaunted faith that there is order in the universe, an underlying harmony in nature. Dean Inge, who is one of the few distinguished men of letters to possess a keen and sympathetic understanding of the aims, ideals, and spirit of scientific inquiry, has written these words: 'The dramatic fancy which creates myths is the raw material of both poetry and science.' Curiosity, imagination, and faith — these are the qualities of mind which have led the natural philosophers of every age to search patiently amid the phenomena of nature that they might perchance discover the reality behind and beneath the appearance of things.

To every investigator there come moments when his thought is baffled, when the limits of experimental possibility seem to have been reached and he faces a barrier which defies his curiosity. Then it is that imagination, like a glorious greyhound, comes bounding along, leaps the barrier, and a vision is flashed before the mind — a vision no doubt that is partly false, but a vision that may be partly true. It stirs up new ideas in the thoughts of the investigator, it fires him with a fresh enthusiasm and his curiosity spurs him on to further endeavors. Thus is brought about the gradual growth of knowledge.

I

The greyhound imagination of the Greeks pictured the atom, the ultimate particle of matter, smaller than anything that human eye can see. Almost three hundred years ago, the greyhound imagination of Pascal saw a vision of what was within the atom: 'Consider the last least object [the atom] at which he [the scientist] can arrive. Perhaps he will think that it is the limit of littleness in nature. But I will show him within this a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all the immensity of nature that one can conceive within the bounds of this epitome of an atom. He may see an infinity of universes, each with its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportions as in the visible world.'

In the light of the revelations of the last twenty-five years, Pascal's vision is indeed remarkable. Overdrawn though it undoubtedly is in some respects, there is more than a germ of truth within it, and the last phrase in particular is strikingly prophetic. We know to-day the proton and the electron and how in the hydrogen atom the latter revolves about the more ponderable former, very much as a planet about the sun. We know, too, that the heavier elements are composed of atoms having a nucleus made up of some compact aggregation of protons and electrons, while outer electrons in orbits like planets and comets revolve about this massive centre.

To-day the greyhound imagination of a Rutherford is leaping the barrier of the complex atomic nucleus, while the picks and spades and battering-rams of his associates are opening for us a breach into the very citadel of the atom. Here we are dealing with the limit of smallness to which the human mind has attained.

But the human mind goes outward to the immensities as well as inward to the atom. Here, too, the imagination has played its part and astronomers have done what Ulysses longed to do — 'To sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars.' Young men have seen visions and old men have dreamed dreams; these flights of the imagination have paved the way for the advance of knowledge. These visions and dreams with their high imaginative qualities are among the highest peaks of human achievement.

Man has looked out into space beyond the sun and solar system of planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, out beyond the six thousand stars visible to the naked eye, beyond the thousands of stars revealed to the eye by means of a telescope, beyond the millions of stars recorded photographically and estimated statistically — and what does he see? He sees spiral nebulæ, clusters of one hundred million stars, island galaxies to the number of many thousands — possibly there are many millions. And of these myriad stars each one is a radiant sun, a sphere of inconceivably hot, glowing gas. The majority are as large as or larger than our sun, and their average distances are such that if one star were represented by a golf ball the next star would be another golf ball, or perhaps a football, or a small balloon, some thousand miles away.

II

To gain some idea of these astronomical distances let us imagine that the Golden Arrow, whose recent record of 231 miles per hour astonished the world, should travel around the earth at the equator, contenting itself with a speed of 200 miles per hour. It would complete the journey in five days. At the same speed it would cover the distance from earth to moon in fifty days.

It would arrive at the sun in fifty-three years. Neptune, the outpost planet of our solar system, would not be reached until fifteen hundred years had elapsed, and then through interstellar space the Golden Arrow would speed on and on for thirteen million years ere it would reach a neighboring star. After ninety thousand million years, when it has passed through all the stars of the Milky Way and arrived at the confines of our galaxy, — like a traveler who comes to the border town of his own country, — in a sense the journey has just commenced, the exploration of the universe is about to begin.

No doubt Shakespeare thought that he was taxing the imagination of his audience to the utmost when he made Puck, the messenger of the fairies, assert his capacity for speed thus: 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' Our generation would not tolerate a fairy who could do no better than that! Have we not the radio wave that will encircle the earth in one seventh of a second?

Let us then desert the Golden Arrow for a golden sunbeam, that swiftest known messenger, the electromagnetic radiation which travels through space at 186,000 miles per second. A sunbeam comes down to the surface of the earth, hits a smooth shiny object, and is reflected outward again. At the moment of rebound, vault into the saddle, and away you go to explore the universe. In one and one-third seconds you have passed the moon, in eight and four-tenths minutes the sun is left behind, and after four years the first neighboring star looms large ahead. Thereafter, every four or five years will bring you near to some great sun, or perhaps to some binary system where two great stars revolve about one another. Less often, but nevertheless not infrequently, it will be a multiple system of three or four or more suns revolving about one another in pairs, and the pairs about the common gravitational centre of their group. Undoubtedly there will be an occasional star that you will find, as you approach closely, to be surrounded, like our own sun, by a family of planets, of comets, and of meteoric swarms. What may you not see as your sunbeam carries you close to some of these planets? Our imagination loses itself in speculative wonderings.

But you will have abundant time to ponder on the sights and the marvels of any one group of stars or solar systems ere you reach another, — several years of meditation, — unless perchance your course leads you into a dense nebulous region of interstellar space where your sunbeam is buffeted this way and that, so that it is no easy matter to avoid disaster. An oxygen atom here, a nitrogen atom there, a meteoric fragment just beyond, and your sunbeam just misses the one, collides with the other, losing some of its energy, is buffeted by the third, and swerves off obliquely. Thus on and on from one excitement to another, year in and year out, until at long last the vast nebula is traversed and you emerge into less crowded regions of space.

One hundred thousand years of journeying thus will bring you to the outermost limits of the Milky Way, the frontiers of our galaxy — and what then? It is then, and then only, as your sunbeam begins its million-year journey across cloudless, starless space, that your exploration of the universe may be said to have really begun. Looking backward upon our galaxy, you see it as a mighty aggregation of a thousand million stars not distributed evenly in a spherical volume of space, but in a volume flattened above and below into a disc or lens-shaped configuration. Looking around you in all other directions, you see what seems to

be a vast void with here and there — incredibly far off — a faint, faint, hazy light. Let your sunbeam carry you toward the brightest of these phantom lights. As the centuries roll by, the great galaxy behind you recedes into the background until it too is merely a faint phantom patch of fuzzy light. More centuries come and go, and the phantom light before you grows more real, its true nature dawns upon you — it is another galaxy of many million stars.

Each one of the far-away phantom lights, and there are myriads of them, is a star galaxy, and we do not wonder that the spirit of the man in Richter's legend grew faint at the immensity of space and asked in tones of awe akin to dismay, 'End is there none to the universe of God?' 'And,' continues Richter, 'all the stars echoed the question with amazement . . . and this echo found no answer.'

III

The human mind roves through the universe exploring its mysteries from one end of the scale to the other, from the inconceivably small things — the electron, the proton, the atom — to the incomprehensibly vast things — the stars and star galaxies. Where is man in this scale of magnitudes? Man as a physical body, a quantity of matter, — as distinct from man as a mental and spiritual entity, — must be somewhere between these two extremes, the atom and the star. In ancient mythology, Astræa, the goddess of justice, is represented as a figure of commanding dignity holding in outstretched hand the scales or balance of equity. Imagine the goddess undertaking to weigh out the energy content of different material objects in the universe. In one pan she places an average man and from a cornucopia she pours individual atoms into the other pan. How many atoms will be required to bring about a true and just balance? A thousand million million million million! Next she removes the atoms from the pan and in their place she puts one average star. Now the other pan is much too light, and so she puts more and more and yet more men into it until there are ten thousand million million million million men, when the balance is reached. Here, then, is man's place in the avoirdupois scale of the universe — almost but not quite halfway between atom and star. It is from this midway point that man, because of his mental and spiritual endowments, can survey the smaller things of nature on the one hand and the greater things upon the other hand with an ever-increasing curiosity and comprehension.

Let us suppose that two young investigators, filled with the curiosity, imagination, and faith of the scientific worker, come to Dame Nature and say: We wish to give our lives to scientific research, 'to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought' — what shall we do? To one Dame Nature replies: Take thou the atom. To the other she says: Take thou the star. Perhaps you think, as they do, that their paths will never cross — the one in his laboratory delving into the profundities of things so small no microscope will reveal them, the other in his observatory photographing a vast galaxy of myriad giant stars. You can imagine that possibly they will grow discontented with their lots, and, with that strange perversity of human nature, the one will come to Dame Nature and say: You told me to study atoms, but I should like to study stars! And the other returns and says: You told me to study the stars, but I want to study atoms! And Dame Nature smiles quietly as she replies: Yes, I told you to study the atom; return to your laboratory, bend

all your energy to the task, and some day you will find that the walls of your laboratory are expanding and expanding until they include — the stars. And to the other young investigator she answers: Yes, I told you to study stars; return to your telescope, your spectroscope, and your measuring instruments, and lo! some day you will awaken to find that you are really studying atoms.

This is not merely a parable — it is the actual truth; and the remaining portion of this article will have failed in its purpose if it does not carry conviction that this is the case.

IV

The physicist and the astronomer have much in common and of necessity the latter owes a very great debt to the former. Since the astronomer can know nothing of the nature of the stars save what he can find written in the starlight, it is natural that he should early ask, — and he has been repeating the question at intervals ever since, — 'What is light?' At different times the physicist has made somewhat different answers. To-day, if he be in a humorous mood, his answer may be along these lines. He picks up a piece of red chalk and draws a sinuous curve to represent a wave. Above this he draws the figure of a runner striding from crest to crest with a small pack sack on his back. With orange chalk he draws another wave of slightly shorter wave length, — that is to say, the distance from crest to crest is less, — and on this is drawn an orange runner with shorter legs, since his stride is less, but carrying a larger pack sack. Then a yellow wave with a yellow runner, a green wave and a green runner, and similarly for blue, for indigo, for violet, until he has all the spectrum colors represented; but each successive wave is shorter from crest to crest, the corresponding messenger has shorter and shorter legs, and the pack sacks are larger and larger. Can you picture the Marathon Race of the Light Rays? Ninety-three million miles away, at an instant *Go!* some atoms in the sun rearrange their orbital electrons, thus liberating some energy; out spring the little messengers with the spare energy in pack sacks on their backs and race away toward the earth. Who will win the race? Surely not the little violet runner with the very short legs and the very big load? Perhaps you would stake your all on the long-legged red runner with the small pack sack? But here is the remarkable thing: for eight and a fraction minutes they race abreast and at the finish there is no final sprint — they all break the tape together. It is a dead heat.

We might watch the runners in a longer race, a race from the Andromeda Galaxy to the earth, but if so we must have great patience, for when the runners leave that distant star cluster their little legs will flash up and down, backward and forward, for a million years before the finishing line is approached. Again it is a dead heat, and if the goal be the retina of your eye turned upward toward the constellation of Andromeda, at a certain moment the runners will all arrive and lay down their burdens. Each pack sack of energy upon your retina causes an electrical current to run swiftly up an optic nerve to the brain, and your brain informs you that at that moment you are seeing the Andromeda Galaxy. Thus the physicist, with some help from the physiologist, explains the sensation of 'seeing,' but he utters a warning regarding the interpretation of the sensation. When you say that you are seeing Andromeda Galaxy, you are seeing it as it was one million years ago, not as it is to-day — exactly what it is like to-day will only be known on the earth a million years hence when

the messengers now setting out from that far-off cluster have completed their long race.

But curiosity overcomes the circumspection of the physicist and provokes him to ask what that star cluster does look like to-day. To which question the astronomer makes reply that in all probability it looks very much as it did a million years ago, for in the age of a star or a star cluster a million years is no more than is one second of time in the life of an average man. It will be somewhat more spread out with less nebulous matter uncondensed into stars and it will be somewhat turned around, for the astronomer knows that this vast galaxy is slowly and majestically rotating with a period of some seventeen million years.

The picture of light which the physicist gives us is thus a dual one. We must think of a continuous undulating influence emanating from a radiating body if we are to explain reflection, refraction, diffraction, and interference of light — this the physicist calls his Electromagnetic Wave Theory of light. But if we would explain the mechanism of the emission of light by an atom, the absorption of light, photographic and photo-electric phenomena, we must fix our thoughts on the little runners and their pack sacks of energy — this the physicist refers to as the Quantum Theory of light. The essence of this theory is that to the runner associated with each different wave there is assigned a pack sack of definite size, and no runner will ever carry a pack sack either heavier or lighter than his own just, meet, and proper load, nor will he ever give up a portion of his load of energy — 'Take the whole or none' is his ultimatum to the atoms he encounters. An atom can accept a pack sack containing more energy than it can store, but after taking what it needs it must reradiate the remainder as a ray of longer wave length — in other words, a new messenger goes off whose longer legs and slower stride are just suited to the lesser load of energy.

This picture is not limited to visible light. There are invisible waves, the infra-red, the heat, and the Hertzian or radio waves, each longer in wave length than the previous one and the corresponding quantum of energy smaller. So, also, there are the unseen ultra-violet rays, the X-rays, gamma rays, and the cosmic rays of shortest-known wave length. Quantum theory associates a messenger with each of these also, and the pack sacks increase steadily in capacity as the wave lengths diminish.

The astronomer ponders often, long, and deeply over the nature of light and the individual characteristics of the light from the sun and the stars. Gradually it has dawned upon him that with the aid of the physicist he can unravel many of the riddles of the stars. What are the stars made of? The physicist produces a table of the distinctive radiations emitted by the different kinds of atoms known on the earth. It is the Rosetta stone that makes possible the deciphering of the message in the starlight, and by its aid the astronomer finds that the same elements that build the earth build the sun and all the stars. How hot are the stars? Again the physicist rises to the occasion and shows how the color of a hot body changes as its temperature increases. This method of estimating temperatures by the color of the light radiated by the glowing body is in common use by metallurgists, who speak of a mass of molten metal being faint red, cherry, bright red, salmon, orange, lemon, light yellow, and so on as the temperature changes from about 900° F. to about 2000° F. The coolest stars are not much hotter than

the hottest metal obtainable in a furnace, and so the astronomer can extend the color scale farther up the spectrum to the hottest-known blue stars having surface temperatures of 20,000° F. or more.

How fast are the stars moving toward or from us? Once more the astronomer appeals to the physicist, and once more a reply is given which enables him to interpret the minute changes in positions of the spectrum lines as indicative of the velocities of the stars.

V

Astronomy owes an immense debt to physics, but the indebtedness is not entirely one-sided. The astronomer discovered in the sunlight evidence for the existence of an element unknown on the earth — helium. Physicists and chemists were at once on the alert to find it, and, when at length it had been found, helium proved to be of crucial importance in theoretical investigations in atomic structure, in radioactivity, and in spectroscopy. In fact, no atom save only the hydrogen atom has been more closely studied by physicists. The practical value of helium is well known on account of its being the best nonexplosive gas for lighter-than-air machines.

Many examples might be given of the ways in which the astronomer can throw light upon problems which at one time or another have baffled the physicist. Sometimes astronomy provides the physicist with startling new ideas of the properties of matter — properties undreamed of in the laboratory but clearly exhibited in the stars, where the conditions of high temperature far transcend anything reproducible on the earth. What physicist ten years ago would have even contemplated matter so compacted together that one cubic inch of it would weigh a ton? Yet to-day the astronomer points directly to the faint companion star of Sirius and says, 'There it is, and here is the spectroscopic evidence which proves that this is so. . . .'

For many reasons the physicist is interested to know how much energy is required to knock an electron completely out of an atom, or, as he expresses it, to ionize an atom. For many of the elements he has been unable in his laboratory to measure this directly, and so the astronomer has come to the rescue. Indian and English physicists have evolved the theory underlying the problem, and astronomers at Harvard have asked stars of various temperatures to tell their ionization stories, with the result that carbon, silicon, scandium, iron, and other elements radiating in the stars provided some of the answers. At McGill University, instead of asking many stars of differing temperatures, one star whose temperature changes periodically was asked the question: What are the ionization potentials of iron, of vanadium, of yttrium, and of lanthanum? And in the starlight the answers were found.

An astronomer and a physicist were one day walking over an English meadowland where the skylarks were continually rising from the grass, soaring upward and upward, singing their glorious song of confident aspiration, higher and higher into the upper air — and then quite suddenly, like a falling stone, each skylark returned to the ground. After watching them for some time the physicist threw himself down on the grassy slope and said, 'I wonder how long, on the average, those birds stay up in the sky.' So they began to time them. One was up ten seconds, another eight, a third nine, and so on — nine, seven, twelve, nine, ten, nine, nine, eight, nine, eleven. . . .

'Well,' said the astronomer, 'I think

we have discovered something about skylarks — let us write a book on Birds, beginning thus: "The English Skylark is a little bird that flies up out of a meadow singing a beautiful song and staying up in the sky, on the average, nine seconds before he returns rapidly to the earth."'

But the physicist did not laugh. He was deep in thought. At length he turned to the astronomer and said, 'Do you know, there is a problem that has been worrying me that is just like these skylarks! We know a good deal about calcium — one electron can be dislodged, leaving the atom with nineteen electrons going about the nucleus in orbits. When the atom absorbs a little energy, the outermost of these electrons behaves just like a skylark — it flies up to a higher orbit; true, it does not sing a beautiful song, but it does something else: it emits the loveliest little ripple of violet light — and then, suddenly, down it comes again to its ground level. My question is this: How long, on the average, does the skylarking electron remain up in its higher orbit?'

'The answer to your question is one hundred millionth of a second,' replied the astronomer. 'The sunlight tells us that, but it is a long story. Here it is in brief outline. Astronomers were perplexed because calcium atoms are abundant farther out in the atmosphere of the sun than even the lightest of all gases, hydrogen. Photographs of the outer atmosphere or chromosphere of the sun taken at the time of a total eclipse show the red and the yellow light from hydrogen atoms as far out as four thousand to six thousand miles from the sun's surface, but the violet light from ionized calcium atoms proves that those atoms are out as far as nine thousand miles from the photosphere. These atoms can only stay out there if the sun's gravitational attraction, which is pulling them inward continually, is counterbalanced by the outward impulses given to the atom every time it absorbs the energy which sends its skylarking electron to a higher orbit. Thus the number of these impulses will depend upon the rate at which the electron returns to its lower orbit ready to receive another impulse upward.'

One hundred millionth of a second! To us this may seem an inconceivably brief interval, but to the electron it provides ample time for a million revolutions about the nucleus. Anyone can measure the passage of time to one fifth of a second with a stop watch, the physicist with his oscillograph measures intervals of one millionth of a second, but the timekeeping of the skylarking electrons transcends our powers of comprehension. At the other extreme is the astronomer's estimate of the age of a star, equally beyond our realization — ten million million years.

It is a solemn thought that no man liveth unto himself. It is equally true that no star, no atom, no electron, no ripple of radiant energy, exists unto itself. All the problems of the physical universe are inextricably bound up with one another in the relations of space and time.

You cannot solve the riddles of the stars without invoking the aid of the atom, nor can you fully comprehend the atom without the aid of the stars. On the uplifting wings of imagination the astrophysicist roams the universe from atom to atom, from star to star, from star to atom, from atom to star. Impelled by curiosity regarding the natural universe, encouraged by the evidences for his faith in the reality of cosmic harmony, he presses on and on — a sweet and a fitting thing it is to toil for the Truth.

THE BRITISH LADY

SINGIN' WILLIE'S TALE

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Love and the Waggoner's Lad

SHE were *so* dad charmin'!

Hit keeps your mind on the bright — jist the pure scarletty flash of her in the gloamin' of thought: all in her young, brave, slim beauty — the high-born'd British Lady, callin' of her balletty tune for her losted love-boy: —

'*Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!*'

Some they calls her the redbird. Ithers, some, down yander in the Bluegrass, they 'lows that her onc't-ter-was a proud card'nal preacher, girted in yan clair rid vestimint, with the bright poll bonnet, callin' the peoples to prayer-song with yan sweet pitchy-pipe.

But I goes 'em one better in gospel truth, caiz I knows her own true seecrit.

She hitself done tole me hit, long ago, how her were thoroughbred a British Lady, what disguiseded her in thot fine-pretty reddy-coat of a soldier capting, for to ride to the wars like a man and hunt the wild deer of her heart.

Them were the long-away times behind the ole Revolutin' War: back yander whar moughty Lord Braddock defeated hisself in the Injun wildernis. Fiddler John kin saw ye the dyin'd tune of hit yit — the drummy-drums drumblin', the reddy-coats scarlettin', the black-hawks howl'din', and how-all young Capting Washin'un fit back the same favor of yan Injun divils.

Yea, hit were rightly the British Lady what defeated proud Lord Braddock, that-a-day!

Loved her, he did, back over the water tides in his own countree. Bowed down, he had, his lordly haid to before her leetle foot-slipper, for to buss her fine siller buckle. But his lovey British Lady nodded him *Nay* with her own proud-pretty haidpiece, while she gazed her eyes, beyand-over Lord Braddock's shoulder, to the fair young sarvent lad was holtin' his master's sword, thar — Sweet Wil-li-um, the Waggoner's Boy, the slim-strong singer of ballet dreams.

And she nodded him *Yea*. . . .

Who-all kin norate the quar, sweet, foolish joy of terriblest love? . . .

Willie answered hit back, her *Yea* — stiller than stone.

But proud Lord Braddock casted a glint and heerd with his own eyes yan silentful ballet, was liltin' thar betwixt the British Lady's eyes and the eyes of the Waggoner's Lad. And he riz up on his turndin' heel, and he drewed the sword from hits sheaf in Willie's hands, and he p'inted the blade plumb west, and he druv the fair Waggoner's Boy clean afore him, out-over the fur wave tides, high on the rid-coated deck of his moughty war-ship, was outbound for Amerikee.

The Broken Heart-Leash

What-all is more sharperer to hide in your holler bosom than a loneless heart?

When your lovey of dreams is clean losted away, how-all kin ye holp but to hanker after, and to up and foller on the fur unknow'd trail?

This-yere proud British Lady stood up on the toppest tower of her ole castle roofbeam — sightin' of her eyes fur off to the lastest gleam of her love-boy's sail in the dyin'd of day.

Her maht have tooken her pick of the lord captings and the lord kings, ary and all in that ole British land of hern; but, stid o' the hull pride of 'em, her heart had picked her the fair poor Waggoner's Lad, was sailin' thar into a wild new world, under his angery master's will.

The last sail died out away.

Then the British Lady stept down of her toppest tower, and run to her chamber room, and tored off her lady gown'd, and coated and vested her all in scarletty red, the likes of a lord soldier capting, and her laigs britchened in slick-long leathery boots, and her fine-purty haars tucked up in a piedy cockade. And that-a-way her commandered anither gret ship set sail, with her hitself in the wind-blow'd wings, and follered after in yander heart-rid wake of her Waggoner's Boy — on and on, over the awfulsome tides, to fur Amerikee.

But afore she'd retched to the western cornder o' the world and set her foots on yan new airth, Lord Braddock he'd marched his reddy-coat army plumb off to High Verginny and the tall-deep crick-timbers of Pennsylvany, for to harrer the wild Black Hawks in the Injun wars.

Hot-angery yit were gret Lord Braddock in his fiery pride, ferwhy the British Lady she'd nodded him *Nay*, and given over the clair love in her eyes to his low-born'd ballet-singin' sarvent boy, instid to his high master hisself.

And so were why he made Sweet Wil-li-um for to be the haid-carter of his 'stab'lary waggons, and commandered him to hitch his hosses and drive-on his army cart, a seven-day trail ahead of him, on into the wildernis, the same of a poor waggoner's lad like he'd ben in his ole British island kingdom.

That-a-way proud Lord Braddock aimed he's raht smart vingeance his jealousy heart agin the cruel British Lady's disdainfulmint.

Then Sweet Wil-li-um he tuck a long, tough ravel-leash of his broken'd heart, and made him thereof his waggonin' whip, and cracked hit in the darkle of dawn, like the gret hum-twang of a burstin' fiddlestring, and lilted to his hosses on yander lonesome trail into the wildernis: —

'I git on Ole Smokey
All kivvered with snow;
I's lost my ole true love
By courtin' . . . too . . . slow . . .'

'All Saddl't and Bridl't'

So thar, a seven-day len'th behind of that lone ballet song, Lord Braddock is goned into the Injun wars. And under the high-tall crick-timber his drumblin' drums drumbled more deeperer than a thousand of pa'ttidge birds; and his reddy-coats' bay'net-p'ints outflashed the buck deers' horns; and his pieded flags flewed and fluttered more gayider than the ridbud blooms, was flamin' in the ambers of sun-up.

But away-y fur behinder, the high-born'd British Lady was mounted down offen her high ship-deck by the salt tide shore, and hasted her after, huntin' of the unknow'd trails.

Nigh and fur, she axed for her losted Willie boy, who-all mought a-heerd his waggoner whip crackin' his broken'd heart in the dawny air. And some answered her *here*, and some answered her *yander*.

And from one she boughtened a rid-roan steed, all saddl't and bridl't; and forthly she rid towards the high-tall crick-timbers, on and on, in the westward.

And thar her scarletty coat and her cresty pied cockade pranked purtier than the rid-pinks of the flaxreed flowers in the crick froth dapples, where she forded her naggie high-over her sterrup tops.

And allers and everly while she rid, she beaked her rid-rosy lips and callt her loverin' cry: —

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

So charmful she were — the slim proud British Lady, togged all in her young lord boy-traps, right smart these-yere wildin' honey-bees come around her haid in a dawzzle swarm, answerin' yan sweet cry of her lipses, like herself were a singin' tulip-flower.

Yit none of an answer come back from her own Sweet Willie, was drivin' his waggon team, fur on the losted trails, liltin' his lonesomey tune: —

'I git on Ole Smokey
All kivvered with dust.
Nary a one out of ten thousand
I ever . . could . . trust . . .'

Lord Braddock's Defeat

But the days rid allers on till the night darks. And the timber darks was shaddersome with ghosty foxfires and the barkin'd of gret beastes. And the lightnin' storms come adown, mid of the wild thonders. And the lovey British Lady spattered and fell in the deep pit o' black mires. (Yea, and that mirey black hit streakles her reddy-coat yit and the veiny fringes of her timple brows!) And thar, at-a-last, her had plumb losted her fine-pretty steed, and squantered she did, on foot, all by her lone, to the nixt grey uppin' of dayrise, where she sot stock-down on a gret low-flat stone, weepin' her eyes in the fog-mist.

Yan gret flat rock were shore the dogtrot o' Hell. For outen a grey misty door here come now the ole Deevil Black Man hisself, in the favor of a fearsome hawk-bird, treadin' of his moughty toe-p'inters, and hunched hisself down to beside the British Lady.

'What-fer why is you weepin', lovey?' says the gret Black Hawker.

'I's losted!' says the British Lady. 'Who-all kin bring me yander to proud Lord Braddock and his Reddy-Coats?'

'Hit's me and my Grackle-Crows kin bring ye to yander,' answers the ole Black Hawker.

And thar he shrillied from his neb a quare deep cry, which hit war answered back by a gret creakly crackerin' noise, the likes of holler rib-bones tinklin' on a windy gallers-tree, arter a last-year lynchin'.

And lo, here come outen the fog-dawn sech a ghasty shadder-flock of scritchin' grackle-birds what hit plumb froze the British Lady's heart in a solid of ice.

Then beholt, the gret Hawk Deevil riz up the slim proud lady on his black shoulder-wings, and flewed off with her over the high timber tops, amid yan hellyon army of crackerin' crowbirds, in a purply cloud-squall.

All day long they flewed into the westerin' sundown, till thar they discended amiddist of an Injun powwow on the verges of an ambush bottom, narrer betwixt two slanty timber ridges. For thar the gret Black Hawker moulted

his favor and becomed to a moughty Sachem, and round of him his army of grackle crowbirds become to a feathery possel of Injun divils, which they limb-danced thar afore their Black Hawk chief and his scarletty squaw-woman — the young, slim, captivated British Lady.

Till now, on suddent, they hushened as still . . . as still as the stillsome timber hitself, and listened all to north'ard.

Drums — drums — drums — drumblin' to north'ard!

Quiet war the crackerin' crows. . . .

Fifes — fifes — fifes — flutin' so gaysome!

Hush were the gret Black Hawker.

Bay'net-knives — bay'nets — shinedin' so steely glintsome!

Still war the British Lady — fearsome white in her scarletty vest. . . .

Flags — flags — piedin' so fearless fair!

'Death!' boomered the Black Hawker.

'Death!' shracked the shreakin' grackle-crows.

'Death!' howl'ded the high timber to the tommyhawks.

'Death!' groan'ded the proud Lord Braddock in his scarlet blood. 'Cuss o' my death to a cruel British Lady!'

'Death!' moan'ded the British Lady hitself — so fearsome white in her reddy-coat. 'But whar-all is *him* — my Waggoner Boy?'

'*Sweet — sweet — sweet — Willy-O!*'

'Hit's Black Hawk shall be fer your Waggoner Boy!' hollered the Sachem Deevil. 'To wing, thar! To wing, ag'in! On into the sundown, yander!'

And yander ag'in the wild Hawk Deevil riz up the slim red lady on his black shoulder-wings, and flewed off with her over the high timber tops, amiddist his army of hellyon grackle-birds — into the downin' sunball: on into the blood-rid death-dyin' of yander day.

But beyander — and everly beyander — on the lonesome night-trails into the long dark, the fur-off voice of her Waggoner's Lad riz up back onc't more to the British Lady, and her heart could hern hit, liltin' up slow and eerie, outen the deep still wildernis: —

'Hit's rainin', hit's rainin',
And the moon gives no light.
My hosses cain't travel
So dark . . as . . to-night . . .'

Rehoboth Water

How-all doos I know hit, my fellers?

Where-all did I heerd hit — this-yere seecrit true heestery of the British Lady, with her loverers, lord-born'd and low-born'd?

In my cornlikker, says you?

Nay, sirree, friend rounders! My cornlikker were the end-death of hit, but the likker of anither shinedin' sperrits were the beginnin'-life.

Not Cornlikker, hit warn't; but Rehoboth Water, hit were, whereby yan revealment come unto me, like a flash o' blessidnis outen the ole Bible well.

Friend Preachin' Charlie he kin sarmon ye whar rightly hit lays in the Bible — Rehoboth Well, which that Isaac he digged in Ginesis, Isaac, the sprig of old Abraham, how-all the Scriptur' hit says: —

'*And he removed from thence and digged anither well; and* for that they strove not, *he called the name of hit* Rehoboth, *and he says: For now the Lord has made room for us, and us'ns shall be fruitful in the land.*'

Yea, *for that they strove not,* and the

warrin' of men and beastes is all over and done and still in the breasts of their sperrit, and room fer us'ns all to be fruitful; so therefore is Rehoboth Water purely the spring o' life to the preacher-prophets and the poeters and the low-born ballet-dreamerers, which they is publicans to the squanterin' bird-tribes, and sinners with the leetle beauty-suckin'd bees and the ither wild divil beastes, and has speech with 'em all, heart fer heart, on the mountainy lonesome trails.

And so hit were how a still Pine Mount'in angel, onc't of a stair-glisty night, come awanderin' back home from the ole Ginesis well of Palestine, where he'd filled him his britch-bottle thar, and sot him down by a leetle pool holler on Gib Branch, and tuck hit out fer a swig, his clair bottle-flask, and spilt down seven sacrid draps of yan ole Rehoboth Water in this-yer new-world pool, wipin' of his angel lipses.

So everly sence that behappened, yander Gib Branch pool is ben the baptizin' fount fer all the mountainy preachers of ourn, whar they brings their come-to-Christers fer the hully immersin', and raises 'em up thar outen Rehoboth Water to a new-born'd life of the sperrit body, clean shet o' the ole flesh.

Leetle a ways hit lies from my own home cabin, yan still crick pool — like conscience in the bosom of man: like clair meditation in the imagin' heart of God. And thar I war settin' my lone in ridbud warm time, betwixt my cornlikker flask and my dulcimore, belist'nin' the drap-drip of Rehoboth Water tricklin' over the rock aidge down, when hit riz up outen my heart, like a fur-off mimory, yan ole lilt o' *The Waggoner's Lad;* and I picked my dulcimore, and I sung'd hit thar out-aloud, dreamsy and slow-sadful: —

'Hit 's rainin', hit 's rainin',
And the moon gives no light.
My hosses cain't travel
So dark as to-night.

'Go put up your hosses
And give them some hay.
Come set you down beside me
As long . as . . you . . . stay. . . .'

'Sweet Wil-li-um'

All suddent, then, from the high timber, I heerd a piercin'd cry-call: —

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

And lo, here come on the wing a scarletty red-bird, dodgin' her down and tackin' ziggyzag, and beholt — pinnin' her close to behind — war a gret black hawk, makin' his pitch to fast her with his claw-p'inters, till *whizzz!* — plumb down her made a wild dive-dip in-under the clair pool water, and riz ag'in up outen the shore shallers.

But thar — dad bless my startin'd eyes! — her riz up now fresh-born'd in the slim proud favor of a British lady, girted in a shinedin' reddy-coat, the likes of a young lord soldier capting, and her laigs britchened in slim-long leathery boots, and her fine-purty haars crestin' a piedy cockade. — And that-a-way she sprang'd, berry-bright, on the green banks, retchin' of her quick arms to me-wards, and threwed herself *spang* on the bosom o' mine, cryin' ag'in her sobbin'd lovely call: —

'Sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

But the gret black hawk swarved up back from yan clair Rehoboth Water, and perchened hisself on the bough of a daid pitch-pine tree, and hollered a shrill *Quaw-owk!* which hit were answered by moughty a creakly crackerin' of grackle-birds, that purpl't the timber, high-round of the ole Black Hawker, peakin' of their cockin'd eyes centr'ably downover on the British

Lady, was sobbin' her heart in my arms thar.

Yea, sich hit war how she tole to me, leetle and more, the seecrit tale of her heestery what's outed here, and how-all, for a hundred year and over, her had peeked and pined her heart in the captivation of yan old Black Hawk Deevil, everly huntin' of the mount'in-ivy trails for her losted Waggoner's Lad, till — lastest last! — she'd heern now the lilt of his ballet-song by this-yere Rehoboth Pool, and dive-dipped the pure water, and riz up on her Singin' Willie's breast, newborn'd and salvationed. . . .

Yea, then! Were I, Singin' Willie, fer shore her own Sweet Wil-li-um? Me — her losted Waggoner's Boy! And her, she'd nodded me her love, in dispite of proud Lord Braddock, that druv me to the ole wars? And me, had I cracked the leash o' my broken'd heart in the dawny air, long ayander?

Seemed hit were so: seemed hit nacherly all were purely so! Yit how-fer to nacherly prove hit?

For who-all kin bescribe imagical love? Or who-all kin weave him a sightful garmint for the moughty wonder of the leetle words of love? Yea, evenly by words, kin the ballet live on, and hits music still? Mimory — is not hit losted music, found? Beauty — is not hit woven'd mimory?

Us spoke leetle words togither — the lovey British Lady and me. Us balleted sweet mimories togither thar, by Rehoboth Pool. Us lived in yan sperrit of beauty togither, and hits music welled up clair and baptizied us'ns in the everlasterin' waters.

But the tale of hit all is dumb; for the deepest stillness war the best of hit.

Us paced togither the wet-green laurel trails — her in her scarletty gear, all of a waxberry bright, and me in my woodmouse grey, drumblin' my cedary dulcimore. (Yea, and still the mirey marks of the ole saddle-ride streakled yit her coaty and swaller-tail and the fringes of her timple brows!)

But everly over our haids they peaked thar down, and glared us with their burdin' eyes — the fearsome ole Black Hawker and his Grackle Deevils.

Why-fer did I heedance them fearsome eyes? What-fer why did I strive agin them back?

Yea, wherefer did I fergit ole Isaac, that digged him his Bible well; '*and* for that they strove not, *he called the name of hit* Rehoboth . . . *for now the Lord has made room for us, and us'ns shall be fruitful!*'

But I could n't no more to bear hit, how allers them Deevils watched her with their hatesome eyes, aimin' fer to captivate her back away from me — this British Lady, so lovey she were, *so* dad charmin', thar, in her purty fine cockade!

All suddent, so jealous I were, and anger-hearted, that I clean fergitted the onliest spell what could ward away off sich divils and keep my love salvationed — yan hully spell of Rehoboth Water — the ole still spring of meditation. . . .

'Dod blether ye, ole Black Hawker!' I hollered him, up on his daid pitch-pine bough. 'And you uns, too, ye divilsome grackle-crows! Hold off your leerin' eyes, thar, offen my slim proud lady!'

And I grabbed up my cornlikker flask, aimin' for to biggen the anger in my blood. And I tipped hit to my lipses and swallered.

But to that the British Lady quicked me a quar frighty look, and started her hand to the flask-bottle, which hit spilled, jerkin', and threwed nine draps o' cornlikker plumb in the still waters of Rehoboth Pool.

That-a-way the green bright world darked nigh out; and I heerd a quare splashin' in the waters, like a thousand of wing-fowl were divin' and dippin'; and nextly I heern a horriblest *Quaw-owk!* and the moughty wings of the Black Hawker spattered me by, wet with the pizened waters; and the dark were creaklin' with a crackerin' whirl, dyin'd away off and offer, and tharamiddist come back a fur, sobbin'd cry-call: —

'O, sweet — sweet — sweet — Wil-li-um!'

Never sence that minute, when them nine draps o' the Deevil pizened out the sacrid seven o' the Angel in yan still Rehoboth Water — never sence, has the lovey British Lady riz up thar, outen the shallers ag'in, in the favor of yan scarletty soldier capting, with the piedy cockade.

But times when the turndin' year comes round onc't more to the bloomin' of ivy laurel and the creaklin' o' grackle-birds, and I sets my lone by the still water, I hears onc't ag'in the drumblin' pa'ttidge drums, and the toodalong fifes, and the death-dyin' *quawk! quawk!* and spies the flutterin' bloom o' the ridbud flags, and the bright waxberry blood-draps, on yan ole trail of proud Lord Braddock's Defeat.

And tharamid I catches the glint of her own reddy-coat — the fine-purty reddy-coat of my losted love, so charmful she were, and yit *is!* — the wanderin' British Lady, huntin' the long trails still for her Waggoner's Lad, aimin' for to hear his ole ballet rise ag'in acrosst the unpizened pool of Rehoboth Water.

And so I never fetches thar my cornlikker flask, nary ag'in, to yander still-some place. But, stid, I packs my cedary dulcimore, aimin' for to *un*bewitch thar yan nine divilish draps and ristore the angel seven.

And mebbe so I will. And mebbe her hitself will come ag'in to my heart breast thar, when I picks the quiet strings — like the fur crack of a waggoner's whip in the dawny air — and lilts to her this-yere last of her own Sweet Wil-li-um's ballet: —

'Go put up your hosses
And give them some hay.
Come set you down beside me
As long as you stay.

'My hosses is n't hongry,
They won't eat your hay.
I drives on to Georgie
And feeds on my way.

'I go build me a log cabin
On the mount'in so high,
Whar the wild goose and redbird
Kin hear . . my . . . sad . . . . cry . .'

GRENDEL WALKS AGAIN

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

I

WINTER had slipped away, and its outgoing found us 'sitting pretty' on the world's rim, very secure in Nimiuk. Weather was raw; snow held, though darkened now and moist, unlike the clean and brittle coat of our deep northern winter. The ice was yet unmoved on the great River; summer was yet but the substance of things hoped for. And I, who reveled so in the clear, white, dry cold, found these days dark and uninviting, and so kept within.

Then late one afternoon there came a sharp call at the telephone, a quick voice speaking: —

'Are you well?'

'Yes — certainly. Why?'

I recognized the voice of Dr. Gregor, the little Scots health officer, whom I knew slightly. I was frankly curious, but had not long to wait, for his amazing message came almost gaspingly swift, as from a man spent with running.

'Report at the basement of the Catholic Church at six. You are to take charge, as night nurse, of our emergency hospital there.'

'But — why — what has happened?'

'It's come. It's hit us. In the last three days nine hundred of our thousand here in Nimiuk are down with it. They are sending in fifty men from the creek mines, this afternoon. We will put them in the church, with Dr. Towers in charge. You are an officer of the Red Cross, and on your feet. I will tell Dr. Towers to look for you at six. Wear a gauze mask, saturated in weak carbolic.'

'But, Dr. Gregor, I don't know a thing about nursing. I've never even *been* in a hospital. I —'

'There's death abroad in our camp. I'm nearly single-handed here to meet it. As health officer, I count on you to report for duty.' And the receiver clicked down.

II

That strange Church of Our Lady seemed a gray and cheerless place, perched on the low bank of the frozen River. Inside, in the half-lighted basement, was pandemonium. Fifty men, on fifty improvised cots, filled the unspacious room. In one sense they were men no longer, but merely terror-stricken children now. For these great husky miners — Scot and Irish, Swede and Dane, Russian and Montenegrin — were, most of them, gigantic bodies who had never known the meaning of a day of sickness. Out of the air had come a brute mysterious Something. It caught and threw them, helpless as in jiujitsu grip; it held them there, not only weak and fevered and depressed in mind, but crowded with a panic terror of this Unknown, of the oncrowding shadows in this strange dim room where they had been herded, stripped protesting, bathed yet more protesting, and thrust with scanty explanation into strange beds, by strangers who were alien townfolk and who spoke a language literally unknown to many of them.

The first glimpse I had at one scared Montenegrin's face reflected such real fear that I tore off the safety mask, realizing that it, at least, must not contribute to the panic horror. With that disfigurement removed, I tried to smile down the man's fear; for, even in this moment of first entry into that dark crypt which was to prove the scene of so much vigil, I was instinctively agrope for contact. I, too, had known a panic — nothing less — at Dr. Gregor's sharp imperative summons. I was more than ignorant of any nursing art, innocent of the slightest minim of its technique. All the years of my maturity had been spent in lonely, far, and mountainy places where, so God willed, no sickness ever came. And, while I dimly knew that such things were, they had not been for me or mine.

Surely Dr. Gregor realized my gross incompetence — surely someone could be found, by yet another dusk, to tend them capably. I would help — oh! I would help until my fingers cracked from weariness. To help would be a joy, if I were not alone responsible.

The harried woman who had been in daytime charge of this improvised pesthouse made a short list of things for me to do; and then, disgustedly, showed how to take a temperature, when I most timorously disclaimed knowledge even of that simple operation. She laid out bottles with strange names, with doses to be given under certain conditions (inwardly I quailed, for how was I to diagnose conditions?), and then she said, 'Here are the strychnine and the morphine. Give hypodermics, as indicated.'

Strychnine and morphine! Maybe you can say those names without a qualm; but to me they were drugs of deadly and mysterious import. How was a person who had but this moment learned to take a temperature (and never did learn accurately to take a pulse) to use intelligently the hypodermic needle?

'Where is Dr. Gregor?' I asked.

'You'll not see him at all. He has eight hundred patients already — don't you know that? Dr. Towers has charge here, and he's left for the night. He said he'd not be called for anything. He thinks he's coming down with it himself, and I guess he went home to wrap himself around as much old Scotch as his skin can hold. Don't call him, or he'll bawl you out. I know him. He said, "Tell her to just get on the best she can. It's likely that these Serbs and Montenegrins will go quick, anyway."'

That was my first — but not my last — encounter with our Dr. Towers.

III

Though I was helpless, I found I had two helpers. One was a Swiss prospector who had volunteered for service — sturdy, phlegmatic, a hard-working chap, who spoke so little English that our necessary conversation had to be carried on in scraps of spoken German and written French. He was quick in pantomime, however; and in the weeks that followed he and I did surely qualify as first-class movie actors, since meanings we could not convey by signs were literally not worth conveying! Adolphe really was a treasure, with no hard menial task ever beneath him or beyond him.

But the real treasure-find was Dick, my 'first assistant' — ex-jockey from Kentucky, and professionally most proficient in manipulation of the needle. When I confided to him my dread of those drug names, and use of hypodermic needle, he threw his head back and laughed outright. 'Why, that's the one thing *I* know like the road home!' he cried. 'There's lots more to racing, let me tell you, than

sitting tight on leather. I can dope or jazz a pony in the dark, and make a neat, clean job of it. I make him win or lose, as pretty! Don't fret yourself about those needles, ma'am. Just wise up little Dick here to the times you want these Bohunks "shot," and turn me loose. I'll dope the whole blame churchful for you, to the Pope's own taste. That's all those names are, ma'am. Nothing to be scared of — just dope and jazz for ponies. I'm your lad who's got the sure-fire trick to all of 'em.'

And, what is more, he had! I watched with some anxiety, at first, warning him to be careful, and — having had a deal of practical experience myself with horseflesh — fearing that here the well-known five-times formula for everything that's equine might not be carefully reversed again to human measure. Yet, when I spoke of this, Dick looked me strangely in the eye and answered with a quiet finality: 'Why do you think I came to Nimiuk?'

Dick was not only careful and always cool, but his unshaken realism kept me sane, I think, in those dark nights of mad unreason. And his turfy wit was tonic. Once he had spent a month or so in hospital, laid up there with a broken leg caught in some steeplechase mishap; and being most observant, never fearing to ask questions, he had become a favorite with the internes and had gathered in that catchall head of his the queerest mix of data — which we sorted out together in the long night watches, and found most helpful. This little whip of a man, unlearned yet so resourceful, leaving his blue-grass land 'between two days' perhaps thus to escape his own pursuant past, was to become to me a symbol of that true efficiency which the North hammers, freezes, somehow stamps, into all those who will endure it, though they be very outcast.

IV

How it was that first night passed, I never could remember. There remained only a confused sense of my intolerable fatigue, of comfort in the abilities — up to their limit — of Adolphe and of Dick; but most of all there underlay my own unlimited and overpowering inefficiency.

And well I knew there was no outside help to turn to. That Dr. Gregor had been forced to give a post of trust to one so utterly incapable was proof enough of the desperate straits to which our little gold camp had already come. The nearest town was sixty miles by river; and that town, as we already knew, thought itself much worse stricken by the influenza than were we. Its heart was gone, and it was crying out to us for help. Only two trails of many hundred miles (both little used in winter, all but impassable in spring) led to the outside world, and these were over distant ranges which pierced the sky. Not even first-class mail was moving now across that frozen, long, white emptiness. The little coast towns too knew terror, and beyond the coast lay a week's voyage to any city worth a name, whence help might be expected. And what help was there?

We had a thing we called 'expecto,' another something we called 'hex.' We had a very limited supply of alcohol, soon to be exhausted; and we had the strychnine and the morphine. 'One braces, one depresses. Just give a shot, as needed.' And that was all. Yet fifty useful lives of men dangled upon that needle's point of sharp oblivion. Oh, *why* had I not studied medicine — or at least nursing — instead of wasting the good years on histories and psychologies?

That first night had no end, for all the other nights were of a piece with it.

When, after multiplied long hours, the day shift finally began to reappear and the woman now in charge said briskly, 'I'll look for you again at six,' I could not actually believe it had been only just one night which now was past since I had seen that little town before, by daylight.

Slowly I dragged great swollen feet of lead the few blocks toward my home. The streets were empty and the houses gray and dark. Here were the homes of friends, yet who of them remained unstricken now? I could not stop to ask. I only knew this plague of fear had stalked and caught us, unawares, and I must help to fight it. Yet I could find no cutting weapon to my hand, but only weariness and the too inescapable fact of my own inutility. I slumped down on the edge of the high-built-up sidewalk. Though I could easily see my home, up the street there but a little way, I knew that I could never reach it. The feeling did not frighten me; it just came slowly down, like the invincible screwed application of a great press. No, I could never reach my home.

I do not know how long I sat there. No one passed. Nothing happened, though the day grew larger. Then at last I was aware of something. The sun was now quite high, and something moved; I felt it switch about my feet, and, looking down, saw water. Water was beginning to run in this ditch — water, which these streets had not seen for more than seven months.

If water came, where was our wall of cold, the one sure bastion that we so far knew against these air-blown animalcula? If water came, could spring be far behind its flow? Spring in these latitudes would mean no slow unfolding of green verdure with soft zephyr, but the roar of ice-fed rivers, upheaval of the frost-bound earth, annihilation of all wheel- or sledge-borne transportation; and, in those pre-aviation years, that was all we knew in Nimiuk. It would mean two, or possibly three, weeks of violence, cataclysm, danger, and discomfort, even under the best conditions, plus all of the precarious uncertainty that only those can know who have existed in spring flood time at the incalculable riparian mercy of a great river.

Some think of cold as always hostile, but it can be a friend, a very fortress. It can cover the ugly, purify what's tainted, cure and cleanse the pestilent unseen. What refuge could I find now for my men (for they were mine, already) if these slight tricklets moving at my feet met with a million million more, and the great River rose at last and broke its ice bands, to pour down over and upon them where they lay, in that lower room so often (almost always, I well knew) submerged in a swift flood of ice-in-water and dead muck when the great River heaved and broke and came destroying, with the spring?

I jerked like any puppet to this string, of thought on what might come. I rose and started on, the new fear overbalancing the old. The River trigger-poised its threat, and I knew all too well the menace of that lethal River.

V

Yet on the second night things went much better. We were getting organized, strung out. The fifty beds began to take on personality and to be charted in my mind, as on my improvised day sheet, with order and some clarity. Obviously, a few were much more seriously ill than others. Somehow we must determine which of our men were on or near to or approaching that unknown danger line, and concentrate our energies on them, trusting that 'healing power of nature' I had

heard the doctors speak so glibly of to champion those others.

There was still no Dr. Towers in evidence when I returned that second night, at five this time, hoping to catch him by coming early, and press an answer to the lengthy list of questions I had made. The woman in day charge answered my queries wearily — warily, too, when I begged her to tell me which of the men were really sick — 'very sick, I mean.'

'They are all very sick, or they'd not be here. Don't you know that?' she snapped. 'And Dr. Towers is just where he was yesterday, and says he's not to be disturbed to-night, for anything.'

'But, suppose — suppose some one of our men should — in the night, I mean — should —'

I hesitated — a child before that door jarred open into blackness. She was no child, however, but a woman hardened in the rough of gold camps, wise in many ways and far more competent than I, yet made untender by the sharp-edged bitterness of struggle.

'Are you trying to say "die"? Well, say it! Everybody dies. You'll come to it, and I will. You can't sidestep it. I tell you, Dr. Towers won't come back, and won't answer telephones, no matter what happens. He said to tell you just that. Is that plain? He wants his sleep.'

Still I had faith left in my notion: that some must be in more danger than were others; that we must not spread out our little strength too thin, but concentrate on those in vital need. Since there was no keen, kind physician nigh to give the clue I felt I wanted so, I must build up a Doctor Luke from my own memory and imagination. I tried to reconstruct in vision all the physicians I had ever known or seen, their bedside manner and their personality. I could remember vividly the family doctor of my childhood, whose breezy entrance always brought relief and joy even before he fairly reached his patient. What secret had he in himself, more rare and precious than the simple drugs he left behind in bottles?

You knew that he was not afraid, no matter what ghost thing might haunt the sick room. And then he made you think of pleasant things. He bucked you up. He made you laugh, if in any way he could, even when you had double mumps and laughing almost killed you. But that was just familiar plain psychology, and not a thing learned only in the clinics. Here, then, were two good firm familiar facts to build upon in all this whirl of strange environment; and Dick's sane horse sense would, I could see already, prove an invaluable third point of support to base us on what was solid and what was real.

So I shook down the little fever stick with a snap and vim that should have pleased a Red Cross nurse, and as I stuck it under the first tongue of this my second evening I began to tell a yarn. It was the funniest story I could think of, and it concerned a mining claim belonging to a Swede this patient very likely knew. One eye upon the watch hand, I told my anecdote. The man's face lighted up, and the thermometer was snatched at last from his convulsive gasping mouth as he burst into chortles of good laughter. For years thereafter he could never see me without slapping his great thighs in glee, roaring in recollection of my Swede story, and joking with me about my cruelty in making sick men laugh! But at the time I reasoned, as I left Bed No. 1, 'There's a patient I'll not worry about. He has some fever — yes. But he can see a joke — his spirit is awatch; he'll swing the body part.'

Some of the beds were ghastly, though; no fire of hope struck there. The Irish and the Scotsmen all were splendid, and rose manfully to my poor dangling bait of humor. I got down all the names that night, and with the names a wealth of background color. My stories all depended on the names. No need to tell a verbal slang joke to an Englishman, or joke of any species I could find to Russian or to Serb. These last two proved, through all the weeks, to be our hardest problem. Try as I might, I felt I never reached them, for they were hid behind a barrier which I could never break. Their folk theme was composed in minor key, full of strange intervals, and pitched so low my voice could never compass what was written there, beneath those lines and spaces.

The Scotsmen were my brothers, for I am three parts Caledonian myself. In all the Irish, too, I found a quick response. Not for naught had my great-grandfather been a Dublin man, and perhaps one such upon a family tree is quite enough. The Irish names went down almost en masse upon my 'plus list,' as I called it. The Bryntersons, the Björnsons, and the Stojlbergs were a little harder; responses were less quick, eyes were less promptly kindled. And yet luck played me well here, too; for, though I did not know it at the time, later I learned that Dane and Swede, Finlander and Norwegian, each had taken me for kinswoman, because I chance to be so tall and very blonde. Each in his fashion had responded to that fancied call of race, with the rich clannish loyalty so sensitive in Northmen.

I was far happier now, for I was really doing something: testing a theory with the facts, and it was working. That in itself, while far from scientific medicine, was surely scientific method — was n't it? I forced myself to put away the thought that men's lives hung upon these kindergarten psychologic tricks of ours, assuming courage that we did not have. Surely doctors could not let their minds dwell on the constant agony of being warden to the gates of death. We must do something of the same, in our so ill-equipped nocturnal laboratory.

Events proved that our procedure had some virtue in it. Ten names went down upon our 'minus list' that night; and it spoke well for the precision of our method that nine of those same ten developed cases of pneumonia before many days, and proved to be our real and serious clinic. The tenth was a blond Swede who lay like Siegfried stricken. He made no move for days and days, he spoke no word at all; and always that slow fever still persisted. Then one night as I rubbed him down with some mite of our precious alcohol (I had worked out a heat-evaporation theory, based on remembrance of desert bottles hung to cool beneath the mess wagon) those pale blue eyes caught mine and he looked up and said the only sentence I recall of all those twenty nights and more in which I tended him: 'It smells nice.' Then and there I put this Endstrom on the plus list, and he did recover.

That second night we saw delirium. I did not know it first for what it was, and tried to reason gently with the Serb's hot and distorted singularity. He must catch a train — he must get up and dress and go. Useless to say there was no train. Useless to say he must not, could not, go. With an unhuman morbid strength he gathered up the draperies of his couch and proceeded then and there to go. Dick and Adolphe could not hold him, though finally we did somehow ram him back into his bed, exhausted. We were worried, desperately, for with all these helpless children to be cared for we

could not all three of us stand by through the night and force this mad, hallucinated person to lie quiet.

It was then, in answer to our unvoiced prayer, Saint Gothard came — a tall gaunt French Canadian of few words, great strength, and a way of quiet about him that was better for torn spirits than a dozen strait-jackets or a score of sedatives. The old man just materialized. He had been passing by the Church of Our Lady, so he said, and stopped in to pray, and Father Nunneville had told him of our need.

'Absolutely, take no further thought to this one. I will attend. He shall rest, as little children rest.' And looking into that gaunt bearded face of one who in his day had crossed all Canada in the hard train of *voyageur*, we knew that here indeed was ally. And every night thereafter, about midnight, — that dreaded hour when Grendel walked again, when things began to go all wrong, spirits to darken, fever-driven souls to slip and skid upon the dangerous ledge of consciousness, — Saint Gothard came with his high spiritual assuredness, his great physical strength, and we all breathed relief. He did in very deed care for *mes pauvres petits;* and his slow-cadenced French, which sometimes lifted crooning into ancient song or some absurd old nursery rhyme, again and often brought us midnight benediction.

Ma chandelle est morte.
Je n'ai plus de feu!
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu!

So it was that the daughter of a Calvinistic manse looked out upon this alien discipline; saw it close-ranged, and under fire; saw it so worthy that she almost envied. She saw the old French priest, himself eaten by fever, worn with coughing, refuse past midnight any aid or palliative lest he break his fast of God. Round and pink and kind as she had seen him heretofore, and thought him soft, she lived to find in him a harder mettle than even in her own keen doctrinarians. They became dear friends, and she drew strength from him, even as she fed him close-up-to-midnight doses to ease his terrible cough. Yet when he would travel sixty miles, by ice and snow and still more dangerous thaw, to say a service over his lost children who had perished there, he would not listen to her pleading, her all but threat.

'Father Nunneville — forgive me — but you are an old man, and we need you here, and you need us. Surely there is enough to do in Nimiuk, enough of God's lost children here —'

'But I am nothing, and the work is very much,' he said, and went. We lost him, so.

VI

It was that second night Cardoni came. I don't know when he first appeared, but I recall seeing him speak with Dick, knowing he watched me curiously out of that dark handsome face of his, so chiseled, metal-perfect as a Roman coin. I was not surprised to learn later that he was in very fact by birth a Roman, and had long posed as an artists' model, until some inexplicable tidal wave had left him, too, high on these northern shores. I wondered at his strange inquiring look, I wondered at his questioning of Dick, I wondered at his sudden leaving; and yet I could not wonder long, for there was so much to be done, and the night hours (though very long, God knew) were never long enough.

Then — I don't know how much time in between — the Roman stood before me as I was making rounds among the cots. He was but one of many shadows, and I hoped that he was helping Dick. I made to pass him,

but he stopped me with a strong but gentle hand upon my arm.

'*Signora!*' He spoke low, a mellow Italian voice that dripped like classic honey on my tired mind. '*Signora mia,* but when did you eat?'

I sat down suddenly between the shadowy cots, and thought. When had I eaten? Surely not to-day. What was to-day? Was it to-day now, or to-morrow? When *had* I eaten? I could not remember. And suddenly all of my physical craving, and that weakness which had been so pushed aside and under, came clamoring out. I knew myself a desperately tired woman, and hungry — famished hungry.

'But come,' he said, taking my hand and drawing me up on my feet, with courtesy that was like the motion of a *cinquecento* dance, so grave, so gracious, and so full of antique dignity. 'But come!'

I came, wondering, and he led me through and out of shadows in the darkened basement, up a short flight of steps into the little room that was our priest's refectory. There was a table set for one — a table with white napery, with silver in its proper order, a table with a little pot of posy bravely blooming on its exact centre. I smelled coffee, purring and clucking its happy percolation on the little stove there in the corner. A salad built by sheer artistry, from shreds of edible nothingness, flourished beside the silver. And as I was led to the armchair set in state before that table I caught a glimpse, by eye and nose, of macaroni in the Italian manner simmering on the little heater.

It was too much. I put my head on my two arms, down on that perfect table, and I wept and wept and wept. When that was finished, I wept some more! *Simpatico,* the Roman seized the proper moment in the storm to place the coffee near, to offer the ambrosial dish; and then stood smiling by, white napkin over arm, 'to serve *Signora.*'

Who was he? Even to-day I know but little more about him, though every night thereafter he still came, bringing some delicacy, and served for us a meal at midnight full of such surprises and refreshment that we of 'the graveyard shift' looked forward to his coming like children to Kriss Kringle. Later, when convalescents so desperately needed eggs and milk, and eggs and milk were unprocurable, Cardoni brought them every night in a big covered basket. Fresh eggs, I knew, were selling for five dollars a dozen, when you could get them — which I found I could not; and there were precious few fresh cows in the whole country. Whence came the eggs and milk? But when I asked, he merely smiled and looked mysterious.

'Is it good, the egg, the milk?'

'Good? Cardoni, they are like gifts from Heaven! They make our boys grow strong, so beautifully.'

'If the egg, the milk, are from Heaven, then we must speak no more about them.' And that was all he ever said.

VII

Do not think that in all these busy nights I ever once forgot my fear of that River, which still quite literally hung over us. Our high small basement windows opened flush upon the snow-bound earth, and the River always lay there just beyond, biding its time to rise and gulf us. Always it was on my mind, and so, whenever I could snatch a moment, I would rush out from the dark painful building — with its thick and fetid atmosphere of crowded and infected bodies — and run as swiftly as I might across the snow and down the bank and out upon the River, stamping and pounding there and listening

to the sound the ice gave back. Would it hold fast for yet another day of grace?

Rushing in from such a swift reconnaissance one night, I found a caller waiting, the little Scotch health officer who had thrust me so abruptly into this spider's web. Haggard as he now was, his coming seemed more precious than visitation of the angels. At once I whipped out pen and notebook and began to fire those many questions at him I had been saving up impatiently for Dr. Towers, who never came.

This fighting Scot just smiled at me. He said, 'My dear young woman, have you never heard of professional etiquette? I ran in just to see how you, personally, were holding out, because I had detailed you here. Your patients and their problems are Dr. Towers's — their treatment is entirely in his hands.'

'But I have never once laid eyes on Dr. Towers! And he has left word every night not to be called, no matter what might happen.'

'But he leaves directions.'

'He leaves us nothing but these scraps of Latin — and very dog-eared drug-store Latin, too.' I showed him then those wandering notes of scattered words, unrelated tags which, if they held any meaning, were in a form well calculated to conceal it.

'I'm a desperate woman, Dr. Gregor. One man is very sick to-night, and we have others who get delirious at times. As I told you first, I know absolutely nothing of what should be done. I could follow out directions — yes — but I have had no adequate directions. This affair is no tea party; you said yourself it was a fight. Why don't you give me weapons, then — answer my questions? You put me here to keep these men alive, I take it. What's etiquette to that?'

'Show me your very sick man, then,' he said, lifting himself up wearily. When we had made the rounds and I had answered several of his queries as best I could, he said, 'Now listen, for I want you to remember that I have told you nothing; and above all, you will not be following my instructions. But you should know Maclachlan has a bad case of pneumonia; and there are others very probably approaching it. This, *if I were in your place*, is what I'd do.'

And so I took dictation for nearly half an hour, and called in Dick to listen, too, so that between us we should miss no word or overtone. Never were a physician's words more hung upon. I spent most of the night's remainder quilting old woolly undershirts with cotton, for pneumonia jackets. But even that word did not terrify us now, for we had found a friend. On other nights and in those dragging early morning hours we came to dread so, he often came to visit us again, just for a moment's time. Always he would say, 'Don't quote me. I'm not here officially. Forget I said that. Do as you think best.' But in effect he heartened us immeasurably with his intelligent, shrewd friendliness, his keen, warm interest in our problems of reconvalescence. He was our bank, in our deep gamble with the shadows.

VIII

It was the very first night after Dr. Gregor's first impromptu visit that Dick came to find me, looking really worried.

'Have you seen Maclachlan lately?'

'Not in the last half hour. Why?'

'Well, there's something mighty queer on foot there. I don't get it. He said to me, "This bed of mine has slipped. Will you put something under it?" Well, sir, I looked. The bed was O. K., but just to humor him, for we're

old tillicums, I tinkered underneath and made as how I'd fixed a wedge there. Just now he calls to me again. "You should n't let my bed drop down this way," he says. "It's scandalous. There is a weak place in the floor here. See how the bed goes dropping into it? I'm burnt and sick and tired," he says. "How can I rest to-night, with my bed dropping out from under me?"'

'We can move his bed, Dick.'

'Adolphe and I just did that. It's what I came to tell you. But there's more behind this. I wish you'd come and see.'

It may well be that many of our fifty men had families; if so, however, they were still living back on some old-country farmstead, and we knew nothing of them. Maclachlan's fresh-faced wife and little boy I had myself met and remembered well, one time when they had come in from the mines; and so, although I never had seen him before, my sharp anxiety for this man wore a double-cutting edge.

On the hot pillow the man's hotter head lay rolling, restless, black-gray hair matted to damp curls. As friends, for many wakeful nights, we had been talking of that wife and son, the creek where he had been out prospecting, his neighbors whom I knew, and all the little daily normal gossip with which I tried so hard to tie these frightened children back to everyday, and be a link with all their known and homely matters of firm fact. But as I came and sat beside Maclachlan's bed, in its new place, he looked up at me strangely and he said, 'What is your name?' I saw then that the man I knew no longer lay there, but another. So I answered, 'My name is Mary.'

'Are you the Mary living in this house?'

'Yes, I am living here. Tell me what I can do to make you comfortable, so you will get a good night's rest.'

'My head is hot.'

We got a relay of fresh pillows and I arranged to keep them airing always in a window. We began to slip the cool ones underneath that feverish head, in endless series. Then after a short time he spoke again.

'Is Mary there?'

'I'm here.'

'Please do not let me drop down so. Can't you see how I'm slipping? Oh, Mary! I'm afraid! I don't know what is down there.'

Reaching quickly, from the low bed's head where I stood, I caught my two hands underneath his armpits and drew him up, until he knew that I was holding tight. 'You can't drop any more, for I am holding hard. You know I'm very strong. You can't slip, now.' I motioned with my head to Dick and he brought pillows. I knelt upon them at the bed's head, never relaxing that hard human load. All was quiet, and a long time passed. I whispered up to Dick what he must do of my night's work. After a time he came and whispered back, 'You can't kneel like that much longer. It'll most kill you. He seems quieter. Perhaps he's sleeping. Let him go, easy.'

But the first moment that the tension was the slightest bit released, he cried out, 'Mary! I am dropping. *Please* don't let me go!'

And, as I did so many times again all through that night, I answered, 'You can't drop any more, for I am holding fast. You must not be afraid, for I'm right here.'

For hours and hours I held so, hours and hours. Sometimes I spoke, perhaps by some word's point to break through to the treasury of his will, and help to draw the man's too fearful soul back from that shelving edge that slipped so close beneath us there, into impenetrable darkness. Again there were deep pools of silence and of crowding dark.

Long after, as a murky streak of dawn began to light our lower chamber, Dick woke me, for I had at last fallen asleep, so. I found myself all covered up with blankets, and he had piled big pillows underneath and around me. My arms were dead and useless, my back seemed absolutely broken; but the man apparently slept.

When I came back next evening I looked first to find Maclachlan, but he was not anywhere in the large room. I was frantic until at last I found him in the little room just off the priest's refectory — found him waking, gray eyes alight and friendly as they had been before.

'Hello!' he greeted, feebly but with a real show of cheer, in answer to my worried look. 'They brought me here to-day. They say I've passed a sort of turn, and now I will get well. But where were you last night? We boys all missed you.'

'Why, I was — I was taking care of a little boy.'

'I hope the child is better now,' he said, with a grave interest.

'He is,' I answered. 'Thank you.'

'Then please don't go away again. The boys feel better, in the night, when you're just kind of walking round. It is so — dark.'

That was a sweet cup, and I drank it gladly. God knows I needed the good brace of it. But what was that he said about the shadowed night? Did they, too, know that Grendel walked the hall, seeking to snare some there?

IX

The human mind knows times when shapes, long hidden, force their way across the threshold; and in those long nights of frenzied effort, dark and misshapen fancies crowded into consciousness, like the stir of black-winged bats. I do not know how much the inner brooding upon our physician's unnatural desertion of us, the foul air, the fear of the impending River, the continued ever-growing sense of our own weakness, our strength account so daily overdrawn and not recouped, the deep emotional as well as physical fatigue, the spiritual torment of unbearable responsibility which must be ever carried, our loneliness within the night and the late night's unnatural depression on the mind — how much all these, and more, were ground and basis to the phantom. But of a truth, as surely as I knew myself to be there, I had seen Grendel in that hall; and I could only call the image of the horror I had seen by that grim name.

Surely you remember Grendel, who was God's savage enemy, accursed monster of all joy bereft who would come nightly from far hollows where he dwelt amid wolf-haunted fen paths, to feast himself upon the blood of thanes who lay asleep in Hrothgar's hall. By some unholy power he held a spell that turned all man-made weapons. A baneful, horrid, shadow-haunting Grendel seemed to walk among us here, proof too against all human skill to turn his grisly arm, which snatched at sleeping men to do them death-sick hurt; and dire enough our need for mighty hand-grip of an epic Beowulf now, to stay that lethal arm and cleanse our own good hall of this malignant Thing.

As I went ever up and down between those men, — slowly, silently, on measured feet, lest I disturb those sleeping there, — something, Something, hid forever in the shadows, watched its time and waited. Almost, but never quite, I saw it face to face; but slantingly I saw it always, and all the long night long I knew it to be surely there. Ever on padded foot it stalked in grim and shadowed silence to choose its kill,

what body next of all our men to put its baleful claw into.

Then one night I returned to duty and was told that Grendel's claw had reached at last and, despite all our care, had clutched and taken Greenwood, our quiet and courteous old Englishman. That tired, tried prospector had climbed the last dip in the kloof and looked out now on what had always lain behind the ranges, always called there. The day shift merely told us, as they went so wearily away, that Dr. Towers officially had given the death notice, and sometime in the night the undertaker's men would come.

For a long time I could not bring myself to face the actual fact of it, for I had never looked upon the aspect of the dead. Then finally I forced myself to do so, knowing I could not save my self-respect and at the same time cheat in this last service, useless though it was. So, after all the necessary ministrations to the living, I went alone into the little entryway where they had fetched his cot. I made a light and stood and looked a long time at the thin worn body of the wander-footed Englishman. This, then, was death, which wrote its '30' to the rough draft of our human story.

But who had called it so? This imprimatur had been Dr. Towers's, that yet unseen practitioner who, in my own distorted loneliness, had come to wear a more malignant mask than even the plague's self. He called it death — but who was he to name a thing with accuracy? Surely I had not found his word so true in small familiar things that I should take it as inerrant now, in this last ultimatum which mattered so tremendously. The undertaker's men were coming. Yet, what if Dr. Towers had borne false witness here, as in those other well-remembered countless matters, better not now recalled?

The face that lay upon that pillow was all tinged with blue, the hands upon the cover were ominously quiet. But as I looked, and looked, and looked again — was it the high-swung light which rocked upon its cord in simulated pulse beat? Was it the sharp cool cut of a revivifying night air drawing through the semiheated corridor? Or was it but the shadow of my own refusal to believe that made me know, now, there was life here?

In terror of my almost criminal fancy, yet in a frantic haste, I sought out Dick — my good horse-senseful Dick — and told to him some part of what I felt.

'Oh, gee! I say — the old he-devil — now, I wonder! Rats! It can't be!' But he came quickly back with me to that quiet entryway.

'Dick,' I said, 'do you know any law forbidding "shots" for dead people? If you don't — if you'll dare do it — I wish you'd give him, now, just such a shot as you would give a horse to make it win a race. If he is gone, then surely we can do no hurt to what is left here. But if there's any spark of something flickering, perhaps — just maybe — we could fan it up. No one must ever know, just you and I. But if you do not want to do it, Dick — if you'll show me how, I'll do it; and I'll take the blame, if any comes.'

I think he scarcely heard me speaking, for he was looking so intently at the figure on the bed. Then he went nearer and bent down, and listened long there. He felt about the chest and at the throat, he put his head close to that other's; and when he did look up his eyes were gleaming.

'By God, woman, I believe you're right! There *is* some sign of breath, or I'm a liar.' And he ran swiftly for his needles, and the thing he called his 'jazz box.'

Can you imagine what joy mixed itself with horror when, secretly as

friendly ghouls, we sought in the next hours with all our feeble ingenuities to galvanize this once authenticated corpse to life again? There was no visible immediate result to our first efforts, and I, discouraged, said to Dick, 'We've given all we've got.' But quick as horseflesh he came back with, 'Yes, but thoroughbreds give more than they have got. It's what a man will ride for. We're not extended, yet.' And so through all that length of night we drove our flagging wits with merciless lash, that we, in spite of our gross handicap, might somehow steal from that ghostly rider on the pale horse this race of his so very nearly won.

There came a time when we could see a motion underneath the cover of Greenwood's bed. There came a time when we decided we might venture giving drops of milk with alcohol. There came a time when we dared lift the cot and carry it back to the inner room again. And last there came a time when (by God's favor, late) the grim men with their wicker burden came and knocked, but found the shadowy corridor untenanted and were sent forth with empty hands — to spread a wonder in our Nimiuk, of miracle which came, even in death, to those who sheltered under that gray rooftree. But we who mingled faith and work there knew it for but another twist we'd given Grendel's savage arm.

Next morning as I went off shift I stood again by Greenwood's cot and looked down at him; but this time he was looking back at me. I forced myself to negligent calm and asked this newly risen Lazarus of ours, 'What will you have for breakfast?' With a queer huskiness he answered, 'Ham and eggs I like best.' Then with apology, 'I have an asthma, that do give me turns, and all but shut my wind. I think I had one last night. My throat do be almighty tight this morning.'

So Greenwood had come back to us, for keeps; but the night's work cost us our precious doctor. That pretty story of a miracle did not long outlast the other fancies which the plague had brought. When our clean northern air again blew reason into a healed camp, — after some hand much stronger than our own had held the great and curdled River back, far past its usual break-up, until every last man of all our fifty came up out of that crypt alive and well again, — then laughter was a natural reaction to the tale of Greenwood's 'death.' And laughter is the very cruelest weapon. Stronger men than Dr. Towers have fled before it.

And we of Nimiuk, who drew deep breath again now that old Grendel walked our hall no more, knew a quite bearable regret when, with the first down-river boat, Dr. Towers quietly pulled up stakes and left us.

PUKA-PUKA NEIGHBORS

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

THERE are two churches on the South Sea atoll of Puka-Puka, where I have been a trader for a number of years. The larger one is the chipped-coral building of the London Missionary Society. It is quite imposing, with its pandanus-thatched roof contrasting with the blazing white of its plastered sides; I can see it from the trading station, a trifle to the right and fifty yards back from the road. The other church, belonging to the Seventh-Day Adventists, is about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

On Saturday, Monday, and Thursday mornings I am wakened at sunrise by the tinkle of the little bell of the Adventists, calling the congregation of eight old men and a few women to early morning service; but on Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday mornings the bell of the larger church across the road wakens me. As I rub the sleep from my eyes I can hear the congregation singing drowsily: —

'Rest for the weary, rest,
When all life's toils are o'er.
Rest for the weary, rest,
Upon a tranquil shore,
Where sighs, and tears, and pains,
Once all in mercy sent,
Will ne'er disturb again
The blest inhabitant.
Rest for the weary, rest,
Rest for the weary, rest.'

The last bars drag and limp with indescribable languor. It is the invariable opening hymn for the morning service, and an appropriate one, for on this dreamy island most of the work is done at night, while the day is reserved for sleep. So if my neighbors are ever weary, it is at the hour of the morning service, before turning in for a day's sleep.

The church bells have become a prominent factor in my atoll life, as they have to William the heathen, my retainer. William and his myopic wife, Mama, are lords of the cook shed. There they compound weird messes, much to the envy of the villagers. Mama is the official cook, receiving ten shillings a month in that capacity — but her husband takes most of the credit, as well as the wages. He lolls back on the wood box, hurling at his patient spouse all the invectives, in several languages, that he picked up while whaling.

'*Caramba!*' he will cry, all but the profanity being in Puka-Pukan. 'There goes the Christians' church bell! Here you, Mama, don't fall asleep over the stove, or I'll baste you one. Blood and devils! Did n't I tell you to break the egg before putting him in the frying pan? What t' hell Bill! You bust the egg and don't take off his shell? Oh, what an old fool! Here, make the coffee — and don't forget to grind him first!'

Mama is accustomed to him; she does not pay the slightest attention, except to pick the pieces of eggshell out of the frying pan until it becomes too hot for her fingers. She is an old woman who dresses in a grass skirt tied over a gown of cheap print. She gesticulates

in a frenzied, incoherent manner, and cackles cheerfully when one takes notice of her. In spite of William's peremptory ways, she is the apple of his eye. Let the slightest indisposition confine her to her little hut on the lagoon beach, and the ex-whaler will rush from one end of the island to the other in search of herbs and native doctors; he will become as nervous as a mother attending the illness of an only child.

II

My first acquaintance with William and his wife was during my first day on Puka-Puka. An hour after landing I had walked through the central village, where the trading station was to be, and, turning into a path which led behind the church, walked through a desolate graveyard and on to the coconut groves and taro beds of the interior. Inland, as much as fifty acres had been excavated to a depth of ten feet, bringing the taro beds to sea level, where the roots of the plant could flourish in swampy ground. I wandered on, past a dozen or more taro beds, and as many little graveyards isolated among the groves. These are curious places, with headstones of coral slabs covered with innumerable designs. Being bare of vegetation, they gulp the hot sunlight voraciously, and give it back in scorching waves of heat.

Near the sea side of the island the taro beds give place to unbroken coconut groves stretching to where trees with gale-gnarled limbs grow by the outer beach, sheltering the palms. Beyond grows scraggy bush which gains but meagre sustenance from the coral gravel thrown up by the sea.

On breaking my way through the bush I closed my eyes before the glare of exposed sand and shallow water between the reef and shore. The water reflected the full blaze of the sun like countless tiny mirrors. The shallows were alive with cross seas meeting in sparkling ridges of spray, falling back in dancing undulations. Miniature waves washed upon the beach and were gulped down by the gravel, leaving no backwash; and farther out came the incessant thundering of the great Pacific combers as they rose with deliberate recklessness to crash in resounding cannonades along the reef, and to spill back into the sea, exposing rust-red ridges of coral broken by pools of sea foam.

'*Ulekaina!*' croaked a froglike voice, so close at hand that I was slightly startled. I looked about, but at first saw no one. Then, at one side, I observed a mound of coconut leaves somewhat resembling a hayrick. A grizzled brown head protruded from the top of it, and a face furrowed all over with deep wrinkles. On the head was the brim of a European straw hat; the crown was missing. The head thus framed was shaped as nearly like a blunt-nosed bullet as a cast could have made it. Under the brim a pair of small shrewd eyes regarded me closely with an amused and superior air, and a pair of ears, anything but small, stood out at almost right angles from the head. The skin of the face was like old, well-seasoned shoe leather, pierced on the chin by about a dozen wiry hairs that served as a beard.

'*Ulekaina!*' the voice croaked again, and of a sudden the hayrick rose, and became an enormous grass skirt which covered the old man at least a foot deep.

He raised a long index finger, with a knuckle like an orange in an ostrich's throat, described a circle in the air, and then pointed at himself.

'Uiliamu (William),' he said.

I described a similar circle with my index finger, pointed at my breastbone, and said, 'Ropati.'

He nodded in a knowing manner, resumed his hayrick posture, and produced a pipe from somewhere in his grass skirt. Holding it to within an inch of his right eye, he stared into the empty bowl and sighed deeply. Then he brought forth an empty tin, gazed into it in the same distressing manner, and demonstrated its emptiness by turning it upside down and shaking it vigorously. I handed him my tobacco tin, whereupon he proceeded to fill his own tin in the good old Scots fashion, cramming the tobacco down, making farsighted provision for the future. Having filled his tin, he again concealed it in his grass skirt, and, digging into another part of the hayrick, produced a stick of twist tobacco and some dried pandanus leaf. With these he rolled two cigarettes — one for me, in consideration of my generosity. We smoked them in silence.

After a long and, to me, rather embarrassing interval, he said, in polished whaler English, 'Where t' hell you from?'

'What!' I said. I was rather bowled over by this sudden question.

'Damme! You no spik English? What t' hell! You Dago? You Chow? I spik too much English. Wha's a matter you?'

'I'm an American,' I said. 'I've come here to open a trading station. Where did you learn English?'

'Me? What the devil! Me whaler man! No Puka-Puka Kanaka! Whaler man! *Tutae-auri!*'

Tutae-auri means 'heathen,' and William went on to assure me that he had nothing to do with Christians. This interested me, for very few of the natives on these lonely islands have the courage to flout the missionaries. Although few or none of them have more than a vague notion of what Christianity is about, nevertheless they are great churchgoers. I have not met more than three who, like William, were avowedly and boastfully heathen.

We sat for a long time on the outer beach, yarning about all sorts of things. Once he left me for a moment to shin up a coconut palm for drinking nuts, as agilely as though he had temporarily shouldered off half a century. We talked until noon, when he accompanied me to the village, going before me with an air of possessorship — for he said that he meant to adopt me as his son, exhibiting me to all the Christians as the white man whose godlessness was equal to his own. His adopting me as a son turned out to be my adopting him as a retainer — an act I have often repented, in spite of my fondness for the old scoundrel.

III

I was alone that first night at Puka-Puka. The supercargo had checked over my trade goods and returned to the ship. Sea Foam, my landlord, brought a mosquito net and a mat, so that I had nothing to do but unpack a few of my belongings and loll on the verandah, watching the villagers waking from their long siestas.

At about ten o'clock fishing canoes returned from their excursions along the reef for lobsters and *mulau* fish. Then, like magic, the islet was transformed. Scores of coconut-shell fires blazed with their characteristic glaring white flame, throwing grotesque shadows on the brown thatched huts, dancing in fairylike shimmerings among the domes of coconut fronds, casting ghostlike reaches of light through the adjacent graveyards, and silhouetting the forms of *pareu*-clad natives at work cleaning their fish.

I could see William sitting in front of his house. The firelight threw his figure into clear relief against the wattled wall at his back. He sat cross-

legged, his arms hanging limply at his sides, the backs of his hands resting on the ground. He was staring vacantly in front of him, and I knew that he was in one of those trances so common to the natives of Polynesia. Though Mama was at his side cleaning fish for a belated meal, he was as completely unconscious of her as though he had been in the deepest sleep. What a blessed faculty it must be to command oblivion!

I rose from my mat and walked through the village, hungrily sniffing the fragrance of fish grilling on scentless coals, for I had eaten nothing since morning. Now I was greeted on every side with '*Ulekaina!*' and '*Moe ai koe!*' The first greeting is not translatable; the other means much the same as our 'Pleasant dreams!'—an appropriate greeting, certainly, for such a somnolent little island. Everything is dreamlike here; the island itself is a dream come true, so that romanticists who are patient enough may see vindicated their faith in remote lands beyond the farthest horizon.

On returning I came to Mama's house, where William woke up and insisted on my eating with them. Old Mama seconded the invitation, gesticulating and grinning with all her might. They made an amusing pair, and seemed peculiarly suited to each other. Mama gave me a fine mulau fish served on a clean banana leaf, and a piece of taro pudding. Both the fish and the taro were wonderfully appetizing after my long ship's diet of tinned meats.

After the meal William and I talked about all manner of things, while Mama hovered around, feeling my hair, running her long bony fingers into my pockets to examine their contents with childish delight. Everything they contained amused her, and at each discovery she would clasp her hands and make all sorts of funny noises. She chattered ceaselessly, asking William questions to which he would reply in an offhand, disdainful manner.

Soon a crowd of natives gathered round, when William, waiting for the psychological moment, produced the tobacco he had stolen from me. He ceremoniously filled his pipe with an air that seemed to say that he never smoked any but the finest brands of white men's tobacco, and pompously lit it with a coal from the fire. But a little later, when the others had gone, he knocked out the half-smoked tobacco with disgust, and refilled his pipe with his own mule-killing twist.

The next morning, when I was wakened by the strains of 'Rest for the weary, rest,' I found that William and Mama had established themselves in the cookhouse, and William was roaring curses at the dear old lady as she tried to kindle a fire.

IV

One evening, shortly after my arrival on the island, I was walking through the groves on the seaward side of the island. Observing a coconut palm growing at an easily scalable angle, I decided to climb it to catch the breeze while I smoked my evening pipe. Upon reaching the top, whom should I find there but my old friend William, perched on a cluster of nuts jammed between a frond butt and the tree. He was leaning comfortably back in a mass of foliage, sucking an empty pipe. I offered him my pouch; he gravely accepted it, filled his pipe, and motioned me to a perch on a neighboring bunch of nuts.

Having made myself comfortable, I lit my own pipe and leaned back to enjoy a quiet smoke, while the wind swayed the tree gently, with a pleasant cradlelike motion.

Old William livened up at my arrival.

Producing a six-foot piece of string, he tied the ends together, and, after looping it around the index and little finger of each hand, proceeded by rapid manipulations to form complex patterns in the string between his fingers. Schoolgirls in America often amuse themselves in this way, making what they call cat's cradles, but their patterns are simplicity itself in comparison with old William's.

The Puka-Puka string figures are of immemorial origin. Local legends tell how the gods of Puka-Puka taught them to the people. One legend relates how the famous Polynesian god, the oldest Maui (Maui-matua), visited Puka-Puka and challenged the people to test his wisdom. The local heroes and gods started making string figures before him, asking what they represented. Each pattern he named correctly: 'This is *Po-nao-nao;* this is the oven of *Lau-tara;* this is *Tii-koni-koni.*' But when one hero made a puzzle for Maui to unravel, the god tried and failed. In order to save his honor, he directed the attention of the local hero to a large bird in an adjacent tree, and while the hero was looking away Maui undid the puzzle by breaking the string, much as Alexander cut the Gordian knot.

Heathen William, like the rest of the inhabitants, had made a life study of string patterns. His skill was really marvelous. The old man's bony fingers were almost invisible as he manipulated the string; then he would stop abruptly, spread his hands, and show me a new design. Throughout the performance his coarse old face was wrinkled with a self-satisfied smile.

'This is a shark,' he would say, showing me a new pattern, and he would grunt a chant specially composed for that particular picture; 'this is a flock of birds over a school of fish; this is Ko Islet after a great hurricane.' Many of his patterns were of such a nature that they could hardly have been shown at a ladies' sewing circle; as for his explanations of their meanings, it is enough to say that they were what one might expect from old Heathen William.

'Now,' he said, 'I will show you one of the most difficult of all. Not many people can make this one.' His fingers moved so rapidly that it was impossible to follow their movements, and the string was crossed and recrossed so many times that at last there was a space of only a few inches between his hands. He stopped, spread his fingers, and exhibited the pattern. 'What would you call that?' he asked, grinning at me.

I shook my head.

'*Caramba!* What t' hell! Don't you know what this is? What they teach you in the white man's school? It's a cowboy having a great battle on the outside beach at night.' He rolled his eyes and wiggled his thumb, whereupon the complicated pattern worked back and forth in an indescribable manner. Old William roared with laughter, and nearly fell out of the tree in his merriment. Then he put the string back in his pocket, saying that he would show me some more patterns at another time.

I shifted to a softer cluster of nuts and relit my pipe, which had gone out in the thick of William's graphic battle. We were silent for some time. At length I asked: 'William, what is your greatest pleasure in life?'

Without a moment's hesitation the sage of Puka-Puka replied: 'Shooting marbles; that is, nowadays. But when I was a wild youth I was a terror with the women.'

In these days, he went on to tell me, the Puka-Puka youth are as foolish as the white men, for they listen to the teachings of the missionaries and try to

ape the white men's ways. Now, when a young Puka-Puka man wants a wife he asks her father's permission to marry, and wastes his money buying her worthless trinkets from the trading schooners, — dresses and shoes and pareus and the like, — when it would be much better to spend his money on himself, buying all-day suckers, tops, marbles, or Japanese kites.

William expressed his opinion of such modern practice in a singeing blast of curses. He spat venomously over the side of the tree and proceeded to tell me how different things had been in 'the good old days' when he was young. When he wanted a wife, which was often the case, he chose her without asking her father's, her mother's, or even her own, consent. He simply took her whether she liked it or not. He had learned early in life that women like masterful men.

The old heathen chuckled to himself as he thought of past days. 'Ah, when I was a youth,' he resumed, presently, 'women were nice and fat!'

V

The sun was just setting, but William and I, having refilled our pipes, had no intention of leaving our comfortable perch. A wayward hen, too proud to roost with the other hens on the village church, had come to our coconut palm and was cluck-clucking petulantly, for halfway up she had spied us occupying her roost. The breeze had died away and the tree was now quite motionless save when William required forcible gesticulations, which made it sway in a gentle nodding manner as though it were confirming every word the old sage uttered.

'Speaking of women,' he went on, 'have you heard the death chant I am making for old Mama?'

'What!' I cried. 'Do you mean to say that you are composing a death chant for old Mama!'

'*Caramba!* Yes! Why not? She's an old woman; she won't last many more moons.'

Then in his wheezy guttural voice he began chanting a song that started,—

'Akaru na ke, aka'ia,
Opotia i te konga ai'i,
Ru na niwan'unga vavare.'

('I shall gather them all in one place,
My wife and her three sisters,
For they have all smiled on old William.')

I remarked that I thought it a shame to compose a death chant for his wife when she was still in her usual health, and, furthermore, to brag about his past flirtations with his wife's sisters. 'You don't know the Bible, William, because you are an old heathen; if you did, you would be more considerate of your wife's feelings.'

'The Bible! If it says that it's wrong to flirt with your wife's sisters, then it's even more foolish than I thought. Your wife is glad when you take a fancy to her sisters. She knows that you're not making love to some other woman's sisters.'

'Then you think it's natural for a man to make love to more than one woman?'

'Of course! What you think? You think any man makes love to only one woman? No Puka-Puka women believe that, or Puka-Puka men either — not even when they're young. But listen to the rest of my song.'

He chanted away for at least twenty minutes, speaking now and then of poor old Mama, but for the most part exalting himself, speaking of his whaling days, and giving a list of the names of those he had at various times honored with his affections.

I confess that I was rather shocked at William's callousness, that he was so little concerned over the prospect of

old Mama's death that he could compose a long, and certainly lewd, song in her, or rather in his own, honor.

I wondered what would happen if I were to die on Puka-Puka. The natives would have a big time, unquestionably. They would compose a death chant — Bosun-Woman would very likely be given the job of composing it; a few would wail over my body for a day, and then I should be quickly forgotten. And what was I, after all, but a somewhat more highly sensitized Mama?

William interrupted my musings: 'Here's the ending of the song,' he said — and with that he spun me a few more verses about himself.

Dusk had deepened as we sat there, and people were waking from their all-day slumbers. William, apparently, had only just begun to talk. He proposed that he should give me the complete history of his life; but I was cramped from sitting so long in the same position, so we slid down the tree and returned to the village.

VI

One day old Mama was sitting by me embroidering with her clumsy calloused hands a pillow slip after her own design. A Rarotonga girl had taught her the trick, but Mama would have none of those foolish flower and flags-of-all-nations designs. She intended presenting me with a pillow slip which she herself had 'composed.'

I took up a book, but failed to interest myself in it. Presently I brought out my photograph album, and showed Mama various scenes and portraits.

One of the first pictures was of myself standing in a small boat holding an albacore in each hand.

'Oh!' cried Mama, clapping her hands. 'A steamboat!'

'No, no, Mama,' I said; 'it's only a little fishing boat I once owned at Tahiti.'

'But it's got a smokestack,' said Mama.

'No, that's me, Ropati, standing in the boat.'

Mama held the album at about two inches from her myopic eyes, studying the picture long and intently, muttering to herself the while. At last she shook her head in a skeptical manner. 'Well, Ropati, it may be you, but it looks like a steamboat to me.'

I turned the page to a photograph of my old Aunt Deborah, surrounded by her family of fifteen.

'Oh, a mountain!' exclaimed Mama, after she had examined it for some time.

This may seem absurd, but it is precisely what old Mama said. She had very poor eyesight; furthermore, she had never seen a photograph of any sort until I came to Puka-Puka, and, although she knew nothing of either mountains or steamboats except by hearsay, she was always likening the pictures in my books to one or the other.

'No, Mama,' I explained, 'that is my Aunt Deborah and her fifteen children. You see, the photographer has arranged them so that the little ones are at the ends and the tall ones in the middle, so the outline is something like that of a mountain.'

'Have you ever been on a mountain, Ropati?'

'Oh yes, many times.'

'Is a mountain as high as a coconut tree?' . . .

I turned over the pages, much to Mama's delight. She saw only mountains and steamboats, but took my word for it that most of the photographs were of my friends and relatives in America. There was Yancey, who kept a grocery store and who used to give me chewing gum, and Doc Harry,

who often came to our house for Sunday dinners, and Uncle Harvey and the Reverend Hezekiah — many more. It saddened me to think how far I had drifted from my old life and of the many years that had passed since I had last seen any of the dear ones at home.

I started describing to Mama the wonders of America — its vast plains, its mountains, the mighty lakes and rivers, and the great highways stretching from coast to coast. 'Just think, Mama,' I said, 'if you were to start walking from the Pacific Ocean across America, and could keep going day and night, it would take months to reach the Atlantic Ocean!'

'You mean, if you were to paddle across,' said Mama.

'No,' I said, 'walk.'

'But that's foolish! You could n't walk across the lagoon.'

'I've said nothing about a lagoon.'

'But how could you walk across an island without crossing the lagoon? Unless you followed the reef — and that's not walking across it, but around it.'

Mama, never having seen any land but a coral atoll, could not conceive of an island without a lagoon; and, of course, to her America was nothing more than an atoll somewhat larger than Puka-Puka — but not a great deal larger. For a long time I tried to explain, saying that there were mountains and plains where the lagoon should be; but she would always break in with the question: 'But where *is* the lagoon, then?'

At last, somewhat exasperated, I said: 'Damn it! There is no lagoon!'

'Damn it! There ain't, you!' roared old William, who was on the verandah. He had not heard the argument, but had caught my ejaculation. Being accustomed to swearing, particularly at Mama, in season and out of season, he could not let such an opportunity pass.

But Mama still persisted that there must be a lagoon somewhere. So to settle the matter I drew a sketch of America Island, arranging matters as best I could so that she could see how things were. She studied the plan for at least ten minutes, while I painstakingly pointed out the different lands, explaining everything in minute detail. Presently she turned the chart upside down. Then she recognized the peninsula of Florida and the Isthmus of Panama as two smokestacks, and decided that I had drawn a really lovely steamboat.

VII

William and I turned from the road and followed the private trail of the young unmarried to where the largest of the Puka-Puka graveyards lies, near the central village council house. William had brought a solitary bottle of wine, the last of my supply from Tahiti, and we were looking for a secluded spot in which to enjoy it.

Coming to a lean-to beside one of the graves, William turned and said: '*Caramba!* Fine place! Bones and Benny will never find us here!'

We crawled in under the coconut thatch. Within was a space about six feet square, covered with woven frond mats, where the relatives of some dead man came, occasionally, to sleep. The high side of the lean-to was open and faced the clearing.

After a couple of pulls at the bottle, William started the conversation, saying, apropos of nothing: 'Now that gravestone over there.'

'What about it?'

'What about it! Puncture me! He was an ancestor of mine!'

'He was? What was his name?'

'*Caramba!* How should I know?'

'I should think, on an island like Puka-Puka, you would know your ancestors' names.'

'What do you know about it? This lubber died several hundred years ago; but I know he was one of my ancestors, because the stone at the head of the grave leans a little to the left while the one at the foot leans the other way. And I know by the stones along the sides that he was blind in one eye and had a fine set of teeth.'

After this display of anthropological lore he was silent for a moment while he had another drink. Presently he said: 'But that one next to him was a no-account man. He was white-headed when he died, which proves that he ate other people's coconuts. He married twice; had four children by his first wife and two by the second. And he had elephantiasis in both legs.'

'What was his name?'

'He died hundreds of years ago, but I know that he was a descendant of Tauperoa, Big Stomach's enemy. Of course any child knows that. It is shown by the kind of coral the stones are made from.'

'How did you know the other particulars about him?'

William gave me a contemptuous glance.

'Hell and damnation! You got no eyes? Can't you see the bottom of the headstone has been smoothed off? That shows as plain as day that he was white-headed. The two notches on the footstone mean that he had two wives, and the coral slabs along the sides, four on one side and two on the other, show the number of his brats. And anybody knows by the way the grave lies that he had big legs.'

'And that ancestor of yours? How did you know he had only one eye?'

'Look at the sharp-pointed slabs along the sides: they show that he had a fine set of teeth.'

'There's one stone missing: does that mean that he had one tooth out?'

'You are one big fool!' said William scornfully. 'If he'd had a tooth out, do you suppose they would have put those stones there to show he had a fine set of teeth? The missing stone means he was blind in one eye.'

'But could n't those stones mean his children, like the ones on the other grave?'

The old man fairly singed me with curses for daring to have such a suggestion to offer. He gave me to understand that I was not qualified to have opinions in such matters. Then he returned to the pleasant topic of gravestones, explaining how each stone tells the story of the man buried beneath, even though it has no chiseled inscription. Thus a pointed stone at the head, three small ones on either side, and another pointed one at the foot, proclaim that a great fisherman is buried beneath. A square headstone, with two little digits protruding from the corners, means, for some strange reason, that the occupant of that grave was bald-headed. An interesting and curious volume could be written about the gravestones of Puka-Puka, for there are many kinds, and each village has its own symbolism.

'*Caramba!*' cried William. 'I have decided on a fine stone for you, Ropati. It will tell about your cowboy adventures, and your store, and everything else!'

'William,' I replied evasively, 'just look at that sunset! A salmon red, like the tinned salmon I sell in the trading station for one and sixpence. By the way, do you like tinned salmon?'

'Blast me, no! Salmon is for women, beef for men. I will have another drink. But about your death chant: I have a part of it ready.'

Night set in, cloudless but dark. I

stared out of the hut across the cemetery where the gravestones glimmered faintly under the light of the stars. Despite the wine I had drunk, a shiver ran down my back. I imagined that I could see shadowy figures moving here and there among the stones.

I heard a gurgling sound from the darkness close at hand. The old man smacked his lips as he set down the bottle.

'When you are an old lubber like me,' he said, 'you'll know all these old Puka-Pukans. Yes, and you'll see them, too. Many's the night I have.'

But little more was needed to excite my imagination to the seeing point. Already the shadows seemed to be taking form around me — heads with empty eye sockets and rows of gleaming white teeth; flesh-covered forms as well — men with elephantiasis legs and hair so white that it gleamed with phosphorescent light.

'Now there was Mauta a Tau,' mumbled the old man, as I watched more of the ancient Puka-Pukans rising from their graves. 'He was a great fisherman, and married King Rauta's daughter, Teina. Both Mauta and Teina are buried by that high-pointed stone, but the King was killed by a turtle at sea.' The old man laughed. 'They say that every night when Mauta went fishing Teina would sit by the beach at Yato and sing: —

'I will wait for you a year,
And a half a year, my husband.

'But she did n't. One night one of the bucks from Yato came down to hear her sing, and it turned out that she did n't wait nearly so long as she had promised she would.

'Mauta's bones are in the grave in front of you.'

VIII

A diffused light like a phosphorescent mist seemed to steal across the cemetery. I could again see old William's face, and the gravestones stood out sharply. My heart pumped double time for a moment; then I realized what had happened: the moon was rising.

The old heathen upended the wine bottle, threw it aside, and spread out his arms in a wide gesture.

'My father lies over there on the sea side of the graveyard,' he said. 'He's under that tall square stone. He was a fathom and six fingers high, and he weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds on Captain Bully Hayes's scales. My mother's grave is the next one, and then the graves of my six brothers and sisters.'

Another group of phantom figures, but less distinct than the rest, seemed to rise out of the ground as though old William had conjured them up; but in a moment they dissolved in the light of the rising moon.

'Do you see that blank space to the right? That's for Mama and me.'

Suddenly he grasped me by the shoulder, put his face close to mine, and gazed into my eyes with a drunken, leering smile.

'But there's plenty of room for three, Ropati! We'll leave a place for you!

'*Caramba!*' he shouted. 'I will now compose the rest of your death chant!'

A GROUP OF POEMS

IN THE LATE SIXTEEN-HUNDREDS

Lord Sorbett wrote a Sonnett-Booke for Stella,
A sort of intellectual embrace
For the disdainful fair. He begged to place
It in her altarpiece as a predella
Of angels singing *laudes a capella.*
And then, before the book appeared — disgrace! —
She ran off with a man o' the populace:
A clergyman! who wore shoes of prunella!

Lord Sorbett raised an eyebrow in despair;
But fortunately 'Stella' was a name
That might mean anyone adorable.
Therefore he ordered all his men to wear
The livery of the Duchess of Thélème,
Held back his book a month, and all went well.

ACCIDENT

SHE put the page down, and her slow
Eyes said: 'You must have loved her so!
This girl whom I can never know.'

Then his whole soul, in bursting seas,
Crushed down conventionalities.
He dropped his hot face to her knees.

Caught on that unexpected wave,
The two clung, lonely, shameful, brave,
Embracing on his first love's grave.

MISTAKE

AFTER the letters, the nocturnal trials,
The melancholies, the stubborn clutch of breaths,
After the useless beauty of denials,
The gods heard my pathetic crow of triumph;
For she was mine — and wished that she were Death's.

And now I know that there is no believing
One's own soul, which can lie with willing lips;
While she, poor girl, thought that I was deceiving
Only herself. Gods! is there no way of seeing
The price beforehand of these little slips?

S. FOSTER DAMON

FEAR

BY ONE WHO HAS FELT IT

I

An American poet and essayist has written his autobiography as the story of one pervasive and unconquerable fear, admitting with candor that his whole social and mental history is tragically conditioned by nothing other than psychic terror.

There is, of course, no way to estimate the part played by fear in the life of modern, unsuperstitious man. But there is some ground for supposing that such experience as that recorded in *The Locomotive God* is more common than we should judge from the infrequency of its deliberate expression in words. What sets Mr. William Ellery Leonard apart from the common run of us is perhaps not so much the basic substance of his experience as his disposition and ability to anatomize it in printed language. I am prompted to this observation by the astounding number of persons I have met whose actions say, even if their words do not, that they are afraid — afraid of themselves, or of each other, or of their wives or husbands, or of love or marriage or paternity, or of the future, or of failure, or of the dark; afraid of not getting a job, or afraid of not keeping one; afraid of things nameless and indefinable, and to a degree beyond what it is at all possible to rationalize; afraid, in fine, of life.

So much of this abject terror do I come upon, sometimes by confidential disclosure and sometimes by involuntary detection, that I now wonder if practically every sensitive person has not at some time had to struggle against a sort of alarm that had only to be outgrown to be seen as apparently irrational and needless. Consider the artist, archetype of the sensitive person — is not his characteristic modern mood a distrust of life based, whether he know it or not, on fear? As a public character he has chosen, for the chief mood of his articulateness, skepticism as to the value of existence — and what is this skepticism but hatred, and what is hatred but fear made dynamic? As a private person the artist is harrowed by distrust of his own powers, fear of the publishers and the public to whom he must entrust his work, and jealous hostility to his fellow craftsmen. And as for the insensitive, when, as occasionally happens, they are clutched by these paralyzing terrors their helplessness is made even more complete and terrible by their very lack of the imagination to know what is the matter with them.

It has become clear to me that the laws which govern the behavior of psychic terror have little correspondence with those which affect the want of physical courage or of what is called moral courage. Physical and moral cowardice are genuinely alike, on a lower and a higher plane. They are simply a deficit in respect to a quality, bravery, which can be cultivated, as all soldiers and all saints have cultivated it. Both are amenable to reason and to experience. If you are afraid of *something*, it is always open to you to behave as if you were not, — to do which

is bravery, — or you are open to the demonstration, by logic or by experience, that the cause of your fear is not so appalling after all and that it is possible to face it and to get used to it. But to be afraid of *nothing* is a vice without any corresponding virtue, a disease without a treatment. The fear which is of the soul, not of the body or the mind, is a weakness against which there is no type of strength open to cultivation. It is not the result of a lack of courage; it is simply an experience, one which partakes shockingly of the nature of pure accident.

This modern soul-fear, fear without rational cause and persisting in the face of reason, no more betokens want of courage than being crushed under an automobile betokens want of health. No one can be forearmed against it, because it issues no forewarning. Every man supposes himself immune until he finds himself overcome. One cannot even know the time or the agency of one's cure. The thing passes away as clouds dissolve from a night sky during the hours of sleep. When morning comes the sky is clear, but you have no notion when it became so. We are taken unaware and released we know not when. The whole business is as mysterious as life and death themselves, as incalculable as chance.

The most that is open to us, in the present state of knowledge, is the mere suggestion of probabilities based on actual experience. Until someone has discovered a technique for the control of psychic fear — and the founder of such a technique will have done as much for a need of his fellow creatures as he who created bacteriology — it is idle for any man to prescribe for the terrors of another, or to lay down any positive generalizations whatever. The record of any one typical experience *may* contain invaluable clues; from the aggregation of enough such records there *may* be educed in time a comprehension of the disease and a formula for its treatment. So much is about all that can be said. Pending that time when the virus shall be isolated and its vaccine prepared, all that any one of us can do is to tell as accurately as possible the story of his own experiences and symptoms, with no more remarks thereon than he can make in the mood of open-minded inquiry.

In that experience of my own fear which is here related I detect at least one possibility of uncommon usefulness. Nearly all such encounters are so shadowy in the mind of the person most concerned that he can make nothing of them in words. Indeed, they are sometimes so impalpable as to make him deny to himself that anything at all has happened. The stark definiteness of this experience of mine rendered that sort of evasion impossible. The inward sense of the occurrence may have had no traceable relation to its outward appearance, but at least the appearance was unmistakable and unforgettable. And it is describable. I shall never know, perhaps, what I feared; but I have always known what it seemed to be. The episode has the useful property of crystallizing into a sharp, an almost physical issue something which is ordinarily experienced as no more than a vague pressure upon the heart or a blighting chill in the spinal marrow. You can narrate an encounter with a ghost that you never expected to see. It has that advantage over the mere state of being inexplicably afraid that you are going to see one.

II

In December of 1906 I was a few months under twenty years of age and a sophomore in one of the large Eastern universities, to which I had come from a small-town high school. My standing

in my classes was respectable, as it had invariably been. I was not in trouble with the college administration, or in any trouble at all. My habits were neither very solitary nor very gregarious; the courses I was taking did not exact an amount of work in excess of what it was pleasurable to do; I was keeping reasonable hours; and so far as I know I was in admirable bodily health. My two parents and four grandparents were all long-lived and very healthy persons; so were the four great-grandparents whom I remembered. I never heard of any mental abnormality or conspicuous queerness in any of my forebears. As to religious beliefs, after a pious and orthodox bringing-up I had become a convinced rationalist and skeptic; but the transition had been well under way at fifteen, and occurred gradually and without shock, leaving my inherited ethical code intact. I had no superstitions that I know of, and no sensory defects. It seems to me that I was in a condition of emotional balance, as human beings go.

I was living at this time on the second floor of a quiet private apartment house a few minutes' walk from the campus — the sort of unpretentious place that is inhabited by a married instructor or two, girl conservatory students with mothers or aunts attending them, elderly couples whose children have married or gone away, teachers, librarians, and the like. My roommate and I were the only undergraduates in the building that year; and he was the only person in it whom I knew, even by sight. In November someone in the building had scarlet fever, and a room was quarantined. The parents of my roommate, who lived in a suburb of the university city, made him sleep at home and commute to classes; so that for some weeks I was left alone.

My bedroom was so placed that from the bed I looked diagonally to the right through a doorless doorway to the outside wall of the study, which wall consisted chiefly of three large windows close together, with a low window seat built in beneath. In the corner between the doorway and the nearest of these windows was my flat-topped desk, with a chair facing it. The arc lights on a neighboring street were bright enough so that, even on moonless nights, the study window beyond the doorway was a clear-cut rectangle.

On a very cold night of early December I had gone to bed fairly early, and was just drifting off to sleep when it flashed into my mind that I could not remember releasing the catch on the automatic bolt of the door from the study to the hall. It was my habit to snap this catch back on entering the room and to leave the door unlocked until I went out or to bed. I remembered drowsily that I had hung my coat, with its waistcoat containing a valued watch, on the chair at the desk, just through the bedroom door, and that in my clothes there were also a few dollars in bills. But I could hardly imagine sneak thievery in such a place; I might have locked the door without remembering it; and, if I had not, the omission seemed not worth investigation in the freezing wind that agitated the curtains of the open bedroom window. I put the thought out of my mind and went quickly to sleep. (These details are wearyingly trivial, I realize. But endure that: perhaps they bear compound interest, and I must make it clear just how the thing happened and how utterly objective it apparently was.)

From a deep, sound, and (as I was convinced then and after) dreamless sleep I came broad awake with a gasp of the most intense fear, my heart losing a beat, and found myself partly propped up on one elbow and staring through the doorway into the study. The form

of a man, silhouetted against the big study window beyond, was bent over the desk chair as if going through the clothes hung on it. At my convulsive movement — an involuntary one — he straightened up and stood frozen for a second; then I heard the soft *pad, pad, pad* of quick steps across the study carpet, and the next instant the click of the automatic lock. And I was lying there alone in a sweat of terror, with my heart hammering me like a big fist.

As soon as I was physically able — perhaps in thirty seconds — I jumped up and lighted one gas burner in the bedroom and another in the study. The first thing I noticed was the tiny alarm clock on the bedroom mantel, which pointed to five o'clock in the morning. Clothes, watch, and money were untouched. There was no sign of an intruder anywhere. The outside door was locked.

I closed the window and went back to bed, because the day's heat supply would not begin for an hour or more. As I remember it, I did not go back to sleep. I was entirely certain that a sneak thief had entered the room, been startled at his work, and slipped out without accomplishing anything. There was, certainly, a discrepancy: the snapping of the lock, which was as distinct as anything ever received by one of the five senses, contradicted the impression of a door left unlocked, since one could hardly imagine the thief releasing the catch, either as he entered or as he fled. But such a perception could make no headway against the distinctness of the impression itself. And it was a waking impression; that is, it was accompanied by none of the sensations that, in my experience before and since, consort with dreams.

The next evening I spent in the study, quietly reading. I went to bed later this time, with the door indubitably fastened, and I did not go to sleep so soon. My mind persisted in dwelling on the event of that morning, but not, as it seemed, with any special tensity. Sleep, when it came, was normal as far as I can know. But it was crashed into by the same experience over again — the precise experience *de novo*, not attended by the sense of repetition, of having lived through the same thing before, that is so common in dreams. And again it was five o'clock to a hair.

You will easily believe that I found sleep skittish the third night. I was firmly convinced that the invasion had been an objective reality and that what one ignorantly calls 'nerves' had been answerable for the repetition of it. It had been quite as terrible the second time as the first; and if 'nerves' were going to do that to me again, it would still be no less shattering the third time. The fact that there was no difference in horror between the imagined occurrence and what I called the real one did not then strike me as significant. It seems to me now that no 'real' experience could so frighten a human being. But it was useless to argue in that vein against the sensory actuality of that first appalled waking.

I lay there thrashing it over in my mind, talking sense to myself. For of course this silliness had to be conquered. And I fell asleep just in time, I suppose, to go through the same vivid terror a third time — at five o'clock. I felt as if any more of this would make an old man of me. Two friends from my home town possessed, a block up the street, an idle bed. That night, after having undressed and gone to bed as usual in the faint hope that sleep would pounce on me before I could stir, I got up, dressed, and took possession of my friends' extra bed. In it I slept each night until the holidays; and after them my roommate was back.

III

It was many weeks before I could find even a small cranny in my mind for the speculation that the original experience itself was without objective reality. I had thought I knew all about hallucinations — and who ever heard of one that you could n't in two seconds dissolve by seeing it for what it was? At the age of nine I had once walked at twilight along a lonesome road, and jumped nearly out of my skin when a black monster clutched at me — and at the end of my leap of absolute terror had come to earth actually laughing at the grotesque fire-scarred stump of a familiar old apple tree, distorted by being seen out of the corner of my eye. Hallucinations were like that. This was not like that.

What finally did the business — not all at once, by any means — was this: the following April a physiological psychologist convinced me that it is impossible to see anything (I mean anything that is really there) within the first few seconds after waking from a sound sleep. He convinced my mind, that is to say. My sensory recollection died harder — or, rather, it did not die at all, and I eventually had to believe in spite of it and to regard it as discredited. For the time was to come, and within that next year, when I believed what I feel sure of to this day: that no sneak thief entered my room or pawed over my clothes, that there was never any muffled padding of feet on the carpet or snapping of the lock, and that the first experience was of the same substance as the second and the third. I had committed the fallacy and incurred the waste of trying to apply a faculty which I thought was moral courage to something about as amenable to that faculty as the shadow of a great whale would be to a harpoon.

That, I have said, was in December of 1906. And it was September of 1913 before I knew I was a sound man again. It happened to be more than seven years before I faced anything that could rank in my mind as a test. If the test had come, it might have showed the same result in five years, or three, or two. But I could not go out of my way to incur it. If I had learned anything at all in the four ghastly nights, I had learned that it was sheer futile bravado to attempt a self-conscious defiance of the unknown enemy. Let the test come naturally, when it would, and prove whatever it proved. Throughout seven years, then, it was my lot to sleep every night where a call would bring the answer of at least one friendly and familiar voice. And all that time I lived with the subtle discomfort of not knowing what my mind would do to me in solitude and darkness among strange surroundings. Nothing at all, perhaps; and, perhaps, everything to break down my hope in it. Certainly, while living in other ways a full, sane, normal life, I was shrinking inwardly from the trial, though I believe that at no time did I actually evade it.

In 1913, at the end of the summer, it devolved on me to paddle across a lake of western Maine to its uninhabited shore, spend one night in some buildings on a deserted peninsula, close the buildings for winter, and go alone on foot through the mountains to New Hampshire. As I went to bed that night, under the rafters of the bark lodge, with the friendly enigmatic night noises of the deep woods reaching my ear from all sides, I was thinking how many persons fear and shun that kind of solitude, and how preposterous it is of them to feel like that; and yet it was distinctly in my mind, in a way not controllable by will power, that in a few hours I might be wrenched out of my own peaceful sleep by a fear so unnerving that it would stop my heart

there and then. There was no alarm clock here. My mental alarm I had set for four, there being a long day ahead; and before a suspicion of dawn had filtered through the black spruce growth — indeed, before I knew that I was going to sleep — I was boiling coffee in the kitchen, and wondering at the back of my mind what would have happened had I stayed asleep until five. I still wonder.

The next dusk found me snug for the night under the low curtain of branches of a hemlock in a dank wilderness at the north flank of Black Mountain, in the Wild River valley, with many miles of trailless going behind me. (On South Baldface in those days there were no paths except the vestiges of old logging roads, and the westward stretch from the mountain to Wild River was a tangled morass of burned-over forest and swamp, through which in spots it was next to impossible to chop a way.) Lying sixty feet from the water hole at which I had cooked my supper, with my pack for a pillow, I was entertained until sleep came by the tramp of porcupines, deer, and bears visiting the small pool; their tracks identified them in the morning. Once in the night I woke up to a startling impression that something was tearing at my pillow. There was a scurry and crackling above; and when I turned on a small pocket flash light it fell full on a red squirrel scampering aloft in my hemlock tent. I laughed at him, and he swore companionably at me in the idiom of his marauding kind. My watch said midnight. One amazingly lustrous and unwavering star hung at the zenith. I turned over and slept, I think dreamlessly, until dawn.

The second night out I spent on fir branches at the divide of Carter Notch, outside the shelter by the twin ponds. It was not until the night after that, when I reached the old stage office on Washington in the midst of a September blizzard, that I found myself back in a region of human companionship. I have had few happier experiences than the unexpected discovery of an acquaintance there among the whirling snow clouds. No man is equipped to get the real good of human companions so long as there is a trace of doubt in his mind as to his ability to cope with himself single-handed, in utter solitude.

As a matter of common sense, no one should ever go through even our New England mountains alone. The chances of a twisted ankle are too good, and one's helplessness in that event too complete. Nevertheless, I shall always be grateful for the particular mode of my discovery that certain torn tissues of my own personality had mended themselves. Again, at last, I was as innocent of fear of the empty dark as the two-year-old who had delighted to creep from the early winter lamplight of the kitchen into the shadowy penetralia of the warm dining room, for no reason except that it was so engagingly mysterious there.

IV

Now, I am willing to appear as having been a coward, a weakling devoid of self-command, if my doing so will throw a glimmer of light on anything for one other victim of the nameless terror. I suppose I could even manage to appear so without the protection of anonymity if that would make any real difference. I am willing to consider, and have always considered, the possibility that I was wrong to give up the open fight when I did. Perhaps I ought to have looked the unknown enemy straight in the eyes until I could stare him out of countenance; perhaps anything less than that should be construed as contemptible self-pampering.

All I can say is that it still *feels* to me as if I went about my task in the right way. As far as a man can judge himself, I believe that I did not give up until it was irresistibly clear that I could make no headway by the more direct method. I fully believed that to push myself much farther in the direction apparently dictated by moral courage might be to thrust myself over some disastrous brink, to the peril of my self-command in all other areas — and perhaps without even effecting my salvation in this one. It was not open to me, by any mental tactic at my command then or afterward, to grasp the wholly intangible character of the enemy. That conviction had to build itself up slowly and gradually, out of the undermined foundation of my first realistic view of what had happened. Not until this process was complete could I invoke a test without the suspicion that I might be playing wantonly, inexcusably, with my whole emotional balance, even my sanity.

What course of action, I asked myself, would leave me the better man in relation to all ordinary exigencies? For I was sure beyond argument that my attitude toward this affair had *some* potential bearing on everything else. If, for instance, I were to be caught in a theatre fire, with a chance to behave either as a decent citizen or merely as one unit of a hysterical mob, which mode of dealing with my infirmity would leave me the better prepared? My answer then was that I might easily put every ounce of will I could muster into the direct method of solving this one problem, and thereby reduce myself to a spineless jelly for all the other problems that were sure to come up. I still think this may have been the right answer. I doubt the economy of an out-and-out contest with an unknown adversary, when it threatens to drain one's nervous force and when the nature of the adversary is likely to become clearer with the lapse of time.

But one is bound in common honesty to admit that the alternative may be true. Fear is a wonderful incentive to self-deception, and no one of us knows himself through and through. It is at least possible that I should have read my situation as a challenge to sheer self-respect, answered the challenge as I started out, and counted on a victory at any cost as the one method of asserting my general integrity. How am I to know? Who can tell me? I can know that the method I chose enabled me to do enormous quantities of acceptable professional work, and that it eventually recovered for me the full measure of my inborn capacity for delight in solitude and mystery. But I have no way of knowing that the alternative method might not have resulted in even more and better work and produced an earlier recovery.

At all events, it would seem that I underwent an extraordinarily definite, localized, describable contact with just the sort of baseless fear that runs in a vague diffusive way through so many modern lives, to the appalling distortion of their pattern. Here is a man who is convinced that there is an unjust and inexplicable prejudice against him on the part of those who have the power to set the value of his work, to make or mar his career; and the conviction paralyzes his effort. There is a woman who has got it into her head that her lover or her husband is discontented with the best she can give him, and that his secret dissatisfaction is chafing the bond in two. Yonder is a mother in whose mind has taken shape so clear a sense of the futility of her guidance that she lets her children run wild to disaster. A sea captain whose grasp of the astronomy of navigation made him one in a thousand, and whose landfalls had

been for years miracles of exactitude, was always in such a sweat of terror for thirty-six hours before the end of a voyage that it was physically impossible for him to keep the deck. An accountant who will assuredly die of old age unless he worries himself into the grave is being worn to a skeleton by a perfectly nonexistent cancer. A successful writer whose work has shown steady growth over a period of years is so convinced that his powers are exhausted that it takes him tortured weeks to nerve himself up to letting a thing of his own get out of his hands. A student in the first fifth of his class killed himself because he knew that he was going to fail disgracefully and could not face the parents who had made sacrifices. Every one of these, with countless others, is utterly unable to believe that his fear has no tangible, objective basis. With a corner of his intellect he knows well enough that he is creating his own trouble, blowing up the balloon with air from his own lungs, trembling before something that is n't there. But what good is cold reason when he *saw* the apparition in the room, *heard* the snap of the automatic lock? It is one thing to know that there is no danger, quite another thing to feel yourself safe. If there could always be a bridge across this gulf, what a difference would be made in a multitude of terror-stricken lives!

V

There is one more possibility which I must name, though only in the most tentative way. It strikes me as just conceivable that all fear of this psychic breed may at bottom be mob fear and not a strictly individual phenomenon at all. It is a commonplace of knowledge that the dominant mood of a mass will infect even individuals the least predisposed to that emotion. Of course, in the ultimate sense any such emotion as terror is socially caused: men are made into fearing creatures by each other's existence. But I have in mind a rather more direct and immediate sort of contagion than that.

A few nights before my scare I was entertaining in the same room the two men from my home town already referred to. We sat drinking cider, talking over college affairs, and exchanging witticisms in the archaic mode of 1906. Presently something was said which reminded me of that tale of Poe called 'The Black Cat.' To my surprise neither of those men had ever read it. I turned out the gas, lighted the green-shaded student lamp, and read it to them forthwith, sitting at that desk and in that chair which a later night was to make momentous to me. As I neared the crisis of the grisly tale — charged, I still think, with a wholly illegitimate kind of horror — I noticed that one of the two men, from the couch across the room, was glaring at me with a strangely blank fixity. A moment later it became evident that he had hypnotized himself by staring at the unnatural green glow of the lamp shade on my face; but I had no idea of this in time to do any good.

Suddenly he leaped up with a wild shriek. The next moment he was groveling on all fours, making unearthly feline noises and trying desperately to claw his way out of sight under the low couch. He was, *pro tempore*, the Black Cat.

It took all the strength of both of us to handle him. We got him to his room and raised by telephone a doctor who presently applied a hypodermic. It was four o'clock the next afternoon before the poor fellow came to the surface; and then he was perfectly himself, without the slightest recollection of the bizarre interlude. Neither of us ever said much to him about it. We let him think he

had become intoxicated on that strictly sweet cider.

One of these men, the victim himself, was physically frail, inhumanly ambitious, and worn to a husk with overwork and overstudy. The other, who kept his poise in that unnerving emergency, came of a family several members of which, including his father and his only brother, had been periodically insane enough to be confined. He was, of course, a much scared and shaken boy that night.

His roommate collapsed as soon as we got him to his own bed, and I paced the street before the house while waiting to guide the doctor. There was a prodigious display of the aurora borealis that night, the first I had ever seen, and this, the midnight hour, and the deserted street conspired to round out an impression of such unearthly strangeness as I have experienced but one other time in my life, and that at the deathbed of one dying after hours of delirium.

Was what happened to me later, within a week, a queer echo of this occurrence? Did I somehow get hold of the terror of a momentarily overthrown mind and store it up unconsciously for some days and then re-create it in my own terms? Did the controlled panic of the other lad, without his knowledge or mine, serve as a sort of amplifier of the original current of fear? Can it have been, ultimately, Edgar Allan Poe who bowled me over, with two abnormally impressible youths to help him and the fantastic queerness of that midnight background to make it stick? Certainly I traced no possible connection at the time, or for long afterward. Now, I am not so sure.

One must not be too sure of any generalization about this human fear, or even of any seeming probability in a given specific instance. Progress toward the solution of such problems will be made — is perhaps being made all the time. I should be uncommonly happy to think that the recital of my own experience has counted toward half a step of that progress, as it will have done if it speed one individual toward the perception that he is harrowing himself with apprehensions as immaterial as mine. Such causeless dread seems well-nigh omnipresent in the Western life of our day. We dare hope that it will not always be so. But there is nothing that even the foolhardy would dare assert with positiveness, unless perhaps this: —

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is — fear.

TARASCAN TOWN

BY MARIAN STORM

I

'Don Carlos is at the door with the servant and horses.' I never thought that in my lifetime I should hear such words said to me — and yet Don Carlos really was at the door, with a pointed white beard and carved gloves, and he was attended by a dark-complexioned youth leading a milk-white palfrey named Robespierra. And hark — a distant horn! The mule car is approaching with all four mules. 'T is but of everyday occurrence in this Tarascan town called Uruapan. The place is very difficult to leave.

Unless you go on horseback you can leave it in but one direction, for it lies at the end of the rail line in the midst of the mountainous Mexican state of Michoacán, which stretches on to the Pacific Ocean, with Guerrero to the south of it and Jalisco to the north. It has for centuries been an Indian metropolis, though less ancient than the mysterious towns of Lake Pátzcuaro and its islands near by. They say now that the railroad is to be extended from Uruapan down through the hot lands to the fine harbor of Zihuatanejo — *hacendados* of the rice lands hope soon, but, granting that it means progress, I murmur, 'Heaven delay it!'

For with a railroad leading from coast to capital there will be fewer burro caravans winding through the seemingly pathless forests of orchid-honored live oak and pine. There will be fewer little hoofs pattering along the age-old trails, rough, steep, and perilous, to carry rice up to Uruapan and take back a strange mixture of wares for the needs of the monarchial isolated haciendas that lie fruitful in the almighty sunlight of the uncivilized hot country. The hot country — where there are wild cattle even today that have to be roped, and not as an exhibition, either; where dwells a straight, tall, fair race of people, who do as they please and look the white *dueño* calmly in the eye! I could not bear to see these things changed, after living in Uruapan. I shall go down into the Tierra Caliente before the railroad does and view those haciendas from a horse.

From one of the hills which overlook it, my Tarascan town is a cluster of glittering houses in a green cup of earth, surrounded without a break by lonely wooded mountains, on one of which, Tancítaro, snow lies some days. At the end of every street the green mountains wait for me. The roofs overhang the sidewalks, and you may shop with no umbrella in the rainy season. And when a roof has a certain decorated cornice, that shows that it's the house of a chief!

This is a city of a long story, an unprosperous present, an indestructible racial individuality — and Mexicans love to speak of it as 'the paradise of Michoacán.' But it is a paradise not without worldly temptations and ruddy drama. Its people are operatic-looking beyond belief; they are serene and kindly, too, but naturally a draught of festive *aguardiente* fills them with

gusto, and late at night they set off rockets and other explosives, and there is tuneful, passionate singing in the streets. I had been there but a day or so when I felt with some apprehension that all this was just my game.

A Tarascan city at the end of the line, remote and sufficient to itself. One's friends have never heard of it. They refuse to say the easy name, Oo-roo-áh-pan, and they wonder why you linger there, babbling of spurs and jasmine. If you try to tell them, there is all of a different world to tell.

To-day in riding we saw some of those winsome flowers that the Indians call 'sandals of San Miguel.' But it is strange that they call them sandals, because it was the glory and praise of Fray Juan de San Miguel, the Franciscan whose memory is still beloved and blessed throughout Tarascan country, that he went through all that wild region, in the days after the conquest, 'alone, afoot, unshod,' — the words recur like a refrain in every story of him, — no ravine being too deep, no peak too rugged, no way too hostile for his devoted feet. Fray Miguel was the founder of Uruapan on its present site, but the dates of the occasion are disputed and I take no stand for any year from 1533 to 1540. It was one of those. However, the city was dwelt in at the time of the wanderings of the Aztecs.

'At its foundation Uruapan numbered more than a thousand fires,' says an old Franciscan chronicler, and, reading this, I thought how to-day a fire still means a home. Riding out in the cold starlight of early morning, you see a gay flame bloom at the door of a poor hut, and you know that the occupants are getting up the fire to make the *tortillas* — that an Indian woman is kneeling beside it, patting into cakes the corn that she has ground with so much labor in her stone *metate*, tossing them lightly on to the hot tin.

Fray Miguel divided Uruapan into nine *barrios*, and eight still exist, just as he planned them. La Magdalena is the barrio I like best. Its walls are hidden by vines of the night-blooming cereus and by orchids. Its brown or cobbled ways are bordered by poinsettias and darkened by cypresses and unclipped coffee trees gemmed with green and scarlet berries. Drooping bananas shade its dooryards, and I see other fruit trees of dark foliage — guavas, cherimoyas, avocados, oranges, and mulberries. On the ground, of a peaceful Saturday afternoon, sit whole families together, making firm white baskets of many shapes from the tall *carrizos* that grow along the river banks. La Magdalena is all aflower; whatever else these wretched huts may lack, it is never bloom.

As he restored and laid out the towns of the Sierra, Fray Miguel consecrated each one to a saint and gave to each its own peculiar industry. The people of Arantepacua made out of palm leaves those strange raincoats which are still worn here. Cocucho produced rosaries and *molinillos* — little chocolate-whirlers fashioned of cunningly carved wooden wheels, inlaid with bone. The other name of Parangaricutiro was Saint John of the Counterpanes! Tanaco made *reatas* (ropes); San Felipe, spurs; and the men of Tzacán were *filarmónicos* — musicians who played for hire at fiestas near and far.

And these callings stay unchanged! Many towns maintained themselves by *la arriería* (pack-animal driving) and by a trade whose name is racy of the place to-day: *la trajinería con hatajos. Hatajos* are strings of burros, or more rarely of mules or horses, and they were and are the freight trains, the post, the passenger service for women

and babies, and the very emblem of Uruapan. 'Traffic with burros'! Even now there are vast regions accessible in no other way. To Mexico it was as important as the covered wagon of our West, and without it the galleons could never have sent their cargoes inland over ranges or taken out the new country's wealth. So we read that the Indians of Tzirosto in Fray Miguel's day 'supported themselves by traffic with pack animals and by practice and playing on all kinds of wind instruments' — a satisfying combination. They do so now.

I love to say over these Tarascan names of towns. There's Cheranhátzicurin; Pomacuarán, Quinceo, Tingambato; many a queer procession of syllables, exploding at the end. And if you can repeat Parangaricutiro, Erongarícuaro, Jarácuaro, Puácuaro, Tzentzenhuaro, and Zurumútaro very rapidly you won't be doing much, after all, for they are plain Tarascan and pronounced just as they are spelled. And it is well to know a little Tarascan if you are riding far from Uruapan, at the end of the line. Spanish is not answered everywhere.

II

Before ever I rode away from it I wanted to be friends with the town itself. The days of autumn, winter, early spring, went by in brilliance and ended in cool fragrance as the patio shrubs were sprinkled with brooms from the fountain, and the sensitive tree, a tremulous mimosa, at six o'clock precisely shut its million leaves and slept.

I arrived from the station in one of the mule cars that provide Uruapan's thrilling if not rapid transit. Somehow the indomitable creatures, drawing scores of passengers, scramble up the rough, ditched roads, their hoofs striking fire from the cobblestones. Baggage follows on the *plataforma* or flat car, and as those who come are usually returning hacendados of the rice, sugar, and lumber lands, or merchants or salesmen, it has much to bear. But nothing seems to be beyond the strength of these transitory mules.

Now I am the only woman and the only foreigner in a bowerlike hotel which offers 'superb cooking and the most rigid morality,' and, if you take the first, the second is obligatory. I savor the experience of being alone and never lonely, of daily sitting in my doorway in sunlight of an Indian winter that warms but does not burn, of enjoying day and night the companionship of plants. For both window and tall door give upon the flower-thronged patio, which responds to the incessant care bestowed upon it with a fresh glory of bloom and fragrance every morning. As I go to sleep in milky moonlight I can see from my pillow, above the lower blinds, cerise hibiscus flowers, ivory-white odorous magnolias — a foot across — hanging high in dark foliage, clusters of oleanders, and one perfect white rose which has lifted itself alone upon a ten-foot stem. Shadows of great palmlike plumy grasses stir upon the wall.

And in daylight I carefully tread the narrow paths leading out from the central fountain and see how the 'mantle of San José' has spread new petals of sheer, clear canary silk, how tuberoses and jasmine seem to enchant the butterflies no more than petunias, geraniums, and marguerites, for over these too pass waves and flurries of black and yellow wings. The tree dahlia with its double lavender blooms branches overhead, and you must look up to see Uruapan's Madonna lilies. So much for this sun; yet the patio is no less lovely under the soft

winter rain, which makes the leaves glitter and dimples the fountain.

North, south, winter, summer, mingle. Here are chrysanthemums and azaleas, crimson camellias and gladioli, and always tea roses, softly tinted and sweet as roses of old time. There are cinnamon pinks and tiny scarlet peppers, borne upon a bush; orchids, petunias, begonias, cannas, lady's-slippers — all in a dark green background of aromatic herbs, like the cedron, of lustrous leaves and ferns. When that whispering patio stirs in the rippling breeze of dusk and the tree toads play upon their little harps in the magnolia boughs, then I feel that I have come to some imagined country of the soul. But still there is supper.

To-night I shall have *pan dulce* and hot chocolate, made as it was served at Montezuma's banquets — foamy and flavored with cinnamon! For dessert we may have passion fruit, *nísperos del Japón*, manzanillas, or stewed cactus, or there will be something with an imposing name: *dulce de tejocote*, or *dulce de ciruela*. The first is three little haws in syrup, alone in a large saucer, looking like the golden apples of Hesperides when clustered on the tree, and, next to cup custard, the great standard dessert of all Mexico. The *dulce de ciruela* is prunes.

It is for the best, I suppose, that I have never had enough hot chocolate as our pretty Tarascan cook makes it. I go out into the kitchen and watch her at the rite. The big, tiled, star-shaped *brasero* is in full blast, — a bed of glowing charcoal in each point of the star, — and a brown clay cup with my chocolate in it stands right upon the coals. When it has boiled she takes it off and begins the whirling process. This is done as it was centuries ago, with a highly ornamented wooden whirler, and she twirls and she twirls until the cup is more than half full of brown spicy foam. I try, for it looks so easy, but nothing occurs beyond an agitation in the cup.

All the minutiæ of life are different here. They sweep with witches' brooms made of palm leaves. Charcoal is the only fuel, and the barefoot Indian who brings it in from the mountains is somewhat terrible to look upon — bent beneath the bursting sack, bearded, and completely blackened, like a demon of the wilderness. He trots past my door in the early morning, his blackened little boy beside him, and I think how precious fire still is — how hard to keep. Charcoal burners know.

At daybreak, too, I like to hear our breakfast bread arriving at that same Indian trot. A handsome aborigine brings a day's supply for the entire hotel in his hat — a vast hat with a little central peak that fits upon the head and rolls out into an unfathomable brim laden with pan dulce — sweet bread of many flavors and fantastic shapes — and the good crusty loaflets called *pan bolillo*.

I rise and close the wooden blinds to dress. '*Hay pulque!*' chants a merchant from the street, his goatskin of maguey nectar swung over his shoulder. Some butterflies have flown in, and alight upon the typewriter. Miguel, the waiter, makes a statement through a crack: 'They have brought cherimoyas from Tingambato, señorita.' Now Tingambato is a cherimoya capital, so I hurry, and there they are, my favorite fruit, looking like objects of rough, dark green pottery, and disclosing flower-fragrant, snow-white flesh, starred with dark seeds — utterly delicious!

Then sometimes I have a mamey. We passed a tree of them along the road, and Don Carlos said, 'My friend has a fortune in that one tree alone. It bears three thousand mameys a year — an orchard in itself!'

Some of the finest coffee in the world

— the *caracolillo* — is grown in the *huertas* of Uruapan. We roast our own, here in the hotel, and I sniff with delight every third afternoon when Vicente, the watchman, crouching on the stones of the back patio, slowly turns the charcoal-heated roasting cylinder.

This whole high, tiled room is washed every day by Primitivo, the able Tarascan who is an artist sometimes, sometimes a teacher or a scholar, but whose work is as the work of ten, done at a tireless trot. He will brush the rug, which is the undressed skin of a bull calf; he will bring drinking water from the well; and for a last touch he will arrange 'the bouquet,' without which no day is well begun.

Primitivo in a month has never repeated a design for the bouquet and rarely uses the same flowers twice. To-day I may be honored with two dozen queenly calla lilies. Yesterday it was marguerites with one wide dark rose. For a holiday came seven kinds of tea roses with ferns and geraniums, and there have been wild marigolds and pink cosmos, brought in from the fields around Uruapan. You should see my cream-colored dahlias with a crimson camellia, my pitchers of hibiscus bloom, oleanders arranged with palm leaves, moonlike magnolias, as refreshing to smell as newly cut limes. Once there was a broad bowl of moss whence sprang heliotrope and tiny pinks. And Primitivo's white masterpiece is made of pale geraniums, roses, azaleas, oleanders, magnolias, lilies, and marguerites, mingled with ferns. He conceived it while mopping.

III

On Sunday evenings, says Primitivo, there is *mucho movimiento* in the plaza, and there is. A new general has come, with a splendid brass band, and while it plays near the priestless church you may watch hour after hour the traditional promenade of mediæval Spanish times. Around the little flowery and fountained park curves a walk, trodden steadily and lightly by the beauty, chivalry, posterity, villainy, and chaperonage of Uruapan. The girls, women, and staid married couples walk on the inside, clockwise; the men and boys without, counterclockwise. Glances from the outer circle intersect the inner, but the ladies ignore them. One would suppose that they had put on those carmine lips, those combs and *rebozos* and high heels, merely in order to take the air. The more they are looked at, the less do their gazes waver from the coiffures of sprightly promenaders in front of them.

Young cavaliers still park their coursers and sing at barred windows in Uruapan. Flirting still knows finesse. Even more charming, youth's idea of diversion is to take guitars and harps and sing in groups on street corners in the night, especially by moonlight. They call it 'drawing out a cock,' *sacar un gallo*, and the gallos of Uruapan are melodious, prolonged, and late. It seems like a very pleasing way of carrying on.

The plaza at the centre of the circles is dim and inviting, with designs in tiny border plants commemorating martyrs to patriotism. There are white and purple iris, acanthus, ferns, and violets. But none but me turns out to walk there. A sign among the roses says, 'It is forbidden to violate in this garden the Commandments.'

There is an easy, unaffected, and very winning democracy about it all. The barefoot and the shod step together. Every kind of trouser is represented, from the peon's white cotton pajama to the college cut. The Indian matrons wear modest, long, full skirts,

while paler misses affect Paris, but not extremely. A few gentlemen, scarcely prosperous, retain the dramatic black Spanish cloak. There are a great many white teeth and long dark braids. The decorum among the ladies is impressive.

Mucho movimiento! The sellers of sweetmeats, fruits, and gay cakes in the *portales* are doing well. Nothing is wrapped up. If you want peanuts you carry them home in your hat or handkerchief. But when you can purchase a pile for half a cent, and four newly picked oranges for five cents, you scarcely expect string and paper too.

Along the portales you progress from specialty to specialty. This is the cloth bazaar, and fabrics dyed in high colors are stretched upon the stones, lighted by flares. Gorgeous neckerchiefs and *sarapes* flutter in clusters. Here are the ambulant restaurants, where expert Indian cooks, squatting on the cobbles with stone metates and griddles, toss tortillas, while others make *chalupas* and *malotes* out of bits of meat or potatoes rolled in corn cakes. Busily they mix their fearful hot sauces and fan their braseros with palm-leaf fans.

Fare for all tastes! Sugar cane is stacked in little cords, and children gnaw it joyously. There is a *puesto* of cheeses and of bananas no bigger than your finger and rarely sweet. Great piles of oranges glow in taper light. Here are green coconuts from the inland hot country, — though coco palms are expected to love the sea, — broad wooden bowls of honey, and ears of maize roasted over charcoal. On this curbstone you may buy *naranjalimas*, the insipid offspring of an orange and a lime, as well as legitimate limes, small and pungent or huge and sweet. Does your mocking bird lack pepper berries? Here nod coral plumes of them. Do the children want some *jícamas?* (They usually do.) You may find this turnipy-looking, cool-tasting vegetable in quantities, already scrubbed and peeled, while *chayotes* in their prickly coats — *son buenos para el estómago* — are for sale both cooked and raw. Papayas, too, are beneficent with pepsin, and I find granadillas, or passion fruit, tomatoes, and tiny *jítomates*, with enough kinds of *zapotes* in season to drive a gourmet mad, particularly if he should begin with the *chico-zapote*, whose grainy flesh tastes delicately of maple, or with the 'dark one,' the *zapote prieto*, which, broken, looks like the inside of an unripe puffball or some other product of forest decay, but whose black pulp, beaten up with cream and a dash of cognac, makes a divine dessert.

All such things you must know, to appreciate life in Uruapan. Otherwise you are likely to waste your days in seeking angrily for imported fare which cannot match delicacies which the hot lands offer to the open-minded intruder.

Chiles! Who dreamed there were so many peppers in the world? Gorgeous-colored, gemlike in the torchlight, they hang in festoons or are spread for the thoughtful choice of those who know. For in nothing else is a Mexican cook's art so tested as in her selection and use of peppers. There are more than a score of distinctly different kinds in the market place of Uruapan, and some are cheap, while some cost more than a dollar a pound. These chile aristocrats are bought only for making the festive and ceremonial gravy, *mole* (for wild turkey fricassee), one of Mexico's major contributions to cookery. If the ground peppers are n't blended to the finest nuance the mole will 'result' unworthy and perhaps ruin a wedding feast. No foreign tender-tongue could keep the honor of the Mexican chile.

The Uruapan cobblers, who have

almost a whole portale for their trade, are selling briskly to-night. Theirs is all handwork. Not the simplest machine aids them as they sit on the curb and add to the ranks of strangely shaped footwear that is built to withstand these punishing roads. Some sandals turn up at the toe in an Oriental way. Many are woven of fine leather thongs.

Whoever knows the native handicrafts of America has heard of the famous Tarascan *lacas*, whose lustre, fine designs, and pure lasting colors were the despair of all who sought to copy them, and which gave the state of Michoacán a high position in the world of Indian art. As Oaxaca is renowned for silver filigree, Saltillo for sarapes, and San Pedro Tlaquepaque for ceramics, so Uruapan is the metropolis of the painted gourds.

How do they make them? Books have been written about the craft. The Germans, in particular, were annoyed until they discovered that the secret of the lustre was largely what New England knows as 'elbow grease,' for the Tarascan artisan polishes his lacas with the inside of the wrist. Once earth colors only were used, but now, alas, the Indians find it simpler to import their paints, which of course are not so good as those of antiquity. The lymph of a plant louse is still used as a drying agent; the finest gourds still grow on Mount Tancítaro; the most brilliant products of the art are still for sale on the sidewalks of Uruapan on Sunday nights.

Primitivo is anxious to have me appreciate the lacas with understanding. He takes me on Monday to a 'studio' where men are carving designs into the clay, and women with agile thumbs are filling them in with color. Plants with leaves six feet long — *carámicuas* — stand about in tubs; a resplendent macaw disapproves of us; a gigantic pig, pampered for profit, grunts in dream as we step around him.

'These are the old colors.' Primitivo points to peculiar yellows, pinks, and greens in a specimen standing on a shelf. 'These' — he includes the work of the toiling artists with a wave of his arm — 'are new, from Germany. A pity. This vine design, señorita, is two hundred years old; this one they took from a new ribbon from Paris.'

The Tarascans laugh gently because I cannot call the names of the shapes of the lacas of Uruapan. How strange to be a foreigner and have no knowledge of such ancient, essential things! A gourd with a little lid to it is, of course, a *tecomate*. A half gourd, which makes a bowl, is a *jícara*. The broad, flat tip of an enormous calabash, — who would think that gourds grew so big? — used for a tray, is a *batea*. Little gourds with the seeds left inside to make a rattle are *guajes*. And all of them glow, when finished, with wild hues and a burnish like that of a general's boots.

IV

At holiday times the plaza is exciting and exotic. One store has tried to fix up a Christmas window in a stylish Northern manner, and there a little cypress tree is hung with tiny bottles of inflaming *tequila* and with boxes of foreign candy, while in the corners of the case great orchids have been strewn with artificial snow. Among the sweets for sale on the sidewalk appear whole clouds of what looks like pink cotton. I thought it was, till I saw the Indian babies cry for and eat it. Spun sugar!

The fruit women, between sales, busily make *piñatas*, which will rain favors when hung in the centre of the room and broken by a blindfolded guest at a Christmas party. The

shapes are delightful, — a white Pierrot, a monster green parrot, a Spanish cavalier, a swan, a horn of plenty, — all fashioned out of tissue paper by dark, hard-working fingers.

It's not Christmas without a piñata in the home, but, though I had none myself, I enjoyed the day, for I took two little Indians to the *béisbol*. Baseball is pure pleasure in Uruapan — not a crudely emotional affair. The blue winter sky was darkening when we reached the seventh inning, and three señora cows, let out to pasture, walked sedately across the diamond. The players waited for them. At other tense moments of the game the military band from Morelia would take it into its chic head to play a bit, and all the spectators then turned away from the battling nines and gave their attention to the bandmaster. Pink button roses like those in Victorian bonnets bloomed in the hedges; fascinating horsemen rode past the field.

'Emilio,' I ask, as we suck our *paletas*, 'do you play too?'

'Señorita, yes — more or less. *Pero no me preocupo mucho.*' He does not preoccupy himself with baseball. He is twelve. But never think of Emilio as solemn. He is a dark Tarascan elf with a glittering grin.

'Did you go horseback when you accompanied the new gentleman to the falls of Tzaráracua?' It is a grilling hike of five brown miles.

'Yes, señorita. He wished it. But I would rather go anywhere on foot, because then I can dance all the way, and play as I go.' He dances naturally, like a pixie. He dances on errands.

And polite!

'Emilio.'

'Command, señorita.'

'Is the duck which you recently adopted in good health?'

'A thousand thanks, señorita. The duck is as usual.'

I like to shop in Uruapan, but I cannot unless I remember to be accompanied by Emilio. For without causing a social cataclysm I could not carry anything myself. A small purse — possibly. A hand bag — no! Before I knew this I bought a machete for a Northern woodland relative and took it back to the hotel by hand. Citizens suspended operations. Tote your own peanuts and your caste is gone. Not that you mind, but it offends Tarascan decorum. It's like crudely insisting upon keeping to the right, when they wish to honor you by giving you the inside of the walk.

So when I go to town to take a bath Emilio bears my comb, and at the Baths of the Jasmine another attendant will carefully put a pink egg of soap into the bird's nest of excelsior which is the local wash cloth. Sometimes the responsibility of being the *señorita americana* becomes appalling.

En route to the tub we pass stores called The French Post, The Two Worlds, The Sandbar of Tampico, and The Port of Liverpool and other ports. But best I like the harness shop and its perfect name — El Potro Abajeño; The Colt from the Coast. The globular proprietor came up from a Pacific town when a boy, and now he has a trio of Indian apprentices, — dark youths with artful fingers, — and they embroider cartridge belts and holsters and machete holders and make huge saddles and shining bridles all day long. You think such a glitter must mean a jewelry shop! Horses' headdresses stitched in silver thread; stirrups like a sultan's shoes!

The rancheros of Mexico take great pride in all their accoutrements, especially (since these form a part of their regular dress) in cartridge belts which are filled with highly burnished cartridges, too bright to use in any common argument. At Uruapan belts,

holsters, and many bridles and saddles are adorned with cunning embroidery in thread called *pita de Oaxaca*, made from a certain maguey fibre rolled between thumb and finger, glossy and creamy-white. The Colt from the Coast offers beautiful equine embroideries.

Partly because of their clothes, the arrival of a party of rancheros for breakfast at the hotel is a treat. There is a great clatter of hoofs on the cobbles at the door. The *mozos* lead away the steeds, and the cavaliers from the hot lands enter, spurred, booted, scarlet-kerchiefed, sable of moustache and flashing-toothed. They lay aside their broad gray hats, but not their weapons. The *ceintures* of polished cartridges catch the morning light as they sit down and order a breakfast fit for a horseman who has ridden since two in the morning to avoid the sun — beans, wine, coffee, and several meats. For in this equestrian region man almost lives by meat alone.

Yes, they are choice to look at. One day as we were riding far off in the mountains, Don Carlos reined in The Dream upon a ridge and gestured toward a dark, wooded valley with his whip. 'The bandit town is down there. They have a tradition of kidnapping only the most beautiful women. Perfectly natural selection.' Since that time I have put extra powder into my vanity case every day when riding in that direction, but ah, there's been no occasion to use it.

Many of the bandits around here are very amiable — 'Yesterday were run off the horses of Don Jesús,' you overhear at supper, or 'They were at this place two weeks ago' is whispered in a village where you pause to get your bearings. Don Carlos sometimes engages one to be his mozo when he is making a long trip to a hacienda in the hot lands.

All Michoacán is still very horsy — *muy de á caballo!* Not so long ago this was the correct form for letters of introduction to someone dwelling in the Uruapan region: 'Permit me to present the Señor don Fulano de Tal, *muy honrado y muy de á caballo*' (much respected and a splendid horseman).

It is a fine phrase. Don Carlos leans over and extracts a *garrapata* (tick) from Robespierra's ear. 'How—when I could n't?' '*Muy*,' he says modestly, '*de á caballo*.' And I vow that ere I quit Uruapan I will be *muy de á caballo* myself.

But I meant to tell about the huertas!

A huerta is the nearest thing to Eden now left on earth. It is a garden, an orchard, a pleasaunce, a bower, a plantation, an Elysian field, and a truck farm. There are many in Uruapan, the source of all those fruits and vegetables for sale in the portales, but of them three, as Emilio says, are the *más elegantes*.

And of the three fair and seignorial huertas of Uruapan my favorite is La Camelina.

It blooms in deep silence, even as the Garden before the curse of labor was laid on man. A grave Tarascan unbars the tall roofed gate and receives your *permiso*, and along paths bordered by a thousand tea roses, soft yellow, ivory, and salmon pink, you slowly go, unnoted, breathing that clear, shimmering, fragrant air. Often a guava falls, its pale skin crimson-mottled. The citron is in blossom, and it is a delicate pleasure to distinguish this perfume from that of the lime and lemon and the orange and grapefruit blooms, no less waxen. Here on coffee trees shine the pretty white flowers along with the berries, red and green, and I eat the pulp and wonder who first thought to roast and brew the seed.

A fine magenta bougainvillæa climbs toward the sunlight out of all this shade and gives the huerta its name, for Tarascans call this shrub the *camelina*. You find still other paths, and now through the blissful stillness sounds the exultant speech of water. The Cupatitzio, born under a rock in the dark jungle above, nourishes all the huertas and has energy left to provide Uruapan with electric light and a sawmill. Three streams are drawn off from the river, and yet it leaps along in spangles.

I stand in a *mirador* and look out with unutterable contentment upon this paradise of ferns and waterfalls, fruit and roses, blessed by such a winter sun. A brook flows at my feet, and it is just as a brook should be, brimful, cool, clear green, mirroring lavender wild tobacco flowers and scarlet spurge, and overarched by ferns in six-foot filigree. I see the pebbles far under — no fishes live in the waters of the Cupatitzio.

Down the steep hillside on the far side of the river white scarfs and banners of thin-spun water stream. It is clothed solely in a lacework of water and great fern fronds, hanging like green waterfalls themselves. The long leaves of the banana plants droop unfrayed and luminous in the sunlight here. The glossy dark foliage glitters on guava, coffee, and aguacate trees. Granadillas hang heavy from the passion vine. Sweet single violets, such as I never saw except in water colors, gather in the shadows, and I come upon a fruit that I never even heard of and whose Tarascan name I cannot spell; it looks like a cluster of hard bananas, scarcely out of the bud and fairy size.

Roses and pines to breathe, water to hear, sun to feel, ripe guavas scattered. La Camelina is paradise, and beyond the gate, as I pass through at twilight, I encounter the devil's sport of a cockfight. The poor birds are cutting one another to pieces with the little swords fastened to their spurs. Rescue, though it be but temporary, is worth a peso or two, and it can be arranged.

V

Days go by in a Uruapan huerta, and sometimes you remember how a dim antiquity harbored subways and alarm clocks, but it matters little enough. They cannot pass these sheltering mountains.

If I dream through an afternoon in La Camelina, at morning I walk in the Huerta Hurtado. That's where the poinsettias live.

Passing down the street, you are startled to look through a poor and dingy dwelling and see in the small courtyard on the other side a glow of scarlet — a tall poinsettia shrub hung with bracts like the incredible flowers embroidered at the centre of a Spanish shawl. They call this the *rosa del pastor* in Uruapan (the shepherd's rose), or sometimes the Christmas Eve flower, because it reaches its full glory at that time.

But in the Huerta Hurtado this flame of the poinsettia becomes a conflagration, the more gorgeous because some have yellow bracts. Poinsettias grow in avenues here; they rise above your head. With great white datura 'wedding bells' they are reflected from the lake waters, while at its margins bend calla lilies and mimosas, and in the midst rises an island of dripping pink patience plants. Ducks in handsome livery swim around it. If La Camelina is dream, the Huerta Hurtado is joyous life.

We come to a shadowy cedar bower, and within there is débris of fruits. '*Niña*,' complains the old *huertero*, 'the bats gather guavas and bring them

here every night to eat while they hang upside down.'

I gasp at the barbarous splendor of the *colorines*, the trees almost leafless now, and somehow infernal-looking, with their peeling reddish bark and bare boughs set with that strange vermilion inflorescence, like marine forms. Crotons of maroon and violet foliage border the beds of azaleas and yellow marguerites. Orchids nest among high branches, and jasmine rides every breeze. Little fluttering rills slip past. The evergreens wear fantastic shapes of birds, baskets, and fountains, and the castor plants here are as big as forest trees.

Across a deep glade crowded with shining-leaved bananas I see the sweet, wooded Uruapan hills and then distant peaks, cutting a sky so blue that it looks like flowers when it shows in little snippets through an arbor. I have friends who have lived in Mexico forty years and never heard of these huertas. I feel jealous now; I would keep this place a secret.

And off there to the south lies a whole unknown empire — the rich hot country of Michoacán. Ride but twenty-five miles out of Uruapan and you see the sunlit Tierra Caliente spread below you like another world. I have not been so stirred, I think, by any of earth's sights which I have looked upon.

We set forth in starlight, passing through the Glen of the Goats, and reached the Slope of the Creature with One Ear Turned Down (La Cuesta del Gacho) in the fresh forenoon. Dismounting, we sat upon a boulder, and I tried to place and name the storied haciendas and the villages that lay within the enormous valley at our feet.

It is almost another day's ride to Nueva Italia, the domain of the Cusis, the rice kings of Mexico, where old Don Dante reigned among his peons, an absolute monarch, for so many years. Theirs, too, is Lombardía, with all its ranches — Charapendo, La Gallina, Los Jasmines. The Cupatitzio, which becomes the Marqués, winds among these fertile, vast hectares to join the Río Grande de Tepalcatepec and flow into the mighty Balsas, and so into the Pacific at last. The Balsas, to the left of us, divides Michoacán from Guerrero State, whose hills of Inguarán we can see. Yonder rise the twin peaks of the Condémbaro Mountains, and even a new eye can make out the pueblos of Los Bancos, Parácuaro, Apatzingan — all without access to any railroad. To the right — sometimes you can see it faintly — rises the great volcano of Colima. Behind us the long and almost indistinguishable way leads back through the forests to Uruapan. Before, far off, is the ocean. We are gazing out from the Sierra de Uruapan to the stupendous system of peaks and ranges called the Sierra Madre del Sur.

'How much country do you suppose you see now?' demands Don Carlos, with narrow eyes upon the distant rice lands. He figures for a moment. 'At least — I should say — 1728 square leagues. About twenty-eight haciendas. Quite a *golpe de vista!*' There is Uruapano pride in his voice.

In level, tillable land alone the haciendas of Nueva Italia and Lombardía comprise more than seventy-two thousand acres, so Don Eugenio Cusi, one of the present owners, told me. In all they are much vaster, but he pointed out that some haciendas here attain to one hundred and fifty thousand acres. And the expenses are Gargantuan, too. The Cusis often spend twelve thousand pesos a year merely for chasing ducks and other birds out of the rice. The ducks swim in the irrigating ditches and feed heavily in darkness.

'When I first went to Nueva Italia,' Don Eugenio chuckled, 'I was puzzled to find so many expense items for *pateando de noche* (kicking the covers off in the night), till I found that down here it means hunting ducks by night. Other robbers come to our rice in flocks that darken the sun — small blackbirds, thrushes, and turtledoves.'

The Cusis in the busy season employ some five thousand peons, and Don Eugenio says that the average wage at Nueva Italia is eighteen pesos — about nine dollars — a week.

'But some of them own as many as fifty cows. They "borrow" the rice from us and fatten their pigs. They have horses and chickens, too. Each one has his house, and he may use as much land as he needs.'

A mediæval domain. The Cusis maintain two schools for their peons' children. They employ a doctor and furnish medicines and give a sick allowance.

'We keep only a few hundred burros ourselves because we employ *arrieros* with their *hatajos de mulas* to transport our crops up to Uruapan.' This trip takes a loaded burro three days.

The Cusi haciendas produce, conservatively, fifty thousand *cargas* of rice a year, a *carga* weighing six hundred pounds and being worth about thirty pesos. Other crops raised abundantly are sesame (*ajonjolí*), *cascalote* or divi-divi pods for tanning, cacao, and coffee. Fruits include lemons, oranges, grapefruit, mangoes, coconuts, the chico-zapote, avocado, and melons. Still more important are sugar cane, maize, and beans, while cattle rank with rice.

But, concerning the numbers of their multitudinous cattle, the Cusis are reticent. 'Thousands and thousands?' I ask. 'And thousands,' adds Don Eugenio. The cheese produced alone pays all of the expenses of keeping the cows. The calves get the other half of their milk. The Cusi cowboys are expert with the rope. They work in groups of two to eight under an officer called a *caporal*. Other hacienda officials are the superintendent, or *mayordomo*, and his staff, including bookkeepers.

'The people of that country are very clean and very independent,' says Don Eugenio. 'Soldiers never succeed in bossing them. They are great shots and unconquerable fighters. And they have civilized beds — not straw mats such as most peons use — with embroidered counterpanes!'

It is through this region that 'the interests' want to build a railroad. The hacendados, the state of Michoacán, and the Mexican Government are planning to divide the expense, and many thousands of pesos have been subscribed for the project. The engineers count on transporting eight thousand tons of sugar yearly to the coast from these valleys of Taretán, Nueva Italia and Lombardía, and Apatzingan. There will also be the yield of the great lemon orchards and dairy farms, with some other fruits and maize, but first of all there will be those Cusi tons of rice. From Uruapan to the harbor of Zihuatanejo is about three hundred kilometres, all through Tierra Caliente, still unopened and rich as paradise.

As I lay on the boulder under the pine trees and looked out upon it from the Slope of the Creature with One Ear Turned Down, the burro caravans, climbing up the trail to Uruapan or returning to the haciendas, passed and repassed in a strange silence. One scarcely heard their sure small hoofs. 'Burro!' shouts the arriero, and they go faster for a minute. '*Míralo!*' he sings out in a reproachful baritone at one lagging. 'Just look at him!' — and the embarrassed little burden bearer returns to the line.

Rice! Panniers of rice! All day, all night they carry it, the drivers camping at dusk in the forest. Only a few animals are loaded with cheese or fruits. They return with barbed wire, stone mortars for maize, coffee, pulque, flour, mats. There goes a woman holding a nursing baby as she calmly sits her tiny burro while he slides down the ravine.

We must turn out every little while for the caravans as we ride home. We have met hundreds of burros, in strings of from three to forty, winding up the gullies, keeping to very ancient roads that to me are utterly invisible. I never knew what burros meant before. I think how down in the hot lands the unkind jaguar goes free, with never a lash, a burden, or a sore back, while these lovely creatures, so gentle, patient, faithful, and small, bear everything.

We rode slowly through the afternoon under branches hung with orchids, and we saw a woman in a scarlet skirt, her black braids swaying, kneeling as she washed clothes in a forest stream. We met three dark, barefoot harpers coming over the hills. They were bound to play for the *posadas* at haciendas far away. I never thought that I should see such things. Where else might you chance to meet three harpers in the hills?

THE ART OF DYING

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

On the afternoon of November 16, 1927, a black man whose name was Tiger Flowers walked into the operating room of a New York hospital prepared for anæsthesia. His appearance, in point of dress, was striking and somewhat singular. In addition to the usual light garments of the hospital patient, he had attired himself for the occasion in a robe which invested him from head to foot in the tawny ground color and dark, rich markings of the tiger. This distinguished garment sat on him as on some well-conceived character in a play, its mellow ground and sinuous lines falling into a sort of harmony with his own rhythmic form and dusky hue. It is doubtful whether such proud habiliments, the mark of a primitive and self-assertive profession, ever before made their way into the awesome realm of the ether cone and the scalpel. But the black man was so beautifully built, and his lithe and supple strength was so apparent in every move, that the tiger robe seemed hardly out of keeping. And as he loosed it and threw it back in readiness to place himself upon the operating table, the surgeon and his white-gowned assistants took in with new appreciation the hard, statuesque black muscle so smoothly built up on the faultless frame of the athlete.

Mr. Flowers, the prize fighter, always wore that particular robe, symbolic of his quick craft and swiftness in the ring, whenever he made his entrance for a fight; consequently this was not the first time that he had thrown it off

and stood almost naked and alone to make a trial of great issue. He had worn it on February 26, 1926, when he climbed through the ropes into the arena of Madison Square Garden to fight the battle of fifteen rounds which made him the middleweight 'champion of the world.' He had worn it again in the fight which was broadcast from Chicago on December 3, 1926, and which resulted in the unsatisfactory and much debated decision by which he ceased to be accounted the champion.

During the past year he had been steadily fighting his way back; and the sporting public, which now called him 'the black fighter with a white heart,' steadily demanded that he be given another chance. On this very day upon which he had come in to have his operation, there had been a conference in Madison Square Garden to plan measures for securing him another championship match. To Tiger Flowers, therefore, the fistic fates were once again propitious. Before long the great night would come: again the ring lights would be focused on him; again the reporters and the typewriters and the microphone would be busy with his every step and move; and the hundreds of thousands — perhaps millions — who thought well of him would be listening in. . . .

As the ether was brought closer to his face he took two obedient breaths. Before it had begun to affect him he closed his eyes in submission, and they heard him say a prayer: —

> 'Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

These were the last words that the Tiger spoke. After the operation he seemed to rally from the ether; but he weakened and collapsed.

'Counted out!' exclaimed the sporting pages the next day. 'The black fighter with a white heart has been counted out by the Great Referee.'

Two elements, aside from the colorful and picturesque, make this a complete example of dramatic dying. One was that he died at the very height of his career. In the past year he had won nineteen fights; in his last week he had won two; and in one of these, only four days before his death, he had 'knocked out' his opponent. The public had its attention centred upon him and was highly expectant. The other feature was that Flowers was known to be a pillar of the church, a matter of such public interest that he was called 'the Deacon' — another epithet serving to enrich the vocabulary of sport. He never left his dressing room to enter a fight without 'kneeling a moment in prayer.' Consequently, when he donned his ring raiment to go in and be 'put to sleep,' and then repeated that simple, childhood prayer, he could not possibly have died more in character.

Prize fighter as he was, there was much that was good in Tiger Flowers. There was that in his eye especially which recommended him; it was deep-set and earnest, and of the type that has so often, in other days, been capable of fanatic fealty to a master or a friend.

II

While this may pass as an example of the art of death on a certain plane, and might have come, with much more expenditure of pathos, out of the pages of Stowe or Dickens, it is hardly a death that would be rated as Shakespearean. For a natural masterpiece of that high order, nothing has ever impressed me so much as the death of Stonewall Jackson.

The name 'Stonewall' — his other name was Thomas Jonathan — is hardly a good description of him. It

was given him too early in the war. A better abstract of him was tied up in a phrase which was invented, not by his friends, but by the admiring common soldier, who was wont to refer to his command as 'Jackson's foot cavalry.' This was a happy hit at the very gist of his military method — his faculty of being here to-day and there to-morrow; of dodging up and down the mountain chains, in by one door and out at another; and of working by a constant succession of forced marches and sudden, unexpected attacks. The pages of history are covered with terms that try to describe Stonewall Jackson — vigilance, vigor, sagacity, celerity, promptness, resolution. It would take a very long compound word to cover his qualities; and I think the soldier's way of saying it all is the best. Changes in the art of war have given us that seeming anomaly, the mounted infantry; but never before or since have troops so well deserved to go by the name of foot cavalry.

Jackson could rush in between converging armies where he would seem to have about as much chance for success as a rat in a pit, and by attacking first one and then another with forces inferior to either he could spoil the plans of all. He never ran away from one enemy without making sure that he was running toward another. As he was markedly capable of self-control, and never allowed a turn of fortune to upset or surprise him, the name 'Stonewall' covers him in part. Yet I think that on the whole it conveys but a static and stodgy idea of such a fighter.

Regarding his religion, at once the soft and the hard side of him, it was from this constant attitude or inner state that he wrought upon the significance of life. Peace and war alike, the quiet succession of days or the lurid burst of battle, all had to be encompassed as by the mind of the weaver and conceived as working to the end; and he never lost the thread of God's guidance running through it all. When he was a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, he obeyed the Scriptural injunction to give a tithe of his income to the church. He taught a class of negro children on Sunday, and gave lectures on the inspiration of the Bible. It was said of him that it was his custom, when he dropped a letter into the post office, to say a prayer in behalf of the person to whom it was going.

When the war came and he was made a colonel, he was sent to destroy the works and rolling stock of the railroad at Martinsburg. Having successfully carried out instructions, he said in his report: 'It was sad work, but I had my orders, and my duty was to obey. If the cost of the property could have been disseminated in spreading the gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been expected!' When he originated the rebel yell at the first battle of Bull Run, he commanded his men to fire at close quarters and then make a charge, adding, 'And when you charge, yell like furies.' One word used in this order is worth noting — 'furies.' He saw no force in picturesque profanity; and he had no need for posing. It was not his way of leadership. When his men marched past him and saw his lips moving they knew that he was praying for them. They trusted him absolutely, while he in turn trusted God; and this moral stability of the man and his men, together with the vigorous workings of a Scotch-Irish intellect and the impetuosity of Southern valor, performed miracles in war.

The bullets that struck him down, while he was reconnoitring after his successful attack at Chancellorsville, came by mistake from some of his own men. Eight days after being wounded

(having borne up under the amputation of an arm) he passed away in delirium; and history has recorded the things he said as he died: —

'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle. . . . Tell Major Hawks to advance the commissary train. . . . Let us cross the river and rest in the shade.'

It was a stubborn battle, a hot fight, with quick strategy and high and rapid thinking. And when it was over he crossed to the other side. He must have entered into peace riding at the head of a victorious army, for certainly if it had not been a victory he would not have given that order to cross the river and rest in the shade.

Here was a truly Shakespearean passing. It is great drama written by life itself. If Shakespeare had found it standing thus in Plutarch he would have kept it and made no alteration — a thing he was great enough to do.

The death of Jackson was a greater shock to the South than is now easy to conceive. It was an event that filled the Southerners not only with sorrow, but with forebodings of defeat; for his victories had been so notable, and so almost certain, that they had learned to depend upon him as on some newly invented engine of war.

III

'He died a soldier's death' is a phrase that carries meaning to almost anyone; but I wonder whether it would convey any sense whatever to speak of dying a literary man's death. None, probably, except to take the minds of the few into the attic with Chatterton, or into the gutter with Poe, and in any case to suggest a life completely mismanaged.

Yet they do die fighting, as witness Tolstoi, whose last word was one of stubborn argument. When it was rumored that the famous writer was on his deathbed and very near the end, priests of the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia, which had deprived him of its soul benefits until he should recant certain opinions, came to visit and talk with him, hoping for a deathbed conversion. Tolstoi was invincible, and ended all by saying, 'Even in the face of death, twice one is two.' It is a conclusion worth remembering, even in the face of life.

Of lives mismanaged, or become sadly tangled and out of hand, the much loved O. Henry stands as an example. When he was dying in New York, none too affluent despite his industrious imagination, his mood seems to have gone back to the fears and trepidations of childhood; for as the light was fading from his eyes he said, 'I don't want to go home in the dark.' If there was ever a mind that had reason to be sophisticated, a soul that had a right to plead contamination by the world, it was the mind, the soul, of O. Henry. Instantly when he was dead the news about him was let loose: his true name was Will Porter; he had been a fugitive from justice in Honduras and other South American countries; he had served a term in the Ohio penitentiary; he had been the companion of criminals great and small. Yet in the end he proved to be essentially 'right,' and more sinned against than sinning. And he must have known all the time he was writing his stories that the newspapers had his obituary standing and ready to shoot broadcast in cold lead. Those who believe in the total depravity of human nature are partly wrong. There is that in some men, at least, which remains untouched and undefiled — a fire fed by experience and suffering which completely purifies this pot of clay.

Grover Cleveland — who was, I am proud to say, an avowed friend of

mine — died speaking the truth. No man was ever more vilely attacked than was Cleveland when he first ran for the presidency. The newspapers of to-day would not give space to such cartoons as I remember seeing when I was a boy — so much has the world improved. Yet his solid and homely figure looms large in the rank of presidents, while personalities that were more striking and spectacular have dwindled in significance. His last words were, 'I have tried so hard to do right.' It was a great ending, because the whole world knew it was the truth.

The Russian poet, Pushkin, who was fatally wounded in a duel, seems to have died the death of the true book lover. Miss Repplier tells us in one of her essays that when he was dying his young wife asked him whether there were no friends or relatives whom he wished to see, whereupon he lifted his eyes slowly to the shelf where stood his favorite books, and said, 'Farewell, my friends.'

In 1895, when I was a young man, I was sent to get some information from a priest in Chicago who was said to be the oldest priest in the largest Roman Catholic parish in the world. He was an Irishman, well past his ninetieth year, who no longer said Mass, but was, nevertheless, a witty and distinguished member of the family, or community, of priests who served the extensive parish. As I was leaving I remarked that he had reached an extreme old age; to which he replied, 'Yes, my boy; I already have one foot in Heaven.' Several times in the past thirty-odd years this remark has come back to me to be given further thought.

IV

No doubt the spirit in which a man dies is largely determined by his race, temperament, education, and intellectual force, together with the spirit of the times. In these present days of the new poetry, the new music, and the new philosophy of living we might logically expect a new note in dying. While I do not pretend to be an expert, I am sure that I could submit some examples which a critic of dying, if there were such a personage, would identify as being neither Elizabethan, nor Queen Anne, nor Georgian, nor Victorian. Something, in fact, which would be at once recognized as an example of the New Dying. I can best indicate what I mean by setting forth an instance.

The Norwegian tramp steamer *Grontoft*, having taken on cargo at Galveston, New Orleans, and Norfolk, sailed from the last-named port on February 20, 1922, bound for Esbjerg. The *Grontoft* labored against heavy head winds until Thursday, March 2, when it became disabled and went down in a mid-Atlantic hurricane at a point seven hundred miles east of Cape Race. All that is known of the sinking of the *Grontoft* was picked up by the wireless of the steamer *Estonia*, of the Baltic American line, which went to the rescue of the *Grontoft*, but arrived too late. The messages from the wireless of the *Grontoft* consisted at first of the usual SOS signals of a ship in trouble, followed by instructions regarding the ship's bearing; but as time wore on and the end came nearer and nearer, the operator, who had been transmitting according to the captain's orders, began to add remarks of his own, and finally, when all hope was evidently at an end, he used the apparatus before him to express his own state of mind — a remarkable series of last words in the face of certain death.

The *Estonia*, a Danish steamer hailing from Danzig and bound for New York, was making its way out of the

Baltic into the North Sea, headed west, at about the time the *Grontoft* was sailing from Norfolk. The *Estonia* encountered hurricane weather all the way across the Atlantic, gale after gale springing up from different quarters with hardly a lull between. At ten o'clock on the morning of March 2, Edward Hansen, the radio operator, who was reading a magazine in the wireless shack with the receivers over his ears, heard an SOS. It came from the *Grontoft*, which reported its position as seven hundred miles east of Cape Race.

The call came loudly, as if from no great distance, and a computation of the *Estonia's* position showed it to be but forty-five miles west of the disabled ship, and running away from it. Great seas were breaking over the *Estonia's* stern, and the wind was terrific. To put about under such circumstances was a great risk; but Captain Jorgenson, against the judgment of his officers, ordered the wheel put over, whereupon the *Estonia* fell into the trough and rolled between mountainous seas that threatened to engulf the ship before it won its way around. Steaming under forced fires, the *Estonia* barely made its way forward at six knots an hour.

Meanwhile Hansen, in his wireless shack, was listening intently. Presently he heard the operator of the *Grontoft* passing flippant comments on the weather, followed by the appropriate 'ha-ha' of wireless laughter.

'God pity the poor boys at sea on such a night as this,' wired the operator. This is a stock jest of sailors, alluding to what the people ashore are probably saying about them. Then came the dots and dashes of a 'ha-ha.' To which was added, 'The old man thinks it may blow up by night.'

At eleven o'clock the *Grontoft* sent a second S O S. It was followed by more comment by the operator. 'Well, the steward is making sandwiches for the lifeboats,' he remarked. 'Looks like we are going to have a picnic.'

At 11.30 the *Grontoft* cut in again. 'The old wagon has a list like a run-down heel,' the operator reported to his listeners. 'This is no weather to be out without an umbrella.'

The operator on the *Estonia* reported that they were making headway. 'Hold on; we shall soon be alongside,' he told the *Grontoft*.

To this came no reply. The operator of the *Grontoft* was now silent until 12.10 P.M. 'We are sinking stern first. The boats are smashed. Can't hold out longer,' he said. 'The skipper dictated that,' he added. 'He ought to know. . . . Where did I put my hat? . . . Sorry we could n't wait for you. . . . Pressing business elsewhere. . . . *Skaal*. . . .'

The *Estonia*, arriving four hours late at the designated point on the ocean, found not a vestige of the Norwegian tramp steamer and its crew of thirty-five. '*Skaal*,' meaning 'Your good health,' was the last that was ever heard from the steamer *Grontoft*.

Holding now to our intention of examining into the art of tragedy, we must note that the foregoing has a decided touch of Shakespeare, especially in the regard that Shakespeare's great failing, as expressed by Dr. Blair, consists in 'the grotesque mixture of serious and comic in one piece.' Certainly this death scene by the wireless operator of the *Grontoft* would never have met with the critical approval of that bright pupil of Voltaire's, Frederick the Great, who was pained by 'the wretched taste' of Shakespeare, and who wrote, after attending a German theatre, 'You will there see, in action, the abominable plays of Shakespeare, translated into our language.'

There are, indeed, two schools of tragedy — the good-taste school of the French, who have always had trouble in understanding the incongruities of Hamlet, the frivolous Dane; and the Northern school, whose fathers began by outdoing Nature herself in her wild and changing moods. Considering that the operator of the *Grontoft* said '*Skaal*' when he sank, I think he has a right to be judged according to the Northern or Hamlet school, which would entirely exculpate him from any charge of bad taste.

Something of this same spirit must have been working in Charles Frohman when he stood on the deck of the *Lusitania*, as on a mid-ocean stage with all the continents for an audience, and remarked, as the waters were coming up to get him, that death is life's greatest adventure.

V

There is another sort of dying which differs from either of these in the extent to which it makes the last scene a conscious and deliberate drama. There have been men so dauntless, and with such an instinct for showmanship, that, finding it incumbent upon them to die in public with a curious throng of spectators, they have set to work and planned the scene with such effects that it was a complete and entertaining work of the imagination. Such a personage was the Mac Pherson whose sword is preserved at Duff House, the seat of the Duke of Fife, at Banff, Scotland.

Mac Pherson was a freebooter of great physical strength and of considerable musical taste and accomplishment. Among his accomplishments was that of playing the violin. While lying in prison under sentence of death he composed his 'Farewell,' originating both the air and the words, the latter of which began: —

I've spent my time in rioting,
  Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast as pillage came,
  And fell to shame at length;
    But dauntingly and wantonly
    And rantingly I'll gae;
    I'll play the tune and dance it roun'
    Beneath the gallows tree.

When brought to the foot of the gallows at Banff, he played his 'Farewell,' danced it round the gallows tree with steps that embellished its lively and springing air, and then broke his fiddle across his knee and was hanged.

LONG SILENT

Our poet had been long silent. He had sung
In his golden youth, of the moon and the stars,
And the whispering winds, and the light that clung
In the heavens after evening put up her bars.

Now, after an aching interval, he came
With a new song from the old heart in his breast;
And over our world there burst a beautiful flame —
His last song his sweetest song, and his best.

But not of Death was his music, nor of tears.
He sang of youth and April and the days of his prime.
For only the old can know the glory of young years,
And only the old can sing of Once-on-a-time.

Charles Hanson Towne

TEN THOUSAND HANDKERCHIEFS

BY MERLE COLBY

I

THE girl removed her glance from the Ohio shore past which they were traveling, and cast a shy look at her companion, smoothing out as she did so her full-cut dress of rosebud satin trimmed with lace. She adjusted to a more becoming angle the muslin pardessus, lined with honey-colored silk, which draped her shoulders. Her lips parted as if to speak, but instead she caught her lower lip in her teeth, blushed, and again fell to gazing at the river bank.

The young man at her side on the passenger deck of the Ohio steamboat stroked the roll collar of his fawn-colored frock coat and pulled down his buff waistcoat. Stealing a look at the girl's profile as she persistently stared over the rail, he cleared his throat, reddened, then retreated again to the pensive contemplation of the brass buckles of his Monroe shoes.

Conversation is so difficult a thing! Why was it not part of the curriculum at the College of William and Mary? If only Miss Nancy Tuwaite would let slip the copy of *Affection's Gift* reposing in her lap, that he might restore it to her with a graceful phrase and a deep Virginian bow! So thought young Roger Sanders, and continued to mistake his companion's shyness for an air of pretty assurance. He gazed despondently at his shoe toes until, with a relief that was diluted with despair, he looked up and saw approaching two men. One was dressed carelessly in a long black frock coat and a pair of baggy trousers, and wore a string tie and a slouch hat. His long legs bowed slightly, as if they were more accustomed to bestriding the barrel of a horse than walking a steamboat deck. His dress was that of a circuit-riding parson. He talked animatedly to his partner, who listened attentively, from time to time gravely nodding his head.

The latter swept off his bell-beaver hat, smiled at the girl, and patted her hand. 'Your aunt desires me to tell you,' he said, 'that she will take her dinner this noon in her stateroom. I left her supplied with a mountain of comforters and a bottle of smelling salts, the better to aid her sustain the rigors of her voyage.' With a grim smile he turned to the parson. ''T is well for Mrs. Pritchell that our means of transportation is not the packet of ten years ago. In those days there were but two berths in the cabin: one curtained off for the gentlemen and the other for the ladies. The whole also served, I recall, as the dining saloon. In such a case a single vial of smelling salts could hardly have sufficed my wife.'

Miss Nancy's companion saw his opportunity. 'Truly,' he agreed, 'the saloons are marvels of comfort and beauty. The richly paneled folding doors; the commodious staterooms, allowing both privacy and comfort; the carpeted floors; the walls set with mirrors — all go to make of this noble vessel a habitation of the most elegant description.'

'But you have forgotten, young Mr. Sanders,' remarked the parson, 'that

luxury inevitably carries with it the seeds of its downfall. Last night in the gentlemen's saloon I witnessed a game of cards played between two planters for the highest stakes that ever I saw set.'

The young Virginian's eyes shone. 'May I enquire the amount of the stakes?' he asked.

'You may,' said the parson gravely. 'A human soul. A slave changed hands at the fall of the cards.' He fell silent, and his plastic, weather-beaten face worked like putty under a glazier's hands. 'How long, O Lord!' he muttered, and turned his face away.

Sanders's eyes darkened, and he seemed on the point of blurting out an angry comment. The girl hastened to turn the subject.

'How goes the campaign, Uncle?' she asked. 'Will the lovely young Mrs. Van Buren, wife of the President's nephew, continue to give her elegant dinners in the White House after the election, think you?'

Mr. Pritchell smiled. 'As a good Whig, I protest your making the coming election a matter of dinners in the White House. Perhaps there are those among us merchants who consider Mr. Van Buren's entertainments needless extravagance.'

Miss Nancy was unabashed. 'I seem to have heard,' she suggested, 'that a very great deal of specie was spent by the Whigs a few days ago at Baltimore, on the occasion of their convention there. Tell me, Uncle, was it indeed very gay?'

Pritchell smiled gravely. 'The convention seems to have stirred up much interest in our candidate, the so-called backwoodsman, General Harrison. I have in my wallet a cutting from the *Baltimore Patriot*, which with your permission, my dear, and that of the parson and young Mr. Sanders, I will read. The words of the anonymous delineator of that scene convey its liveliness far more eloquently than might my untutored tongue.' The merchant drew out a folded paper, settled on his nose a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, and began to read: —

'Never before was seen such an assemblage of the people in whose persons are concentrated the sovereignty of the government. The excitement, the joy, the enthusiasm of every man in the procession; the shouts, the applause, the cheers of those who filled the sidewalks and crowded the windows; the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies; the responsive cries of the people; the flaunting banners; the martial music; the loud roar at intervals of the deep-mouthed cannon. In no country, in no time, never before in the history of man, was there a spectacle so full of natural glory. A thousand banners burnished by the sun, floating on the breeze, ten thousand handkerchiefs waved by the fair daughters of the city, gave seeming life and motion to the very air.'

'I had not guessed so much enthusiasm could have been aroused by the backwoods Indian fighter,' remarked Sanders, uncrossing his striped knees and bearing his dark eyes on the merchant. 'This inhabitant of a log hut in the wilderness of Ohio would seem to have gained no small hold upon the mind of the populace.'

The merchant looked amused, but the circuit rider stared reproachfully at the lad, his great hands drying their palms again and again on the knees of his baggy trousers. His blue eyes, set startlingly in his wind-browned face, clouded over. His voice deepened in pitch.

'William Henry Harrison is my friend,' he said slowly, 'as I am happy to say he is the friend of every other such humble man as myself. It is common knowledge that every day at his table an empty place is laid at which any hungry man may seat himself, regardless of religion or condition. I myself have stopped at his residence

below Cincinnati, as have others among my brethren in the Lord. He refused all compensation from our Congress for his Tippecanoe expedition, and maintains himself solely by his efforts on his farm. For these and many other reasons, he has the support of all who dwell here in our spacious West. I am sure any thinking man deprecates many of the follies of the leaders of the Whig campaign. To portray Harrison, for the sake of a few prejudiced votes, as the untutored inhabitant of a log cabin is absurd, as anyone who has seen him can testify. That "log cabin" is better appointed, and set in more lovely grounds, than many a Southern planter's mansion. I shall shortly have the pleasure of pointing it out to the company. I am sure I fail to understand why he cannot rightfully command the respect and vote of a young Virginian gentleman.'

'Especially,' put in Pritchell slyly, 'when the young gentleman has occasion to take the river route from Wheeling. For in the last few years no further improvement to the river bed has been made by the Government. Perhaps another administration . . .'

The boy leaped to his feet. 'If you mean, sir, by your remarks to cast a slur upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren, pray understand that I, and all loyal Democrats with me, stand ready to defend him to the death.'

'Pray be seated,' protested the merchant. 'I am sorry words of mine should have been taken in so deadly earnest. Permit me to remind you, as well, that we are in the presence of a lady. I trust, my young sir, that you will not fail to remember the respect due her, and hasten to make your apologies.'

The boy flushed crimson and sat down. His apologies lacked something of the grace that four years in William and Mary College should have lent them, but they were accepted by Miss Nancy Tuwaite with the most gracious of smiles. The parson hastened to fill in an embarrassing silence.

'Pray observe, madam,' he said, addressing himself directly to the girl for the first time, 'the group of men lounging on the forward part of the boat. They are a queer set of fellows, and their business is to handle the freight, of which a great quantity is carried on these vessels. The river people have honored them with the expressive epithet of "deckaneers."'

Miss Nancy was not listening. As she leaned her head against the back of her chair, her eyes were far away. 'Ten thousand handkerchiefs,' she murmured. There was a faint smile on her lips. 'Ten thousand handkerchiefs. And all waving at once! I should like to have seen them.'

II

One of the deckaneers forward returned from gazing back along the rail.

'Look at the pretty little dears, would ye now!' he exclaimed, settling his shoulders against the deck housing. 'As grave and solemn they are as if they was their own grandparents. And him no bigger through the waist than me thumb. There's the parson with his friend, come up to spoil all their fun, the crayturs.' The others paid no attention, but watched with lazy intentness the shores past which the boat was churning.

''T is an ugly enough bitch, to be sure, this craft,' said another of the group. 'Built like a seegar box, she is: square at both ends and ondacintly fragrant in the middle.'

A little wisp of a man, with a gray fringe surrounding his ruddy bald head like an aureole, chuckled shortly. 'Did ye not choose to deckaneer on the O-hi-o yourself, Jim Dorgan? 'T is late

in the day to find fault with your maize bread and other heathen victuals.'

Dorgan drew sharply at his pipe, then coughed and spat as some of the foulness of the bowl worked its way up into the stem. 'Did I, though!' he said. 'I was took contrary, and that was the way of my coming.' He laughed silently, holding his pipestem at a little distance. 'I was took contrary,' he repeated. ''T is poor consolation to find yourself the biggest fool among many. Took contrary I was, and by a better man than myself. Have any of ye heard tell of General Harrison?'

The question was a purely rhetorical one, for the coming election had been the subject of deck-hand conversation and argument all the way from Wheeling. Recognizing it as such, the group preserved an expectant silence.

'I see ye have. 'T is well, for I'm about to tell ye lads a tale, the which has nothing to do with the General.'

Dorgan blew strongly down his pipe, then drew at the stem, to be rewarded with a great whiff of smoke. After looking at the bowl with the pained expression of a man whose worst enemy has spoken a kind word, he embarked on his tale.

''T was late one summer in the old country, but where and when 't would do no good to inform ye lads, for ye are all Kerry men, onable to onderstand what ye do not see. There was no rain, nor any sign of the same, and the sod was as parched and dry as a drinking man's Sunday-morning gullet.

'"Jim," says me mother to me that day, "ye're a strong, upright lad, and kin lick or eat your weight, and thribble," she says, "whichever comes handiest. But the little patch is as burnt as if the Evil One had breathed upon it, bad luck to him and no fresh young souls to his cupboard," she says, "and them that lives must eat. Ye're a lad grown," she tells me, and me scowling at the old woman, wondering what was coming, "and so get gone with ye," she says, "with my blessing and this cake I have baked. And get ye up to town, where they 'll be offering fair pay and food to them will immygrate," she says, "to the river of O-hi-o, the same being longer than it is high," she says.

'When I sees the old woman making her bit of a joke out of a sad matter, I knows, as every mother's son knows, that she means what she says, and in my hurry, boylike, to be away, I sets off without the cake, waving "God be wi' ye" to herself on the step, and that's the last I ever see of the two of them.

'When I arrive in town, toward noon of the next day after, I walks to the square and refreshes meself in the horse trough. After drying the sweat of me face and arms with a bit of fresh water, I looks about me and sees a gang of onlikely-looking lads in yellow breeches, all in a cluster like a swarm of hornets around a drop of treacle. I elbows my way in amongst them, and soon stands in the front row of them all, feeling of a tooth that had come loose and tasting salt in my spit. Standing on a keg of nails was a soft-spoken feller, dressed somewhat atween a beetle and a bottle fly, singing a bold story out of his nose. The lad next dug me ribs with his elbow and says to look clost, for there's a Yankee, and I may never see one again.

'The little man on the nail keg says as how there's good pay to be got on the river of O-hi-o, in Ameriky. He says there's steamboats on the river, and the steamboat companies has sent him from Ameriky to injuce some passengers for their steamboats. There is no fare, says he, for them that comes, and they is given a fancy title, a kind of letters patent, and called by the name of deckaneers. Just to keep our minds off the pretty girls along the

river, by day, he says, we kin turn our hand to a packing case oncet in a while, or roll a keg or two of beer out of the sun on the banks of the O-hi-o to the shady deck of the steamboat, says he. The pay's three shilling a day, he says, and found, which we knows for a lie. "Who'll come?" he says. "One at a time," he says. "Take your time, boys, and don't hender one another signing their mark on the paper I have here and accepting three shilling as first day's pay."

'Nobody moves. Some of us, thinking the show was over, turns to go away. The others stands, oneasy, wondering what was coming next. All to oncet there is a hell of a commotion, and I sees the bodies of a couple of lads in the front row opposite me being stepped over ontenderly. A big black-browed man he was, and stood there, sucking his teeth and scowling at the lot of us as if he was trying to decide whether we was there.

'The little man squeaks and lets out a little yelp and goes up to the man and grabs his hand. "Why, Mr. O'Connell," he says, and seems real delighted. "I had given you up. I had just about persuaded these-here quiet, stiddy-appearing men," he says, looking at us out of the whites of his eyes like a skittish horse, "to sign up as deckaneers on the O-hi-o."

'The feller next me lets out his breath like he had been binged in the belly. "An Irishman from Ameriky," he says. "I always suspected them children's stories about Indians," he says. "He's from Ameriky, too," the feller says, breathing hard, "and he's as Irish as the Pope."

'O'Connell did n't wait for no comments, but he pushed the little man away with the flat of his elbow and stepped up on to the nail keg.

'"Whatever this little ki-yi has been telling ye," says O'Connell, looking us over careful, "'t is a damned lie, and the steamboat company from Ameriky has hired me to say so," he says. "The pay's three shilling a day, all right, and that's the truth, but it ain't no help, for the food is foul rotten, living is high, and the girls too damn particular. If ye sign on as bloody deckaneers, ye'll wish ye was dead four times a day, and three of them four times will be mealtimes. Ye will not be allowed to sleep, and they'll set before ye a mush made out of maize, which is a kind of bastard corn, and what ye don't eat of it ye kin spleen against. There is a flying beast haunts the river of the O-hi-o," says O'Connell, "that will suck your blood, and killing one gives birth to three. It's a breaking life," he says, "and if ye sign on ye'll be under me, and ye'll learn why they call me Breaker O'Connell. 'T is no life for a dacint man," he says, "and I warn ye fairly."

'Well, all the boys liked this O'Connell first-rate, and we was all wavering. He'd put up a powerful argument, and the kind we all understood.

'Somebody sings out, "What about them three shilling in advance?"

'O'Connell kind of grunts, scornful, and picks the man out of the crowd and stares him down. "Another lie," he says. "There's a shilling advance," says he, and the feller looks cheerful for a minute. "A shilling advance," says O'Connell, "to be paid into my fist by every man which signs on."

'At that the crowd gets real respectful. Another lad sings out, "Is there whiskey on the O-hi-o?" he says, and we all hold our breaths to listen better.

'"There is that," says O'Connell. "And the cost of the same is thirteen cents a gallon. If there's any man among ye kin do sums in his head, let him figger thirteen cents into three shilling, and explain it to the rest. I will be setting here under this tree,"

says he, "with my bit of paper, and them of ye that has n't a shilling, let him stroll up the street and bring it back the handiest way. I'll be waiting," he says, and waiting he was when I returns with me shilling, won fair in open fight from another of the lads was resting face down across the horse trough. So we signs on to be deckaneers on the O-hi-o. O'Connell he takes our shillings and turns us over to the little squeak was standing by all the while.

'"Do ye take these men under your care, and ye're responsible for them," says he. "Ye're a good little man, but ye ain't learnt that an Irishman must be took contrary if he is took at all."

'And that,' concluded Jim Dorgan, sighing until the ashes of his pipe fled the bowl, 'was how I was took contrary to be a deckaneer. And that's how it is with General Harrison,' he explained to the loungers. 'Everything he says is to be took contrary. "I live in a log cabin," says he, not mentioning the long white clabberds to the outside of it, and the shingled roof, and the wings, and the pretty green lawn looking out over the river. We'll see it presently. "I'm a farmer," says he, and him a gentleman, not to mention a soldier. "I'm the people's friend," he says, and then he ups and runs for President!'

Dorgan tapped his pipe vehemently on the deck railing. The pipe slipped out of his fingers and fell. With a curse, Dorgan leaned over the rail.

'It's brook,' he said at last. 'It's brook clean in two, having been stopped by a naygur's head on the deck below. Ah, well, perhaps 't was a lucky thing. That pipe had always more heft than coolth, and 't is time I got me another.'

III

A black hand reached out and caught a white object as it rebounded from his head. Part of the stem of a chalk pipe tinkled to the deck.

'Hes hit got hurted, Calderwell's Joe?' asked a voice.

The black hand brought the pipe nearer a black face. 'De bowl's good. De stem hes kinda sho'tened hitself. Baccy still in her, dough. Dig out flint 'n' steel, Smalkin's Ha'y.'

His companion produced a flint and steel. 'Doan know's we should keep hit,' he muttered. 'De Lawd may hone us dat pipe, see-en we nuther roghtly bought ner stole hit.'

The other cast the timorous one a look of scorn. 'Whut's flung, pickers-up kin have.'

His fellow nodded assent, enviously watching Calderwell's Joe as he surrounded his bare woolly head with a nimbus of smoke.

'Let us-all have a puff,' he begged.

Joe drew a lingering draft, raising his arms slightly to give his lungs full play. He watched his toes intently, as if he half expected some of the smoke to trickle out from under their nails, then handed over the pipe to the eager hands of Harry. As he watched his companion suck eagerly at the bitter dregs, an annoyed look began to steal over his wide face. He sat thinking intently, and at last spoke.

'Lemme beg to bemind you,' he said severely, 'I has changed my name. I no longer is n't Calderwell's Joe. Ise Letchford's Joe now. Letchford's Joe — Mister L. P. Letchford, Squire, of Natchez. Sho'ly you is 'ware of my changen hands las' night, on a lucky turn of the cyards for the Squire.'

Smalkin's Harry stared, then slapped his thigh in sudden mirth. 'Letchford's Joe!' he wheezed. 'De name change, un' black boy stay whah he is. Letchford's Joe. Calderwell's Joe was, Letchford's Joe is!'

He repeated the two names several times, as if he saw therein some subject

for vast and esoteric mirth, hidden to his companion.

Joe watched his contortions with mounting anger. 'Stop hit,' he commanded. 'Stop hit, you tah-faced twister. Stop hit, will you now!' His commands had no effect, and at last he bent over Harry's writhing form, leaning close as if to bite his ear. 'I 'ull name you to 'um!' he threatened. 'I 'ull name your black name to de 'Bolishionists!'

Harry sat up suddenly, and his face changed to the gray pallor of the ashes in the pipe. 'No!' he choked, catching Joe by the knees. 'No!' He tried to say more, but the words would not come.

Joe solemnly nodded assent to his own words. 'I 'ull name you to 'um,' he said. 'There's one of 'um on bo'd dis boat — a long feller in a black coat. I 'ull go up to him, un' I 'ull say, "Mister 'Bolishionist, there's a no-count nigger on bo'd dis boat. His name," I 'ull say, "is Smalkin's Ha'y."' Harry cowered, unable to speak. '"He laughs at he betters, un' has no 'speck for 'um. I is on'y namen 'um to you," I 'ull say. "Mister 'Bolishionist, you kin do de rest."'

Harry moaned, but Joe remained inflexible. 'I ain't sayen whut he 'ull do,' he went on. 'I does n't know myself. But I 'ull tell you whut he *kin* do.' Joe leaned nearer, and his voice dripped a sanguinary whisper. 'He kin buy you, un' set you free!'

Finding his voice at last, Harry howled in anguish. 'Gawd, no!' he pleaded. 'Not dat! No, no, Joe!'

Joe nodded. 'Un' when you is free, you 'ull walk down de centre of de road, all alone in de No'th by you'self. "Who's dat black boy walken down de centre of de road?" somebody 'ull say, un' somebody 'ull answer, "Hit's Ha'y." Un' dey 'ull say, "Whose Ha'y? Smalkin's Ha'y, er Letchford's Ha'y, er whose?" Un' dey 'ull say, "Nobody's Ha'y. He don't belong nobody. He's a free nigger. Hit 'um," dey 'ull say. "Kick 'um," dey 'ull say. "Stick a knife in his froat, so's he can't holler none, un' string 'um up by he heels so's he 'ull bleed away easy."'

Smalkin's Harry began to blubber, and with a shaking hand fumbled in the pockets of his tattered janes. He brought out a piece of red string, a horn-handled knife without any blades, and part of a plug of chewing tobacco.

Joe's eyes lit up, but his voice was steady. 'Is dat all you got?' he asked.

'I — I got a cent. I was kinda saven hit.'

'On'y a cent?'

'I meaned three cents. I was kinda saven hit to buy me a good time wiv in Looieville.'

'Hand hit over.'

Smalkin's Harry reached into his shirt and brought out a large copper. Joe grunted, and pocketed the lot.

'Un' whut's my name, now?' he demanded.

'Calder — I means Letchford's Joe.'

Joe grunted again, and, retrieving the broken chalk pipe, thrust it into his shirt front. He smiled broadly. 'Wipe your nose un' dry your sorrow,' he advised. 'Sho'tly we comes to Gen'l Ha'ison's log cabin — on'y hit's a house — un' I shows hit you. So does de foolish profit fum de wise.'

Smalkin's Harry brightened, and he wiped his nose with his sleeve. Soon he was smiling, too, as he watched with interest the antics of two farmers signaling the steamboat from the bank.

IV

With a great splashing and puffing, the steamboat slowly turned, quartering the current; rounded to, and felt her way in toward the steep clay bank. A long gangway shook itself and fumbled cautiously for the shore.

Two roughly dressed men stood beside two large crates, hands in pockets, with an air of having all time to themselves. The taller of the two possessed a large mouth and a roving eye. The smaller, an intent little man, stood with a hand on the neck of a sleek cow tethered to a cottonwood. The cow and the man chewed rhythmically, keeping unconscious time, an identical expression of mild thought in their eyes.

A smart-appearing man stepped out of the pilot house.

'What's yer freight?' he bawled.

The taller of the two farmers looked up unhurriedly at the pilot house towering over him, searched the sky for signs of rain, and spat to clear his throat. 'Who said freight?' he asked in a tone of gentle surprise. 'My brother and me, we was jest brushen off the skeeters so's we could read the name of yur boat.' He turned to his companion. 'Must of thought we was signalen.'

The man on the pilot-house deck looked annoyed. 'Don't kill them skeeters,' he suggested, 'or you'll tie up the whole traffic on the river. No nonsense, now. What's yer freight?'

The farmer pulled one hand out of his janes pocket and scratched behind his ear. 'Lemme thenk,' he said. 'A cider press, a grestmill, two barns, and a cow.'

The man on board the boat stared a moment, then grew very red. He opened his mouth as if to say something, thought better of it, hesitated, and dived for the pilot house.

The shorter of the two farmers took his eyes off space. 'Gollup,' he remarked, 'you must of riled him. Mebbe she's goen on 'uthout us.'

'No, she es n't. Here comes the pilot. That war n't only the capt'in. The capt'in of thet boat can't scratch 'uthout asken Mort Dawson.'

The brisk man reappeared from the pilot house, like a small and nervous tug at the bow of a transatlantic paddle wheeler. The pilot drifted in his wake, engines dead, large, red of face, and slow of movement. He hooked an elbow over the rail and looked down complacently.

'Howdy, Frank,' he said. 'Hullo, Charley. Nice-appearing critter you got there. How's that gangway? Sot right for her?' Frank nodded, and the pair became very busy with their freight. The pilot turned to the captain at his side.

'Them's the two Barnes brothers. If you ain't heard their joke about freighting two barns, it's a sign you ain't been long above the Falls. It's the poorest joke on the upper river, and the frequentest.' He lumbered back to the pilot house. The gangway came up and nested itself, the scape pipes sighed, and the boat got way on her.

Returned from bedding down the cow, the two brothers drifted forward on the lower deck, twiddling varnished oat straws between their teeth, a pleased and expectant look on their faces. About the forward deck, directly underneath the pilot house, lay, sat, or sprawled a few farmers and drovers, a deck hand or two, and a few men of indeterminate aspect who in one way or another got their living from the river flowing past.

One of the drovers looked up lazily. 'Et's the Barnes brothers.' He turned to the shorter of the two. 'How d' y' aim t' vote come illection, Charley?' He grinned and winked at the rest.

Charley Barnes squirmed, reddened, and turned in his toes. He cleared his throat, gulped, reached for his plug, bit off a piece, chewed, cleared his throat again, and spat. 'I'm a-consederen,' he said.

The drover guffawed. Frank, unoffended, turned to the rest of the company.

'My brother Charley, here,' he explained, 'he admires to conseder. He conseders so much he can't hardly make up hes mind about anythen. So we hes et all worked out, sort of. When any question comes up fer argyment, Charley he conseders, and I do the deciden. Et works out fine. Don't et, Charley?' Charley beamed and nodded.

'Rought now,' went on Frank, 'he's a-consederen about the illection. Both Harrison and Van Buren has thur points, and ef a man aims to vote honest, he should ought to try and conseder both sides.'

'That's fair,' said one of the farmers.

'Me and Charley,' continued Frank, 'we ben to buy us a grestmill and a cider press. On the way we pecked up a good cow, cheap. The cider press, she's one of them new kind, not no hand-lever press, but a hoss press, 'uth a twelve-foot screw of black gum, 'uth ench threads to et. A man ought to generate consederable apple butter and cider 'uth that press. Me and Charley es rought pleased 'uth et.'

Frank exchanged the frazzled end of his straw for the unfrazzled end, and chewed thoughtfully. 'Speaken of the cider press,' he said, 'puts me en mind of whut the feller that sold et to us said. He says, jest like you,' turning to the drover, '"Who d' y' aim t' vote fer?" He spoke to Charley, kind of, and Charley he says, jest like he says to you, "I'm a-consederen." And the feller says, "While you er' consederen, read this, er else git et read to you," he says. 'Uth that, he hands Charley a piece of paper, prent on one side and blank on th' other. And Charley takes et, and puts et en his janes. Ded n't you, Charley?'

Charley nodded and fished in a pocket. 'Here 't es,' he said.

Frank took the paper. 'I'll read et,' he announced, 'be-en et's mostly prent large.'

He cleared his throat, threw away his straw, and began to read in the laborious fashion of a man whose schooling has been sandwiched in the intervals of work on a farm. The paper was one of the inflammatory posters issued by the Whigs in the heat of the 1840 campaign.

'"For the Battle Ground." That's the headen, prent in large black words. Then comes a petcher of a stagecoach, 'uth passengers en et, the males 'uth beaver hats. The four-hoss team es too heavy fer coachen work, and es checked too high. Like enough the feller that drawed et was thenken of somethen else. And underneath the stagecoach et says, "Every man to his tent!" And next et says, "To the Log-Cabin Boys of Ohio." The log cabin es drawed out, and not prent at all, which makes et easier to read. "Do you know that the greatest and most universal gathering of the People; of Farmers, Mechanics, Laborers, and all classes of the community, who are in favor of" — then thur's one of them damn chicken-stealen hawks holden a rebband en hes beak, and on the rebband es wrote out "Harrison & Tyler"; then et says "are to meet upon the Battlefield of Tippecanoe" — that's down near Shelbyville, in Indianny, on the Michigan Road — "on the twenty-ninth of May, to welcome the Old Soldiers once more to that scene of glory, where everlasting benefits were wrought in blood for Ohio"; then thur's a curlycue which means et's a question.'

One of the farmers crossed his hands over his belly and spoke languorously, his eyes closed. 'I aim to git me to the Rally,' he said. 'The quality of Ohio, Illinois, Indianny, Kentuck', and Michigan 'ull be thur. Thur's to be a grand barbecue, 'uth shoats, oxen, and sheep roasted hull, and all the hard cider and speech-maken a man could desire. Roast shoat and speech-maken!

Thur's a well-broke team t' hitch yur wagon to.'

'They do say,' observed another, 'that the Rally 'ull be the beggest gatheren of folks ever come ento one spot en the State of Indianny. I reckon my Conestoga wagon 'ull be thur.'

With an awful suddenness, the bow of the steamboat headed for shore. A drover, busily engaged in a song and shuffle, lurched wildly, tried in vain to recover his balance, and fell heavily to the deck. His companions were thrown into various positions against the deck rail or housing. Each remained where he was, as if playing the game of 'frozen holts.' All had an eye or ear cocked in the direction of the pilot house. The paddle wheels stopped, threshed backward once or twice, stopped again. A plank sailed along with the current and drifted slowly past the bow. Then the scape pipes sighed, the paddles started churning again, and the steamer swung back into the middle of the stream.

'Gollup!' gasped the drover, picking himself up. 'Whut was et?'

Frank Barnes went to the rail and peered back along the wake of the boat. 'Must of been a clost theng, what et was ever. Whur are we to? I don't reklect thes-yur part of the rever.'

A farmer glanced ahead, where a great bluff jutted over the stream. 'Jonas' Point. That 'ud make us nineteen mile below Cencennaty. We 'ull raise the General's cabin less than a mile.'

'So 't es,' said Frank. 'Priest, whut a swerve! That warn't never Mort Dawson's hand on her wheel.'

V

Basking in the afternoon sun streaming through the windows of the pilot house, Mort Dawson sprawled comfortably in a backless chair, a box filled with sawdust between his feet. From time to time he addressed the shoulders of his spare pilot, who stood with his feet planted wide apart before the ornate four-foot wheel. The spare said nothing, but occasionally nodded or twitched his head in reply.

'She's a pretty little trick, as I say,' remarked Mort, brushing a crumb of tobacco off the fleshly stairs of his waist. 'Don't know's this craft ever carried prettier. And full of fool girl idees. What do you suppose she said to me, this very while ago?'

The spare moved his head the fraction of an inch.

'Don't answer me,' warned Mort. 'If you say a word, or take your two eyes off the river, I'll learn you a couple. What do you suppose she said?'

He paused, as if tempting the silent figure before him into giving an answer. When none was forthcoming, he sighed and resumed.

'She asked me what them cottonwoods along the river bank looked like to me. "Look like!" I says. "Like trees, of course, and quick-grown, punk-hearted, good-for-nothing wood they be. They look like cottonwoods," I says. "What else?"'

The spare scratched the back of his neck with a finger.

'Put that hand back on the spokes!' commanded Mort. 'So she says, "Not to me, they don't. When the wind comes along, and shakes 'em, and their leaves turn inside out and show silver, the trees look like thousands of people waving their handkerchiefs," she says. "Like ten thousand handkerchiefs," she says. "Ten thousand handkerchiefs, all waving, and all being wove at oncet." What do you think of that, now, for a girl's foolishment? Don't answer me!'

The spare gave an almost imperceptible negative shake of his head without removing his eyes from the river.

'I did n't think you would,' remarked Mort, adjusting the position of the sawdust-filled box.

The spare took up a point or two on the wheel as the current veered the boat off her course. Without otherwise shifting his position or moving a muscle, he began to whistle softly through his teeth: —

'What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
The country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!'

'Motion!' fumed Mort Dawson. 'I'll motion you. Stop letting that steam outa your scape pipes, you damned Indianny corduroy-hopper. A man steering a steamboat has no time for politics. You been listening too free to some of the talk on board. I'll set a ball a-rolling around here that the pit of your stummick won't like.

'Miss Nancy Tuwaite her name is,' continued Mort placidly, as if there had been no interruption. 'She showed it to me, all wrote out in a book she had. Her uncle 's with her, and her aunt. I seen them come aboard, the two of them, at Wheeling. A cranky, ill-ballasted craft her aunt is, kind of beamy for her len'th. Come from somewheres around Baltimore, they do. Her uncle's all right. They kind of struck up acquaintance with a young dandy name of Sanders. Not a bad lad, though. You should see his eyes snap when he's crossed. He's from East, too, though I don't know where. LOOK OUT, YOU DAMN FOOL!'

With a great bound, the huge body of Mort Dawson flung itself out of the chair and at the wheel. The spare was thrust spinning away, and the spokes of the great wheel blurred as they revolved under Mort's hands. At the same time he whistled down the tube, and the scape pipes sighed, fell silent, whistled, and puffed jets of steam. The paddle wheels, thrusting backward, sent gobbets of foam forward under the bows. Mort stood rigidly, his foot on a spoke, for a long minute. Slowly he thrust over two spokes, then two more, and finally gave the go-ahead signal and brought the boat back on her course. Without a word he handed the wheel over to his spare and resumed his seat. The spare stood as before, silent, with no change in his appearance save for a slight ruddiness of the neck.

Mort settled himself comfortably in his chair. His voice was very gentle.

'An eddy,' he explained, 'ain't a ripple, and a ripple ain't got no resemblance to a rip. A planter and a sawyer is two different things, and a bar don't look like neither.'

The spare's neck grew redder.

'If you answer me I'll kill you,' said Mort. 'Next time you see a dimple in the cheek of Lady Ohio, don't wait to chuck her under the chin. When she shows a dimple, you move outa wherever you be, and sudden. But for the grace of God and the eye of Mort Dawson, you'd a snagged the bottom right out of her, and we'd all of us be feeding the catfish.'

Pacified by his outburst, Mort allowed his gaze to wander out over the river. 'We're nearing the bend,' he said. 'Look out for that bar just beyont. It keeps shifting. But you'll run clear if you keep a line atween the bluff and the house on the bank opposite.'

He gaped and stretched sleepily. 'Just keep a line on that house and you'll run clear,' he repeated. 'A big white house it is — easy recognized. There's two large wings to it, and it's sot in the middle of a big green lawn. A nice-appearing house, that looks as if its owner kind of liked to take care of it. A white house, with a shingle roof, overlooking the river.'

ELIZABETHAN AMERICA

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

I

We know a land of Elizabethan ways — a country of Spenserian speech, Shakespearean people, and of cavaliers and curtsies. It is a land of high hopes and mystic allegiances, where one may stroll through forests of Arden and find heaths and habits like those of olden England.

We are speaking of the Southern highlands — Appalachia and Ozarkadia. Putting it generally, Appalachia includes the four western counties of Maryland, the Blue Ridge hills, the Allegheny Ridge country of Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northwestern South Carolina, Northern Georgia, and Northeastern Alabama — an area of about a hundred and twelve thousand square miles, approximately that of New York and New England combined, or of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales put into one. And by way of an appendage there are the Ozark hills of Southern Missouri, Northwestern Arkansas, and the southeastern tip of Oklahoma, a country in dimensions near a hundred and fifty by two hundred miles, or, roughly, about the size of New York State. The people of Appalachia generally call themselves mountain folks; those of the Ozarks, hill people. The Southern highlands have between six and seven million people, which is somewhere about the population of England during the days of Shakespeare. Nearly 86 per cent of the Southern highlanders are rural people, which is approximately the ratio which held in Elizabethan England.

Husbandmen and ploughmen of Shakespeare's England and present-day upland farmers could very likely have rubbed shoulders and swapped yarns with few misunderstandings, lingual or otherwise; for Elizabethan English, as well as Elizabethan England, appears to have survived magnificently in these isolated Southern uplands.

The speech of the Southern mountains is a survival of the language of older days, rather than a degradation of United States English or a falling away from blunt-edged journalese. Mountain speech has little slang or sauciness. While it does, of course, show local differences a plenty, a surprisingly large number of old words have survived, along with a surprisingly large number of old ways, giving a quaint and delightful flavor of olden England. Illustrations are plentiful enough. The most casual of listeners will become conscious of the preponderance of strong preterits in mountain speech: 'clum' for 'climbed,' 'drug' for 'dragged,' 'wropped' for 'wrapped,' 'fotch' for 'fetched,' and 'holp' for 'helped' — all sound Elizabethanisms, to be found in Shakespeare, Lovelace, or King James's Bible. The Southern uplander says 'fur' (for) with Sir Philip Sidney, 'furder' with Lord Bacon and in common with Hakluyt, 'allow' for 'suppose.' Like Chaucer, he forms the plurals of monosyllables ending in 'st' by adding 'es' — 'postes,'

'beastes,' 'jystes' (joists), 'nestes,' and 'ghostes.'

Shakespeareanlike, he probably calls a salad a 'sallet,' a bag a 'poke,' says 'antic' for 'careful,' and 'bobble' for 'mix-up.' Like Piers Plowman, he says 'heaps of people,' and Spenser-like says 'mought' for 'might,' rimes 'yet' with 'wit,' and says 'swinge' for 'singe.' He keeps such Elizabethan pronunciations as 'sence,' 'ag'in',' 'scriptur,' 'ventur,' 'natur,' 'yit,' and 'yander.' He still 'toles' hogs with corn, and, like Gower, comments upon 'a sighte of feynold flowers.' He gets up 'afore daylight' to make a 'soon start,' 'rives' oak blocks into shingle boards, carries a 'budget' on his back, looks out for 'quiled-up' snakes, and on particular occasions uses a 'handerker.'

Theseus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, commends the 'pert and nimble spirit of mirth.' Ephraim Kilgew may reasonably testify that he is raising up a pert bunch of young 'uns. Like Othello, the hillman 'spends' his opinions. He most likely says 'dorts' for 'sulks,' 'dauncy' for 'ailing,' 'chat' for 'gravel,' 'swarve' for 'crowd together,' and 'tinsey' for 'tiny.'

Southern uplanders have a charming capacity for making words and phrases fit the want of an occasion, to express thoughts which are still mobile. Elizabethanlike, their speech is still rollicsome and fluid.

'The mill war consider'ble damnified.'

'Can I get over that road?'

'Well, I don't jest edzactly know. Some places the rain has gouted it out mightily. You 'll have to surround them places.'

'I done been and had dinner.'

'Sheep is natured like deer.'

'B'ar is destructious. They kill hawgs.'

'Hit'll take two slugs er buckshot to moralize Forgy Dell.'

'I ain't saw Tom in forty year. I can't hardly memorize him.'

'If it don't disfurnish ye none, I'll pay fur that ham-meat later on.'

Comparatives and superlatives are generally formed by adding a final 'er' or 'est,' regardless of the length of the word: 'endurabler,' 'fast-runnin'er,' 'fiddlin'est,' 'preachin'est,' and 'hog-killin'est.' Just as 'wealth' is a collective of 'weal,' to a majority of uplanders 'stealth' is what one steals, 'spilth' is what one spills, and a 'blowth' is a mass of blowing things or blossoms. They take the *y* from 'yeast,' but add it to 'earn'; 'queer' is usually 'quare'; 'care,' 'keer'; 'chair,' 'cheer'; 'crop,' 'crap.' Extra *r*'s frequently invade such words as 'warter,' 'orter,' 'arter,' and even make a way into names, such as 'Caurdle' and 'Orsborne.'

The Chaucerian 'hit' is frequently substituted for 'it,' but by no means invariably. The choice seems to be governed by an instinct for euphony. Like Spenser, they say 'swarve' for 'swerve,' and, like the immaculate Alexander Pope, 'jine' for 'join.'

Elizabethan exactness of thinking is easily discernible in upland speech. They talk of cow-brutes, ham-meat, lard-cracklin's, of tooth-dent, church-houses, biscuit-bread, and rifle-guns.

'Was the new baby at your house a boy?' 'Yessur, hit was a boy, and I reckon hit's a boy yit.'

'Does that jug hold a gallon?' 'W'y, no, not hardly. But hit'll hold quite a content.'

'I'm clearn'n' a field to raise my bread.'

II

Broadly speaking, the Southern highlanders are an Old England folk, English and Scotch-Irish, whose forebears came forth from Elizabethan England, a nation of young life which had just

found its prime, a nation of energy and daring, a nation leaping from childhood into manhood. And the spirit of Elizabethan England has long survived the weathering of time. The first settlers brought with them Elizabethan ways of living, and these ways have lasted in a country of magnificent isolation, one little touched by the ways of a modern world.

Southern uplanders do not have the Elizabethan's wealth, galleries, or his mechanics and autocracies of high living. They are rather the counterparts of rural Elizabethans, 'folk of plain and splendid ways.'

'All the corn we make our bread of groweth on our own demesne ground. The flesh we eat is all of our own breeding. Our garments, also, or much thereof, are made in our own home. Our own malt and water maketh our drink.' Thus went a good husbandman's boast of self-sufficiency.

It goes in much the same way with the Southern uplander. He gambles squarely upon the benevolence of soil, growth, and weather. He plants crops, hunts game, catches fish, and harvests fruits and berries with a basic idea of self-sufficiency. His wife cooks, churns, makes the clothes, keeps the home, and picks the geese for feather beds. Coffee, baking soda, kerosene, sugar, and lamp chimneys are virtually the only commodities to be bought at the village store. And if times are hard he can use maple or molasses sweetening, make parched-wheat coffee, and sit about in the firelight; or, more expedient still, go to bed at dusk. He cuts elm and ash for cart parts and ploughs, hickory for axe handles, and apple wood for saw rounds, much as was the 'presidence' in the days of fair Bess.

Countrysides have their midwives, their herb doctors, their basket makers, their carders, and their millers. Water mills still turn which have ground their community's grain for fully a century, and farm boys continue to ride toward them, with bags of shelled corn swung over their horses' withers — shirts open, lips pursed for whistling, bodies asway to the leisurely, plodding gaits of their mounts.

Trevesses's *Good Plowmen*, as a polaris for rural life in Old England, has this to say of the country fare: —

> Look weekly of custom and right
> For roast meat on Sundays and Thursdays
> at night.

But the rest of the week pease and bacon washed down by a draft of cider or good homebrew ale, made the husbandman's ordinary dinner. To the haymaking field he and his workers took with them a bottle or two of good beer, with an apple pasty, potted butter, churn-milk bread and cheese. The well-to-do ate wheat bread and manchet. The poor ate bread made of rye or barley, and in time of dearth, beans, pease and oats.

The culinary outlay of a modern-day uplander offers a pretty consistent parallel. Sunday calls for meat, pork or beef roast, chicken, squirrel, or fried wild turkey or fish or rabbit. The settler will probably have a meat dinner or two during the course of the week. But the Elizabethan countryman's stand-bys of pease and bacon hold general following among mountain people; pole beans or bunch beans, picked green in season and 'shilled' and kilned for winter use; corn-meal breads, with flour breads the occasional luxury; and pork meat, bacon, jowls, sausage, ham-meat, backbone, spare-ribs, and shoulder joints, boiled, fried, stewed, or baked — those are the hillman's day-in and day-out dependables. Except in the pasture, country beef is generally scarce. Hogs represent the easiest source of meat. The standing motto regarding pigs is to raise plenty and eat plenty. Mongrel sows are astonishingly prolific. The pigs range

at large, get their growth from eating herbs and acorns, and have only to be 'topped off' with corn at slaughtering time. Frequently a hill family will slaughter twenty or thirty shoats for a season's meat. We know a patriarch in the vicinity of Hawg Eye, Arkansas, who regularly slaughters twelve pigs for the nurture of each of his twelve offspring — a hundred and forty-four a year. Now, since four of his daughters and three of his sons are married and moved farther on up the creek a way, the benevolent old squire can hardly reckon how he is going to range enough hogs to provide for the coming harvest of grandchildren.

Nicholas Vreton tells of rural England of old: —

> August brought the harvest and the end of the husbandman's year, a merry time wherein honest neighbors make good cheer. The sun dries up the standing ponds. Now begin the gleaners to follow the corn cart, and a little bread to a great deal of drink makes the traveller's dinner; the melon and the cucumber are now in request, and the oil and the vinegar give attendance to the sallet herb.
>
> The pipe and the tabor is now lustily set on work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead in their heels. The new wheat makes the gossip cake and the bride cup is carried above the head of the whole parish. The fermenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers. Then come the brisking nights of autumn with new revelry. The young folks, smiling, kiss at every turn in the dance; the old folk sit about talking and laughing; the children dance for a garland or play at stoolball for a tansey and a banquest of curds and cream. There is much drinking of old nappy ale and casting of sheep eyes, much exchanging between men and maidens of pairs of gloves or pretty handerkers.

In Elizabethan America, October brings the corn harvest and the end of the tenant's year. But the tilling season is pretty thoroughly over by late July or early August. Flails have almost altogether lost their place as the yield of wheat barley and buckwheat continues generally decreasing. Corn huskings and county fairs offer the uplanders their autumnal daytime diversion.

Then comes the regular run of the season's merrymakings — hay rides, fish giggings, possum hunts, candy pullings, and quiltings. And if you should chance to be roaming about in the vicinity of a back-hill meetinghouse on a Saturday night, it is altogether probable that you will first hear a vague, far-off pounding noise, and on coming nearer you will gradually come to identify the squeak of a fiddle. Inside you will see gyratory merriment — big and little, young and old, executing square dances, flings, and reels, sedate and otherwise; virtually everyone in the frolic, whole-heartedly, from toe to top hair. And then there are the moonlight picnics and pie suppers, where frolic holds sway and foodstuffs are consumed in splendid profusion.

III

As a people the Southern highlanders are surprisingly free from awkwardness and uncouthness. Theirs is an unpresuming dignity, a quiet courtliness, unspoiled by the conventional forms of etiquette and politeness. Theirs is a genuine, unhurried serenity. They are a folk who can afford old-time, homely ambitions.

The other day we were asking about an upcountry acquaintance.

'Do I know Uncle Bog Sellers? Why, this creek were named fur him. He been right puny this winter, but he's perter now. You see, he'd killed ninety-nine b'ar in his lifetime, and war fixin' fur another hunt when he tuck sick with a misery in the stummick. The doctor told him he'd got to die. But

Uncle Bog, he prayed the good Lord to raise him up to kill jest one more b'ar — and, shore 'nough, He done it.'

We know another upcountryman in Taney County, Missouri. His name is Elijah Shrum. In his young days Lige was commonly taken as being worthless, merely because he seemed to have an insuperable aversion to following the guiding end of a bull-tongue plough. So Lige took up treasure hunting as a life's occupation. He spent better than forty years at searching for bountiful treasure. He followed down marker trails, prowled through the backmost recesses of innumerable caves, digging and delving, following out generally the path of high romance. Mr. Shrum has not, at this writing, unearthed the manifold treasure, but he still figures to find it — to unearth, one of these days, an iron-bound chest altogether too heavy for one man to hoist. So he continues high-heartedly at the search, and the years have in no way dimmed his ardor.

We know another searcher after stars, a dwarf named Sammy Blankhall. For twenty-odd years he ran a store near Eagle Rock, and did well enough, too, until one night his store burned to the ground, leaving him not only penniless, but heavily in debt. We took a tramp together the other day. He showed me into the one-room log cabin which he calls home. In the far corner of it was a bin filled with bushels and bushels of hulled black walnuts. Sammy explained that he is n't stout enough to swing an axe, nor has he the heft to follow a plough, and so he is paying off his debt to the wholesale grocery house by picking out walnut kernels and selling them to town confectioners. Sammy is sixty-four. By the time he is seventy he reckons he will have paid out the whole of his indebtedness.

The uplander's vital philosophy resembles that of the Elizabethan's in that it is usually more proverbial than speculative. Both were doubtless prone to agree with Launcelot Gobbo that it 'was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning.' Lore of spells and magic, strange fantasies of moon destinies, ill omens and bringers of wealth and fertility, still hold sway in the Southern back hills. When ordinary means fail, the hillman is an edge more likely to consult a witch doctor than to call a skilled veterinarian when the old cow gives 'quare milk and won't no butter come.'

Here is a somewhat typical story of magic coming from the Cumberland country.

'Old Doc was a-walkin' along with his wife. They was both elderly, and she says, "Let's go up to this house and git a light for our pipes." Folks did n't have matches none to speak'n of in them days; many a time I've walked a mile to a neighbor's with a shovel to borry fire. Well, they found a child that screamin' an' kickin' — bewitched.

'So Doc told 'em to git him nine new pins that had n't never been stuck in cloth, an' a bottle. He putts the pins in the bottle and sets it on the mantelshelf. Then he got a shingle and drawed a picture of a woman and told the man to set it up ag'in' a stump and shoot it jest at sundown.

'About a week atter that, Doc was comin' by ag'in, an' he inquired atter the child. Then he axed had anybody died suddintly, and they told him an old woman across the holler had died with a shriek everwhen the man shot the picture with his rifle-gun. And the bottle on the mantelpiece busted into a thousand pieces, and they never did find ary one of them pins.'

Just as the Elizabethan countryman took the blood of an elephant mingled

with the ashes of a weasel as a cure for leprosy and dead moles as a cure for baldness, believed in love charms and the avenging power of a wax figure pierced through with a needle and put to melt before the fire, so the Southern mountaineer will drive a spike through the heart of a tree to make it fruitful, or devise tonics or healing potions from cobwebs or iron rust.

Some of them will tell you that the moon and stars are eternal lamps set out to show the signs and the seasons, and that the lay of the Milky Way predicts the direction of the prevailing winds for a period of a lunar month. The set of the horns of the moon indicates rain or prevailing dry weather. The set of the oak leaves and the habits of fireflies they take as ready barometers. When cattle munch restlessly at pasture, or barn owls whoop in the daytime, or snake trails show in the dust, they begin making ready to stack the hay or tote in the fodder, for the signs say rain. In the wintertime, if the household Tabitha sits with her tail toward the fire, or if the wind whistles through the orchard land, they figure to fetch in a few extra armloads of firewood — cold weather is coming. Grain crops, beans, and vegetables they plant during the light of the moon, because these are sunlight crops, but they plant potatoes in the dark of the moon, since potatoes are tubers, growing in underground darkness. They take medicine and cures under a waning moon, so that their ills may also wane. Very generally they split rails, chop post timber, rive boards, and slaughter hogs when 'Ma Moon' is appropriately set. They 'witch' for water with forked twigs of willow or peach wood. There are treasure finders who witch for buried gold and silver by slipping a silver dime or a piece of gold into the fork of their twig. So their folkish ways go. As a race they place inestimably more confidence in elves than in elevators.

IV

When it comes to folk romancers and romantic rascals, the Southern highlands again smack of Merry England. Not too specifically speaking, the moonshiners are the upcountry Robin Hoods. They have their Friar Tucks, their Maid Marians, their Little Johns, their Greenwood revels, and their Sheriffs. They hold Saturday night gambles and gambols in palatial chambers of mountain caves.

The run of moonshiners are, professionally speaking, a cave people, but their homes are the open hills. It is true, too, that some of the young radicals make their runs in the open brush, trusting their fortunes to isolation, legal degression, ready defense, and a fast get-away. But the old-timers continue to labor underground and to jubilate in the open wildwood or wherever the spirit directs.

The ethical stand of a moonshiner is closely akin to that of the forest poacher in the days of Queen Bess. Moonshining began merely as a household economy. The first settlers lacked means and utensils for canning or evaporating their surplus of fruit and produce. Their potatoes, parsnips, and turnips could be 'holed up' in the field for winter use; cabbage they put to kraut, meat was salted and smoked; but for saving their surplus of fruits and berries they trusted to alcoholic preservation. They made brandies of their cherries, peaches, blackberries, and pawpaws; they made alcoholic preserves of their plums and apples, made 'sweet rum' from their sorghum 'seconds,' and put their surplus of corn, rye, and barley to the making of paralyzing stimulants.

The world grew up about them,

leaving them still in a country of young frontiers. Roads were few and far-scattered. They are yet. Back-hill travel routes usually follow the stream beds, and this involves sundry fordings and blockades. Commodities bulky as grain, or perishable as fruit or eggs or butter, were next to impossible to market. And a hillman needs a little cash money now and then, even as you and I. A gallon of corn in the keg may fetch more cash than an acre of corn in the ear. Just as the poachers of olden England slew the Queen's deer and made ready to take the consequences, so the 'blockaders' of Elizabethan America crush their corn, set their 'beers,' make their runs, keg their wares, swig their surplus, and 'let go roll — life, and a dollar for the fiddler's toll.'

Moonshiners have no time for mincing or bickering about professional casualties. Should one be killed or lamed by an enforcement officer — well, that is all in the day's labor. And if it appears expedient to plug a 'law' in the back where the suspenders cross, or to shove one over a high wild bluff with only moonlight, mountain air, and limestone ledges below, then that, too, is part of the game of swap. But the chances are that the moonshiner will pay his debts, give milk and meal to the widow lady, prove helpful at births and buryings, and, once convinced of your harmlessness, take you into his home with a hospitality which is nothing short of princely.

So moonshining has come to be a hardy trade. Liquor is hard to make by the hill-country recipe. Corn must be shucked and shelled and cracked in tub mills or with hickory mauls or pestles. The distilling must be done in a creek bed or beside an underground stream, for running water offers the only means of refrigeration. If vaporization is too slow or too fast, then all is not well with the product. To make a first run requires from thirty-six to forty-eight hours of firing, which means that the moonshiner must be on his toes, alert and laboring, virtually every minute of that time. And there are the hazards and hardships and luckless slips.

While the moonshiner draws out his thread of romance, he cannot forget that its spool is tethered to handcuffs, jail houses, penitentiaries, and buryin' grounds. His candle is lit at both ends, and it burns with a clear blue flame.

BŒOTIA IN AUGUST

BY STANLEY CASSON

Pigs, treachery, stupidity, and frogs; the normal reaction among historians of ancient Greece to these terms is — Bœotia. But yesterday at Lebadeia I drank of the waters of the spring of Lethe which make one forget unpleasant and remember pleasant things. So to me these lovely fragrant Bœotian fields under Helicon and Parnassus suggest only Pindar and Hesiod, the Muses and the fountain Hippocrene, Philip and Alexander. Why, Bœotia is the very heart of Greece: it is one of the very cradles of the race — though metaphors, like meteors, frequently explode on contact with reality, for geologically Bœotia is much more like a bath than a cradle! It is a great hollow of plain land ringed round by hills on east and south and by the long flowing range of Helicon and by the dominating bastion of Parnassus on the north and west. The waters of these plains, which slope gently from north to south, are hemmed in on all sides by a rocky rim, as in the great plain of Thessaly. But in Thessaly they have cut their way out through Tempe, while here they pass by underground channels.

It is a burning August blazing with the heat of molten silver. The great plain shimmers and shakes in the mirage, and a dozen tall pillars of dust, like tall thin trees of immense height, stalk uneasily up and down in the noonday stillness, then vanish into a wisp of dustiness and are gone, to be replaced by other devils like themselves.

But where were once Copais Lake and its eels is now a fertility of green lucern, lines of willows and clovery pasture, cotton and maize, so that even in August its freshness recalls the spring.

Along the edge of the old lake, whose water line is clear against the smooth cliffs, there once ran a strip of narrow land between cliff and lake, and behind it rose Helicon. Along this strip, which in places is not fifty feet across, there passed Dorians, Persians, Macedonians, Gauls, Goths, Slavs, and Turks, and all the invaders who had ever forced Tempe and Thermopylæ. Here was their final test, their ultimate battle before Athens and the Peloponnese dropped like ripe fruit into their hands. So the towns of this strip recur time and time again in history. Chæroneia, Coronea, Haliartus, are the sites not of single battles only. Last of all was the battle of Petra, the real gate of the pass where, in the war of independence, Prince Ypsilanti cut down to a man the Turkish armies at a Thermopylæ more pregnant with success than that of Leonidas. But with the draining of the lake the Bœotian Thermopylæ had vanished.

I think that what chiefly distinguished and still distinguishes Bœotia from other Greek provinces is the fact that it has no real seaboard and no real touch with the outer world of the two Greek seas, Ægean and Ionian. Bœotians were never sailors, and there is no large town on any Bœotian coast. It was rather a self-contained unit, hemmed in by an edging of rock. The black Cephissus River that fed the great lake was its central artery, while

round and near the plain there stood on spurs the great cities of Bœotia. Northward on the uplands that slope to Parnassus is the unheard-of beauty in spring of flowers that stretch in meadows and scent the air of the plain — narcissus and jonquil, in pale waves. But now it is August, and instead of spring flowers and the sound of waters there are everywhere the lovely chalky pink oleanders in the dry river beds, and on the parched lowlands the sound only of the hoopoe; even the frogs are silent, and the friendly chorus that made the plains in May one cheerful shout is replaced at night by an utter quiet.

As the burning sun sinks, Parnassus emerges from its heat haze blue and majestic, snowless and gaunt, to change, after sunset, to a mighty hump of sepia. To the east the sea is felt rather than seen, and Eubœa rises a pale silvery filament of limestone cliffs, windblown and verdureless. Where the plain narrows to the borders of Doris, the city of Orchomenus stands out clear-cut on its spur, and to the south the ancient island of Gla rises from its dry lake bed.

Thebes the seven-gated and its many waters lie over the divide on a lower plain, hotter and dustier than this, a plain that is the lowest of the steps by which Bœotia descends southward. But I remember the loveliness of Theban almond trees in spring.

I called Bœotia the cradle of Greece — forgive this ancient tag, but, after all, Greece mustered at Aulis under Agamemnon in those wide and lovely bays that indent the coast opposite Chalkis; and before Agamemnon brave men held at Orchomenus and Gla one half of the plain while their kinsmen at Thebes, half Cretans, half Mycenæans, princes whose names are not wholly forgotten, held the other half. The richness of the Mycenæan palaces at Orchomenus and Thebes was the richness of more than a local chieftain. In fact Bœotia in Mycenæan times must have been the wealthiest province of all that prehistoric empire. Orchomenus, insignificant on its spur, is really one of the most unassailable fortresses in Greece. The river Cephissus winds along one side of the hill and then doubles back to defend the other, encircling the head on which the city stands. Across the neck of the spur runs a gigantic wall of defense. The fortress is complete.

But to-day the barren waste of Orchomenus gives little hint of riches. It is only when we look at the plain that the source of wealth is obvious. And in Mycenæan days, as to-day, there was no Lake Copais. The mouldering dikes and barriers that still protrude from the plain are the work of these prehistoric folk, mighty engineering feats for those early days. They hemmed in the rivers of the plain and guided them whither they wished to the natural underground exits that still partly drain the lake to the sea. Their constant care was that these exits should not be blocked in flood time by floating logs or drifting silt. These exits once blocked, the plain became lake again.

After the ruin of that Mycenæan empire, neglect brought about the flooding of the plain again, and throughout Hellenic times it remained a lake, and a hundred square miles of cultivation were lost forever. Only Alexander seems to have attempted the drainage once again, and a vast but unfinished tunnel in the rocky divide is the handiwork of his engineers. To-day all the streams and marsh waters are led to one great canal that empties its flood with a mighty roaring of waters through a tunnel half a mile long and twice the height of a railway tunnel. But the Cephissus River still emerges by its underground outlet as of old.

After the Mycenæans came the Dorians, pressing south from Macedonia. Thebes and Orchomenus fell, and Hellenism, as we know it, began here on the ruins of a fertile and highly organized province. Bœotia has never known eclipse; even if she let the Persians pass and gave them Thebes, she was a favored land in all ages. French knights at Elatea on the northern marches founded a duchy here in the Middle Ages until they were exterminated in a strange battle at Orchomenus by Catalan Spanish mercenaries, who seized their wealth and their duchy. The battle was the final proof of the futility of mediæval chivalry and its mode of war. The French knights charged across a swampy field, and halfway across stuck solidly in the mud and marsh. The weight of their armor on man and horse held them fast until the enterprising Catalans killed them like rats in steel traps. Hardly a family of note in France was untouched by this curious battle, and the Catalans held the land for eighty years.

Rival always to the neighboring Phocis, Bœotia had its oracle as well as Delphi. The strange deity called Trophonius had his dark and secret rites at Lebadeia, that charming hill town at the mouth of a wild gorge that leads to Helicon and the valley of the Muses. Trophonius was as old as Time and no upstart Hellene, but he was later called a son of Apollo (by what uncouth mistress?) and by some held even to be a form of Zeus. His oracle was in the cliff side facing those waters of Lethe that are now so prosaically given to you in a glass to wash down your Turkish coffee at the inn beneath the plane trees. As you drink you see in the cliff face a neat, squarely cut grotto, and within it deep shafts, barely large enough for a man, run into the rock. Those who consulted the oracle had a fearsome time. This was no suave Pythian Apolline shrine, with marble waiting halls and the hard work all done for you by an intoxicated priestess and the oracle written down on tablets by obliging priests. Here you had to come utterly free from defilements, and get the oracle yourself from the grisly deity who awaited you at the bottom of those pits and shafts. What actually happened no man knows for certain. Pausanias, who had taken the oracle himself, tells us something, but not much, for one does not give Trophonius away with impunity! All he says is that the answers you seek may be given you either by sight or by hearing, but that, in any event, you are 'overwhelmed by fear,' and that many men who have passed through the ordeal 'never laugh again afterward,' although *as a rule* 'the power of laughter comes back again later.' But what happened we know only in the sketchiest way. Somehow you were projected headfirst down these slanting shafts, and at the bottom you found your oracle in some inner chamber that was crawling with serpents and horror. Then up you came again, feet foremost. Once, we are told, a scoffer took the oracle for fun, just to see what it was like. He emerged later right enough, but by some other shaft (presumably that reserved for scoffers), and he emerged dead.

On the cliff face near by are the cuttings, small squares inset in the rock, where the devout fixed the marble tablets they had dedicated in memory of the ordeal.

In Greek legend and religion the beautiful and the grim are seldom far apart. Œdipus and Narcissus are both Bœotians; why, Œdipus slew his father at the crossroads not half a day's journey from the pool at Thespiæ where Narcissus clutched his image and died; and the Narcissus is the true Bœotian flower still.

Against Trophonius and his underground horrors we must set the lovely vale of the Muses and Helicon, with the fountain Hippocrene on its rocky summit. No poisonous herbs, Bœotians said, grew on Helicon's slopes — even the venom of serpents was decreased through lack of evil sustenance in so lovely a valley. Somewhere in the valley was a shrine of the Muses with statues by half the famous sculptors of Greece, all now vanished to dust even if the loveliness of the valley remains. The Muses came hither from distant Thrace, in the days when they were three and not nine in number. A growing culture called for more Muses, as it called for more of everything, and the old three, who were (says Pausanias) Experience, Memory, and Song, had to endure the presence of new-fashioned colleagues who came to birth as man invented writing and numbers and other strange exercises of his new-fledged ingenuity. So to-day perhaps in their quiet valley the nine will have to endure a Muse of Wireless and a Muse of Machinery and other gaunt thin-lipped ladies of the kind.

There is a strange story of ancient archæologists at Haliartus on the edge of Lake Copais. For generations the townsfolk had shown a mound and said that it was the tomb of Alcmene, mother of Heracles. Local antiquaries, about the time of Alexander, disguised as pious relic hunters, excavated the grave and found bronze bracelets and queer tablets inscribed in an unknown tongue. The Society of Antiquaries of Haliartus of the time, thinking, like our Anglo-Israelites, that the Pyramids were the explanation of all things not clear to their fuzzy brains, sent the tablets off to Egypt for an expert opinion. 'Yes,' they were told, 'these are Egyptian right enough, but *very, very* ancient and in a script no longer known in Egypt.' I have my doubts. Egyptians were always good propagandists and defended well their claims to be the origin of all things. But here, in the great province of Mycenæan Thebes and Orchomenus, Greeks always said that the invention of letters was first made by the ingenious Cadmus the Theban. And at Thebes not so long ago Mycenæan inscriptions were found painted on a vase. Surely these antiquaries of Haliartus had found Cretan or Mycenæan tablets in some prehistoric grave. Would that we could find more!

As the sun sinks behind Parnassus the heat rises from the plain and the mirage fades. Somewhere in mid-air the heat belt balances and shimmers, and the fields below are cool and fragrant; only the cliffs and rocks remain hot and scalding to the touch, and wise folk keep off the rocky slopes at night, so great is the heat they give off until dawn comes to cool their parched expanses.

MY FRIEND IBN SAUD

BY MOHAMMED LEOPOLD WEISS

[IBN SAUD is King of the Hejaz, which includes Mecca and Medina, and of Nejd, his dominions as a whole embracing the entire area of Desert Arabia. — THE EDITOR]

I

I CALL him my friend, although he is a king and I a journalist. I do this not because he opened the portals of his soul to me — for that he has done to no man. Nor do I speak of him in this way because of the many evidences of friendship and kind-heartedness that he has given me during the past two years that I have spent in Arabia, — years not free from bitterness, — for he has treated others no less cordially. Also let me make this clear: Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud does not call me his friend — I call him mine. And I do this simply because he is a *good* man. Not merely good-hearted — many people are good-hearted. Just as we say of an old Toledo blade that it is a good weapon, because it possesses all the qualities that can be demanded of a weapon of that kind, so I call Ibn Saud a good man. A fully rounded out character, obeying only the dictates of his own conscience — sometimes in the wrong, but never failing in his honesty toward himself.

Ibn Saud was born about fifty years ago in Riyadh in Central Arabia. He is a collateral descendant of the royal family that gained control over the greater part of the Arabian peninsula at the beginning of the previous century and that subsequently fell into a state of decadence. During Ibn Saud's early childhood all power passed out of the hands of his family into those of a former vassal, Ibn Rashid of Hayel, in Northern Arabia. And the proud, reserved boy had to sit by and watch a foreign emir usurp his father's city of Riyadh, all in the name of Ibn Rashid. Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud and his family then became mere pensioners of the bounty of Ibn Rashid, tolerated without being feared. Presently this became too much for even the peace-loving father, Abd-er-Rahman, who departed with his family to Koweit to spend the rest of his days there in the home of his friend, the Sultan. Little did he dream of the future and of his son's aspirations.

There was probably only one person who detected the indomitable passionate spirit that slumbered in the boy's breast and the future greatness it betokened. That person was one of his aunts — an older sister of his father, who loved him dearly. While he was still a little boy, when no one else was present she used to clasp him to her bosom, telling him of all the great deeds he must accomplish. 'You must be a great man,' was her unending refrain.

In Koweit he got his first taste of solitude. This arose from the fact that, as a boy, Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud was thin and tall. So much taller was he than other boys of his age that they would laugh at him and mock him. He was immoderately ashamed of his stature, which attracted all eyes in his

direction, and he would carry his head bent in the hope of appearing shorter. It hurt his feelings to seem different from the people around him, but since his peculiarity was not solely physical he was unable to adjust himself.

Gradually his youthful intelligence grasped the situation, and his ambition stirred within him. He began to look beyond his immediate surroundings. He approached his father, saying, 'How can you tolerate having the Ibn Rashids rule over your home? Attack them, and drive them away. No one has a better claim than you to the throne of Riyadh.'

It must be understood that Ibn Rashid was at this time the most powerful chieftain on the Arabian peninsula. His domain extended from the Syrian desert to Robâ-el-Khali, and all the Bedouin tribes lived in terror of his mailed fist. It was therefore hardly surprising that Abd-er-Rahman, exiled, old, and impoverished, should have considered the demands of his stormy son fantastic. The boy urged and the father refused for years, but the son's enthusiasm was more stubborn than the father's lassitude, and Abd-er-Rahman finally yielded. With the assistance of the friendly Sultan of Koweit he assembled a few faithful Bedouin tribes and set out across the Arabian desert with dromedaries, banners, and flintlock muskets to attack Ibn Rashid. But the expedition was speedily repulsed. It returned to Koweit, — secretly, no doubt, somewhat relieved, — and the son was told that it was all to no purpose. Determined to spend the evening of his days in peace, the father renounced all his claims to Nejd.

But Abd-el-Aziz, the son, did not despair. He summoned a couple of his friends, and they assembled a troop of forty men, mostly Bedouins. They departed from Koweit without flags or music, but secretly, furtively, like thieves. By hasty night marches, avoiding the heavily traveled caravan routes, the forty men, mounted on camels, drew near to Riyadh and hid close by in an obscure valley. On that same day, Ibn Saud picked out five of his forty companions and spoke to the others as follows: 'We have laid our destiny in the hands of God, and we are going to Riyadh either to conquer it or to fail completely. If you hear a sound of fighting in the city, hasten to our aid. If, by sunset tomorrow, you hear nothing of us, then we are dead — and God have mercy on our souls. You who are left will return to Koweit.'

The six of them set forth on foot. By nightfall they reached Riyadh, entering the city through a breach in the wall that Ibn Rashid had made to show how secure he felt. With their weapons hidden in the folds of their garments, they made their way to the Emir's residence. It was locked, for the Emir, fearful of the inhabitants, was in the habit of spending the night in a near-by fortification. The intruders, however, beat upon the door, and a slave admitted them. Without making a sound, they overpowered him and bound him, along with the few other slaves and women who were also there. The rest of the time until dawn they spent reading the Koran by way of preparation for the task ahead of them.

Early in the morning the gates of the fortification were thrown open and the Emir sallied forth, accompanied by a considerable body of armed servants and slaves. Ibn Saud and his five companions promptly hurled themselves upon the company, shouting, 'Ibn Saud!' and took them by complete surprise. Abdallah ibn Jiluwi, Ibn Saud's cousin, who is now the Emir of El-Hasa, hurled his spear at the Emir,

who dodged just in time, and the spear buried its quivering shaft in the wall of the fortification, where it remains to this very day. The Emir fled back through the gate, and while Abdallah was pursuing him Ibn Saud and the rest of his followers laid about them with their swords among the Emir's bodyguard, who were so surprised that they offered almost no resistance in spite of their numerical superiority.

While this struggle was in progress, the Emir suddenly rushed out on the flat roof of the fortification, still pursued by Abdallah ibn Jiluwi. Screaming for mercy, the Emir fell against the barrier at the edge of the roof, which gave way beneath him just as his enemy's sword cleaved his neck. Ibn Saud then shouted, 'Come hither, you men of Riyadh! Here am I — Abd-el-Aziz ibn Abd-er-Rahman ibn Saud, your rightful ruler!' And the citizens of Riyadh, who secretly hated their late oppressor from the north, laid down their arms, while Ibn Saud's thirty-five reserves galloped through the city gates on their camels. In another hour Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud was the undisputed master of the city.

II

At this point — it was January 1901 — Ibn Saud's youth came to an end, and he entered upon the second phase of his life, a grown man and a ruler.

Now began those systematic conquests of Ibn Saud's which soon proved him to be altogether different from the usual Arabian *condottiere*. His expansion was as calculated as the plans of a European general staff working with maps, although Ibn Saud had no general staff but himself and had never laid eyes on a map. The process proceeded spirally with Riyadh as its fixed centre, and no forward step was taken until all conquered territory had been thoroughly subdued and organized. He first acquired the provinces to the east and north of Riyadh, and in 1904 took over the busy and prosperous province of Qasim. He then extended his realm over the western deserts, most of which were inhabited by the Ateybe tribes. In 1914 he launched an attack on the province of El Hasa on the Persian Gulf, which had belonged to Nejd fifty years before, but which the Turks had since taken. He captured the capital city of Hofuf after a few minor engagements, and established himself there firmly. The Ottoman Government was about to send out a punitive expedition against him when the World War broke out.

In 1921 the Djebel Shammar and the city of Hayel were also added to his kingdom, and, since it was in this city that the house of Ibn Rashid originated, that family lost its last stronghold in Arabia, apparently for all time. But the climax of Ibn Saud's expansion did not come until 1924 and 1925, when the Hejaz, together with Mecca, Medina, and Jiddah, was united with his kingdom.

It should be remembered that none of the territories he conquered were brought to heel in the old high-handed Oriental manner, but that in each case a nation was established. In every one of these states all who were willing to coöperate were placed on equal footing. Ibn Saud always tried to conquer from within and always endeavored to win his subjects' affection, showing them that he was working as much for their good as he was for the good of his own country. And this was something that no Arabian ruler had done since the great Caliph Omar ibn al-Khattab.

Ibn Saud long since has ceased to be merely a citizen of Riyadh. He has outgrown the narrow tribal confines. He has mastered the art of keeping his inner man on a par with his outer

power. He has never left Arabia and, outside of his own province, is familiar only with Bahrein, Koweit, and Basra. He knows no other language than Arabic. His reading has been confined to religious books and a few works on Arabian history. None the less, he has been able to extend his intellectual fields more widely than any Arabian king before him. No man alive has a better understanding of the present state of Islamic countries, and he is better posted than many professional politicians on the various parties in Egypt, Java, and India. The scientific discoveries of Europe, such as aviation and wireless telegraphy, which many Arabs, even the educated ones, believe to be fairy tales, he understands and appreciates fully as much as an educated Occidental.

Yet all the while he has never ceased to be a devout Moslem. From the premise that all existence originates in God, he arrives at the conviction that all material progress is futile unless it deepens our belief. It is therefore only natural that Ibn Saud's country should have developed in a religious direction. He belongs to the so-called Wahhabi movement. The Wahhabis are a reforming sect that follows the teaching of that great Nejd scholar, Mohammed ibn Abdul-Wahhab, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The aim of this sect is to cleanse Islam of the heresy it has gathered during its long history, and particularly to eliminate the custom of praying to Mohammedan saints instead of to Allah. It is the most severe of all Mohammedan sects, and it is based on the theory that all believers should imitate in their lives the simplicity and self-discipline of the Prophet.

As Occidentals, we generally do not understand Islam, because we are too prone to judge it by the modern Mohammedan countries. The form of Islam which such countries exemplify is anything but the original religion. It is a cult that spread like wildfire from the distorted teachings of a crazy heretic who advocated honoring graves and saints, although such teaching flatly contradicts the original Islamic beliefs. Modern Islam has arisen from a *laissez-faire* attitude which is as remote from the original teachings of Mohammed as are the ideals of most Europeans. Mohammedan countries cannot blame Islam for their decadence, but rather the fact that they have twisted and ignored the pure teachings of Islam without supplanting them with anything better. The disease of Orientalism is not Islam. A truly Islamic society, systematically organized, would produce a more proportioned and orderly organization of life than we can find under any other system, although from a practical point of view it would be impossible, because Islam forbids any form of progress in culture or civilization and because its very thesis denies every scientifically proved fact.

Nevertheless, the goal of Ibn Saud's efforts is to establish a really Islamic state — the first since the time of the companions of the Prophet. He has no desire for personal aggrandizement — he only wishes to serve the Idea. He imagines himself as standing very much in the background of all his activities, and in this sense he is a thoroughly modern ruler, quite different from the old-fashioned Oriental sultans who regarded their subjects as mere servants of their own ego. A foreigner, seeing Ibn Saud for the first time, would laugh at the primitive aspect of this king who sits, simply dressed, in a simply furnished room, rises and gives his hand to everyone who enters, even to the poorest Bedouin, and eats his meals with ministers, stenographers, and chauffeurs.

But the visitor's laughter would come to an end as soon as he regarded this king from closer range.

Ibn Saud began his constructive labors with the endeavor to establish domestic security by means of strict laws and effective punitive measures directed against bandits. Before his time, Arabia was a veritable den of thieves, filled with warring Bedouin tribes who plundered caravans and made all travel immeasurably dangerous. The new king promptly forbade his Bedouins to fight among themselves. All disputes had to be brought either to him or to the court of some emir. All criminals were punished in strict accordance with the code of the Koran. For a murder a man was beheaded; for robbery his right hand was cut off; and for armed robbery his right hand and left foot.

But soon Ibn Saud realized that mere force could not transform wild beasts into human beings. He began describing to his people the ethos of true belief. He sent scholars and preachers to various tribes to teach the Bedouins to read and write and to make them zealous disciples of the true belief. After a few difficult years, the movement suddenly caught hold. A miracle occurred. This kingdom of Ibn Saud's, as big as France, Germany, and Italy put together, now enjoys a state of security that the so-called civilized countries of the West cannot begin to duplicate. In the broad deserts of Central Arabia, where nobody ever dared travel unarmed in the old days, a visitor can now go quite alone, unarmed, laden with gold, and encounter no danger. Battles between individual tribes, which were everyday occurrences twenty years ago, are things of the past in the territories of Ibn Saud — though not, it may be said, in Syria and Iraq, where the 'civilized' powers of Europe hold sway.

But Ibn Saud's labors did not end here. He has built his cultural structure on a broader basis. Fifteen years ago he conceived the idea of persuading the Bedouins to establish themselves in permanent residences. It was clear to him that the nomadic life of these tribes was not conducive to progress and civilization or — and this was the really important point in Ibn Saud's estimation — to profound belief. He therefore began preaching this new, unheard-of idea to the Bedouins of Arabia. His success exceeded all expectation. One after another, the various tribes perceived the advantages of a settled mode of life. They were assigned land, built themselves houses, and planted palm trees. At first, during the early and difficult stages of transformation from nomadic herders into settled agriculturalists, the king backed them to the limit, giving them money, food, and grain. And he had to keep on helping, because new tribes kept allying themselves to him. It is estimated that now, fifteen years after this movement started, one third of all the Bedouins in Central Arabia have settled down, and the movement is going forward with undiminished intensity. The cultural significance of this aspect of Ibn Saud's work cannot be overestimated. The future historian will be compelled to assign this king a high place among those who have speeded human progress.

These Bedouins, who had been wild desert robbers mounted on horseback only a generation ago, began to feel that they were fulfilling a great destiny when they took permanent homes. The religious teachings that Ibn Saud had planted in their breasts awoke in them that peculiarly Arabian instinct for absolute belief. They understood that here was a true Islamic nation and that they had been called upon to lay its foundations. These men, to whom

Islam had once been nothing but a word, now became zealous champions of the belief, and quite naturally they came to regard Nejd as the capital city of their faith, set in a world of unbelievers and half-believers. They gradually gave up their old ideas of tribal loyalty and called themselves *Ikhwan* (brothers) — brothers of all who fully recognized God's word. As an outer symbol of their new attitude they gave up wearing the traditional Arabic braid about their heads and adopted white turbans, following the example of the Prophet.

The great importance of the Ikhwan to Ibn Saud's nation resides in the fact that all members capable of bearing arms voluntarily place themselves at the service of their king in case of war, thus providing him with a highly spirited body of troops. Since they regard themselves as the only real representatives of the true belief, any war is a war against unbelievers and therefore a holy war, and it is the highest honor, according to Mohammedan belief, to die fighting in a holy war. The result is that the Ikhwan not only do not fear death, they even court it — without despising life. They are the bravest, most tireless, and most mobile troops in the world, and, with adequate technical equipment, could make extensive conquests. In times of peace they are scattered throughout the land, but within a month they can assemble in any place the king commands, all of them mounted on dromedaries and armed with modern weapons, — Ibn Saud's booty in his various campaigns, — swords, and daggers, each with his own rations, which include a little rice and a sack of dates. They receive no pay from the king, but occasional presents, and they always count on booty. This inexpensive army of enthusiastic volunteers makes Ibn Saud stronger than any Arabian ruler before him.

III

All this is the work of a single man — Abd-el-Aziz ibn Saud. All the help that his emirs give him — and some of them are important men — consists in carrying out his plans. The burden of his work is tremendous.

All day long, from early morning until late at night, he works incessantly, pausing only to pray and to spend a very few moments with his family. Each day he receives hundreds of communications and reports, all of which he reads himself. He dictates hundreds of letters. Countless Bedouins and representatives from all parts of his kingdom come to him daily, laying their complaints and demands at his feet and receiving his orders. While they are in Riyadh, all of them are his guests. He puts up an average of a thousand people a day, and when they depart each one receives an article of clothing and some suitable gift, in accordance with the generous Arabian code. But the personal expenses of the king are small, except for his big automobile park, which is really a national necessity. His private life is devoid of luxury.

People say that Ibn Saud is very fond of women, that he has married often, and that he keeps changing his wives. That is true. But he is capable of genuine and devoted affection, as few other Arabs are. Everyone who knows him at close range testifies to this and talks about it.

He is also capable of real forgiveness. About five years ago, one of his wives put some poison into his incense vessel at the instigation of Ibn Rashid's family. Ibn Saud was alert enough to observe it, and lost only the sight of one eye. He then forgave the woman, because he was convinced that she had been the victim of insuperable psychological influences at the hands of

her family. He gave her a letter of divorce, together with clothes and money, and sent her back to Hayel.

He is never revengeful, though he can be hard and relentless to lawbreakers. On one occasion, when fifteen ringleaders of a conspiracy were being beheaded, he watched the proceedings as coolly as if he were witnessing a horse race, and sipped coffee all the while.

Ibn Saud is very tall and possesses superb virile beauty. He has a high, thoughtful forehead, a slightly bent nose, a small mouth with thick lips that are sensuous yet sensitive. Anyone who meets him is at once impressed by his smile — a charming, understanding, and inexpressibly sweet smile; and one cannot but love him.

Ibn Saud has been compared to Napoleon, but I prefer to liken him to Cyrus as Xenophon depicted him in his *Cyropædia* — a wise, farsighted ruler, working for the good of his people and not for his own advantage; estimating men at their real worth; reading their souls before he speaks a word; always aware of the fact that the people one works with must be satisfied. To these people he gives more than they ever expected — security of life, the gifts of a great heart, and a love that is never forgetful of true worth. Yet all the time he stands among them a solitary spirit — solitary because he is great.

A deep loneliness dwells in the breast of Ibn Saud, although many people surround him. No man can penetrate behind his smiling mouth or behind the broad gestures that his hands make when he is discussing problems of state or religious matters. No man knows what he will do to-morrow, for his future desires are dark and mysterious. But his yesterday and to-day are without mystery, without secrecy. His is the solitude of greatness. No leader points the way before him — only the living spirit. And behind him lie great achievements and great wisdom.

SAMARKAND RETURNS TO POWER

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

I SHALL always be glad that I first saw Samarkand in the golden glow of her beauty, when frosty November dawns melted swiftly into gorgeous sunny days; when the first rains had sapphired the sky and turned desert hills into snow peaks and laid the dust of the plains, but had not yet made mud. Then I learned that, having loved and left many cities, one can still fall in love with a new one; that sheer blue-gold weather can be as intoxicating to the critical senses as champagne, or as youth. There came other rains, and the grayness of shabby old age descended upon her, on old Samarkand still sitting where she sat twenty-three centuries ago, to receive her first recorded conqueror, Alexander. Yet two hours after the rain she again wove sunny magic.

Even the animals felt this magic.

Elsewhere camels are plodding creatures, patiently threading walled streets or desert sands. Here I laughed with fellow feeling as I saw a camel gallop blithely around a bend in the boulevard, tossing into the air a foot above him his human freight — a ball of colorful rags topped by a brown-faced grin. Elsewhere in Russia the horses are beasts of burden, dragging ramshackle droskies over the cobbles; here my first horse frightens me by racing madly down the street like the desert nomad that he is, quite unaware that he has a cart behind him.

After all deductions for the weather's magic, surely nothing could make those tiny donkeys on all the streets and boulevards anything but a constant entertainment. They are surmounted by such solemn men, bearded and turbaned, much larger than the donkeys, with feet tucked up to keep them from dragging. The booths at street corners, festooned with green and purple grapes in monstrous clusters; the long-cloaked red and maroon merchants solemnly clasping hands in an historic market place, to seal some bargain involving a few rubles; gay plush cap shops festooning the walls of some famous ruin; colored laundry hung out to dry from carved walls of some ancient seat of religious learning — here is the golden heart of sunny Asia, mellow mother Asia, hot young Asia.

Samarkand is renewing her youth. There is, to use a flippant Western word, a 'boom' in Samarkand. Never, it seems, have I seen so many new buildings side by side with so many historic monuments. Here is a new bank, a new Department of Agriculture building; across the boulevard from it a new girls' school, complete with dormitory and classrooms. Here is a new building for the Department of State Industry; a new Teacher Training School. These I notice in my first casual walks through the heart of the city. Farther out, to be reached only with intention, is the new silk factory for nine hundred and fifty workers, most of whom are housed near by in new workmen's dwellings; and the new Hospital of the Uzbek Republic, costing $600,000, a cluster of gorgeously modern buildings of stone and glass. Around it also are scattered new workmen's quarters; these seem to be in many places.

Power has come again to Samarkand. She who was a capital of many conquerors is a capital once again. In the new division of Turkestan into Soviet republics, Samarkand is the government seat of the Uzbeks. Here is the tomb of Tamerlane, and here is the farm-hand president's six-room White House. Here meets the Central Executive Committee of the Uzbeks, and here are the headquarters of education, and health, and agriculture, and justice. Here is a Musical High School from which gay youth goes forth to sing and dance propaganda into the villages of Central Asia.

Samarkand is very crowded. Congresses and conferences flood her halls, and the building of hotels has by no means kept pace with the building of government offices. On none of my visits to Samarkand did I find a room in any hotel. But this may be accounted luck rather than otherwise, for I was most hospitably entertained on each occasion by kindly Samarkanders who took pity on the stranger. The first time I stayed at the Clara Zetkin School for Women; the second time in the president's own mansion. Neither quarters were palatial. In the School for Women I shared a tiny bedroom with the director, her sister, and the teacher of physical training; in the presidential home I was given a divan in the secretary's living room, also occupied for sleeping by his mother.

II

Because I wished to learn of Samarkand the Ancient, I called first on Professor Viatkin, who, under varying rulers and conditions, has given all his life to studying the archæology of Central Asia and is to-day head of the 'Committee on Ancient Monuments.' A kindly and rather sad gentleman, not interested in politics or in all the fury of new building in this old capital. He is well aware of the world importance of the great monuments of the past; he remembers the Germans who journeyed hither before the war for research, and the Americans of the Carnegie Foundation back in 1908; it hurts him to realize that he is responsible for the preservation of all these relics and has so little money to care for them properly.

'Seventy important memorials of the past are in Uzbekistan alone,' he told me. 'We do not know how many more are undiscovered. For such research we have no money at all. Our 34,000 rubles this year barely suffices to keep the most important from falling to pieces. In the famous Righistan of Samarkand we must chain columns in position, or they will crash into ruins and spoil other things as well. A few things like this we can do; it is next to nothing.'

The glory of Samarkand from before the dawn of history unrolled before me as we talked in Professor Viatkin's crowded dining room, used also as study, and he pictured to me the many conquerors who have come into these rich watered lands of Central Asia. Always there has been here a settled people, farmers, clustering from prehistoric days around the hillside streams and following them with irrigation into the plains. Always the harsher nomad hordes from the surrounding deserts have overwhelmed them and become in their turn settlers. Samarkand, like a fair mistress, submitted to their violence, and then subdued them to the ways of her household. Each of her masters, as far as he might, destroyed the remembrance of all past lovers. Nothing to-day remains of Alexander's days but a few Greek coins and figurines unearthed from time to time as sign that once Hellenic culture enriched this soil.

The earliest known peoples here were the Tajiks, Persian in race and culture, high in musical and poetic attainments; they still survive in the distant mountain villages and as a city population in the valleys. They lost their fertile lands to the invaders, but they kept the superiority of trade and culture. The Arabs came, bringing the Arab civilization of the seventh and eighth centuries; there followed a local dynasty of high attainments, when irrigation flourished and books were many and the arts were prized. Raw Turkish tribes from the East overwhelmed this and passed beyond to settle Asia Minor. They were followed in the thirteenth century by the Mongols under Genghis Khan and his lesser sons. Warlike and strong invaders, but destroyers who left the rich lands ruined. Tamerlane, who followed them, brought a renaissance of literature and building; his are the most magnificent monuments now remaining. After him descended from the north the Uzbeks, uncultured but virile nomads. Later, only fifty years ago, the Russians.

On invitation of Professor Viatkin, I took next morning one of the large red autobuses which furnish modern transportation to this ancient city. I was bound for the Righistan, for hundreds of years the central market place, flanked by stately medresses, the religious academies of the Moslems. It is still to-day a market place much attended, as I realized when I stood in

line and fought for a place in the bus. No prestige whatever attaches to being a white woman in a crowd of jostling natives bent on purchase. This, it chanced, was one of the market days, which occur twice weekly. Past the various government buildings we swept, along the wide shaded boulevards of the new city, and across a ravine to the colorful jostling streets of Samarkand the Ancient.

A certain stark grandeur distinguishes the ruins of Asia. Torn and lofty, covered with brilliant mosaics, they stand in patient aloofness under the golden noons. Beneath them whispers or roars the life of the market, with its petty barter, and its satisfaction of daily needs. Under the gorgeous walls of the Righistan I saw a popular peep show, behind the curtains of which veiled women removed their veils to chuckle at what they saw; by the pictures of Egyptian and Assyrian gods and the scientific mottoes, I judged it was antireligious propaganda. From a high tribune in front of the famous medresse which faces the square a speaker was taking subscriptions to the latest government loan while a small crowd stopped to listen and edged away — as no doubt was done in some form in the days of Tamerlane.

Avoiding massive processions of camels and rumbling processions of carts, I sought refuge from the traffic under a high stone cavern, built for who knows what purpose by its original architect, but serving now as the cap market, where the males of Samarkand beautify themselves with giddy designs in plush and velvet. Dodging down a side street, I came to still another ancient medresse, now turned to secular uses. A crowd of young Tajiks hailed me, and pointed out the relics in their building. They were taking a short course to become village teachers. The mechanism of my kodak so enthralled them that they all took turns looking into the finder, and shouted with triumph when they saw the scenes; at this gleeful occupation they lost their places in the waiting line for lunch, and, remembering this, ran suddenly away.

The gauntly beautiful ruined arches of Bibi Khanum cut the blue sky at one end of the street. Of this ancient mosque there are varying legends, chiefly concerning the favorite wife of an emperor, who built the temple to honor him during his absence. It is said that the architect became inflamed with love for his sovereign, and could not set his genius at work without her favors; and that she, burning with impatience to celebrate her lord's return, sacrificed his household honor to honor him the better in public. The fate meted out to the culprits is variously recorded; there are tales of death connected with the high towers of this old ruin. On some of its broken slabs I saw two Uzbeks from the market reclining; sipping tea in the shade of the walls and cutting juicy melons on the storied stones.

III

Beyond the walls of Samarkand, and beyond the dusty plain devoted to trading in horses, rise the exquisite domes of tombs built for the family of Tamerlane. In all Central Asia there is no cluster of ancient monuments more harmonious in their setting of trees and sky, and perfectly balanced stairways lead from mausoleum to mausoleum. Vivid mosaics, stone steps worn by the feet of pilgrims, a famous old Koran exhibited reverently in the central mosque, where Tamerlane himself may have stood to pray for the souls of his dead — these are the perfect memorials of the power that is

gone. On my way back to the Righistan I saw the cruder modern emblems of the new power that has come in Samarkand.

In the midst of the bazaar, with its shouts and camels, its donkeys and bargaining merchants, arose a large and ugly building: 'Universal Stores, Uzbek State Trading Company, No. 3.' The crowds outside were greater than anywhere else in the market; they were standing in line to buy cotton goods or soap at prices below those in the private booths. Around a corner, with plentiful red banners, stood the 'House of the Dekkans.' I stepped inside and found a small exhibition of modern farm machinery, intermingled with placards about fertilizers and seed selection and the war on pests. The room was empty; with some trouble I unearthed the doorkeeper, and was told that the *dekkans* (the Central Asian word for 'peasants') were all out shopping, but would return en masse for sleep in the evening.

Some of them, in fact, were already assembled in the red *chai-khana*, or tea house, around the corner, where they squatted on carpeted platforms above the roar of the market and solemnly quaffed tea under pictures of Lenin. A placard on a hall near by announced the 'Fourth Congress of the Uzbek Teachers Union,' and informed all delegates that dormitories had been opened for their accommodation at the Central Labor Union and also at the Club of the Teachers. A block away was the main workers' club, named after Tomsky; a congress of the Peasant Coöperatives of Uzbekistan was going on in its crowded, badly lighted hall. In a high-pitched, monotonous voice, an Uzbek peasant woman, unveiled, with her hair covered by a Russian kerchief, was complaining from the platform about the bad organization of village coöperatives. Here was some change, surely, from the days of Tamerlane.

Following her came a tall, dark peasant, in a coarse wrapper of brown unlined homespun, with high leather boots and little round embroidered skullcap, now very shabby. Though only a farm laborer, he spoke with an air of fierce, firm authority that would have well suited a chieftain of Genghis Khan, just descended from his charger. 'I don't know the methods of order in a meeting and I don't much care,' he said with a fine casualness. 'I don't know how to begin a speech or what must be included. But — what do we see in the village? The rich peasants get the new machines on credit and we poor ones don't.'

As the discussion proceeded, a baby boy wandered down the aisle pulling his rough coat back from his otherwise quite naked brown body. No one paid any attention to him. Leaving the assembly, I mingled with the after-market crowd of shoppers jamming all means of transport on their way home. Sacks of nuts and melons and rich green raisins, the kind most highly prized, filled carts and buses. Above the crowd tossed turbans of blue and white and orange, sometimes stuffed with the smaller purchases. In more than one turban I saw a shining glass lamp chimney thrust, like a strange ornament, to keep it safe above the jostling turmoil. I returned to the chief restaurant of Samarkand, whose oilcloth-covered tables were already very sloppy from the succession of diners. On its walls were placards with fiercely gesticulating figures pointing fingers, conveying this reproach: 'You, You, You — are NOT YET a member of the Coöperative.' Truly American advertising methods had come to Samarkand.

A few evenings later I attended the opening session of the Central Executive

Committee of the Uzbek Republic — the highest administrative authority in the land. It does not control railways, or posts and telegraphs, or army, or foreign trade and ultimate economic programmes; these economic lines of dominance are dictated from Moscow, in whose central government Uzbekistan is represented. The session which I visited controls, however, education, health, agriculture, courts, local trade and industry, making its own budget within the limits of a general tax policy fixed by the Central Government of the Soviet Union. The budget of the Uzbek Republic, incidentally, shows large and increasing deficits, due to the expansion of education, health measures, and irrigation in a region too backward to pay heavy taxes. The deficit this year amounts to forty million rubles and is met by Moscow, as part of its announced policy of 'equalizing the backward regions with the centre.'

It was a report on the budget that the Central Executive Committee was considering when I entered. I saw before me a long narrow hall, unimposing, the typical meeting hall of a small town, decorated in the typical Asian manner with strings of tissue-paper flags in all colors festooned from wall to wall. To these were added many red streamers, and a more than life-sized statue of Lenin at the rear of the stage, arising from a sea of red flags. Above the stage a large red banner bore, in place of the slogans on world revolution which used to grace such assemblies, the much more sober words which are to-day the fashion: 'We grow, we strengthen, we are building socialism and will complete its building.' A larger banner at the far end of the hall was inscribed with the words of Lenin: 'The Soviet Power will be carried to success only when in it take part the millions of workers and peasants.'

Much calmer ideals, these, than the war cries once expressed! And were, indeed, the millions of workers and peasants taking part? Certainly the members of this governing body were native, under whatever methods of pressure they might have been chosen from distant villages. Uzbeks in many-colored robes, padded against the sharp autumn weather, were the chief figures. The proceedings went on in the Uzbek language, but the more important parts were translated into Russian, 'for the benefit of the Europeans.' These 'Europeans,' by which name were included Russians, Jews, and one Lett, numbered forty-eight, one quarter of the assembly. Of the rest, one hundred and twenty-seven, or a clear majority, were Uzbeks, while twenty-six came from minor Asiatic nationalities, resident in the Uzbek Republic.

Behind the long red table which filled the front of the stage sat the Presidium, a dozen or more Uzbeks, in the usual gaudy gowns and plush skullcaps. One of them was a woman, Shadiva, aged twenty-two, with the naïve, friendly smile of a sixteen-year-old girl.

When Shadiva flitted about the hall in a mussed blue flannel blouse, with a green velvet cap on her long black curls, it was impossible to believe the tales I was told of her past. A miner's daughter of Fergana, sold in marriage at the age of ten, she lived with her middle-aged husband a tragic existence. When Russian women began to organize the woman's movement of Uzbekistan, Shadiva was one of their first adherents. They taught her to read; they discovered and trained her capacity for eloquence; they got a divorce for her. She is married now to a youth of her own age, a modernist and communist; she holds great audiences spellbound with her oratory. Her former husband also has remarried, but

they say he has never ceased to regret the flamelike Shadiva.

In and out among the members of the Presidium moved the secretaries of the Central Executive, some of them Russians, some of them drawn from the Asiatic nationalities of the Caucasus, which have had more education than the Uzbeks and are now supplying many organizers and secretaries in Central Asia. I inquired of one of these to what extent the government in Samarkand was run by the natives. In the chief assembly their predominance was obvious, but how about the civil departments of government? He told me that the departments of Education and of Social Welfare are almost entirely manned by Uzbeks, since teaching is chiefly done in the Uzbek language. The Finance Department is 70 per cent Uzbek. The Department of Agriculture is Uzbek except for its farm experts; the Water Department except for its engineers. The local courts are all Uzbek, but in the higher courts some 15 to 20 per cent are Russians. Russians persist throughout the Health Department, since practically no Uzbeks have as yet had time to learn medicine. In the higher economic departments, such as the State Planning Board or the Department of State Industries, about half the staff is Russian.

IV

The life of Samarkand is in her water, brought by a primitive system of irrigation learned from the Arabs. Every year its dikes of wood and earth need repairing; in some years high water destroys the dikes and floods whole regions. The Water Department invited me to visit their new irrigation dam at Revat Khoja, thirty miles from the city. Built in the modern fashion of reënforced concrete, under an engineer who once constructed the Baikal section of the Trans-Siberian Railway and part of the line to Murmansk, it is attracting visits from peasants throughout the Uzbek Republic.

The methods of modern technique know neither race nor boundary. When I stopped for lunch at the chief engineer's house near the main dam, it seemed that I might have been in any one of a dozen construction camps in the far West of America. The same clean, bare floors, the same whitewashed walls covered with blueprints, the same bare furniture of working tables and hard chairs. Even the food was the same — chiefly canned goods, the diet of the breaker of trails the world over. Sitting across the table was the same type of keen face, lean and efficient, busy with the skilled subduing of nature and caring little for politics. Out of the window was the same type of landscape — brown unreclaimed fields leading to mountains, and a single telephone line to connect with civilization. Only when I crossed the room to look at the dike with its medley of turbaned figures and colorful Asiatic garments did I recall that this was the oldest continent of earth instead of the youngest.

When, after lunch, we went to see the dam, which runs for two kilometres across many channels eaten by former floods, we met a delegation of peasants that had come to inspect it. Middle-aged men, with voluminous robes and large white turbans, sat sedately on little clay mounds above the river, staring long and contentedly down at the swiftly working machines. Layers of reënforced concrete were being applied under their eyes; men like themselves in turbans and flapping robes were working at pumps. Besides these shrewd and patient peasants there was another inspection. Jumping hastily from crag to crag, the photographer of the State Cinema of the Uzbeks was

busily snapping scenes which would go forth to village movies. Propaganda of modern irrigation was to reach those peasants too far away to visit Revat Khoja.

'The local peasants were very skeptical when we began,' smiled the engineer. 'But now that our dike and canal are nearing completion, they know enough about irrigation to be very enthusiastic. Even before Revat Khoja opens, scores of peasant delegations come to Samarkand from all Uzbekistan, asking for similar improvements to their ancient irrigation systems. They offer to pay for the engineers, the machines, the cement and iron, and to furnish their own unskilled labor. Some fifty such local companies have been organized; a Meliorative Fund exists in the Water Department to aid them with three- to five-year credits. No longer does the Government rebuild their irrigation systems for nothing; it reserves its budget funds for reclaiming entirely new land. On the old land the peasants themselves are willing to pay for improvement. But Revat Khoja was done on government budget; the dike and the ten-kilometre canal cost seven million rubles. These will stabilize irrigation on a million acres, of which one hundred and fifty thousand will be newly reclaimed land. This will be distributed without cost to the local peasants, but we estimate that the Government will get its money back on the increased cotton crop in not more than seven years.'

The usual social life of the Russian industrial community had already been introduced, rather sketchily, into this temporary construction camp, where somewhat less than half the workers were Uzbeks. There was equal pay for equal work regardless of race; but the Russians had a greater proportion of the skilled jobs. The single men lived in barracks; the married men who had worked for some time on the job had attained perhaps to private quarters of two rooms. The Uzbeks had separate dormitories from the Russians, 'since their habits of living differ from ours.'

I asked the secretary of the Camp Committee if there was much race prejudice. 'No,' he said, after a moment's thought. 'Rather the opposite. When quarrels occur, it is Russians who quarrel with Russians, and Uzbeks with Uzbeks. They know their own kind better and fight with them more readily.'

The secretary of the Camp Committee showed me the workers' quarters and the various facilities maintained under the trade-union. A thousand workers were employed on the dike, he told me; the average wage was about eight rubles a day, but the lowest unskilled labor got only three. They had a clubhouse, and a motion-picture apparatus; a small permanent library of 500 volumes, supplemented by traveling libraries of 150 to 200 books sent by the Construction Workers Union from Samarkand. A drama circle of thirty members, a musical circle, a chess club, as well as political, military, and sport circles, gave occupation for leisure time in the lonely camp on the desert. Not all was bliss, however, among the workers at Revat Khoja. As I entered one of the dormitories, a large Russian near the door rose and blocked my way. He was garrulous from a recent celebration.

'So you're an American,' he said. 'Well, what do you think of our bunk houses? Fit for humans, are they?' He spat disgustedly. I glanced around; sixty men in one enormous room certainly allowed no privacy. Yet each man had his own bunk, with a shelf and hook above it and a table beside it. There were no upper bunks; the room was high and airy, the wooden floors well raised above the winter damp.

'Not much comfort,' I admitted, 'but I've seen worse in the lumber camps of America.'

'You lie!' he shouted, proceeding to inform me that all American workers had automobiles. Why not the Soviet workers? I remarked that, since work on the dam was a temporary job, he could hardly ask the tax-paying Uzbek peasants to furnish better quarters for the dike workers than they themselves had permanently. 'You're a hell of a delegate!' he cried, disgustedly. The other men paid him no attention; they went on playing chess or reading.

Leaving the barracks, I caught the last truck back to Samarkand. Passing along the line of the new canal, I saw on a tiny railroad a small tractor, remodeled to act as locomotive, pulling twenty tons of trailing cars along the rails. Thus was cement delivered to line the new waterway. Not far beyond, along the trees by the road, a train of fifty camels had made camp for the night; their Kirghiz owners, nomads of the desert, were earning an honest ruble working for Revat Khoja. Thus also was cement delivered to the new canal. The old and the new means of transport were working side by side to reclaim the deserts of Asia.

The Russians in Samarkand, however, found my enthusiasm a bit naïve. Not so easily do the old and new work together as it might seem to me, a stranger. They complained that Samarkand is hard to work in; that progress goes slowly. The hot Asian summer had tired them; they longed for Moscow — craving perhaps some winter tonic needed by Northern blood. They did not share my excitement over the picturesque life of the markets. The endless rows of old men, sipping their tea in chai-khanas, — those open carpeted platforms along the streets where a man may squat and musingly contemplate all passing life without the labor of sharing it, — were to these new crusaders no picturesque background, but a positive obstacle — something to be removed that young life might flourish. 'Those old men take their tea as seriously as one does the Revolution,' complained one of the Russians.

When I mentioned the scores of new buildings, the six hundred thousand dollar hospital, the local representative of the newspaper *Pravda Vostoka* said grimly: 'That hospital was supposed to open last May Day, and again in October; now they say, but we do not believe, it will open in January. True, there are many workmen's dwellings finished; but we also know workers' houses promised two years ago and still awaiting roofs. We know what is to blame; not lack of workmen or money, but wasteful and bureaucratic planning and changing of plans. Deadwood at the top. It is hard to get action so far from the centre.'

And the local manager of the Dobrolet airplane line said, more briefly: 'It is easy to put up buildings from a state budget, but hard to transform a backward people.' Yet the mere fact of his own existence — manager of airplanes in the capital of Tamerlane — was in itself an unnoticed revolution.

Impatient souls, destined never to be at peace in the war of changing worlds. Yet it is their impatience which is remaking in a brief generation the lands which had remained unchanged from the days of Tamerlane. They are too near the conquest to know its triumph.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'We look before and after'

I had picked up casually a book which lay on my friend's table. It was Bertrand Russell's *Mysticism and Logic*, and my eye fell on the following sentence, which I read aloud: 'We all regard the past as determined simply by the fact that it has happened; but for the accident that memory works backward and not forward, we should regard the future as equally determined by the fact that it will happen.'

My friend made a wry movement of his lips, but a luminous expression appeared in his eye, and he said, with somewhat exaggerated matter-of-factness, 'I suffered an accident once which had the effect of making my memory work forward instead of back.'

'You did!' I exclaimed. 'What a peculiarly unfortunate accident it must have been!'

'Why do you say so?'

'Well, I should have thought it would be a depressingly hopeless position to see the future arrayed before you, and to know that everything unpleasant in it was unavoidable. Why, you would have suffered all your griefs before you felt them, and yet you would have known that they were still to come! And the pleasures you might have enjoyed anticipating would be past before you experienced them. And then, think too of the loss of the entire past. Griefs themselves are said to be agreeable in retrospect, while everybody knows that chinning over the joys of the days that are no more is one of the inalienable privileges of middle-aged success.'

'You speak plausibly, but superficially,' said my friend. 'The effect of the accident that turned my memory forward instead of back was not quite as you describe it. Sorrows remembered are, as you say, often turned into a kind of sentimental joy. But you must not neglect the fact that real pains tend to be forgotten. So, although my memory was directed to the future, I was quite unaware of most of the really painful incidents that were to befall me, as a child has to be told by his elders of diseases suffered in early infancy. I never could recall, for example, that I was to lose most of my money through unfortunate investments in the great panic which I knew to be coming in 1943 — or was it 1946? My memory was never of the best, whether my reminiscences were of the future or the past. As for my approaching attack of appendicitis, the first time that memory presented its circumstances to me they were painfully vivid; but, like most recollections of the sort, they soon slipped from my mind, and the nearer the actual occasion approached, the harder it was for me to recall the agonies I had suffered from it. The impending loss of my teeth and hair as I grew older was similarly removed from my mind by the blessed power of forgetfulness. I had an excellent memory, however, for all the misfortunes of this sort which the future held for my friends, and I enjoyed malignantly every recollection of their approaching decline, especially when it preceded my own.

'Not only were most of my appointed evils mercifully spared me, but my pleasures were surrounded with delightful uncertainty. For you must

know that memory is a fallible organ always, and I never felt sure of any of the welcome prospects to which I could look forward. Was it the Robinsons or the Hancocks who, ten years hence, had invited me to spend a week at their summer palace at French Lick? And was it at French Lick, or at Hot Springs? Often the event delightfully surprised me, and revealed the extent to which a capricious memory had misled my thoughts. And as I never believed in courses to strengthen my powers of remembering, I cultivated with a good conscience the habit of useful vagueness.

'Nor was it of such disadvantage as you suppose to have lost the past altogether. No inferiority complex, born of domination by elder brothers in early life, or dinned into me by righteously overbearing parents, could check the buoyancy of my mind or dull the confidence with which I mingled with my fellow men. No haunting infantile shames or rankling unquiet conscience could interfere with the joy of the moment or restrict the free use of my faculties. No one could show me a photograph of myself in petticoats and expect me to be embarrassed, for I had no sense of a personal history, with its sorry weight of errors and weaknesses. On the contrary, instead of recalling the puny picture of my youth, I remembered the appearance I had come to wear in my old age, and, faulty as it was, I could rejoice that I should have more dignity on leaving the world than I brought at my entrance into it.

'The past was all a delightful mystery, a veil which I felt it would be impious to raise or to wish to raise. I did not know whence I had come, or by what strange paths my neighbors and I had arrived at our present situation and habits. Yet I was not ignorant of the forces that govern human events, nor unfamiliar with the causes that operate in human life, for all these were spread before me in the future. I had the memory of what was to come to guide me, and could discern where men were going if not whence they had started. After all, it is a question which half of time shall be blank. Perhaps there is not much to choose. Personally I always detested history, and I feel that it is one of the most serious embarrassments attending an individual man or a nation to know his past. Consider how much more freely and wisely the world could act if it were unaware of the follies and hatreds it has accumulated in forty-odd centuries of recorded time!

'Of course, most men find it one of the principal pleasures of life to recall their early days and to dwell with maudlin affection on the past. But I need not remind you that usually the past which they delight to recall never existed, and that their exploits and adventures are largely produced by the imagination of the moment. I am as free as anyone in this respect, and my powers of invention are as lively. If my recollections were of events that had not yet occurred, they were none the less glamorous and sentimental. And I lied as bravely about the future as other men about the past.

'On the whole,' said my friend, 'I don't consider my accident a misfortune. I think you must agree with me that it had its uses.'

'But you have now recovered from it?' I asked.

'Perfectly,' he assured me.

'And you prefer your present state?'

'How can I say? I am glad to have experienced both states. And at best any human faculty is but a faint candle gleaming uncertainly in the midst of darkness and mystery. If it play forward or back, hither or yon, the difference is not much.'

Our educational tablecloth

It is our usual custom to spend our summers and an occasional winter week-end in our camp, a log cabin, simple, but commodious enough for comfort. Since our object is chiefly to escape for a time from the monotonous conventions of ordinary social life, we try to reduce our housekeeping duties to the lowest possible terms of simplicity.

Personal cleanliness is easy enough, for there is always the lake, and swimming is one of the pleasures of summer life. One's body linen, too, must of course be washed regularly; but table linen is a different matter. The thing itself is only a convention, and a comparatively modern one at that. The baronial halls of feudal days knew nothing of it, and those were the very times when knighthood was in flower. We therefore determined to see if we could not dispense with it. White oilcloth should serve us instead. It would not have to be washed. A few swipes with a damp cloth would restore it to pristine spotlessness.

But when we tried it we found that hot dishes cockled it, that blueberry and blackberry stains resisted the damp cloth, and that the enamel cracked along the edges. We disliked bare boards; and besides, they had to be scrubbed. Then, partly by accident, we hit upon our great discovery.

It was Nora, our maid, who did it. She happened one day to spread a newspaper over the table that she was laying for a hurried luncheon before we were to set out on an afternoon hike. The meal seemed to be passing in unusual silence. Looking up, I discovered that each of the others was not only eating but also reading, as I had been.

The portion of the paper that happened to lie in front of me contained the picture of a pretty girl and an article on the value of sage tea in preventing the hair from turning gray, a subject to which I had never before given any thought — the sage tea, I mean. The Lady of the Camp seemed to be absorbed in trying to determine the chances of the Wisconsin Wildcat against Red Mike Morrisey in what was described as a coming 'mill.'

When we got back to camp that evening the table was still covered with newspapers, but on sitting down to supper we found that they were not the same ones. Nora had removed the top layer and thus exposed a fresh literary menu. This time my portion disclosed the fact that marabou-trimmed negligees were to be had for twenty-eight fifty, in heavy beige or orchid crêpe de Chine, lined with silk and interlined with wool. The Lady of the Camp was puzzling over the description of a new hydraulic dredge, which, she said, made no mention of how to get the flour into it.

Since then, whenever we have been in camp, we have continued, to our great satisfaction, the practice of using newspapers for tablecloths. Our papers come to us a day or two late — just long enough after publication to prevent the world from being too much with us, and just soon enough to keep us within sound of the band. At home we give them only a brief selective attention; but in camp it is different. As

> Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,

so we read what we find beside ours.

The process is broadening and educational. In the city one grows so accustomed to reading certain parts of the paper and neglecting others that the mind gets into ruts. In camp there is always the element of surprise. Nuggets of thought gleam from the most unexpected corners. There is Violet Ray's column, for example. I had never given any attention to it before, but now, when I am so fortunate as to draw it in the literary lottery, I always

find in it some fundamental, incontrovertible truth that I can cling to. 'There are many things to be said in favor of keeping our bureau drawers neatly arranged. It indicates a sense of order and a respect for our possessions.' 'How much there is to know in the world, and how little we know or ever can know!'

Hazel Nutt has also had a deep and chastening influence on my life. 'Every woman,' she says, 'should stand in front of her mirror at least once every month with an all-seeing eye'; and again, 'No woman can understand men, even the specimen she spends her life with.' Two well-balanced ideas, you will note. If I am a little disturbed by thoughts of what that all-seeing eye may discover, I am reassured by the second statement, even though 'she' has 'no woman' for its antecedent.

And then there is the Household Column, another department that I had always neglected, but that is now a constant source of pleasure and profit. It was there that I found the excellent receipt for prune nog, contributed by 'Woolly Lamb' in return for directions for making a molasses pie, offered by 'Silver Threads.' But it has its shadows, too, that column. So far as we have discovered, no one of the 'sisters' who contribute to it has been able to offer any suggestion that would cure 'Pond Lily's' husband of a habit that annoys her. 'He is good and kind,' she writes, 'and always wipes his feet and brings me his pay envelope every week; but he will crumb his doughnuts into his coffee and eat them with a spoon.' You can easily see by her name that 'Pond Lily' is of a sensitive and refined nature, whereas 'he' most likely answers to the name of Jake or Bill, has large hands with reddish hair on the back of them, and on Sunday mornings likes to sit in undershirt, trousers, and stocking feet and read the sporting news. 'Pond Lily' will never understand him.

We find too that, when read to the leisurely accompaniment of a camp meal, items that we should ordinarily pass with hardly a thought are sometimes provocative of deep meditation, so that we carry them with us in our minds and debate their meaning. 'Boy Drowns While Skating on River.' 'Man Fractures Skull as He Falls from Staging.' Here, as you will see, is room for argument. Is death by drowning a glacial rather than, as we had supposed, an aquatic tragedy? And did the man knock his head against the wall on the way down? How else could he have fractured his skull 'as he fell'? We have not been able to decide.

And, having seen a number of skiing upsets, we have wondered if there was not a hidden meaning in an item that we found in the Fashion Column: 'A very smart skiing costume consists of five pieces, and is both practical and good-looking enough to convince even the most timid sportswoman that there is more in the sport than appears on the surface.'

But all other parts of the paper grow tiresome and pall on the mental appetite before the attractions of the advertising pages, especially those devoted to real estate and secondhand — I should say 'reconditioned' — automobiles. They alone never grow stale and monotonous, but retain their zest and flavor as bacon does in the diet.

'Just listen to this one!' exclaims Bob, who loves the country: '"Old-fashioned house of eight rooms, fireplaces, near state highway, beautiful view of lake, boating, bathing, fishing, large barn, carriage shed, room for 200 hens, 40 acres high land, plenty wood, timber to pay for place, trout-brook-watered meadow. Can better be imagined than described. Only $1500. $200 down."'

It is one of the delights of living

in New England that every farm has a trout-brook-watered meadow or at least a spring-fed brook, provides boating, bathing, and fishing, and can better be imagined than described — many of them much better.

And there are the bungalows. They may have been designed by the man who put the bungle in bungalow, and built by an Italian shoemaker; and they may stand so close together that you could hardly slip a case knife between them; but they all have boating, bathing, and fishing, and all must be seen to be appreciated.

The 'reconditioned' automobiles are another source of rapture — to read about. They climb hills like the Rocky Mountain goat, burn up the road like the wild ass of the desert, have the acceleration and pick-up of a skyrocket, and bear you to far places on the wings of the wind, as one might aptly say. The verbal picture rivals Job's description of the war horse, and you almost shed tears that circumstances compel 'ole marster' to sell this faithful slave 'down ribber.'

So much for the positive advantages of our discovery. It has other merits. The ease with which the camp table is laid, the gain in tolerance and breadth of view, as well as in knowledge and spiritual uplift, that we get from our educational tablecloths, and the thoroughness with which, when the meal is over, the fireplace performs the usual functions of the washtub — all are arguments for our plan.

The Traveler

It isn't that America is dull, dear,
You've actually *got* to live some place, of course;
But every now and then there comes a lull, dear,
Like that between one's marriage and divorce.

I always travel when I get the fidgets:
You can't *domesticate* an active brain.
I'd simply have an intellect like Bridget's
Unless I'd been exposed to France and Spain.

There's nothing better than a trip to Rio;
I've always *thought* I'd sail around the Horn.
It's nice to watch the stars and look at Leo;
I've had the wheelman show me Capricorn.

Last year I went to India and Darjeeling:
I was n't taken with the Taj Mahal.
Mohammedans are friendliest when kneeling;
There is n't much in Suez but canal.

What is there *half* so pretty as a fez in
The morning, like a painted flowerpot?
I *love* to hear the voice of the muezzin —
But still the Orient is very hot.

Imaginative people look for Eden
From Labrador, in summer, to Shanghai.
I have romantic memories of Sweden,
And natives singing quarter-tones in Skye.

Nothing geographic is consistent:
The Matterhorn is only sweet because
You're drinking beer in villages quite distant.
It's always the *comparison* that awes.

One finds it pleasant taking a siesta
Somewhere in Salamanca or Seville.
In Italy officials are *podesta:*
I knew one once. I always called him Bill.

A *fascinating* little place is Java,
And Sicily's idyllic for its goats.
Volcanoes with some vestiges of lava
Are stimulating from the decks of boats.

It does n't matter much the place or country,
That *foreign* feeling is the thing one needs:
An attitude of insolent effrontery
Behind a comfortable suit of tweeds.

It is n't that America is *dull,* dear,
But somehow I *prefer* a steamer chair.
I'm just a little restless, like the gull, dear,
When April is n't here, and England's there.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXI

As Finch walked swiftly along the country road that led to the lake, the feel of the thick fine dust through the thin soles of his canvas shoes gave him an aching sense of pleasure. The balls of his stockingless feet, his toes, seemed to have acquired a new sensitiveness that morning. They pressed the earth hungrily as though to imprint on it a palpable and lasting caress.

His eyes, dark-ringed after a sleepless night, moved constantly, as though to drink in all possible beauty from the dew-drenched burnished land. He loved it so, and he was going to leave it. So often had he traversed this road, afoot and on his bicycle, and now this was to be the last time!

He could endure his life no longer. He had thought it all out through the long night, reviewed its nineteen years of blundering, cowardice, and terrors, and he had reached the certainty that he could endure it no longer.

If he had had one friend — one person who could have understood, and pitied his forlornness!

There was Alayne, but she was inaccessible because of the presence of Eden. And, even if he could have gone to her and poured out his miserable heart, it would not have sufficed, for there was the family, a solid hostile wall, impervious to his tears as to his batterings. It was not to be borne! In that wall of his own flesh and blood there was no relenting crevice through which he might creep and timidly touch hands again with those he loved. . . . He had wronged them, and there was only one way to make it right.

The old uncles, wondering all these years about their mother's money — and it had come to him! . . . And Renny! But he could not think of Renny, and that look of shame for him on Renny's face!

All night it had been necessary to compel his mind from the remembrance of that look. There had been moments when he had felt that he must run down the attic stairs, throw himself on his knees at Renny's bedside, and beg his brother to forgive him, to comfort him, as he had after childish nightmares. Renny, whom he had wronged most of all!

Well, now he was going to do what lay in his power to set things right. They would have to take the money now and divide it among them!

This morning it required no effort to keep his mind clear. It was as clear as crystal, exquisitely empty, as though washed clean by a hurricane. It was like an empty crystal bowl held up by the hands of his soul to receive the wine of duty. From every side that wine ran into it, from the pine-sweet darkness of the ravine, from the reddening fields, along the slanting rays from the sun through which God spoke to him.

He passed the crossroad. Here once they would have buried him, when his drenched body had been taken from the lake, with a stake driven through his heart. A warning to those who contemplated suicide. He did not think he would have minded that. He would have been no lonelier buried at the crossroad than in the churchyard with his kin around him. What he was about to do seemed so natural that he felt as though all his acts for years had been leading up to this. To obliterate himself — to dash from

his lips the bitter cup of living. He had brought with him into the world not much but the power of loving beauty. He would take out with him all that he could absorb of beauty, and perhaps God would leave that with him, while he slept, as compensation for the pain.

Oh, the caressing softness of the dust! For this last little way he would have nothing between his soles and it. He cast off his shoes and ran barefoot. He threw back his head, drinking in the cleanness of the breeze from the lake. Now he ran over dry, coarse grass, now over shingle that cut his feet, now over fine sand, hard as a marble floor.

The sun was hanging, a great lantern, just above the horizon. A red pathway crossed the lake from it to his very feet. The morning was as pure, as crystalline, as though it were the first morning that had broken over the earth. As he ran splashing into the water, fiery drops were flung up all about him. Translucent ripples disturbed the glassy surface of the lake. He ran out, his bare head empty and untroubled. He was not afraid. He sank into the water and swam outward on his side, following the red pathway. He would swim till he was tired, and then . . . He embraced the gently heaving water. He flung his arm again and again across the early morning ruddiness. He closed his eyes and saw bright panels set in amethyst walls against the lids. . . . There was no thought in him; he was empty as a crystal bowl moving through the water; feeling neither pride nor shame, exquisitely unconcerned; fragile, yet capable of receiving and holding fast the beauty that was flowing with him. . . . He heard music. . . .

Slowly he relaxed, and surrendered himself. . . .

The music became by degrees blurred, resolving itself into an overpowering humming, as though the arch of the sky were the dome of a vast beehive. His ears ached with the burden of it. He longed, with a sad longing, to be free of the fantastic, terrible droning, to hear the music, pure and clear once more. . . .

It is no longer morning, red sunrise, but night, black night, and all the stars are bees, filling the universe with their humming. They swarm in the cold black heavens, hungry for honey, ceaselessly humming. . . .

He must conceal the fact that he is a flower, full to the brim, overflowing with honey, for, if they discover this, they will swarm down upon him and suck the sweet essence out of him, leaving him empty, bruised and forlorn. . . . He shudders and draws his petals close about him to conceal the treasure. He is rocked on his stem, and is terrified that he will be broken from it and fall into the abyss below. . . . His petals are now white, now red, changing their color constantly, veined with violet and gold, drawing and withdrawing above the honey that is the centre of him. . . .

He is convulsed with agony, for the bees have found him out. Their humming is becoming deafening, their wings clash like armor; they fly down, carrying lances to pierce him. . . . There is one golden bee that has seized him. They struggle. He curls up his petals desperately. He tries to scream, but knows that flowers have no voice. The abyss yawns below.

The great golden bee clutches him and will not be thrown off. Another comes to its aid. They are dragging him away now, helpless, fainting. No use to struggle. His petals, red and white, are falling into the abyss. He is torn to pieces.

Eden's face was close to his. Eden's face, white and dripping, with a wet lock plastered over the forehead. Someone else was there too, someone who had been doing strange things to him, knocking him about. He felt weak and sick, but he managed to gasp out, 'All right . . . all right . . . pretty well, thanks.'

He did n't know why he said that, unless they had been asking him how he felt, and he knew he must conceal the terrible truth. He had completely forgotten what the truth was, but he was poignantly conscious of its terror.

Eden was saying, in a staccato way, as though his teeth were rattling, 'God, what a mercy that you were here! I should never have saved him alone!'

It was Minny Ware's rich voice that answered.

'I'm afraid you'd both have been drowned.'

'And this first-aid business — you're simply wonderful! I've never felt such a duffer in my life!'

'You were splendid the way you plunged in! He'll be all right now, I think. It 's you I feel worried about. You've been so ill. I must get help at once!'

Eden's hand was on Finch's heart. 'It's beating more regularly. You're better, old chap? You know who I am?'

'Yes, Eden.'

He lay stretched on the sand now under Eden's coat, his face, of a deathly pallor, half-hidden in the crook of his arm. Eden crouched beside him, gripping between shaking jaws a pipe that had long been out. He patted Finch's shoulder. 'Someone will be here, old chap! Do you feel sick?'

An inarticulate sound came from the prostrate figure. Eden patted him again. 'You'll soon be all right. Those feelings come to us, but they pass.'

'Ugh!' Finch shuddered from head to foot.

Disgusted at being brought back, poor young devil, thought Eden. Preferred oblivion out there to that tidy little fortune of Gran's. Ah, he'd been having a rough time of it — no doubt about that! But he'd get over it — live to play the fool with the money. . . . Money. What must it be like to have money! Why the hell did n't Renny come? If only Gran had left the money to him, Eden! He'd have snapped his fingers in the family's face. There the boy went — shuddering again! Poor little devil!

The Whiteoak car! Rattling down the stony road as though it would fly to pieces. Bang! Some rut that! Rattle, jiggle, bump. Ungodly racket, but how the old car could go! There was Renny at the wheel, his face set, too weather-bitten to show pallor even though he'd had a fright. Serve him right! Serve them all right if the kid had been drowned. Eden guessed at the scene which had brought about this reckless act.

'Hullo!' he shouted. 'Here we are!'

The car bumped on to the beach, stopped with a jerk, and the master of Jalna leaped out.

He came with a long, crunching stride. 'What's this?' he asked sharply.

Eden got to his feet. 'This boy's been trying to do away with himself.'

'Do away with himself! Minny Ware told me that he 'd got cramps swimming!'

'She was trying to spare your feelings! I'm not.' Eden's face was set also. His characteristic half-smile was frozen into a queer grin. 'He has n't been able to tell anything, but I'll venture to say he was hounded into it!'

Renny bent over Finch. He looked into his eyes, felt his heart. 'I must get him into bed. I've brought brandy with me.' He held the cup from a flask to Finch's mouth, and, when the boy had gulped the brandy gaspingly, Renny refilled the cup and handed it to Eden. 'This has been enough to kill you,' he said grimly, 'after all you've been through!'

Eden shrugged, then looked steadily into Renny's eyes. 'I have an idea,' he said, 'that I've done the best thing in saving this youngster that I've done in all my life.'

'Minny Ware told me that you'd never have got him if it had n't been for her.'

Damn Renny! How he took the wind out of one's sails!

'She was there,' Eden admitted, 'and I guess *she* never did a better thing! He must have had a hell of a time to make him do this!'

'Time to talk of that later.' Renny picked up the boy, too light for his length, and carried him to the car. He supported him against his shoulder while Eden drove to the Vaughans'. Meg met them on the steps. The old people at Jalna must not get a fright. Meg's full, soft lips were ineffably tender, and behind her stood Minny Ware. Maurice helped to carry Finch up the stairs.

He was rolled in blankets before a fire, drowsy, perspiring, sensing already the sweet, sticky smell of petunias that came in on the hot sunshine through the open window. But he had something to say to Renny, who stood drawing down his shirt sleeves. He had been rubbing Finch with alcohol.

'Renny,' he said hesitatingly, 'you won't tell them what I did . . . you won't let the others know?'

'All right,' returned Renny, looking down on him with brusque compassion. His mind flew back to other times when Finch had entreated, in the very same tone, 'You won't tell them that you licked me, will you, Renny? You won't let the others know?' And he had answered then as now, 'All right, I won't.'

Meg came in with a step which she tried to make noiseless, but she was getting heavy, and the things on the bedside table jiggled. She bent over the sausagelike form on the bed and stroked the damp hair.

'Comfy, now?'

'Uh-huh.'

She asked Renny, 'How is he, really?'

'Half-lit and as hot as blazes.'

'Poor fellow!' She sat down on the side of the bed and tried to see his face. 'Finch, dear, how could you do such a dreadful thing? Frightening me almost to death! As though *I* minded your having the money! What upset *me* was Gran's giving her ruby ring, that I always understood *I* was to get, to Pheasant. You must understand that. Do you?'

He pushed his head against her palm as a dog urgent for caresses. He felt broken. He tried to drag his mind from the well of muddle-headedness, exhaustion, and submission into which it had sunk, and reply to her, but he could not. He could only feel for her fingers with his hot lips and kiss them.

'He feels so hot!'

'That's the way he ought to feel. Come along and let him sleep.'

Meg led Renny into the sitting room, bright with glazed chintz. Eden was seated by a tray on which were a dish of poached eggs on toast, a pot of tea, and a jar of quince jelly. The shadow was lifted from Meg's face. The agitation caused by Finch was eased. He was safe in bed, and here was a delicious breakfast tray.

She exclaimed, 'This is Minny's doing! She has had breakfast brought up for the three of us. She knew we must be faint for food. What a girl! . . . How lovely to be breakfasting together!'

'I thought you liked eating alone,' observed Renny. 'Have another egg, Eden?'

Eden shook his head. 'I wonder,' he said, 'what the upshot of this is going to be! Brother Finch and the money. I wish the old lady might have left me a thousand.'

Meg said, spreading quince jelly on toast, 'Finch has been getting out of control for a long time. I've seen it, though I have n't said anything.'

'I commend your reticence,' said Renny, looking down his nose.

Meg looked pensive. 'Finch is really a nice boy — underneath. He's ever so generous. Don't you think he might do something for Eden?'

'He does n't come into the money until he's of age. Almost two years. By that time Eden will probably be famous.'

'Oh — his poems! But they pay so badly for them, don't they? Can't Alayne do something for you, Eden?'

'Good God,' exclaimed Renny, irritably, 'she's done almost enough for him, I think! Giving up her work and coming here to nurse him!'

'But why not? He's her husband. I think she'd a perfect right to nurse him.'

'And yet,' retorted Renny, 'you were angry with her for coming!' And he added bitterly, 'But she could never do anything right in your eyes!'

Eden's eyes, full of mocking laughter, looked from one face to the other.

'Quarrel over me, do!' he said. 'It makes me feel so important. And I have n't felt very important of late. I'm quite well again, I've no job, and my wife does n't care a damn for me. In fact,' his eyes narrowed with malice, 'it's my opinion that she only came back to Jalna to nurse me so that she could be near Renny!'

Renny sprang up, with lean red face redder with anger. The table was jarred; a miniature squall slopped the tea from the cups.

'I don't expect anything better of you, Meggie,' he said. 'But I thought that you, Eden, might have a little gratitude — a little decency!' He strode to the door. 'I must go. If you want me to drive you home, come along.'

This day seemed set apart for one emotion on top of another. He could not endure the indoors. Meg followed him to the porch. Before the bed of purple petunias, whose sweetness had risen to Finch's window, knelt Minny Ware, her face close to

the flowers, absorbing their perfume drawn out by the sun. She liked the untidy, luxuriant, sticky things. They had n't troubled themselves about delicacy, precision of form, like some flowers, but had given themselves up to sucking in all the sweetness possible and wastefully exuding it. Though she was conscious of the two in the porch, she made no sign, keeping her head bent over the flowers.

Meg clasped Renny's arm in both her hands. 'There's someone,' she said, indicating Minny with a glance, 'who is deeply disappointed for your sake.'

'I like her nerve! I don't want her sympathy. . . . Meggie!' He turned his dark eyes reproachfully on her. 'Why will you try to shove that girl down my throat when you know that I love Alayne — and Alayne only — and always shall?'

Meg said, with a melancholy vibration in her voice, 'No good will come out of this! Why should she have come back? She is full of deceit. It's just as Eden says — she made his illness an excuse to be near you! I'm glad he's not grateful to her! I'm not grateful to her. I despise her and hate her.'

His carved profile showed no sign of emotion. He let his arm remain in his sister's clasp and his eyes rested composedly on the bright head of Minny Ware, but Meg was aware of an inexplicable magnetic current from him which, if she had been more sensitive, she might have interpreted as a volcanic disturbance in the restrained tenacity of his passion.

Eden appeared in the hall, slid past them, and went to where Minny crouched above the purple mass of petunias. She was not aware which of the brothers had approached, and scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when it was Eden's voice that said, 'I'm afraid you feel very tired. Heroic exertion, that — saving the lives of two able-bodied men.'

She tilted her head so that he looked down into her eyes, and saw the sunlight on the satin prominence of her cheek bones. She denied heroism emphatically. 'I only helped you a bit with Finch. He would struggle. But — I am tired — I don't sleep well — I'm restless.'

He said, 'If you should be taking another early stroll to-morrow, we might meet again by the lake. We could talk.'

'I'd like that. . . . Mrs. Vaughan's a darling, but — I'm getting bored. Oh, I'm a beast! I'm always like that.'

He laughed. 'So am I. We'll meet and compare our beastliness. It's going to be fine to-morrow.'

In the car the brothers rode in silence, broken at last by Eden's saying rather fretfully, 'Sorry, old chap.'

The Whiteoak car was an inauspicious place for an apology to a driver whose ears were not only assailed by its rattle, but who was trying to fathom the meaning of a new jerking movement in its anatomy.

'What'd you say?' he demanded, turning his head with a gesture so like old Adeline's that Eden's apology was marred by mirth. He repeated, 'I say I'm sorry for what I said — about Alayne, and all that.'

Renny had caught nothing but the name of Alayne. He stopped the car with a jerk and gave Eden a look of mingled encouragement and suspicion.

'Yes?'

'If I have to repeat it again,' said Eden, sulkily, 'I'll take it back. I was trying to apologize for what I said about Alayne.' He continued with a frown, 'The fact is, I'm absolutely fed up with being grateful. I've spent the summer oozing gratitude to Alayne. It's got on my nerves. I suppose that's why I said what I did. I'd no right to say it, but — it's true, and you should n't mind that. She'd go through hell — and being under the same roof with me is a fair imitation of hell for her — for the sake of setting eyes on your red head once in a while. She can't help it . . . I can't help it . . . we're caught in a net. . . . She's not suited to any Whiteoak that ever lived. But neither of you can ever be happy as things are. I want you to believe I'm sorry — horribly sorry.'

Renny said, 'I hope this affair has n't given you any cold. If you feel a chill we must have the doctor to you. You must n't be running risks.'

He started the car and concentrated once more on that dubious, jerky movement in its interior. What could it be? He was afraid the time was at hand when he would have to buy a new car.

Eden slouched in his corner. What a baffling devil! If only one could take him apart as one could the car, and find out what was inside! A queer, fiery, cantankerous interior, he'd be bound!

XXII

Renny Whiteoak wandered about that afternoon with a grievous sense of being cut off from the activities of the life he loved by the flaring up of a passion he had thought to have under control, the futility of which was so definite that to brood on it was to hunger for painted fruit in a picture. He had thought to keep his desire for Alayne under control as he controlled a vicious horse by a curb bit, and he was humiliated to find that Eden's reckless words at the breakfast table had broken the bit and set his passion galloping. That, and the sting of Meg's determination to marry him to Minny Ware, her fond hope of transforming him into a placid husband and father. Now he was conscious of only one thing — that, close at hand, beyond the orchards heavy with fruit and thick autumnal sunshine, was Eden's wife whom he loved, who, as Eden had said, would live in hell for the sake of sometimes setting eyes on his red head.

Had the summer been hell to her, he wondered. But he was only faintly curious. Her mind was to him, as woman's mind, a book in a foreign tongue, the pages of which might flutter with subtle charm before him, but which he knew himself to be incapable of reading. Hesitatingly he might recognize a word, a phrase, which resembled the language spoken by himself; indolently he might form its syllables with his lips, trying to become familiar with its tones, but the language must ever remain for him a tenuous whisper between girl and girl.

Eden was well now, but unfit for responsibility. He must be sent to some warm climate for the winter. And Alayne would return to New York. Unless — but what was the alternative? Renny's mind moved in the old relentless circle. There was no way out. If only she were gone to-day! If only he could force himself to go away until this fever subsided and he could endure her nearness with the same stoicism as before. He made up his mind to go away — to breathe a different air.

He reëntered the bridle path, and in a sunny space, where blackberries were large and ripe, he found Minny Ware filling a small basket. He felt a quick annoyance with her for being in his path, and, after a nod, passed on. Then he remembered that he had not thanked her for what she had done that morning. He retraced his steps hastily and came to her side.

'I want to thank you — I can't thank you enough for your courage this morning. God knows what might have happened if you had not been on the shore!'

The sound of his own words raised suspicion in his mind. 'How did you come to be there,' he asked abruptly, 'at that hour?'

'Oh, it was just a coincidence. I like the early morning.'

But he saw warm color creep up her cheeks. Why had she been there? Odd that neither he nor Meg had seen anything strange in the presence of Eden and her on the shore at sunrise.

She knew that he was suspecting her, but she went on picking berries. She selected the largest ones and dropped them almost caressingly into her basket. He noticed that her finger-tips were stained and also her lip, giving her a look of childlike innocence. The trivial act of her laying the plucked berries so gently in the basket, the stain on her fingers and her lip, seemed suddenly of enormous importance to him, as though she were performing some rite. The harassment of his thoughts ceased; his mind became concentrated on the ritualistic act.

She said, dreamily, 'Do you care for these? Shall I pick you some?' Her eyes slid toward him speculatively.

'No,' he answered, 'but I'd like to stay and watch you pick them, if you don't mind.'

'Why should you want to watch me do such a simple thing?' Her eyes searched his face. She had a great longing for love.

'I don't know,' he answered, perplexed. And, seeing that she looked rebuffed, he took her hand in his and kissed her bare arm on the white crook of her elbow.

He was not conscious of the approach of a third person, but he felt her arm quiver and

he heard the quick intake of her breath. She was startled, but not by the caress. She said, 'Oh!' in a defensive tone, and, turning his head, he saw across the bushes the pale, set face of Alayne.

Alayne had come upon what looked to her like a radiant understanding between the two. She saw Minny's exuberance responding to a calculated caress for which Renny had led her to this secluded spot.

She drew back and stammered something incoherent. Minny, not much put out, regained her composure and smiled, not ill-pleased to be discovered by Alayne in such a situation. Renny retained his grasp on her wrist.

In the silence that followed Minny's exclamation, a delicate trilling sound became audible, as though some bizarre but diminutive instrument were being played beneath a leaf of bracken. The performer seemed to be so unconscious of the existence of the giant beings towering above him that his very egotism reduced them to something less than his own size; his shrill piping rose higher and higher, triumphant over mere bulk, was taken up by other players just as insistent, just as impressive in their purpose, till the sound of their trilling became universal. The locusts were singing of the death of Summer.

An inertia had crept over the three, who had, without their own volition, become listeners rather than performers in the woodland drama. Minny held a warm, too soft berry in her hand; Renny looked entreatingly yet dreamily at Alayne, who stood, as though she had lost the power of motion, regarding the linked hands of the other two.

The spell was broken by the appearance of a little green snake, who, unlike the orchestra of locusts, was conscious of the intruders from tip to tip, quivering with fear and hatred of them, rearing his head against their presence, determined to separate them into the three lonely wanderers they had been when they entered the wood.

Without speaking, Alayne turned and walked swiftly along the path, a curve of which soon hid her from their sight. Their hands fell apart. Renny stood irresolute for a short space, feeling a kind of anger against both girls, as beings of a different texture from himself who had a secret in common that was in its essence antagonistic to him. Then, without looking at Minny, he crashed through the underbrush and strode after Alayne.

Minny's eyes, as she resumed her berry picking, had in them more of amusement than chagrin. After all, it was an amusing world. Mrs. Vaughan's schemes come to nothing. . . . Renny Whiteoak in love with that cold-blooded Mrs. Eden. . . . Eden, himself — a wayward dimple indented her round cheek. She began to sing, softly at first, but gaining in volume, till the locust orchestra was silenced, believing Summer to have returned in all her strength and beauty.

Alayne was conscious that Renny was following her and, dreading a meeting with him, she turned from the path at the first opportunity and took a short cut through the woods toward a gate that opened on to the road. He followed the windings of the bridle path, believing her still to be ahead of him, but when he did not overtake her he suspected that she was willfully eluding him, and retraced his way to the short cut. He overtook her just as she reached the road. She heard the opening of the gate and turned to him. Here in the public road she felt more courageous than in the quiet of the wood, less likely to show the feeling which she fought so desperately to control. He had been the permanent object of her thoughts all the summer, yet this was the first time they had been quite close together. She had desired to return to New York without such a meeting. Now that it had been forced upon her, she felt her strength drained by the effort of resisting her own love for him no less than by the bitterness of having discovered him in the act of kissing Minny Ware.

'Alayne,' he said, in a muffled voice, 'you are trying to avoid me! I don't think I deserve it. Upon my word I don't!'

'I would rather be alone. It's nothing more than that.' She began to walk slowly along the road.

'I know —' he exclaimed. 'You're angry. But I give you my word —'

She interrupted furiously, 'Why should you explain things to me? As though it mattered to me! Why did you leave her?

Why did you follow me?' Though her lips questioned him, her eyes looked fixedly ahead.

He walked beside her in the dust of the road. A jolting wagon loaded with turnips overtook and passed them.

He said, 'You can't refuse to have this much explained, surely. I had not been two minutes beside Minny when you came up. My kiss on her arm was no more than her eating a blackberry. A few minutes before that I had stopped by the paddock and kissed a two-year-old there. One kiss was as important as the other. To me — to the mare — to Minny!'

He looked down into her pale, firmly modeled face, with its look of courage, of endurance, its what she called 'Dutch' look of stability. Yet about her mouth was a touch of fatigue, as though she were played out by the isolation and the ingrown emotions of the last months.

He continued, 'I wish I could make you believe in my love as I believe in it myself. There's nothing on earth I could want so much as to have you for my own. Do you believe that?'

She did not answer.

A motor car whizzed by them, raising the dust in a cloud. 'Come,' he said, 'let us get off this road. It's so hot and dusty it will give you a headache.'

But she trudged doggedly on.

'Alayne,' he persisted, 'why don't you say something — if it's only to say that you don't believe me — that you're sick of the sight of me?'

She tried to answer, but her mouth was parched and her lips refused to move. She felt that she must go on forever, walking along this road, with him following her, longing to cry out, yet unable to speak, as in a nightmare. She would go on till she stumbled and fell.

He did not speak again, but walked beside her, trying once rather pathetically to suit his stride to hers. At the foot of the steps that led to the church he stopped.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'To your grandmother's grave. I haven't seen it yet. Do I hear Finch playing in the church?'

'No, no. Finch is in bed. He tried to drown himself this morning.' Let her have that. Perhaps it would shock her out of this terrible quiet.

'Yes,' she said calmly. 'Eden told me. No wonder!'

'God, how you hate us!'

'No — I fear you.'

He said, almost irritably, 'All this is so unreal! Can't you, or won't you, talk about our love? You know it exists. Why blink it? We can't come together, but surely — just before we part we can speak of it. I am going away to-night. You need n't be afraid that you'll see me again.'

She began to go up the steps toward the churchyard. He caught her dress and held it. 'No. You shall not go up there! I can't follow you there.'

She raised her face to his with a sudden piteousness in her eyes. 'Where shall I go, then?'

'Back into the woods.'

They turned back, and had to step into the ditch, rank with dusty goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies, out of the way of a truck loaded with calves. She stumbled; he put his hands on her and supported her. She felt that she must fall.

Again they were in the golden-green well of the woods. The red sun was low. Overhead the half-moon drifted, a pale feather, along the sky.

They stood for a moment listening to the beating of their own hearts. Then she raised her heavy eyes to his and whispered, 'Kiss me —'

He bent. She drew his head down, closed her eyes, and felt for his mouth with her lips.

With their kisses they mingled the endearments pent up so long in their hearts.

'Alayne, my precious one.'

'Renny — oh, my darling love.'

He drew away a little and cast an oblique glance at her. 'Is it true —'

'Is what true?'

But he could not go on. He could not ask her if what Eden said to him were true — that she would be willing to live in hell for the sake of seeing him now and again — that she had come back to Jalna to be near him, and not for Eden's sake.

'Is what true?' she whispered again.

'That we must part.'

She broke into restrained but bitter crying.

A great flock of crows passed above the tree tops, calling to each other, crying wildly.

'They are mocking us!' she said.

'No, we don't exist for them. We only exist for each other. . . . Alayne, I can't go away to-night as I said.'

'No, no! We must meet sometimes and talk — while I am still here. Oh, Renny, hold me close — I want to get strength from you.'

'And I want to make you as weak as I am,' he murmured, against her hair. He drew her closer. Some magnetic current from his hands frightened her. He began to kiss her again. What mad thoughts were born of his kisses against her eyes, her throat, her breast!

She disengaged herself and began to return along the bridle path. He followed her, his eyes dark and brilliant, the lines about his mouth patient and stubborn.

It seemed that he could follow her thus across the world, lean, primitive, untiring.

Where their paths separated, they said a muttered good-bye, not looking at each other.

XXIII

Finch did not return home for a week. He remained under Meg's protective care, feeling the not unpleasant languor that follows the overstrain of hysterical emotion. He spent the first days in bed, listening indolently to the various noises of the house, the cooing of Patience, the singing of Minny Ware, the activities of the old Scotch housekeeper.

Meg's notion of rehabilitating him in his old niche, or something better, was to feed his body with the best that her kitchen could provide. Her intuition, and some self-reproach, told her that he needed tempting food and plenty of it. He was tempted like an invalid and ate like a field laborer. Renny, coming to visit him and finding him propped up over half a broiled chicken, thought, and declared vehemently at Jalna, that Meggie was perfect. Her remarks about Alayne had faded as breath from a glass. These were women's ways and beyond his ken. But he could take in the significance of Meggie's plump white hand stroking Finch's lank hair, or a crisp section of broiled fowl surrounded by green peas. The family at Jalna were told that Finch had had a 'nervous breakdown' (most convenient of illnesses) just as he arrived at the Vaughans' house, had been taken in, and was being nursed back to health by the blameless Meggie, and that it would be a good thing if they could bring themselves to treat him with indulgence on his return. It was a relief to all to have him out of the house for that week. The sight of his angular, drooping form and the knowledge that here was the heir to old Adeline's fortune might have produced other nervous breakdowns. As it was, the talk rolled on and on without even the insignificant let or hindrance of his presence. Augusta was shortly returning to England. Never again would she endure another Canadian winter. She had had the good fortune not to have been born in Canada. She had no intention of dying there of the cold. This she affirmed with the thermometer at eighty-five degrees in the last fever of summer. She urged her brothers to return with her for a visit.

Meg thought that a talk from Mr. Fennel would be good for Finch. She did not tell the rector that the boy had done anything so desperate as attempt to take his own life, but she intimated that he had lost control of himself in a very strange and inexplicable fashion. Mr. Fennel shrewdly guessed that there had been a disturbance at Jalna over the will, and that Finch, made ill by the excitement, was being kept at the Vaughans' till the smell of the fat died away. He came to see him and talked, not religion or behavior, but about his own young days in Shropshire, and how he had wanted to be a stage comedian, and did Finch so much good by his wit and sagacity that the boy was able to be out of bed that evening, and the next morning steadied himself still more by an hour at the piano.

The next day George Fennel, back from camp, came to see him, and still further forwarded his recovery. George was beaming over his friend's good fortune, and blithely indifferent to the disappointment of the rest of the clan. He sat, solid, rumpled, sunburned, on the side of the bed,

and discussed the endless possibilities of a hundred thousand dollars.

'Why, look here,' he said, 'you can get up a *regular* orchestra of your own, if you want. We could take it on a tour across the continent. Some sort of striking uniform — blue with lots of gilt. I suppose your family would object. My father would, too. He has n't much imagination. Hates anything stagy. But it 's the sort of life I'd like.' His eyes shone. He took from his pocket the usual crumpled cigarette package that invariably contained from one to three enervated cigarettes, and offered Finch one. They puffed together in the sweet renewal of good-fellowship after absence.

'And look here,' he went on, 'you should get yourself a concert grand piano. I'd like to hear you on a concert grand. Playing some of those things from the *Chauve-Souris*. It would make a tremendous difference to you, having a piano like that. You might become famous. . . . Last night I had dinner in town with a Mr. Phillips. He 's got absolutely the best radio I've ever heard. It 's an expensive one, but he says it gives perfect satisfaction. We heard wonderful grand-opera music and some fellow on the piano — just the sort of thing you 'd like. You really ought to have one of those. It would be good for you, too, because you could hear all the best things and not bother about the jazzy stuff. . . . Good Lord, do you remember the way we used to pound out "My Heart Stood Still"?'

George broke into his peculiar, sputtering laughter, then became serious. 'Do you know, Finch, up in the North where I was there was a wonderful bargain in a summer cottage. It was a log-cabin sort of thing built by some American who finds it too far to come. He 's going to sell it awfully cheap. It would be splendid for you to own such a place to rest in, in the summer, and take your friends to, and recuperate and all that. It 's got an enormous stone fireplace and raftered ceilings, and the deer come almost up to the door. Why, one night, this American said, a porcupine kept him awake gnawing at the foundation.'

'It would be splendid,' agreed Finch, his head suddenly very hot with excitement. 'The trouble is,' he added, 'that I don't get this money till I 'm twenty-one.'

'The time will soon pass,' said George, easily. 'I dare say these people would hold the cottage for you. I'll bet that you could raise money any day on your prospects. That 's often done.'

Finch lay bewildered, speechless before the vista opening before him.

His meeting with Arthur Leigh was very different and, though less riotously stirring, had an equally healing effect on his bruised spirit. He had a note from Arthur that ran: —

My dear old Finch, —

What is this dazzling news I hear of you? I met Joan on the street and she told me something about a huge bequest. I am delighted, and Mother and Ada almost as much so. Please come and spend a week with us (my womenfolk insist that it shall be no less) and we can talk day and night. It will take seven of them for all I want to say to you.

To think that I have never seen you since your mysterious disappearance to New York! And in all this time I have never had so much as a line from you!

Yours ever,
Arthur

Finch's heart was quick with love for his friend when he had read this note. The plain but heavy note paper, bearing the Leighs' crest and Arthur's small black handwriting, symbolized for him the dignity and elegance of Arthur's life. The fact that he was a Court and a Whiteoak meant nothing to Finch; this note written by Arthur's small, exquisite hand was truly impressive. He carried it in his pocket as a kind of charm when he returned to Jalna.

It required great fortitude to return. So tremulous were his nerves when he entered the house, he feared a wry look or word lest it should betray him into an hysterical outburst. The very smell of the house sent a quiver through him. The smell of the thick, heavily-gilded wall paper, the shabby tasseled curtains, the faint Eastern odor that hung near his grandmother's room, where now reigned inviolable stillness. Did he imagine it, or was there still the odor of coffin and funeral flowers in the empty drawing-room? He stood in the hall, not

knowing where to go, listening to his own heartbeats. He felt desolate and afraid in spite of George's visit, of Arthur's letter. For the first time he realized his grandmother's death, and the loss those visits to her room would be to him. He realized with a constriction of the throat how much confidence he had got from those weeks of intimacy with her fierce and extravagant nature.

In the upstairs hall he met Nicholas, the one he dreaded most of all.

'Home again?' Nicholas said, in his brusque way. 'Do run down to the dining room and fetch me my glasses. I've left them on the table by the window.'

Finch flew for the glasses. Nicholas took them, with a rumble of thanks, not looking at him, and retired into his room. Finch drew a deep breath of relief. Nicholas had been aloof, but not austere — not terrible as on that last day. His home-coming might not be so harrowing after all.

He did not see Piers until dinner, when the latter came in bare-throated, healthy, bright-eyed, after driving a good bargain for a carload of apples. He grinned at Finch, with derision rather than malice, and, after they were seated at table, said, 'No wonder you took to your bed! I'd have done the same if I had got it.'

'For God's sake,' returned Finch, in a whisper, 'shut up!' But even this meeting was much easier than he had expected. Life was going on at Jalna; the loom was moving slowly, creakingly, but it was moving, and Finch, in his new aspect, was drawn into the changed pattern.

He was undressing that first night when he heard soft steps ascending the stairs. He was startled, for he seldom had a visitor. Wakefield appeared in the doorway.

He advanced with an ingratiating smile. 'I simply could n't sleep, Finch. Renny's out for the evening and he did n't tell me where, so I can't be sure what time he'll come in.' He added rather patronizingly, 'I thought you might feel nervous up here all alone after your breakdown. I thought I'd better come and bear you company.'

Finch returned, in the same tone, 'Well, I'm afraid you will repent you of your folly. I'm a beastly bedfellow, and I'm going to have the light on and read for a bit.'

'That will just suit me!' cried Wake gayly, scrambling into the bed and clutching the sheet defensively. 'I really want to talk with you about your plans, and give you a little advice about looking after all your money.'

'For goodness' sake,' shouted Finch, 'have a heart! I'm not rich! How much money do you suppose I 've got? Ninety-eight cents — that's what. And I'm invited to spend a week with Arthur Leigh!'

Wakefield looked pleased. 'That's nice, is n't it? Because when you're visiting a rich fellow like that you'll not need any money. You might just as well leave the ninety-eight cents with me.'

'If I was some brothers,' declared Finch, 'I'd give you a good hiding and send you downstairs. I suppose you'd tell, though.'

Wake shook his head firmly. 'No, I should n't. I'd bear the pain with all the fortitude I could muster.'

Finch groaned. 'Gosh — the language you use! It's awful to hear a small boy talking like an old gentleman of seventy. That's what comes of having no other kids to play with.'

Wakefield's luminous eyes darkened; he played his never-failing trump card. 'No, Finch, I don't think it's that. . . . I think it's because I'm pretty sure I'll never live to be seventy — or p'r'aps even grow up. I want to use all the language I can in the short while I'm here.'

'Rot!' But it was too bad to be rough with the poor little fellow. . . . When he got his money he'd do something nice for Wake!

He got up, undressed, changed his mind about reading, and was just going to put out the light when Wakefield said, in a cajoling tone, 'I say, Finch, are n't you going to do — you know what?'

'No, I don't.'

'Oh, yes, you do!' His smile was sly. 'Shut the door first.'

Finch, about to blow out the candle, growled, 'Have n't an earthly idea what you're babbling about.'

'You said — that day — that you — oh, Finch, please do it!' He made a gesture to express mystery. 'That lovely thing

you said you did — in front of the little goddess.'

'Oh, that!' Finch stood motionless above the candle flame, an odd pointed shadow on his forehead, the hollows of his eyes dark. 'You would n't like that. It would frighten you.'

'Frighten me! Never! I shan't tell a soul of it.'

'Swear!'

'I swear.'

'If you breathe a word of this I'm done with you forever and ever, remember!'

He went to the cupboard. There was a mysterious rustling, while Wake sat upright on the bed shivering in ecstasy.

Finch brought forth the figure of Kuan Yin and set it on the desk. He took from a drawer a packet of small pyramids of incense, and stood one at her feet. The moon had risen above the tree tops and was sending a shaft of light, clearly defined as the blade of a sword, in at the window. Finch blew out the candle. The various objects in the room were reclaimed by darkness; only the delicate porcelain figure of Kuan Yin held the light like a jewel. He lighted the incense. A blue spiral of smoke arose from it, and spread like a tremulous veil to the verge of the moonshaft. A pungent, exotic scent sought the expectant nostrils of the boys. They became still as the statue herself; their faces, drained of color by the moon, seemed also shaped in porcelain. A sudden gust had arisen; the oaks began to sigh and then to shake. The moon, which had seemed clear of the tree tops, now was caught in their upward straining, her light shattered into bright prisms dissolving, rejoining, dancing across the darkness. The spirits of the boys were not in their bodies, but were liberated by the incense.

Under the guidance of Kuan Yin, patroness of sailors, they floated through the casement into moonlit seas of an unearthly beauty.

XXIV

It was a morning of swinging white clouds against an ardent blue sky. The thick yellow sunshine was flung on the gray walls of the attic room as though with a brush. More gold than gold it seemed; the sky bluer than blue; the grass and trees more green than ever green had been. That querulous artist Summer, who had given them during her season so many blurred and wanly tinted pictures, now seemed intent on splashing her last color on the final canvas with furious brilliance.

'What a day,' cried Wake, 'for going on a visit! How I wish I were!' He paused in the scrubbing of his face with a washcloth to look pensive. 'Do you know, Finch, I've never been on a visit in my life. Not one little visit! I wonder if ever I shall!'

'Of course you will. I'll take you somewhere — sometime,' promised Finch.

He was excited about his own visit this morning. He recklessly made up his mind to stay the week with the Leighs, and, before he went down to breakfast, he put the pick of his wardrobe into a suitcase. Renny must be approached for money.

Finch found him on the rustic bridge. At this time of the year the stream was usually little more than a rivulet pushing its way through a rank growth of rushes and water weeds. But this year it had the fullness of spring and, beneath the bridge, had widened into a pool encircled by a thick new growth of watercress. The rippled, sandy bottom reflected swarthy sunlight. Renny was not alone. Perched on the rail beside him was Eden, lazily dropping bits of twig into the pool. They were not talking, but seemed to have finished a conversation which had left each absorbed in contemplation of his own position. Finch noticed the great improvement in Eden's appearance. His face and neck had filled out and showed a healthy pinkish-brown. Nevertheless he retained a look of delicacy in contrast to the sharp vigor of Renny. Finch thought, 'Eden looks indolent and good-humored, and yet I'm glad it's old Renny I must ask for money and not Eden.'

He approached, feeling self-conscious, and stood beside the elder, from whose clothes came the smell of pipe tobacco. Finch muttered, out of the side of his mouth, 'I've had a letter from Leigh inviting me to stay with him for a week. I thought I'd go to-day.'

'Oh, all right. It will do you good.'

'I suppose — I think — I'll need to have some money.' It was difficult to say the

word 'money.' It had an ominous sound, since its disposal had lately been the subject of so much wrath.

Renny put his hand in his trousers pocket. His expression was forbidding, but, after he had scrutinized the silver and the one crumpled banknote on his palm, he replaced them and produced from the breast pocket of his coat the worn leather pocketbook upon which the eyes of his family had so often rested in expectancy. He drew from it, with his accustomed air of trying to conceal exactly how much he had, five one-dollar bills, and handed them to Finch. Eden craned his neck to observe the transfer.

'A couple of years more,' he said, 'and your positions will be reversed.'

Finch's face grew scarlet. Was he never to have any more peace? Was the legacy always to be a subject for sportive comment? He pocketed the money glumly with a muffled 'Thanks awfully.'

'In the meantime,' said Renny, 'he has a lot of hard work before him and I don't want him ragged about his money. I've told Piers so, too. You're a poet. You ought to know what it is to be sensitive and melancholy and neurotic, and all that. If he gets too much teasing he may give you another chance to save his life, eh, Finch?' Reticence was not a characteristic of the Whiteoaks.

Eden laughed, but his face reddened, too. He said, 'Next time you try it on, brother Finch, choose the stream just here, and I'll fish you out from the bridge without getting my feet wet.'

Finch grinned sheepishly and was about to turn away when Eden said, 'Don't go! Stay and talk to me. Renny is off. Are n't you, Renny?'

'I'm late, now,' said Renny, looking at the battered gun-metal wrist watch that had gone with him through the War. Always hurrying to mysterious appointments concerning horses was Renny, appointments which tended to make thinner rather than thicker the worn leather pocketbook.

Finch and Eden were alone. They stared into the darkly flashing pool in embarrassed silence for a few minutes, then Eden said seriously, 'I told Renny the other morning that I believed I had done the best thing in my life when I saved yours. Quite apart from brotherly love, I make a guess that you're the flower of the flock. I'm damned if I know why I think so. I suppose it's intuition — I being a poet, and sensitive, along with those other attributes ascribed to me by Renny. God, is n't he an amusing fellow?'

'He's splendid!' said Finch, hotly. 'I don't want to hear anything against him.'

'You won't. Not from me. I admire him as much as you do — though in a different way. I admire and envy the side of him that you don't know at all. . . .'

'Renny's been awfully good to me about my music.'

'Certainly. But why? Because he understands your feeling for it? No! Because he looks on you as a weakling, and is afraid you'd go dotty without it! He has an equal contempt for me as a poet. He only tolerates me because of the blood tie. He'd be loyal to Satan himself if he were his half brother!'

'I wish I were like him,' muttered Finch.

'No, you don't! You can't make me believe that you would exchange your love of music for love of horses and dogs.'

'And women,' added Finch.

'Ah, we all love women! But you must be like me — love and forget. Uncle Nick was like that as a young man, too. He told me once that he's forgotten the names of the women he once cared for — excepting, of course, the one he unhappily married.'

Finch said, 'Eden, do you mind telling me something? Don't you care for Alayne any longer?'

'I don't love her as a woman, if that's what you mean. Perhaps I should have forgotten her name, too, if we had n't married.'

'Strange — when she is so — lovely, and so good.'

'She loved my poetry first. Then me, as the author of it. And I suspect that I loved her for loving my poetry. It's all over.'

'But she loves your poetry still, does n't she?'

'I believe she does. But she loves it as disembodied art. It's Renny she loves now.'

Finch turned away and crossed to the other side of the bridge. Here the stream

lay in shadow. He rested his eyes on the cool shallow of it for a moment of silence, and then asked, 'Are you writing anything now, Eden?'

'A good many things in the last month.'

'I should like to see them.'

'I'll bring them here some afternoon, and read them to you. I'll bring the first things I wrote after I came home. I don't believe they're of much value, but I'd like you to hear them because the theme of nearly all is the sweetness of life. I've never questioned that. No matter how despondent I may have seemed when you found me in New York, I had never once thought of taking my life. Good God, I'd sooner have spent the rest of my days and nights on that park bench where I could look up at the clouds and the stars than to have done away with myself.'

Finch, sprawling against the railing, said, 'I was watching that frog diving about under that big mound of honeysuckle — thinking what a good time he has.'

'Yes. Amusing little devil. I wonder how often he's gone a-wooing this summer.'

Finch grinned. It was Eden, he thought, who was amusing. Inquisitive. He could n't watch even a frog without speculating about its private life.

They watched the frog sit goggle-eyed on the mossy rim of the pool, his fingers spread, his full wet throat pulsing. They watched him galvanize, without apparent reason, into the green arc of a leap. When the surface of the pool had cleared, they saw him sitting under water, his fingers spread on the yellow sand, goggle-eyed, hallucinated as ever.

'If you don't mind,' said Eden slowly, 'I'm going to tell you something. Something I have not told anyone else.'

Finch was immensely flattered. He turned his long face receptively toward his brother.

'I have it in my mind to write a narrative poem of the early history of French Canada. There's tremendous scope in it: Jacques Cartier. The perilous voyages in sailing vessels. The French Governors, and their mistresses. Crafty Intendants. Heroic Jesuits. The first Seigneurs. Voyageurs. The Canadian chansons. Those poor devils of Indians who were captured and taken to France, and put to work in the galleys. Think of the song of homesickness I could put into their mouths! Think of the gently bred French women who came over as nuns! Think of their chant of homesickness for France — and ecstasy of love for Christ! If only I can do it as it should be done, Finch!' His face shone. He made a wide gesture expressing fervor and half-tremulous hope. Finch saw that the cuff of the gray tweed sleeve was frayed, that the wrist, in spite of its roundness, still looked delicate. His heart went out to meet Eden.

It was the first time that he had been treated as an equal by one of his brothers. And now, not only treated as an equal, but made the recipient of confidence! His face reflected the glow from Eden's. He felt a passionate desire to be his friend.

'It will be splendid,' he said. 'I'm sure you can do it. It is awfully good of you to tell me.'

'Whom else could I tell? You are the only one who can understand.'

'Alayne could.'

Eden said irritably, 'I tell you, there's nothing — less than nothing — between Alayne and me now! When you're older you'll find out that there is no one so difficult to confide in as someone you have ceased to love — no matter how much you may have in common. We're always on our guard now that I am better.'

'I don't see how you can live in the Hut together — if things are like that.'

'We can't! She's going back to her work. I'm going away. Drummond says I must be in the open air all winter. That's the trouble.' His fair face was shadowed by some disturbing thought. 'Renny wants to send me to California. But I've made up my mind that I shan't go there. I must go to France. It will not only be a thousand times more congenial to me, but I'll be able to search out the beginnings of French Canadian history. I want to get at the roots. In fact, I must, or I'll never do this thing as I want to do it. I want to spend a year in France, — stay till I've finished the poem, — but how am I to do it? Renny can never afford money enough for that.' The shadow on his face deepened to an expression of melancholy. 'I'm helpless. I suppose I'll have to go just where I'm

sent. There is no one to lend me an extra two thousand. I'd need that much.'

'If only,' cried Finch, 'I had my money! I'd help you like a shot.'

Eden gave him a warm look. 'You would! I believe you. You're a trump, Finch! I'd take it, too, but — not as a gift. I'd pay it back with interest, once I'd got on my feet. But what's the use? Your money's tied up for ages.'

Finch was tremendously stirred. If only he could help Eden! This new Eden who had talked to him about his poetry — while it was still seething in his poet's mind.

A passionate desire to help his brother surged through all his being. Why, it was only right that he should help Eden, give him all the money he needed! Had n't he risked his life to save Finch's? The boy took excited turns on the narrow space of the bridge.

'If only I could get at it!'

'I hope,' said Eden, 'that you're not being stirred by any ridiculous sentiment — gratitude. You know how I hate the idea of that.'

'But how can I help it?'

'Just don't let yourself. As Gran used to say, "I won't have it!"'

Finch burst into loud laughter. He was almost beside himself with excitement. He had got an idea. A marvelous, a gorgeous idea! He stopped in front of Eden and grinned hilariously into his face.

'I have it! I can get the money for you! I'm sure I can.'

Eden was regarding him with his odd, veiled gaze. 'How could you possibly?' His tone was weary, but his heart was beating quickly. Was it possible that he was going to be able to save his face? Not going to be forced to suggest ways and means to the youngster?

'Why, it's like this,' jerked out Finch breathlessly. 'There's my friend, Arthur Leigh! He's got any amount of money. He's of age and he's in control of a fair-sized fortune already. He'd lend it to me. I'd give him my note, — with good interest, you know, — then I'd be able to fix you up with just what you want!' Finch's face was scarlet; he had run his hands through his hair, standing it on end; his tie was gone askew; he had never looked wilder, less like a philanthropist.

Eden's eyes lighted, but he shook his head almost gloomily. 'It sounds feasible enough, but I can't do it.'

'Why?' Finch was thunderstruck.

'What would they say — the others? Renny'd never stand for it. He's putting up the money for California, and he thinks there's nothing more to be said.'

'He need never know. No one need know, but ourselves — and Leigh. And I'll not let Leigh know what I want the money for. Oh, he's the most casual fellow you ever saw! He'd never ask a question. Just say, "All right, Finch, here's your money!" and stuff my note in his pocket. He does n't know what it is to higgle over money as we do. Eden, you must let me do this! I've hated like the devil having this money. It's hung over me like a curse. If I could do something splendid with it — like helping you — making it possible for you to write your books — it would seem quite different.' His eyes filled with tears.

'What put the idea of borrowing from Leigh into your head?'

'It just came. A sort of inspiration, I guess.' He must not admit that George Fennel had made the suggestion.

'If I took the money,' said Eden, frowning, 'I should insist on paying it back with a higher interest than you would pay your friend.'

'The hell you would!' said Finch grandly. 'You'll pay the money back just when you can — without any interest. I tell you, I've made up my mind to do something for each one of the family out of this money. Then I shan't feel such a — such a — sort of pariah! It just happens that you're the first one I'm tackling, and it's got to be kept an absolute secret.'

Eden's face broke into a smile that was almost tender. He caught Finch's hand and squeezed it. 'My poor wretch,' he said, 'how quickly you're going to be rid of your money!'

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

There are few born story-tellers in the world, but almost everybody has one story at least to tell. Human experience is as interesting to hear as it is to relate. We should like readers of the *Atlantic* to realize that the editors follow with sympathy and attention manuscripts from friends entirely unknown to them. To write for the sake of writing is a sterile pursuit; to write with sincerity something sincerely felt is often to make literature.

To **Harriet Connor Brown** has been awarded the *Atlantic* prize of $5000 for 'the most interesting biography' to reach us by the first of May. More than five hundred manuscripts were submitted in the competition, by authors of many nationalities, relating the lives of every imaginable type of human being, eminent and obscure. Readers of the story of Grandmother Brown will realize why a life which in itself has embraced a crucial century of our history, and which in its ancestral roots taps the very fountain springs of the Republic, should have triumphed over the many interesting and significant human records which the *Atlantic* received. Δ A lecturer in astrophysics at McGill University, **A. Vibert Douglas** exemplifies the imaginative temperament which the common man instinctively feels ought to be characteristic of astronomers. Δ Listening to the speech of the Southern mountaineers, **Percy MacKaye** has gathered words 'with the dew still on them,' as Lowell said of Chaucer. The story of the British Lady will eventually appear, with others of its kind, in a book entitled 'Weathergoose — Woo!' to be published by Longmans, Green and Company.

Born in New Jersey, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, **Mary Lee Davis** graduated from Wellesley, took a master's degree at Radcliffe, and, as the wife of a mining engineer, has become accustomed to camps and outposts in the far quarters of the earth. **Robert Dean Frisbie** is now in this country after his years as a South Sea trader and observer. The voyage to San Francisco required one hundred and thirty days. 'Provisions gave out,' Mr. Frisbie writes, 'and we nearly all starved at sea. . . .' **S. Foster Damon,** whose second book of poems will appear this fall, is an assistant professor of English at Brown University. Δ The author of 'Fear' has occupied, severally and together, the posts of publisher, essayist, and critic. **Marian Storm** describes a virtually undiscovered town. 'None of my friends in Mexico,' she writes, 'even those who have lived there more than twenty-five years, knew about Uruapan. I have n't met one foreigner who has been there. It takes two days, by the narrow-gauge road, from the capital. No one — I least of all — had any idea that there was such a place. It seemed as if I were just led.' **Charles D. Stewart** is known to all *Atlantic* readers as a naturalist who illumines fact with insight. In 'The Art of Dying' he turns from nature to man at his most critical hour. **Charles Hanson Towne,** of New York, is a poet, novelist, and editor.

Merle Colby is manager of one of the oldest among Boston bookstores. **Charles Morrow Wilson** sends us his interesting study from Arkansas. **Stanley Casson,** an English archæologist, has gained an intimate acquaintance with the lands of Grecian heritage. His most recent volume, *Some Modern Sculptors,* appeared this spring. **Mohammed Leopold Weiss** is a well-known journalist and traveler, whose articles on the Near East have appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and elsewhere. **Anna Louise Strong,** after extensive study in American universities and experience as a social worker, went to Russia, and came to know intimately the course of Russian action in China and in Soviet Central Asia.

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I noticed by an item in the daily press that Mr. Robert Dean Frisbie, who contributed an article in your April number regarding Mrs. Turtle laying her eggs, landed this week at San Francisco, and expected to return at once to his far-away home in the South Pacific. It occurred to me that a bit of information that I once ran on to might be of some advantage to him.

Some years ago I met in New York a gentleman who had just landed a shipment of green turtles from the southernmost island of the Bahamas, which he claimed to have raised. These turtles were all about the same size, and he claimed of the same age. As I remember, the dates they were hatched were scratched in the shells.

His statement was that some five years before that time he went to this island from Florida with the intention of finding some way to domesticate these turtles; that he had gathered all the information relative to their habits, characteristics, and propagation that he could, which was exceedingly little. On the south side of this island, where a narrow inlet made a small pond into which a creek emptied, he leased a tract of land. He then built a wall of loose rock across the inlet so that the sea could ebb and flow through it into the pond, thus keeping the pond supplied with moving sea water.

With this enclosure completed, he proceeded to stock his pond. With the help of some natives from Santo Domingo he procured some young turtles that cost him a substantial sum of money. These he placed in the pond, and fed them plentifully; they made no effort to escape, and soon learned to look for feeding time like domestic animals. I believe he stated the female turtle has to be some twenty years of age before she begins to lay. This made it necessary for him to find some other method of securing his stock; hence with the help of the above-mentioned natives he carried on a search for turtle eggs. A nest was found and moved by making a similar nest in a tub of sand, putting the eggs into it, and gently carrying the tub to a place near his cabin. He placed a roof above the tub so as to keep the rain off and enclosed it so as to keep away nocturnal creatures that prey upon these nests. If I remember correctly there were one hundred and twenty turtles hatched from this nest. These were placed in pens in the pond that he had made with wire netting stretched from post to post driven into the ground. I believe he dug a trench, drove the posts into the bottom of the trench, attached the netting, and filled up the trench so as to have the lower edge of the netting below the bottom of the pond.

He claimed it was necessary to keep young ones separate from the older and larger turtles, because at feeding time the larger would eat up all the food, as do domestic animals and fowls. Later this man secured some turtles that were fully matured, and he described the making of the nests and laying of the eggs as did Mr. Frisbie in his article. He built a wire-screen fence along the top of the sea wall to keep the turtles from escaping into the sea, though he claimed he never found them trying to escape.

A very short time after I met this gentleman he died suddenly in Florida, and I never learned what became of his turtle farm.

JAMES L. CLARK

The other side of mass production.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with great interest Mr. Edward A. Filene's 'Mass Production Makes a Better World,' which appeared in the May issue. With Mr. Filene I agree regarding various benefits that mass production is giving to society, and I believe that its march cannot be retarded.

Mr. Filene in his article says, in part, 'There is no ground for the fear that machinery and the consequent increased productivity will cause more than temporary unemployment. In the motor industry *there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment* due to increased production.' In my opinion, this statement contains a substantial error. From 1923 to the middle of 1928, especially in Detroit, where the greatest percentage of the automobile industry is centred, we have had two depressions. During this six-year period we have had nearly three and one-half years of good stability and two and one-half years bad stability. When it is bad stability in the automobile industry thousands of workingmen are idle. In an endeavor to create a livable working balance between the workers and those idle, periodical lay-offs are instituted. In other words, for a period of weeks the workers become idle and the idle become workers.

Let us see what the United States Department of Labor says in this matter. It reports that 'the automobile industry shows the greatest instability of employment of any of the industries so far analyzed by the bureau in its series of studies of this subject.' The report says further, 'The annual averages show consistently bad stability conditions with little or no improvement apparent. In fact, with the exception of 1926, each year showed a lower average than 1923. . . . For every year since 1923, except 1926, the stability index for more than one half of the plants was under 85.'

I abridged the greater part of the U. S. Labor Bureau's statement, which is unfavorable to the statement of Mr. Filene, and I am of the opinion

that if the exact statistics and records of all lay-offs in automobile industries were accurately kept the showing would create a very unsound ground for Mr. Filene's statement.

The workingmen in Detroit and vicinities have purchased homes and lots, yet there has been foreclosure on tens of thousands of deferred contracts and mortgages. This is a serious situation, and naturally the majority of the losers were the common workingmen.

In my opinion mass production presents a great and serious problem to the American nation. It is a problem for which a solution must be found.

Of all of the theories propounded to date, I believe that the plan either to limit working-day hours or to put mass production on a schedule basis is capable of bringing us nearest to a satisfactory condition in this regard.

N. L. MANGOUNI

From the Amen corner.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To the paper in your May number, 'These Sad Young Men,' I would say Amen and Amen. Perhaps lust and hunger rule the world. I do not know. But if this is true, I do not think it either contemptible, pitiable, or amusing that man has transformed them into love and ambition. On the contrary I think this sublimation, as it is called, too great an achievement for man himself to understand. By virtue of something really sublime he is greater than he knows, and he should be honored for it instead of scorned. Of course the original constituents remain. If they did not, the magic would lose much of its wonder: coexistence of the ideal and the material in one being. The properties of manure continue to offend us, though they enrich roses that would grace Heaven. I cannot deny that the Venus of Milo is a mineral deposit; I do not wish to; but neither can your materialist aver that she is not a glorious image. Dr. Krutch and Mr. Huxley are lumps of wettish salt, true enough, but their brine sparkles in spite of them, and it may even trickle into eternity.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK THAYER, JR.

We have already printed a number of letters inspired by Charles D. Stewart's paper, 'The Tree as an Invention,' in the April number, but we cannot forbear adding a few paragraphs from two letters received by Mr. Stewart from a correspondent whom he describes as follows: —

Alpheus Baker Hervey, of New England ancestry, but born about thirty miles from Binghamton, New York, was for six years president of St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York (1888–94). He began attending that university when it had four students and one teacher, and he was one of the students. That was in 1858. Now the university has 3700 students and 89 instructors and owns property valued at three and a half million dollars.

Dr. Hervey has written several scientific books, his specialty being microscopy. He translated a treatise on microscopy from the German. One of his books is *The Algæ of Bermuda.*

Of education he says that there are many definitions, some stressing the 'humanities' and others 'science.' He has a definition of his own: 'Education consists in establishing intelligent contacts and relations between the mind of man and the rest of the universe.' As he says, 'That leaves nothing out.'

On October 12, 13, 14, 1928, students and alumni of St. Lawrence University celebrated what they called the Hervey Anniversaries, commemorating the seventieth year since Dr. Hervey became a student, and the fortieth since he became president. Many distinguished people were present. A booklet was issued in remembrance of the event. It was at this time, when he was eighty-nine years old, that he became Doctor Hervey.

Dr. Hervey himself writes: —

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

PROFESSOR CHARLES D. STEWART

DEAR SIR: —

I have read your article in the *Atlantic* about trees with great interest and pleasure. I am a professed admirer of trees, not only for their beauty and grandeur, but also for their moral character and exemplary good behavior. They are all pacifists. They are good neighbors one with the other. They are not critical about their neighbors' clothes or how they shall bring up their children. I like to go among them to find rest and comfort for troubled hours.

I don't think you need to be endowed with the genius of a 'poet, a prophet, or a seer' to see that there is need of something more than chemical and physical forces to invent a tree and build it out of the crude matter of the soil beneath and the air above. All you need is just a fair share of ordinary, everyday common sense.

These materialists make me tired. They don't admit there is such a thing as life. They class it with phlogiston. They have in their dictionary no such word as 'mind.' It is the cells of the brain and other parts of the nervous system that produce thought, will, choice, purpose, and even

consciousness, I am told. Even the universe itself is a crude material automaton. That certainly reduces it to its lowest terms.

I suppose I am an extremist on the other tack. I have a theory that all living things are endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, proportioned to their needs. If there are exceptions to that they will be found among humans, especially the philosophers.

I have seen marked exhibitions of that in the lowest forms of animal life, the Protozoa. I once watched for hours the doings of a so-called 'sun animalcule' under my microscope.

This is a minute creature consisting of a ball of translucent cells from which radiate slender threads of protoplasm in all directions something over twice as long as the diameter of the ball. This suggested its name. In rolling about in the water some of these tentacles touched a diatom lying on the bottom of the water on my slide. Immediately other tentacles reached over and fastened upon the plant, which they slowly drew in till it touched the surface of the ball. Immediately a depression began to form in that and deepened till the whole of the diatom was buried in it, and there it was held till all that was nutritious in the plant was absorbed. The shell, which is of glass, was left in his body.

I very much wondered how he would rid himself of it, for he had no limbs of any kind. He proceeded at once to show me how. I saw a depressed ring in the body exactly in the plane of the plant begin to form. This slowly deepened till at last the ball was cut in two and the two halves drew apart and the shell of the diatom dropped out. Very simple, but so far as I know there is nothing in chemistry or physics that would have taught him. Then he brought his two halves together again and was ready for the next catch.

BALDWIN, L. I.

DEAR PROFESSOR STEWART: —

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. You are not the first one I have surprised about my age. I have a saying that when we old fellows get so old that we have nothing else to boast of we brag about our age. Well, I've been doing that now for some time. I'm not only the oldest alumnus of my Alma Mater, but the oldest clergyman in our fellowship. . . .

My mother lived to be ninety-six and my father's mother lived to be ninety-two. She was born in 1753. When a child I have heard her tell of hearing the firing of the British fleet at the battle of Bunker Hill. She, a woman of twenty-two, was living near Boston. My grandmother had seen Washington and looked upon him as one of the gods. She would n't allow anybody to speak slightingly of her hero. . . .

I shall look with much interest for your next paper in the *Atlantic*. I have been a reader of the *Atlantic*, off and on, since the time when Dr. Holmes was having his 'Breakfast Table Talks.' There are no more like him and Lowell and Emerson and Whittier.

The good Lord seems to be making no new forms of genius any more than He is new forms of trees. We can transplant trees from other climes, but not new men of genius. I wish we could.

Very truly yours,

A. B. HERVEY

With all this talk about the wonders of science, these inventions ought to be easy.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wish you would encourage the more ingenious of your subscribers to make three inventions that for years I have longed for. They are very different from one another, but each, equally, would fill a need. The first would be some sort of automatic recorder of the letters we write, in our minds, in bed, and that have absolutely flown by the time we reach paper and pen. They say just what we would, so perfectly, with such rounded periods and exact shades of meaning, such wit and distinction, that some little instrument to pin them to permanence must be a possibility — perhaps some sort of mental and spiritual fountain pen, which, later, could be run out on to a chart.

And then, when we have to tell the doctor how we feel, instead of the circumlocution of symptoms on our part, and the discounting of the personal equation on his part, why could n't there be a kind of pressing-the-button to produce a precisely similar synthetic pain, which would save time and talk. Just for an instant, punch our consciousness into his, and the thing would be done.

The third invention would be a machine into which we could feed, say, three old gowns, two blouses, and a hat, and receive from the other end one absolutely fresh garment — or all of last year's wardrobe ground out into one veritable *dernier cri*. The benefactor who would invent such a sartorial sausage machine would receive the gratitude of women — anyway, mine.

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

The song that Schubert forgot.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The interesting account in the May *Atlantic* of the painting by Sargent that the artist himself

failed to recognize reminds me of an incident in the life of Schubert, related by Sir George Grove. To quote from the latter's dictionary: —

'No sketches, no delay, no anxious period of preparation, no revision, appear to have been necessary. He had but to read the poem, to surrender himself to the torrent, and to put down what was given him to say, as it rushed through his mind. . . . It would seem that the results did not always fix themselves in the composer's memory as permanently as if they had been the effect of longer and more painful elaboration. Vogl tells an anecdote about this which is very much to the point. On one occasion he received from Schubert some new songs, but being otherwise occupied could not try them over at the moment. When he was able to do so he was particularly pleased with one of them, but as it was too high for his voice, he had it copied in a lower key. About a fortnight afterward they were again making music together, and Vogl placed the transposed song before Schubert on the desk of the piano. Schubert tried it through, liked it, and said in his Viennese dialect, "I say! the song's not so bad; whose is it?" so completely, in a fortnight, had it vanished from his mind! Sir Walter Scott attributed a song of his own to Byron; but this was in 1828, after his mind had begun to fail.'

JOSHUA L. BAILY, JR.

Terra Incognita.

OLD CAMP RUCKER RANCH
DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We were very much relieved when the last issue of the *Atlantic* arrived, for we had cause to fear that the 'Hub of the Universe' was no longer on its axle. My Texas husband was particularly concerned. He asks, 'Where is your Yankee highbrow magazine?' and reads it through before I begin.

Although our post office is Douglas, we live nearly sixty miles away, in the Chiricahua Mountains. Not long ago, being in a hurry to send off some mail, we drove thirty miles to a town which consists of a garage, blacksmith's shop, and general store in which is the post office.

The postmistress took my package, which was addressed to Malden, Massachusetts, and retired with it to her corner cubby-hole to figure out the parcel-post charges. After some delay she came out to tell me that she was unable to locate Malden. I told her that it was a suburb of Boston. For ten minutes longer she delved into books and consulted maps, then, with a tone of exasperation, said, 'I can't find it. Boston used to be on the map, but it is n't there now.'

We compromised by my offering to pay postage to 'the fartherest zone there is.'

Lest New Englanders be too scornful, he is another side to the picture.

After a year in boarding school on the Atlan coast, a girl from our part of the country w to the railway station to buy a ticket to h home in Tucson, affectionately known in t Southwest as the 'Old Pueblo.'

After fruitless search, the ticket agent sai 'I can't find it on the map and I don't see wh you should want to go to such a place. will sell you a ticket to St. Louis, and if yo still want to go to Arizona, the agent there ma be able to find Tucson.'

'See America first' is n't such a bad slogan.

MARY KIDDER RAK

You can lead a horse to water — that is, if you can find a horse.

GOWANDA STATE HOSPITAL
HELMUTH, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

An interesting example, to me, of the giving in perpetuity, as mentioned in Julius Rosenwald's article on 'Principles of Public Giving,' in the May issue, was the establishment on Mt. Desert of various watering places and buckets, the money to be used for that purpose only, to supply thirsty horses with water. Now there are so few horses, they are used little.

ANNE E. PERKINS, M.D.

From an insurance agent.

CHICAGO, Illinois

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The account by George Miksch Sutton, in the June number, of his almost very serious predicament when he went into a hollow log after a turkey vulture reminds me of a story that I heard some time ago, of a man who got started through a hollow log, having gone in to keep dry during a sudden shower. The moisture from the rain caused the partly rotten wood to swell, and the unfortunate occupant found that he could make no progress either forward or back. After several hours of unavailing effort to free himself he realized that his situation was really serious, and that unless relief came from some unexpected source his earthly career was about to end.

Then he was overwhelmed with thoughts of his various shortcomings and the futility of his life, and when he thought of how mean he had been never to purchase any life insurance it made him feel so small that he was able easily to crawl out of the log.

H. LOUIS AUTEN

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1929

THE SIZE OF LIVING THINGS

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

THE size of things has a fascination of its own. There is a certain thrill in hearing that a fish weighing hundreds of pounds has been caught with rod and line; that one of the big trees of California has an archway cut through its bole capable of letting a stagecoach pass; that the bulkiest of men have attained a quarter of a ton weight; that it takes two harvest mice to weigh as much as a halfpenny; that an average man contains only about two and a half cubic feet; or that many bacteria, capable of producing virulent diseases, are so small that it would take over three hundred, end to end, to get from one side to the other of the full stop at the end of this sentence.

But when we look into the subject more systematically, the passing thrill of surprise gives place to a deeper interest. For one thing, we shall find ourselves confronted by the problem of the limitations of size. Why has no animal ever achieved a weight of much more than a hundred tons? Why are the predatory dragon flies never as large as eagles, or these social beings, the ants, as big as those other social beings, men? Why do lobsters and crabs manage to reach weights more than a hundred times greater than the biggest insect, but more than a thousand times smaller than the biggest vertebrates? Why, to choose something which at first sight seems to have nothing to do with size — why do you never see an insect drinking from a pool of water? As we follow up the clues, we shall begin to understand some of life's difficulties in a new way — the difficulties attendant upon very small size, the quite different difficulties attendant upon great bulk; and we shall realize that size, which we are so apt to take for granted, is one of the most serious problems with which evolving life has had to cope.

Reflection upon our own size will also help us toward an estimate of our position in the universe — of how we stand between the infinitely big and the infinitely little. It has been only in the last few decades that this estimate could be justly made. We knew the bulk of the big trees and whales; but not till quite recently did the existence of filter-passing viruses reveal to us the lower limit of size in life. And when we pass to the lifeless background, we seem, in discovering the electron, to have attained to the ultimate degree of smallness, to the indivisible unit of world stuff; and the development of Einstein's theory has made it possible to state at least a minimum weight for

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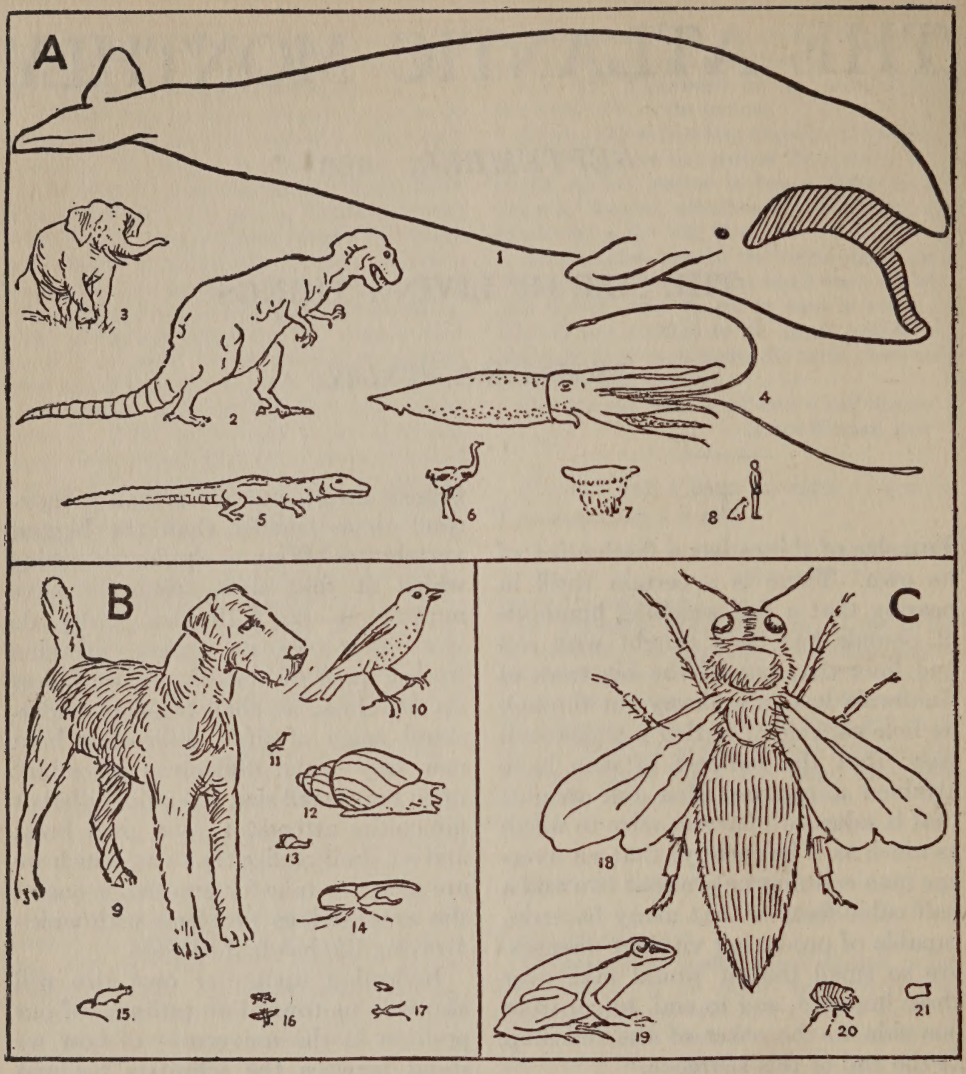


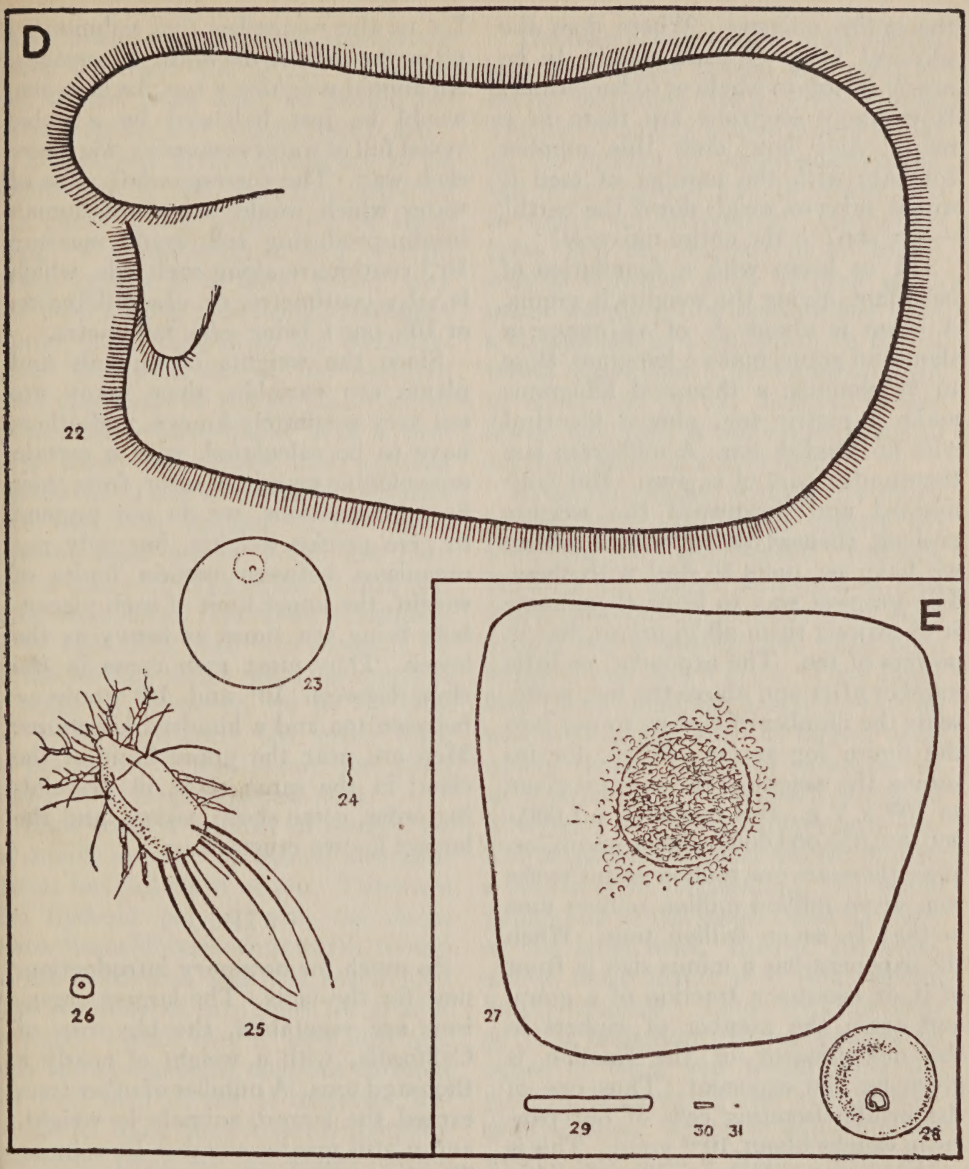
A diagram of relative sizes. In each major division (A, B, C, D, E) of the diagram, all the creatures are drawn to the same scale. The smallest of each division is enlarged to make the largest of the division following

A

1. A very large whale
2. The largest known land carnivore, the extinct reptile Tyrannosaurus
3. A large elephant
4. A giant cuttlefish
5. The largest recorded crocodile
6. An ostrich
7. The largest known jellyfish
8. A man and a dog

B

9. The dog (8) enlarged
10. A thrush
11. A humming bird
12. A giant land snail
13. The common snail
14. The bulkiest insect
15. A mouse
16. A queen bee
17. The smallest vertebrate



C

18. The queen bee (16) enlarged
19. The frog (17) enlarged
20. A flea
21. A very large single-celled animal (Bursaria)

D

22. Bursaria (21) enlarged
23. A human unfertilized ovum
24. A human sperm
25. A cheese mite
26. A human gland cell

E

27. The gland cell (26) enlarged
28. A human red blood corpuscle
29. A very large bacterium
30. A small bacterium
31. An ultramicroscopic filter-passing virus

the entire universe. Where does the physical body of man stand? Is he nearer in size to whale or to bacterium? How many electrons are there in a man? And how does this number compare with the number of men it would take to weigh down the earth? — the sun? — the entire universe?

Let us begin with a foundation of hard fact, giving the weights in grams. A gram is about $\frac{1}{28}$ of an ounce; a thousand grams make a kilogram, close to $2\frac{1}{5}$ pounds; a thousand kilograms make a metric ton, almost identical with an English ton. A milligram is a thousandth part of a gram. But both upward and downward the weights prolong themselves to regions where we have no units to deal with them. The simplest way to bring them home is to express them all in grams, but in powers of ten. The exponent, or little number after and above the ten, represents the number of ciphers to put into the figure for grams. When, for instance, the weight of the moon is given as 10^{24} x 7 g., this means 7 x 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 grams, or, since there are one million grams to the ton, seven million million million tons — that is, seven trillion tons. When the exponent has a minus sign in front of it, it denotes a fraction of a gram, and again the number of ciphers in the denominator of the fraction is given by the exponent. Thus one of the insulin-secreting cells of our pancreas weighs about 10^{-9} gram. This is $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000}$ gram, or one millionth of a milligram.

In most cases, since the specific gravity of protoplasm is very close to that of water, the weight in grams is close to the volume in cubic centimetres. With trees, this volume will be considerably greater than the weight; while with armored creatures like crabs or some dinosaurs the weight in grams will exceed the volume in cubic centimetres. Let us also remember that volumes go up as the cube of the linear dimensions. An animal weighing a ton, for instance, would be just balanced by a cubic vessel full of water measuring one metre each way. The corresponding cube of water which would balance a human insulin-producing cell would measure 10^{-3} centimetre along each side, which is $\frac{1}{1000}$ centimetre, or $\frac{1}{100}$ millimetre, or 10μ, one μ being $\frac{1}{1000}$ millimetre.

Since the weights of animals and plants are variable, since many are not very accurately known, and others have to be calculated, with a certain unavoidable margin of error, from their linear dimensions, we do not pretend to give precise weights, but only put organisms between certain limits of weight, the upper limit of each pigeonhole being ten times as heavy as the lower. Thus most men come in the class between 10^4 and 10^5 grams — between ten and a hundred kilograms. Men are near the upper limit of the class; in the same class, in descending order, come sheep, swans, and the largest known crustaceans.

II

So much for necessary introduction; now for the facts. The largest organisms are vegetables, the big trees of California, with a weight of nearly a thousand tons. A number of other trees exceed the largest animals in weight, and a still greater number in volume. The largest animals are whales, some of which considerably exceed one hundred tons in weight. They are not only the largest existing animals, but by far the largest which have ever existed, for the monstrous reptiles of the secondary period, which are often supposed to hold the palm for size, could none of them have exceeded about fifty tons. Some of the lazy great basking sharks reach about the

same weight; so, since we shall never know the exact size of the dinosaurs, the second prize must be shared between reptiles and elasmobranch fish.

The largest invertebrates are to be found among the mollusks; some of the giant squids weigh two or three tons. The runner-up among invertebrate groups is a dark horse; very few even among professional zoölogists would guess that it is the cœlenterates. But so it is. In the northern seas, specimens of the jellyfish *Cyanea arctica* have been found with a disk over seven feet across and eighteen inches thick, and great bulky tentacles five feet long hanging down below. One of these cannot weigh less than half a ton, with bulk equal to that of a good-sized horse. The clams come next, if we take their shell into account, for Tridacna may weigh nearly as much as a man. If, however, we go by bulk of living substance, the giant clam is beaten by a crustacean, the giant spider crab from Japanese seas.

Then come a number of groups, all of which manage to exceed one kilogram, but fall short of ten. There are the hydroid polyps, with the deep-water Branchiocerianthus which, rooted in the mud, and with gut subdivided into hundreds of tiny tubes for greater strength, stands over a yard high and sifts the slow-passing deep-sea currents for food with its net of tentacles, adjusted by being hung from an obliquely set disk. There are the largest marine snails; the largest lamp shells; the largest sea urchins, starfish, sea cucumbers, and sea lilies; and, rather surprisingly, the largest bristle worms, both marine forms and earthworms. Possibly the largest tapeworms, such as *Bothriocephalus latus*, which may reach a length of over seventy feet of coiled living ribbon in human intestines, just come into this class, though their flatness handicaps them.

The insects and spiders come far below, the largest beetles and tarantulas not exceeding two or three ounces. The pigmy among animal groups is that of the rotifers or wheel animalcules, the most gigantic among which fails to weigh ten milligrams! They comprise, too, the smallest of all multicellular animals, some of their adult males weighing considerably less than a thousandth of a milligram, so that it would take about a thousand of them to equal one of our striated muscle fibres, and over a million of them to weigh as much as a hive bee.

Even the biggest rotifers are much smaller than the biggest among the Protozoa, or single-celled animals. Some of the extinct nummulites, flattened disk-shaped Foraminifera, were bigger than a shilling, and must have weighed well over a gram. They easily beat many small fish and frogs in size, and were bigger than the largest ants, which, though the most successful of all invertebrates, never reach one gram in weight, and are usually much less. The largest ant colonies known possess a million or so inhabitants. This whole population would weigh about as much as one large man. Indeed, the small size of most insects is at first hearing barely credible. Three average fleas go to a milligram. If you bought an ounce of fleas, you would have the pleasure of receiving over eighty thousand of them. Even the solid hive bee weighs less than a gram — over five hundred bees to the pound, nearly a hundred thousand to outweigh a single average man!

The lower limit of size among the various groups is much more constant than the upper. The smallest insects, Crustacea, most groups of worms, and cœlenterates, all lie between one hundredth and one thousandth of a milligram. Some very primitive worms run down one class further, and rotifers

two. The smallest mollusks, lamp shells, and echinoderms are between ten and a thousand times larger, while the smallest vertebrate is four classes up — ten thousand times as big. Even so the difference between the maximum sizes attained by different main groups is greater by a hundred thousand times than the difference between their minima.

There is clearly a lower limit set to a multicellular animal by the fact that it must consist of at least several hundred cells. But it seems to be impossible or unprofitable to construct a vertebrate out of less than several hundred million cells. The vertebrates, both at top and at bottom, are the giants of the animal kingdom.

It is a surprise to find a frog that weighs as much as a fox terrier. It is a still greater surprise to know that there exist fully formed adult insects — a beetle or two, and several parasitoid wasplike creatures — of smaller bulk than the human ovum and yet with compound eyes, a nice nervous system, three pairs of jaws and three pairs of legs, veined wings, striped muscles, and the rest! It is rather unexpected that the smallest adult vertebrate is not a fish, but a frog; and it is most unexpected to find that the largest elephant would have ample clearance top and bottom inside a large whale's skin, while a full-sized horse outlined on the same whale would look hardly larger than a crest embroidered on the breast pocket of a blazer.

Then we come to single cells. By far the largest is — or was — the yolk of the extinct Æpyornis's egg, which must have weighed some ten pounds. But eggs are exceptional cells; so are multinucleated cells like striated muscle fibres and the biggest nummulites. Of cells with a single nucleus, some protists such as Foraminifera may reach over a milligram — gigantic units of protoplasm; and the ciliate Bursaria is nearly as big. But among ordinary tissue cells of Metazoa the largest are only about one hundredth of a milligram, while average cells of a mammal range between a thousandth and a ten-millionth of a milligram. In our own frames, the body of a large nerve cell is well over ten thousand times bulkier than a red blood corpuscle or a spermatozoön — a difference five or ten times greater than that between the largest whale and the average man. (In these calculations the outgrowths of the nerve cells have been left out of account, as peculiar products of cell activity. If they are included, then the spinal sensory and motor nerve cells, supplying the limbs of the giant dinosaurs and of giraffes, take the palm for size; but even they can only reach a few milligrams, in spite of being over ten feet long.)

The smallest free-living true cells are in the same size-class with the smallest tissue cells; but parasitic Protozoa, which live inside other cells, may be a hundred times smaller. Bacteria are built on a different scale. The largest of them are little bigger than the smallest tissue cell, and the average round bacterium or coccus is a thousand times smaller. These finally pass below the limits of microscopic vision, until, with the filter passers, such as the virus of distemper or yellow fever, we reach organisms with only about a thousand protein molecules. Somewhere near these we may expect to find the lower limit of size proscribed to life; for several hundred molecules are probably as necessary in the construction of an organic unit as are several hundred cells for the construction of a multicellular animal.

III

Having made a little voyage of discovery among the bare facts, it is time

to begin a quest for principles. The great bulk of land vertebrates range from ten grams to a hundred kilograms. What is it that has led to this comparatively narrow range of weight — not a fifth of that found in animal life as a whole — being most popular in the dominant group?

A disadvantage in being *very* small is that you are not big enough to be out of reach of annoyance by the mere inorganic molecules of the environment. The molecules of a fluid like water are rushing about in all directions at a very considerable speed. They run against any object in the water, and bounce off again. When the surface of the object is big enough for there to be thousands of such collisions every second, the laws of probability will see to it that the number of bumps on one side will be closely equal to that on the other; and the steady average effect of the myriad single bumps we know and measure as fluid pressure. But when the diameter of the object falls to about 1μ, it may quite easily happen that one side of it momentarily receives an unusually heavy rain of bumps while the other is spared, and the object will be pushed bodily in one direction. The result is that the smallest organisms (like the old lady in the nursery rhyme) can never keep quiet; they are in a constant St. Vitus's dance, christened Brownian movement after its discoverer.

Such hectic existences are only possible when the surface is absolutely very small; but let us not forget that an absolutely very small surface must be *relatively* a big one. This question of relative surface is perhaps the most important single principle involved in our dealings with size. Simply magnify an object without changing its shape, and, without meaning to, you have changed all its properties. For the surface increases as the square of the diameter, the volume as its cube; and so the amount of surface relative to bulk must diminish with size. Let us take an example or so. The filter-passing organisms photographed by Barnard with ultra-violet light are $\frac{1}{10}\mu$ across; the yolk or true ovum of an emu's egg is about 10 centimetres across — a million times greater. Both are of the same shape; but the proportion of surface to bulk is one million times greater in the filter passer than in the bird's egg. In other words, if the substance of the bird's egg were divided into round pieces each as big as one of the filter passers, the same weight of material would have a million times more surface than before. Or again, a big African elephant is roughly one million times as heavy as a small mouse. The amount of surface for each gram of elephant is only one hundredth of what it is in the mouse.

The most familiar effect of this surface-volume relation is on the rate of falling. The greater the amount of surface exposed relative to weight, the greater the resistance of the air. So that it comes about that the spores of bacteria or ferns or mushrooms, or the pollen grains of higher plants, are kept up by the feeblest air currents; and even in still air they cannot fall fast. They float down, like Alice down the well, rather than falling. If a mouse is dropped down the shaft of a coal mine, the acceleration due to gravity soon comes up against the retardation due to air resistance, and after a hundred feet or so a steady rate is reached, which permits it to reach the bottom dazed but unhurt, however deep the shaft. A cat, on the other hand, is killed; a man is not only killed, but horribly mangled; and if a pit pony happens to fall over, the speed at the bottom is so appalling that the body makes a hole in the ground, and is so thoroughly smashed that nothing remains save a

few fragments of the bones and a splash on the walls.

The same principles hold good for the much slower rate of falling through water; and consequently the microscopic animal will have to make much less effort to prevent itself sinking than any fish unprovided with a gas bladder.

Relative surface is also important for temperature regulation in warm-blooded animals; for the escape of heat must be proportional to the surface, through which it leaks away. As the heat is derived from the combustion of the food, a mouse must eat much more in proportion to its weight than a man to make up for this extra heat loss which its small size unavoidably imposes upon it. The reason that children need proportionately more food than grown-ups is not only due to the fact that they are growing, but also to the fact that their heat loss is relatively greater. A baby of a year old loses more than twice as much heat for each pound of its weight than does a twelve-stone man. For this reason, it is doubtful whether the attempt should be made to harden children by letting them go about with bare legs in winter; their heat requirements are greater than their parents', not less.

IV

The intake of food and oxygen is another function with which surfaces are concerned. When a cell doubles its linear size, the bulk to be nourished increases eightfold, but the surface through which nourishment is to be absorbed increases only fourfold. It is obvious that such a process could not go on indefinitely, any more than could the growth of a nation dependent on foreign trade if its ports and harbor facilities fell progressively behind the increase of its population. The biggest single cells (excluding such mere storehouses as egg yolks) have only attained their size by adopting some device for increasing relative surface — they are flattened, or cylindrical, or, like Foraminifera, have much of their substance in the form of a network of fine living threads, or possess long thin processes like nerve cells.

With many-celled animals, similar considerations still hold good. Food must be absorbed from a surface — the surface of the intestine. In small forms, enough surface is provided by a straight, smooth tube, but this would never work in larger animals. To get over the difficulty, all sorts of dodges have been adopted. In large flatworms, the whole gut is branched; in large Crustacea like lobsters and crabs, absorption mostly goes on in the feathery 'liver,' which provides thousands of tubes instead of one; in the earthworm, the absorptive surface of the intestine is nearly doubled by a projecting fold; in ourselves, not only is the effective inner surface of the intestine multiplied many times by the myriads of miniature fingerlike villi, but the intestine itself is coiled; and in some herbivores the coiling is prodigious. Among lower animals without a fixed adult size, the period for which rapid growth can continue must often depend upon the inherited construction of the intestine. For instance, in flatworms, if the gut is a simple tube, increase of bulk rapidly brings down the relative surface, and the animal while still quite small can only eat enough to keep itself going, but not to grow; while if the gut is elaborately branched, growth will not be slowed down until a much larger bulk has been reached.

The same sort of arguments apply equally well to other processes, such as respiration and excretion, whose amount depends on amount of available surface. In small animals gills can be unbranched; in big ones they must

be feathery. Large vertebrates like us could not breathe if their lungs were not partitioned off into millions of tiny sacs. The coiling and multiplication of kidney tubules in large animals are equally necessary. An embryo frog excretes by means of three pairs of kidney tubules. An adult frog would die from accumulation of waste substances if he possessed only six large tubes of equivalent proportions, even if their walls remained thin enough for secretion; what he needs is many thousands of small tubules.

When the animal is small, no transport system is necessary to get the food or water or oxygen to the cells from the original absorptive surface; all goes well by diffusion alone. But bulk brings difficulties here too. The flatness of the larger flatworms is partly due to the need for having every cell near enough to the surface to be able to get oxygen by diffusion. The elaborate branching of their intestines and all other internal organs is needed to ensure that no cell shall be more than a microscopic distance away from a source of digested food. Mahomet and the mountain meet halfway. With the biological invention of a blood system, this need for branching disappears. The enormous area of surface which is needed is now furnished by the linings of innumerable tiny vessels, and the organs themselves can revert to a compact form. Finally, insects and spiders have developed a breathing system which supplies air direct to the tissues, providing a large surface for gas exchange in the tiny end branches of the air tubes, which penetrate even into the individual cells.

In swimming and flying, too, surface comes into play. No large animal could move with sufficient rapidity by means of the microscopic 'hairs' we call cilia, since the size of a single cilium *can* never be more than microscopic, and their number depends on the extent of surface. The largest animals provided with cilia are new-hatched tadpoles, and all they can achieve is an exceedingly slow gliding.

When muscles are employed in swimming, their force must be applied to the water through the intermediary of some surface — the body may be wriggled, or its motions communicated to an enlargement at the tail, or limbs developed as oars or paddles. When the animal is small, these swimming surfaces are relatively so big that little or no special adaptations are needed; but once it grows bulky, the swimming surface must be enlarged. The body itself is expanded sideways, as in leeches; or up and down, as in sea snakes; a regular tail fin is developed, as in most fish; or the limbs are expanded into flat plates, as in swimming crab or turtle.

The necessary increase of surface in swimming limb or tail can at first be achieved by stiffening and multiplying hairs and spines; but as soon as the animal exceeds a few millimetres in length this ceases to be enough, and the organ itself must be expanded. The change is beautifully seen within the individual development of many Crustacea.

The same applies to wings. All flying animals more than a fraction of a gram in weight require a broad and continuous expanse to fly with, whether this be a sheet of skin, as in bats, a marvelous compound structure such as the wing of a bird, or the thin hinged flap of an insect's wing. But if they are much smaller, a double row of hairs on either side of a central rod will serve perfectly well. This is seen in some minute insects, such as the little thrips, which include several plant pests, and some of the tiny parasitoid wasps like the Myrmaridæ. The lovely plume moths are a little larger, and are intermediate in wing construction; their

flight surface is made of hairs, but it is only rendered sufficient by a multiplication of the number of hair-fringed rods.

V

There are many other ways in which the big animal inevitably fails to be a mere scale enlargement of its smaller relatives. The relative size of many organs decreases instead of increasing with total absolute bulk, so that in a big animal they do not have to be proportionately so large as in a small one. Relative wing size is a case in point.

Then everyone knows the small-eyed look of an elephant or, still more, of a whale. To obtain a good image, an eye has to be of a certain absolute size; this is because the image even in our own eyes is really a mosaic, each sensory cell in the retina behaving as a unit. The image we see is built up out of unitary spots of color, just as a half-tone picture in a newspaper is built up out of combinations of single black and white dots. To get an image of a reasonably large field, they must be numerous. Once a certain absolute size of eye is reached, any advantage due to further enlargement is more than counterbalanced by the material used and the difficulties of construction, just as very little advantage is to be gained in photography by making a camera over full-plate size. Even in a giraffe, which has an exceptionally large eye for a big animal, the eye's relative weight is small compared with that of a rat.

Most sense organs behave in a similar way. This is especially true of the organs of touch and temperature in the skin. It matters to a mouse to be able to deal with things the size of bread crumbs. But such trivialities do not concern an elephant; the elephant accordingly can, and does, have its skin sense organs much more thinly spread over its surface.

This in turn has an effect on the size of the nervous system; for the fewer the sense organs, the fewer sensory nerve cells are needed, and the smaller the size of the ganglia on the spinal nerve roots which are composed of sensory nerve cells. Since the sense organs of touch are distributed over the surface, we should only expect these ganglia to grow proportionately to surface, and not to bulk, even if the sense organs were as thickly scattered over the skin of a big as of a small animal; but as they are more sparsely scattered in the big animal the weight of the ganglion does not even keep up with the size of the animal's surface, and its growth is actually only just more than proportional to the square root of the weight.

As a matter of fact, when the nervous system as a whole, or the brain by itself, is compared in a series of related mammals or birds of different size, it is found to increase only about as fast as the surface, instead of keeping pace with the weight; and the same is true of the heart. It would take us too far to go into the detailed reasons for this; but the fact that a large animal does not need a brain or heart of the same proportional size as a small model of the same type is important. It warns us not to be too hasty in drawing conclusions as to intelligence from *percentage* brain weight, or as to the efficiency of circulation from *percentage* heart weight. Size itself reduces the percentage weight; we must know the proper formula before we can tell whether an individual, a sex, or a species has a brain weight *effectively* above or below that of another individual, sex, or species of different magnitude. In man, comparisons (often invidious) have frequently been made between the brain size of men

and women; but not until Dubois and Lapicque worked out the proper formulæ for change of brain proportion with size was it possible to say whether the smaller brain of women meant anything save that the bodies of women were smaller.

Another such example, but of a rather different type. We marvel at the size of an ostrich's egg, which would provide a large party with breakfast, and is the equivalent by weight of about twenty hen's eggs. But we forget to marvel at the ostrich itself, which weighs as much as about forty or fifty hens. The size of birds' eggs, in fact, does not increase as fast as the size of the birds that lay them. A humming bird lays an egg 15 per cent of its own weight; that of a thrush is 9 per cent, that of a goose some 4 per cent, and that of an ostrich only 16 per cent. Two competing forces are here at work. It is advantageous to have large eggs, since they give the young bird a better start in life; but the purely physical fact that all the new material for the egg enlargement must pass through the egg's surface will, as bulk grows, slow down egg increase below body increase. And, as a matter of fact, we find that in quite small birds, below the size of a goose or swan, egg weight increases only a little faster than body surface.

These figures apply to averages only. Adjustments can be made in response to special needs. In wading birds the young must run about immediately on being hatched; and accordingly their egg size is well above that of equal-sized birds whose young are born naked and fed in the nest. The common cuckoo, to deceive its hosts, must have an egg not too unlike theirs in size; and accordingly its egg is uniquely small — appropriate to a bird one third of its body weight. The limitation of egg size is prescribed by laws which apply to dead as well as to living matter; its regulation within these inexorable limits is the affair of the interplay of biological forces.

VI

We come back again to the advantages and disadvantages of size. At the outset, it is not until living units are quit of the frenzy of Brownian movement that they themselves become capable of accurately regulated locomotion. The first desirable step in size is to become so much bigger than ordinary molecules that you can forget about them.

But even then you are still microscopic, still wholly at the mercy of anything but the most imperceptible currents. Only by joining together tens or hundreds of thousands of cells can you begin to make headway against such brute forces. About the same level of size is necessary for any high degree of organization to be achieved. Size also brings speed and power, and this is of advantage in exploring more of the environment. But the effective range (apart from involuntary floating with the wind or the current) of any creature below about half a million cells and a hundredth of a gram is extremely limited. Ants with fixed nests make expeditions of several hundred yards, and mosquitoes migrate for a mile or so. When we get to whole grams, however, winged life at least has the world before it. Many migratory birds that regularly travel thousands of miles weigh less than ten grams. Swimming life soon follows suit; think of the migrations of tiny eels across the Atlantic, or of baby salmon down great rivers. Most land life lags a little; though driver ants are always on the move, and mice shift their quarters readily enough, controlled migration hardly begins in

land animals till weight is reckoned by the pound.

If a certain size is needed for any degree of emancipation from passive slavery to the forces of environment, it is equally needed to achieve active control over them. Before anything worthy of the name of brain can be constructed, the animal must consist of tens of thousands of cells. The insects with best-developed instincts run from a milligram to a gram. But while a very efficient set of instincts can be built up with the aid of a few hundred or thousand brain cells, rapid and varied power of learning demands a far greater number. For instincts are based on fixed and predetermined arrangements of nerve paths, while efficient learning demands the possibility of almost innumerable arrangements. The facts are that no vertebrates of less than several grams weight (such as small birds) show any power of rapid learning, and none below several ounces weight (such as rats) are what we usually call intelligent, while even the smallest human dwarf has a body weight to be reckoned in tens of pounds. We are far from knowing the precise size needed; but the intelligence of a rat would be impossible without brain cells enough to outweigh the whole body of a bee, while the human level of intellect would be impossible without a brain composed of several hundred million cells, and therefore with a weight to be reckoned in ounces, outweighing the very great majority of existing whole animals. In any case, a very considerable size was a prerequisite to the evolution of the human mind.

Size too means a disregarding of obstacles: the rhinoceros crashes through the bush that halts and tangles man; the horse gallops over the grass that is a jungle to the ant. Size may help to intimidate or to escape from enemies, or may enable the carnivore to attack new and larger prey; and it usually goes with longevity.

Size thus holds out many advantages for life. But size brings disadvantages as well as advantages, and so life finally comes up against a limit of size, where disadvantages and advantages balance.

The limits are different for different kinds of animals, for they depend upon the construction of the type, and upon the world which it inhabits. Single-celled animals, as we have seen, soon reach a limit on account of the surface-volume relation. Organisms that must swim and have only cilia to swim with come to a limit even earlier. Whether they be one- or many-celled, the limit is at about a milligram. Those which use cilia not to swim, but to produce a food current, are not handicapped until much later; by folding the current-producing surface, and arranging neat exits and entrances for the current, many lamp shells and bivalve mollusks reach several ounces; but as the current-producing cilia are confined to a surface, there comes a limit, which is attained when the soft parts reach a weight of a few pounds.

With most slow-moving sea animals, it is the food question which restricts size. It is usually more advantageous to the race to have a number of medium-sized animals utilizing the food available in a given area than to put all the biological eggs into the single basket of one big individual. Without some greater degree of motility than these possess, sea urchins or sea cucumbers as big as sheep would be inefficient at exploiting the food resources of the neighborhood. The only such slow creatures above a few pounds weight of soft parts are jellyfish, the largest of which manage to obtain sufficient food in the crowded surface waters of cold seas by spreading prodigious nets of poisonous tentacles.

Insects and spiders have so low a limit of size because of their air-tube method of breathing, which is inefficient over large distances. Crustacea are limited by their habit of moulting. A crab as big as a cow would have to spend most of its life in retirement growing new armor plate. Land vertebrates are limited by their skeleton, which for mechanical reasons must increase in bulk more rapidly than the animal's total bulk, until it becomes unmanageable. And water animals are presumably limited by their food-getting capacities.

VII

At last we come to the position of man, as a sizable object, within the universe. Eddington begins his fascinating *Stars and Atoms* by pointing out that man is almost precisely halfway in size between an atom and a star.

The sun belongs to a system containing some 3000 million stars. The stars are globes comparable in size with the sun, that is to say, of the order of a million miles in diameter. The space for their accommodation is on the most lavish scale. Imagine thirty cricket balls roaming the whole interior of the earth; the stars roaming the heavens are just as little crowded and run as little risk of collision as the cricket balls. We marvel at the grandeur of the stellar system. But this probably is not the limit. Evidence is growing that the spiral nebulæ are 'island universes' outside our own stellar system. It may well be that our survey covers only one unit of a vaster organization.

A drop of water contains several thousand million million million atoms. Each atom is about one hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. Here we marvel at the minute delicacy of the workmanship. But this is not the limit. Within the atom are the much smaller electrons pursuing orbits, like planets round the sun, in a space which relatively to their size is no less roomy than the solar system.

Nearly midway in scale between the atom and the star there is another structure no less marvelous — the human body. Man is slightly nearer to the atom than to the star. About 10^{27} atoms build his body; about 10^{28} human bodies constitute enough material to build a star.

We can pursue this train of thought a little further. The size range of living beings, the amount by which the big tree is bigger than the filter passer, is 10^{24}; in other words, the biggest single organism is a quadrillion times larger than the smallest. Among different phyla only one has a range over half as great, and this is the unexpected group of the Protozoa. Mollusks and cœlenterates have a range of 10^{11}, and vertebrates, arthropods, and worms one of 10^{10} — ten thousand million. Echinoderms have only a range of a million times, rotifers even less. As proof of how soon the size of insects and of flying birds is cut short, we find they have ranges of only a million and ten thousand, respectively.

Man is a very large organism. During his individual existence he multiplies his original weight a thousand million, and comes to contain about a hundred million million cells. He is a little more than halfway up the size scale of mammals, and nearly two thirds up that of the vertebrates.

Then we look at the range of life as a whole, and compare it with the size ranges of not-living objects above and below the limits of living things; here too there are surprises. The sun is almost precisely as much heavier than a big tree as the big tree is heavier than the filter passer; but the range from the filter passer downward to the ultimate and smallest unit of world stuff, the electron, is only half this — only as much as from the big tree to

such an easily visible creature as the flea. It takes more tubercle bacilli to weigh one man than there are electrons in a tubercle bacillus.

It is possible to calculate, on the Einstein hypothesis, a minimum weight for the whole universe, a minimum figure for the totality of matter. This is nearly 10^{24} times as much as the sun — in other words, the sun is halfway between the big tree and the whole universe in size.

Although the molecules of living matter are, for molecules, enormous, yet the smallest living organisms are far down on the world's size scale. Once started, however, life has achieved a size range which is two fifths of that from electron to star, and probably well over a quarter of the whole range of size within the universe. Man is almost halfway between atom and star; he is nearly two fifths up the cosmic scale from electron to the all-embracing weight of the universe. But so vast is that scale that to be halfway up he would have to be as big as a million big trees rolled into one. Even if we were to take the thousand million people who now inhabit the globe as constituting but one single organism, this would still be more than ten times too small. The individual man is all but halfway between atom and star; humanity entire stands in the same position between electron and universe.

GENIUS LOCI

The Civilization of These United States

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

Localism alone can produce, in the case of America, a thoroughly authentic type of man; this type alone can be the germ cell of an authentic American nation. Again, localism alone can lead to culture; it must start as a singular and single, and therefore small, thing. It will grow and spread as time goes on. The only really cultural atmosphere one finds to-day in America is that of Virginia. The cultured men who were born in its field of force are responsible for most that is of cultural value in America. But how different Virginia is from all other states! Its culture is a particular one; it is not only a matter of age, but of kind as well.

Let us now survey, in the form of a short sketch, whatever localisms and provincialisms and regionalisms already stand out within the United States. Here I am, of course, restricted to the narrow range of my personal experiences, but since in this connection it is a question more of type than of facts, I think that the following will suffice.

My lecture tour brought me to practically all parts of the United States. Everywhere it was not only my chief but my only concern to get into touch with the *genius loci* of the place

I visited; for all the success of my lecturing — I mean all the success I care for: that is, my succeeding in giving vital impulses — depended on that contact. When I started on my tour, I naturally expected to come across that uniformity everybody talks of. But to my surprise I found that, in spite of the short time that has elapsed since the foundation of most towns, and in spite of the mixed and nomadic character of a considerable percentage of their inhabitants, each of them has a distinctly individual atmosphere; the uniformity is all of the surface.

First of all, America seems to be subdivided even now into large provinces of a comparatively unified character, provinces out of which there would undoubtedly have grown, in earlier days and under different conditions, separate cultures. There are New England, the East, the North, the Middle West, the South bordering the Middle West, the South in the real geographical sense, the Far West. But within these provinces almost every town has a spirit of its own, so that while traveling I constantly had in mind the dawn of European civilization, when the Teutonic nomads just began to settle down around centres such as Cologne, Worms, Nürnberg, Paris, Carcassonne.

Take, for instance, Dallas, Texas. This part of America may be called the youngest part, because it began to thrive on this side, so to speak, of the discovery of the value of oil. It began to thrive after the crazes for skyscrapers, apartment houses, more speed, and so forth, had blown over — at any rate, as the storms they had originally been. On the other hand, there was still lingering in the air the romance of the cowboy and the prairie, and close by lay the ancient culture of Mexico. This coöperation of different causes and traditions might easily have created a *mixtum compositum* of the most interesting kind. As a matter of fact, there is even to-day, at Dallas, a perfectly delightful *genius loci*. On the material plane, the interests of oil, of course, predominate. But private life has already developed a charm quite in harmony with the lovely country. One notices in the souls of the residents something of the wide sweep of the prairie, the beginnings of an innate taste concerning things visible, such as one meets with, as a matter of course, in every Italian; and a vital exuberance attributable in equal parts, I should say, to the generosity of the Southern sun and to the prospects of prosperity due to the coöperation of man and the earth. I should greatly wonder if, after a few centuries, Texas did not develop a very delightful original culture — all the more so as this state includes the wonders of the desert, wooded hill lands, and the prairie, and all this under the spell of Mexico's ancient cultural spirit.

II

Now, as opposed to Texas, let us just cast a glance at Minnesota. It seems a providential thing that this state has been colonized to such a large extent by Swedes, for the landscape is essentially Swedish. Thus the Swede will take root easiest in this soil. The atmosphere of Minneapolis is thoroughly authentic. It is Swedish at bottom, and yet fundamentally American. This can lead to a very promising development. One should not forget that Sweden and Finland are in many respects the most modern countries in Europe in the American sense, and yet essentially cultured.

And now let us overleap hundreds of miles and give our attention, without transition, to Missouri. This state represents a borderland between the

Middle West and the South. But this general description misses the central point. The Missourian is foremost a Missourian — which does not only mean, as the popular satirist will have it, that he wants to see a thing before he believes in it, that he is suspicious and close-fisted to a certain extent. He is essentially rooted in the Missourian soil; he is the one white American I have met of peasantlike qualities.

But Missouri is not only one of the most prosperous, but also one of the most beautiful, states of the Union; in the fall, its scenery must be of an entrancing charm. Accordingly the psychic atmosphere of Missourian cities is even to-day one of harmony, which makes one think of France as opposed to Germany. To its peculiar gayety St. Louis owes its singular attractive power.

New England's great and very original charm is, alas, that of a dying culture. There is little likelihood that it will survive even for a century; all the less so as it represents an artificial civilization from the point of view of the earth. It was almost purely spirit-born; only a certain ethereal lyricism seems to harmonize with the peculiar hazy beauty of the land. In centuries to come, America will probably see New England's main, because most lasting, achievement in the fact that its sons are chiefly responsible for the colonization of the South and the Middle West. The lines of development American historians are in the habit of drawing between New England's past cultural achievements and the present and future state of America are, in my opinion, all of them untrue to fact. New England's culture was an exclusive thing in itself, beautiful but essentially sterile, and even to-day what is vital in America derives little more from Boston than it does from Athens; what seems to be of New England origin is really of generally Puritan origin. I should not wonder if New England ended as an essentially Irish country — less because of the growing percentage of residents of Irish extraction than because of a pre-established harmony between the Irish temperament and the New England landscape.

III

Now let us fly right across the continent to the Far West. California is so young that it should be impossible, one would think, to foretell anything of its future. Surely its present chief characteristics — for instance, that it has the largest output in the world, not only of oranges and tomatoes, but also of world saviors — cannot be considered lasting. At present the population to an extraordinary degree shows signs of a hysterical temperament; and this can only mean, since the climate in itself is excellent, that the present inhabitants are to a considerable extent not yet adapted to their surroundings. This state of transition could probably have been avoided only if the land had been colonized by members or descendants of the Southern races of Europe. But it is out of the question that under this bright, exhilarating sky, in this unique electric atmosphere, there should not develop, sooner or later, a corresponding type of man.

And this means a type of man very different from the native of any other part of the United States. I wonder whether it will ever be a cultural type; perhaps no culture would ever have developed in the radiant atmosphere of the Greek isles and seas if the Classic Age had been an age of conquered nature making life easy for all, and of democracy as well. These conditions would rather have made for a type akin to the Hawaiian. But very

few peoples have ever developed real culture, and many have been great without it.

What I could sense in this psychic atmosphere of California is the following. It is inhabited by a primitive sort of man; there is more of the frontier type alive in him than in any other American. But, on the other hand, he has an innate sense of beauty; beauty *means* a great deal to him. And there is something of champagne in his blood which may, some day, mature into a vintage entirely different from anything else that grows in the United States, and will certainly act most beneficently as a counterpart and counterpoint to the bourgeois quality of Eastern, Northern, and Middle Western life.

San Francisco is, of course, a thing in itself. Its atmosphere represents a delightful blend of the Far West and the Far East; it is the most attractive international seaport I know, and in centuries to come, when America shall have developed its own culture, it may play a part corresponding to that of Alexandria in Roman days — the Egyptian quality of Greek Alexandria being represented in San Francisco by the Chinese and Japanese, which foreign element forms an integral part of the atmosphere around the Golden Gate. It has been a city of ease, if not of luxury, from the outset. The grim Puritan has never played a prominent part in it. This was due, in the beginning, to the dominant rôle played by the representatives of those races to whom life is first and foremost a joyful thing — the Latin peoples. The different races soon began to blend, and the result is a general atmosphere of ease, of light-heartedness, of frivolous levity, which is the exact opposite of the atmosphere of Boston, all the more interesting since San Francisco too is essentially American.

IV

This, then, leads me to a short description of those towns the *genius loci* of which is less American, but which for that very reason act like leaven or spices within the whole of the American atmosphere — be it only in a way akin to the terrors of tabasco, the fire of which is surely banished from Hell because of its excessive heat.

Since we are still lingering in the Far West, let us begin with Los Angeles. This city, as it presents itself to-day, — it was quite different when I visited it in 1912, — has the most unreal atmosphere I ever inhaled in my life. It is surely for the purpose of redemption that Hollywood was established just there; according to the mathematical law that the multiplication of two negative quantities results in a positive one, the frankly avowed will-to-be-unreal of the film city alone can give a reality to what is essentially phantasmagoric. Los Angeles is the most weirdly unreal city I know, because its psychic atmosphere is chiefly constituted of the emanations of the most unreal, the most ghostlike, type in the world — the retired American. A modern American who retires cannot retire and live in a kind of Riviera, if he is at all sincere. There is as yet no leisured class on this continent; leisure is not yet recognized as a possible life form. Above all, those cultured interests which are found among representatives of any race, and which make, provided they form an integral and essential part of the atmosphere, a place of rest both meaningful and delightful anywhere, are lacking completely with the class forming the prevalent part of those who retire to Los Angeles. They usually belong to the Babbitt type. They have decided to have a good time as retired gentlemen, and they think they are having it

— but in reality they are most of them bored to death, because they have no idea what to do with their leisure.

But perhaps this extravagantly comic element is very necessary and wholesome as part of the general texture of American life. American life is on the whole too serious, in the sense that most Americans take themselves too much in dead earnest. It would do them good if they were to make up their minds as a nation to think of Los Angeles as a place to be laughed at, as the Greeks did in the case of Abdera. This would perhaps also help them to develop a real sense of humor. For in this, whatever they may think themselves, the Americans are singularly lacking.

One may, of course, use the word in many ways, but if 'humor' is to mean at all what it has always meant in the worlds of culture, then what Americans call a sense of humor is only a love of cracking jokes and enjoying jokes — and these jokes more often than not lack what the French call *pointe*. He only has humor in the real sense who knows how to give expression to a profound and even tragic opposition from the point of view of a benevolent and serene mind. His is the quality of divine laughter of the man inwardly superior to those things ordinary people take with such fearsome seriousness. Accordingly, there can be no high quality of humor unless intellectual understanding acts as the keynote. This is why ancient Chinese humor must be appraised as the highest mankind has as yet produced. This is why real humor is not merely a sense of proportion as such, as the English would have it — it is a sense of proportion ruled from within by a keen appreciation of spiritual and intellectual values.

Now there is not the faintest trace of this kind of understanding to be found in what Americans call humor. In their case it usually means nothing better than a device for not noticing the real conflicts of life, as the criminal about to be hanged often uses the last moments of his life to play the part of the man who does not care; or else it means an outlet for repressions or for a feeling of inferiority. Here let me quote from *The American Mind in Action*, by Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede: —

> American humor is what science calls a 'folkway.' It is an outlet for repressed emotions in disguise. At its crudest it relieves a suppressed hatred — as, for instance, in the practical joke, which does its victim an injury but compels him to join in the laugh at his own discomfiture if he wishes to be considered 'a good sport.' The joke disguises your vengeful purpose, but that purpose is the unconscious motive of your joke, and the victim shows that he recognizes your hidden motive when he responds to it with the anger and animosity which he suppresses. The American cartoon is this sort of cruel humor. In drama and the moving picture it takes the form of slap-stick comedy. The cruelty of the popular moving-picture humor is almost savage. And in the dressing tent at the circus you will hear the battered clown complain, 'If I was to fall down and break my neck, these rubes would laugh themselves to death.' They seem almost to hate him, and their laughter at his mishaps sounds cruel, because in that laughter they are draining off suppressed hatreds which the civilized conventions of morality have reservoired. The greater the repressions, the louder the laughter. Humor is a conspicuous quality of American life because in that life repressions are so general. Mark Twain tapped a well of hatred and revolt in the subconscious minds of his generation, and it paid him like an oil gusher. . . .
>
> His sense of inferiority made him conceal his satire in buffoonery — that is to say, when he wished to satirize his reader, he satirized himself, and the reader laughed at his own absurdities put forward as Mark

Twain's. It is this sense of inferiority which makes his humor seem 'kindly.' The laugher is playing a sort of practical joke on himself and enjoying his own discomfiture. By laughing at his shortcomings, he feels superior to them and escapes his own condemnation of them. Here is the quality in American humor which Rudyard Kipling struck at, in his lines about the American's 'cynic devil in his blood . . . that gilds the slough of his despond but dims the goal of his desire.' The reformer attacks the slough, to drain it instead of laughing at it; and the typical American always complains of his reformers that 'they have no sense of humor.' If they had, of course, it is not likely that they would be reformers.

V

And now to New Orleans. Nowhere did the absolute superiority of real culture strike me so forcibly as there. The percentage of Frenchmen who live in that city to-day is infinitesimal. Yet it is imbued with the tradition of the eighteenth century; it still owes all its charm and all its worth to the leaven of Old France. New Orleans is the one place in America where cooking is considered an art — and I thoroughly agree with Mr. Langdon Mitchell when he says that bad cooking and the manner in which people put up with it mean a gigantic block in the way leading to a possible American culture. Personally I consider an original sense for — or else a training toward appreciation of — the value of artful cooking much more important culturally than any 'education' in the usual sense. For, since hunger and thirst are the most elementary impulses of animal man, an association of these with æsthetic values means more for spiritualization in general than any intellectual and moral training. Surely there can be a high culture in terms of a simple life, but this is the most difficult kind of culture to attain; the case is analogous to that of the simplicity of classic art.

The example provided by drink is perhaps more illuminating even than that provided by food. It is, of course, possible to be a cultured person and yet a water drinker; on the basis of abstinence, even a very high culture can be developed. But then all that sense of quality and discrimination which the connoisseur applies to vintages must find its application in the distinction between different kinds of water. This is one of the wonders one has to admire in the greatest representative of Islamic culture: this people discriminates between water and wells as Europeans do between vintages. But whoever just drinks ice water, and thinks himself superior for that to the wine drinker, errs most lamentably. He stands, as far as soul development goes, far, far below any man of the Falstaff type, provided the latter be primarily a lover of quality and not of quantity. I repeat: the interest for food and drink is the most elementary of impulses; for this reason a culture of these means more for the culture of the whole of human nature than any training of the intellect. The basis of the greatness of Greek, Chinese, and French culture — I mention only these, but the case was the same with all real cultures and will be so as long as mankind dwells on earth — was the sense for the quality of food and drink these nations possessed or possess.

I must seize this opportunity to make quite clear to what a horrifying extent public opinion in America appears misguided in these fundamental respects. Cleanliness and purity seem to the American the alpha and omega of quality. Surely food and drink should be wholesome. But this has nothing to do, in principle, with the extermination of microbes. The symbiosis, and not the conflict, between microbes and man is the primary

phenomenon. Most of these tiny little creatures are not only harmless, but necessary for a sound metabolism; they become the causes of disease only when irritated. Further, no organism catches a determinate disease unless it is predisposed to it.

Now a great deal of what makes for good taste is due to the collaboration of microbes; only think of the various processes of fermentation. What, then, can be expected as a general result if food is sterilized? Probably loss of nutritive value, — all animals live on raw food, — but most certainly loss of taste. In California they are now growing dates on trees which descend from those acknowledged as the best of African, Arabian, Syrian, Mesopotamian growth. But those American dates one can buy in the shops are almost devoid of taste; that is, they have been so well sterilized that the microbes which make for the taste have been exterminated before they could perform their duty, or else their work has been destroyed by chemical process; the effect is much the same as that of the cleansing of precious old vessels covered with patina. Until Americans realize that this kind of cult of cleanliness is not a sign of culture, but of utter barbarism, they cannot expect that any Italian, any Frenchman, any Spaniard, or any cultured Chinese, who washes as rarely as he possibly can, will consider them his equals on the plane of true civilization. And he will be right before Eternity, God, and Man.

But let us revert to New Orleans. It is the one place in America with a tradition of good cooking; and this is being kept up by the French element, whose beneficial influence does not stop here. Owing to that tradition, even Americanism acquires a halo of beauty in New Orleans. I spent a night walking through those docks and market places where vegetables and fruits are being loaded in and out and sold by wholesale and retail in overwhelming, truly American quantities. But the exquisite sense of beauty of the French has conquered and now rules even this extravagant accumulation of material. The millions of radishes, beans, bananas, oranges, and so forth, look, in their arrangement, like so many artistic nosegays; a walk through the market halls of New Orleans at night is probably the most remarkable sight of culture-born beauty one can find in the United States. Now the French are the most tenacious of all races. This beautifying of American market places seems to prove that the French sense of quality, challenged by American quantity production, is more than ever determined to live.

Is it not wonderful that America should contain a great city of such innate culture? It will be purely American before long, though, of course, of a peculiarly Southern, even tropical, variety. But the French sense of quality will continue to act, not only as a leaven, but as the determinant formative influence. A time may come — and I do hope it will come — when New Orleans will wield more attractive power in the eyes of the Americans than New York. If this should ever be the case, they would prefer the former city in the same sense in which every cultured German thinks more of Munich — not to mention Vienna — than of Berlin.

VI

And now we are ready to face Chicago, that most uncanny city in the world. If ever there was a 'thing in itself,' Chicago is one. It is *not* American — it is just Chicago. But, on the other hand, if it goes on spreading as it has with as much intelligently directed energy, it may some day

swallow up the whole of the United States. The atmosphere of the city is not pleasing. What I wrote in 1912, under the impression of what I experienced during only two days spent in that city without talking to a single soul, is true — even more true to-day than it was then. And here the *genius loci* is unquestionably due to man, and not to the surroundings, which are as beautiful as they can possibly be. Lake Shore Drive could compete, for beauty, with the Chiaja of Naples.

As far as I can make out, the atmosphere of Chicago is chiefly made up of the following elements. First, the parasitic growth of a 'thing in itself' almost independent of all American tradition which does not belong to the sphere of technical expansion. This again is due — we have herewith come to the second element — to the crowding together of the population, alien in its majority; which is — thirdly — of German extraction in the case of all its most efficient members. This results in a curious convergence of Chicago with modern Berlin. The typical modern Berlinese are, as a matter of fact, more akin to German Americans than to the Germans of traditional culture.

There is in Chicago no trace of Anglo-Saxonism; in this respect there is no likeness whatsoever between this city and New York. The quality of efficiency is German in spirit; so is a certain impression of unreality that its results produce. It resembles a city of the year 3000 A.D. as anticipated by motion pictures made in Germany. Unreality of spirit is, as I have shown in *Europe*, one of the foremost characteristics of the German, while the exact opposite is true of the Anglo-Saxon. Here lies the *raison d'être* of that phantomlike quality one cannot help being conscious of in the atmosphere of Chicago; there is something phantomlike even in the mass slaughter of the stockyards. One feels that, if Hell does exist, such mechanized operating with the mystery of death would be an impossibility there and would surely be judged as an abomination. In accordance with this, there is something unreal about the Chicagoan type of man; he too would appear more natural in a motion picture than as a being of flesh and blood.

On the other hand, the phantasmagorical quality of Chicagoan crime agrees well with the general atmosphere of a film city. I remember a dinner party where a gentleman suddenly got up and asked to be excused for a few hours. We asked him what was the matter. He replied: 'A few days ago a gang of gunmen came at ten o'clock in the morning into my office in the city [he was a prominent banker] and took away all they could find. It was, of course, no use applying to the police. But to-day I got a message to the effect that if I would come to a certain spot this evening at ten o'clock we might come to a gentlemanly agreement.'

I think the criminal life of Chicago, which is more adventurous than anything one finds in books of adventure, is due much more to the general atmosphere of unreality than to the number of foreigners who live there. Surely in a way Chicago resembles pre-Mussolinian Naples and Palermo, but there are many Italians in other cities as well, yet in them the fact leads to nothing like what it does in Chicago.

If one wants at all to find general reasons, one should rather look for them in the fact that man, being alive after all, and a human being at that, — not an ant or a bee, — must have some safety valve when his life becomes mechanized beyond a certain limit; for this reason I expect rather

an increase than a decrease of crime in the United States as 'civilization' progresses.

The reading of detective stories may do as a safety valve in Germany. Here the tradition of an adventurous past acts rather as a substituted than as a real cause. There was little adventure in Chicago in the olden days, and, the overwhelming majority of its present inhabitants being of foreign origin, it has no adventure tradition whatever in its subconscious. But, however this may be, the apparent mixture of such incongruous elements as Berlin and Naples is well in accordance with the general atmosphere of unreality characteristic of Chicago. Whatever is downright real there is typically unpleasant. Personally, I had pleasant experiences only with those I got to know better, and I must admit that the Americans of other parts of the Union I met, who all seemed to dislike Chicago, are right as far as the general atmosphere goes. It is the one place in the United States where one is actually aware of the presence of ungenerosity, ill will, and malice.

All this is so. Yet Chicago is an amazing thing. And being Berlinese, which means that it is more thorough and more apt to become immeasurable without exploding in its enterprises than any other city, it has undoubtedly a very great future. I hope Chicago will not absorb the whole of America — a thing which is quite within the range of the possible; this would inevitably lead, centuries hence, to a revolution. But if it remains what it is, an immensely powerful thing in itself, which incidentally accomplishes a good deal of work of national importance, its contact with the rest of the Union as it grows will of necessity lead to fruitful tensions and polarizations. All the more so as Chicago happens to be — again a weird, unreal thing — the most important city and the industrial capital of, precisely, the Middle West.

VII

And now to New York! Every intelligent American will tell every intelligent European he meets that New York is not America. It is, indeed, no longer representative, as it undoubtedly was as long as technical development was the one thing the Americans thought of and before the real native, the hundred-per-center, had come to conscious life. Yet New York belongs to America, as a part of the planet, as necessarily as any other city. It is America's clearing house. Surely, it harbors more foreigners than natives. Surely, there is no unified atmosphere at all. Surely, life is feverish there; this typical quality of every business centre of the Wall Street type is enhanced by the truly horrible climate of New York. The climate is not in the least stimulating; it is just unsteady, oscillating between one extreme and the other; it is electric and damp, relaxing and bracing, at the same time.

I do not wonder that no woman's complexion stands this climate for any length of time; whoever sneers at the fact, shocking in itself, that individually pretty girls are in the habit of painting themselves as though they had centuries to conceal ought to remember, in the case of New York, that the climate provides an excuse for it, and that this city still sets the fashion for America.

But, whatever New York's drawbacks may be, it means to America exactly what St. Petersburg used to mean to Russia, and Vienna to the Near East: it is America's window opening on Europe. Here American and European influences meet. Here one of the great brains of mankind is

developing. And accordingly the best minds of America crowd together in New York and will continue to do so for a long time to come. The relationship of New York to America is very curious; it is not at all comparable to that of Paris to France. Nothing of national importance has happened there; New York rather stands for the continuance of that not-national American life all pure business men and all recent immigrants naturally like best. But just because the real America is narrowing down, and will inevitably do so to an ever-increasing degree, the existence of a powerful New York with its world-wide interests is even more of a necessity for America than any metropolis ever was for any other country. But for a powerful New York, George Babbitt and what he stands for might easily become predominant, which, considering the tremendous power America wields to-day, would be a disastrous thing.

VIII

To conclude the survey of America's manifoldness and diversity, let me add a few words about Washington. To my surprise, this city also struck me as unreal. I soon found out the reason: a political centre in an essentially unpolitical country must needs give an impression of unreality. Besides, it is to a very great extent peopled and, in any case socially, dominated by foreigners, the members of the diplomatic corps. This latter fact makes for an apparent survival of the colonial days, when great gentlemen continued the typical eighteenth-century life in a new world. If a man like Mr. Coolidge happens to reside at the White House, this only qualifies the general sense of the paradox incarnated in Thomas Jefferson. This man, who, as far as my knowledge goes, invented most of the aphorisms concerning equality, was personally an eighteenth-century *grand seigneur*, if there ever was one. He advocated, as a statesman, the equal rights of all. But this did not prevent him from building tunnels for the invisible passage of his slaves, a thing which would have delighted a Trimalchio or even a Nero.

Yes, Washington is also unreal in its way; it is a political centre in an essentially unpolitical country, and, at the same time, a colonial town in a land which is no longer a colony. To complete the picture, Washington is peopled to a considerable extent by retired well-to-do Americans. These belong to a quite different class from those men and women who retire to Los Angeles; they have an inner right to lead a life of leisure. But for that very reason they do not really belong to present-day America. If Washington were a powerful capital, which it is not, one might be induced to say that America lives under foreign rule. As things are, Washington means one more bright spot making for variety in the uniform picture of industrialized America. Washington likewise makes for salutary tension and polarization. But there can be less a question here of a rooted *genius loci* than in the case of Chicago. When I was driving through the lovely city at the time of the cherry blossoms I sometimes had to think of the hanging gardens of Queen Semiramis.

Yes, America is at bottom a new land of budding localisms, very much as Europe was at the end of the migration of the peoples. I could only give sketches of a very few of these localisms, but they will suffice, I think, to draw the attention of my readers to this very essential aspect of the American scene, which now each of them may follow up according to his own knowledge.

MAY WE KILL?

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

In many countries a new sort of championship of animals has come into evidence since the war. The most popular, one may say sacrosanct, of sports in England has been fox hunting. One of Gilbert's heroes in *Ruddigore*, doomed to commit a crime every day, was cheered to the echo when he reported to the jury of his ancestors that he had shot a fox. That was a crime indeed! It was not pity for the fox that created the crime, but a sense of shame that it should be killed in any other way than by the agency of a pack of hounds.

To-day in England there are landowners and poultry keepers who go so far as to boast of shooting foxes, with a view to their extermination. But more than this, popular newspapers as well as specialistic humanitarian societies of considerable wealth and wide support raise almost daily protests against all 'blood sports,' so called. There is evidence, in short, that in many, perhaps most, countries the community is preparing to retest accepted formulæ in regard to sport and the treatment of wild animals.

The Church has taken a hand. There still exists, though in less robustious form, that most curiously English of characters, the sporting parson, who was once capable of slipping a surplice over his hunting coat, that he might hurry from church to the covert-side. As he tends, softly and silently, to vanish away, greater dignitaries of the churches give to the world their later views on humanity to animals. When the Dean of St. Paul's, a most modern divine, wrote a prophecy of the coming extinction of blood sports, he was attacked with a shrapnel of pamphlets, not for his prophecy, but for his moderation. He had not condemned blood sports with sufficient heat and vigor to please the humanitarians. Though Saint Francis is as truly a type of the champion of the lower animals (so called) as Buddha, who shrank in horror from the death of a fly, historic Christianity, as expressed in the New as well as the Old Testament, has not very obviously or strongly concerned itself with kindness to animals. There exist, however, in oral tradition some moving anecdotes on the theme. When the Founder of Christianity passed a dead dog, which the passers-by stigmatized in various idioms as repulsive and loathsome, he stopped and, looking down at the poor beast, said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of its teeth.' There spoke real pity.

The theme is omitted in most Christian literature, and even to-day is not heard in a great many pulpits. Nevertheless the Church may soon be forced to answer the plain question: Does it sanction hunting and shooting? Parliaments may be asked a like question. Indeed, in Czechoslovakia a parliament has notably emphasized the movement by an absolute prohibition of the trap. It is illegal to set any traps for any animal, with the sole exception of the

muskrat, which was imported from America, and has proved so serious a public danger, especially to irrigation works, that permits are issued for using 'open traps,' and even official trappers are appointed. In Britain the toothed steel trap will probably soon be made illegal. Its use is to-day horribly abused, and the popular agitation against it grows steadily. At the same time a loud outcry against deer hunting, if not against fox hunting and shooting, has actually begun to reduce the area of the sport.

In the old days, humanitarian and sportsman were bitterly opposed, as bitterly almost as research students and antivivisectionists to-day. One effect of the new movement has, rather surprisingly, issued in an attempt to discover a common ground. One example is that in both Eastern Europe and Britain the endeavor to prohibit trapping has been led by the sportsmen themselves. In Britain one of the chief leaders is a Master of Foxhounds, and he finds himself on the same platform with professional humanitarians. It is of more than parochial interest to know that he is famous as a naturalist and protector of the rarer birds; for his case, with its utter scorn of abstract logic, is a test case.

Can the sportsman pretend to be also a humanitarian? May a man or woman or child kill, and call itself kind? Is the higher virtue the sole property of the extreme humanitarian? Does Buddha stand alone? Has Christianity a hole in its moral armor? Shall we one day follow the humane articles of Buddha's creed and confess, in the phrase of a confession made to Another in another reference: 'Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean'?

The question is crucial to the social life and morality of a large section of the community in every civilized or semi-civilized country of the West or the East.

It is well to look back a little way to get a line of advance. Scarcely more than a generation ago, bear and badger baiting and cockfighting were countenanced and even widely enjoyed. We see daily new examples of the law of accelerated progress. Shall we soon think of shooting and hunting what we now think of badger baiting, and regard the pink coats of huntsmen or the pelts of the trapper with the sort of feeling aroused by those gayly caparisoned matadors who take the eye in the Sadic spectacle of a Spanish bullfight?

II

In seeking a ground of prophecy and of propaganda, let us be honest. No one is logical. Perhaps the least logical of all is the professional humanitarian, unless he is also a vegetarian, in the narrowest sense of that much-misused word, and unless he refuses to eat the produce of the dairy and the poultry yard or to wear wool or leather. The most active of humanitarian pamphleteers — incidentally a good classical scholar — has confessed that the bull calf tramples the vegetarian's logic in the mud. The young bull must be killed. If we recognize killing even to this extent, we have abandoned the most straight and simple of principles, and are left to chop arguments about degree.

'Nature, red in tooth and claw,' kills to live and, for the most part, hurts with zest, even kills for the fun of the thing. Some animals, of course, are so feline that, obeying their natural instinct, they torture or at least kill so slowly that we in our sensitive fashion call the delay torture. We so feel for the victim that we instill it with our own feelings. It would be abominable for a man to torture on the excuse that the

cat tortures, or even to hunt because the lion hunts. Yet the sportsman when he hunts undoubtedly feels himself to be flowing with the stream of the difficult world in which he has his being. He is conscious of a certain sanction extracted from the scheme of things.

Wordsworth has given us a portrait of the Happy Warrior, the born soldier of whom it is yet true that his

> . . . . . master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

Similarly there exists beyond all question 'the happy sportsman,' such as Richard Jefferies once was, who more or less delights in fishing, shooting, and hunting, but whose nature is kindly, whose most penetrating pleasures come from the observation of wild animals and of the fields and woods in which they live. You may say of him with satisfactory satire what George Eliot said of the boy, Tom Tulliver, who was 'very fond of birds, that is of throwing stones at them.' The shaft penetrates; and yet — and yet this so-named happy sportsman in practice does more useful humanitarian service than any other member of society. He founds sanctuaries, he protects birds, he would abolish the steel trap, he is particular to kill humanely (if the two words may go together), he lets no creature 'linger in its agony,' does not shoot wildly, and is precise to observe not only the close season, — the *Wappenstillstand*, — but the date when animals begin to pair, whether it fits the almanac or no. 'The happy hunter' is an actual type. He exists and rejoices in what some will always regard as his hypocrisy, like the French philosopher who said of the British race, 'It is saved by its want of logic.'

The two American naturalists of whom Europe knows most were perhaps those two eminent friends, Roosevelt and Burroughs. It was a liberal education to watch small birds under the guidance of Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. A letter that the writer much cherishes begs him to come to Oyster Bay to see the red tanager.

Now Roosevelt's attack, in alliance with his friend, against the 'nature fakers,' the people who dared to say the thing that was not in the sphere of observation, was inspired by a feeling that was almost a religion. Yet this happy hunter was a shooter of great game, and traveled to remote places for no other reason than to see and to kill. He found with others that there are few sensations more thrilling on this crowded and conventional earth than to watch herds of the greater mammals in their native haunts, whether they be dangerous, as elephants and lions and grizzlies, or almost harmless, as giraffes and quaggas and black bears. Those who live where such animals flourish sometimes find it necessary to kill. A letter from India is before me describing a vigil up a tree at the foot of which lay a native's body mauled out of recognition. Presently the tiger returned to his kill, looked up at the tree as the man's rifle moved, and took the bullet over the eye. In an instant all was over. The man-eater who had terrorized a group of villages for three years was dead. Here was nature crudely red indeed. Against such an act as the shooting of this tiger no one will rebel. And whom did the harried natives call on to rid them of this threat? Their Saint George was of course a hunter, a man who had taken delight in the higher risks. He had been nearly killed himself by both bear and bison. Are we to condemn him for the long training in hunting, in jungle lore as well as in marksmanship, in firmness of nerve and in quickness of eye, that had fitted him for that particular act?

What is it steels the sportsman's heart?
It is his conscious pride of art.

But it is more. It is a deep, racial, inherited desire to hunt, or even to be hunted.

Whatever decision we come to in the sequel on the cardinal articles of the humanitarian's faith, we have to acknowledge that this instinct is as strong in man as in tiger. If we condemn it, we must do the thing that is especially forbidden in the etiquette, in the code, of the medical profession: the doctor must not destroy a native desire if it can be in any way preserved.

Unless I take my part
Of danger on the raging sea
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.

So feels many a sportsman, and even when he is scarcely conscious of it this feeling is behind his mind and his actions.

III

It must be granted that this desire exists even in some of the most highly intellectual men. Personally, though I have met more able men, I have never met anyone who had a greater control of his own mental processes than Theodore Roosevelt; and in him this hunter's zest was ineradicable.

So far as we, with our limited imagination can see, the sport of hunting plays — for the moment — an almost necessary part in the world's economy. The most professional of killers is known technically on British sporting estates as a 'keeper.' It sounds a satiric title; but it remains that the sportsmen are everywhere the leaders of preservation. Those immense herds of wild animals that roam the greatest hunting ground in the world, — in Kenya, Tanganyika, and East Africa, — those animals of which among others Roosevelt took some toll, would have been clean wiped out but for sportsmen. They were the people who cared.

It is an obvious riposte that they cared because they wanted to kill, because they thought their cruel practices would be stopped for want of material. This motive doubtless was not altogether absent. Even so they may claim to have preserved whole herds in order to kill half a dozen animals. That the killing is not the chief pleasure we all know who have shot or had traffic with sportsmen; and it happens that within the last few years a number of the most famous, or notorious, big-game hunters have almost entirely surrendered the gun for the camera. When the millennium comes shall we all change our rifles into lenses as well as our spears and swords into pruning hooks?

Now, as a matter of pure history, what happens again and again with sportsmen who have taken delight in the chase is that as they grow older they grow more soft-hearted. One old sportsman used to say, 'I've grown so soft-hearted in my old age that I am ashamed of myself.' There is no doubt at all that extreme reluctance to slay is usually correlated with low or lowered vitality. The weak cannot even endure to put a suffering creature out of its pain; and no one could commend that physical reluctance to do a necessary act.

It is the commercial mind, not the sporting, that is reckless and capable of a policy of extermination. It may be a sign of weak nerve, not an advance of true civilization, that sentimentality increases, as when we allow hundreds of human beings to die from disease, and cry out in horror because chloroform is administered to a dog whose inspection may provide curative science with a pain-saving secret.

We must see things as they are, even when we nurse our dearest ideals. Therefore it is a fact germane to the present theme that the great preservers of wild animals are chiefly recruited from the ranks of sportsmen. It is a second essential fact, in another field of activity, that those who spend the most time and energy and thought in the endeavor to save mankind from pain, disease, and a short or ineffective life are often the most earnest believers in experiments on animals, experiments that have already immensely reduced the sum of pain in the world. In illustration of the first point, the red deer, the finest of the wild animals found in Britain, which is not rich in mammals, would have quite disappeared from the southern counties but for the stag-hounds. Extermination, if not the intention, would be the result of the humanitarian's, not the sportsman's, creed. I do not agree with sportsmen who use this argument as a direct defense of hunting. We could have compulsory preservation in reserves, of which Yellowstone Park is an ideal example. Nevertheless, all preservation also entails cold-blooded and deliberate killing. Let there be no question of that. Those who would avoid pain and death must vote bravely for extermination as an alternative. In the North Island of New Zealand, a law has been passed treating the red deer as vermin and allowing its destruction by any available means, even poison.

Life consists of alternatives; and it is at least arguable that the shooting down of animals by an official butcher has a worse subjective effect on the butcher than killing for sport on the sportsman, and at the same time inflicts as great a sum of pain.

The humanitarian and the sportsman both are, as I have said, necessarily illogical. They are involved in contradictory categories from which neither escapes. Man lives by plunder and destruction, as the lion lives. Doubtless this fact of existence may be a devil's quotation. The sportsman who kills may nevertheless be rightly proud of his work as a preserver; yet he commits something very like Plato's 'sin in the soul' when he argues, as some do, that he has a right to be cruel because nature is cruel. The argument would mean that men must never

> . . . . . rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,

nor ever

> let the ape and tiger die.

There is a reasonable likelihood that a number of the existing sports will presently be brought to an end by public opinion and go the way of the badger baiting and cockfighting of the eighteenth century. I may cite one. Perhaps the most cosmopolitan spot in Europe and one of the loveliest is Monte Carlo. A picked crowd from all parts of the civilized world assemble there for their pleasure and no other reason. At the very centre is a semi-circular lawn devoted solely to the amusement of pigeon shooting. Day after day you cannot escape the sound of the guns being fired there, and must watch the trapped pigeons either falling on that *tapis vert* or circling round and from time to time dropping wounded, either among the fashionable crowd or out at sea or among the ragged urchins on the road below. Everything about the sport, so called, offends the senses. The sum of pain is greater than in most shooting, for the birds are mauled before being released from the traps. Their tail feathers are pulled out in order to make them rise more quickly and so increase the difficulty of the shooting. Those who support the sport — and they come from

both America and Europe — are perhaps chiefly concerned with the betting. It would be a libel on humanity to suggest that such a sport in such a scene will be allowed to continue into the golden age. We gather no sanction for such exhibitions of slaughter from the pounce of the hawk or the spring of the panther — 'They are beasts and we are men.'

IV

These contradictions and excuses, these controversies between humanitarian and sportsman, one as short of logic as the other, bring me to what I consider, not the conclusion of the whole matter, for we never reach that in humane affairs, but a working creed. Let it be presumed that we all want to advance beyond the brute in all the thoughts and actions of our life, according to the great Hegelian principle that in most conflicts one conception of good is fighting another conception of good, not good fighting evil. Let us recognize that the vivisectionist is a man of science who has the welfare of humanity at heart, that the sportsman who uses either the gun or the rifle may be an ardent naturalist and hater of cruelty, that the sentimentalist and humanitarian are not necessarily hypocrites because they eat meat and countenance the trapping of vermin or the extermination of a species. We can only advance to the end of a reduction of the sum of pain by general coöperation.

As things are at this moment in history, abuses horrible in the eyes of both sportsmen and humanitarians flourish in our midst in every country. On the lovely stretch of coast where France and Spain touch hands near Fontarabia, you may see any day in the breeding season gunmen slouching along the sands, firing promiscuously into flocks of dunlin, sea birds, and wading birds, and not so much as troubling to gather what birds they may kill or maim. The west side of Britain, where nature has conspired to heap up peaceful beauties, is made hideous over wide areas by the professional, commercially-minded rabbit trappers whose steel-toothed traps set in the open kill and maim not only the rabbits for which they are set, but dogs and cats and vermin and birds of all sorts. You find among the gorgeous mountains of North America evil traps holding the skeletons of the animals for which they were set. The trappers have neglected their own grim engines.

We may hope that the great sanctuaries and reserves, which provide almost all that a naturalist could desire, — the Yellowstone Park, Banff, the Government areas of East Africa, — will extend, and that on these wide native parks will be preserved beyond reasonable danger of total extermination the species of great animals who have roamed the wilds. Yet, even so, some animals must be excluded; and if they are to continue, the wild must be left untamed, the hunting ground be preserved. There is no reasonable prospect that sport will cease, that men will no longer shoot or catch fish with a fly. All that is likely to happen is an increase of regulation. Those holocausts of caribou which have defamed Newfoundland cease, and everywhere the hunter is being 'rationed.' He may kill so many and no more. Trappers will be licensed and will be forbidden to set traps that they cannot visit immediately. Probably the nature of the trap will be regulated and humane traps invented, as humane methods of slaughter for stock have been perfected.

We must kill. All that we can ever hope for is to make the act quick and as painless as may be. Since this is so, the

one fruitful method of advance is for humanitarians and sportsmen to coöperate to the end of destroying agreed abuses, such as the indiscriminate use of the steel-toothed trap, or the shooting and maiming of caged pigeons. As an example of the reverse policy, I would quote the duel between the doctors and the antivivisectionists. I should say that nothing in this department of human activity, in what is called by the silly and ugly word 'humanitarianism' — nothing has so certainly arrested progress as the lying outcry against men of science who have endeavored to reduce the sum of pain and loss in the world by experiments on anæsthetized animals. One reason for the unhappy conflict is that science deals with the actual truth and sentimentality often with imagined truth. Humanitarians too often alienate their deepest sympathizers by unwarranted, though kindly, emotions. They are truthful, but not true. For truthfulness is a correspondence between word and thought, while truth goes further. It is a double correspondence: between word and thought and thought and things.

V

To the facts about the humanitarian movements of our age must be added a note on the philosophy of pain. What is it, and who feels it? Mr. E. K. Robinson, who had some reputation as a naturalist in India, in America, and in Britain, wrote a long book to prove that nature was not 'red in tooth and claw' in the human sense of the words; that pain as we understand it did not exist among animals other than man. His argument proved too much. His philosophy was too good to be true. He underestimated the penalties of pain as most of us exaggerate them, but his actual illustrations were all extremely accurate, and he might have gone yet a step further. An acquaintance of mine, a sportsman and no doctor, was forced to amputate the leg of an East African native badly mauled by a wild beast. The operation was successfully performed and the life saved, largely because the victim evinced no symptoms of pain whatsoever.

Similarly, in a South African war a white surgeon was called upon to extract from a native a bullet that was deeply embedded and had just touched one lung. As he pulled the bullet out, the native with a broad grin held out his hand and said, 'Give it me, Doc.' It is a common experience of medical science that these men are by natural instinct of the old Stoic philosophy, now sublimated in one aspect by Christian Science, that physical pain is not a great evil.

If some men feel like this, it is as certain as an inference can be that the sense of pain is yet further reduced as we descend the animal scale. We make all sorts of queer distinctions. Few humanitarians shrink from killing fish, and the reason is that they know of them as cold-blooded animals. Now a cold-blooded animal does not mean that the animal has *sang-froid*, as the French metaphor suggests, or that it is less susceptible to feeling. It merely means that its temperature varies according to the temperature of the surrounding medium. We have no absolute proof that an insect or a fish does not feel as acutely as we do, but the circumstantial and anatomical evidence are perhaps proof enough. I have seen a rabbit with a broken leg continue to feed as if nothing adverse had happened.

The pain that the sportsman inflicts is thus less than we imagine it to be, for half pain is thought. This is undoubtedly true, but the higher animals at any rate are very sensitive in their

several fashions to pain *plus* fear. And fear overwhelms them when they can no longer have any free play for their native and natural powers. It is for this reason that the trap which holds and hurts, but does not kill, is an abomination, a blot on our human civilization.

The animal in a trap will scream aloud and exhibit pain such as you see no traces of when an animal, whether bird or beast, is shot in the wild. Even a hunted fox or deer never exhibits, at least in my experience, any of the distressing signs of pain and terror that mark the behavior of a trapped creature.

Again, in respect of birds, whose sensitiveness is high and whose brains are considerable, probably more pain is inflicted by the ejection of waste oil on the sea than by any form of sport. The oil clogs the wings, robs the bird of its proper mode of motion, and leaves it consciously liable to any attack by its enemies.

To prevent cruelties such as these that do no service to anyone, though they are world-wide, is a proper object of common endeavor between nations and continents. Again it is, I think, beyond doubt that in ill-regulated slaughterhouses animals have agonized premonitions of the fate in store. Humane slaughtering is a duty laid on all peoples.

Even among sportsmen are some who nurse a half-mystic feeling that animals which die in fear provide a poisonous food; and medical science has produced some evidence in support of the belief. They find alien poisons in the flesh; and research into this strange example of the effect of mind, especially of strong emotion, on the body is going forward. However this may be, and the evidence is too little for dogmatism, we are all mystics enough to shrink from inflicting this pain of terror on this animal or that, whether we kill it for sport, or food, or clothing, or self-preservation. We may all coöperate, if we will, — research student and antivivisectionist, sportsman and vegetarian, male man or effeminate woman, — even these opposites may coöperate in a common effort to put an end to the acknowledged cruelties. We may postpone, till the date when they are remedied, the wrangles, often unseemly and buttressed by false prejudices, that too often prevail between professional humanitarians and amateur sportsmen.

FOUR LITTLE BUCKEYES[1]

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

I

My stepfather took a notion to keep a tavern (said Grandmother Brown). There was an old-fashioned hotel in town called the Brice House, and at three different times he rented it. Back and forth between the Brice House and our old home we moved. Once we went to Somerset, once to Logan, to keep hotel.

After periods at the Brice House or in Logan or Somerset, we were always glad to get back to our own father's dear old home. Nowhere else did we have the same conveniences. We did most of our work there in the summer kitchen. That was where we had the big brick oven. We used to fire it twice a week and do a sight o' baking all at once. We'd make a hot fire in the oven, and then, when the bricks were thoroughly heated, we'd scrape out all the coals with a big iron scraper, dump the coals into the fireplace, and shove in the roasts and fowls, the pies and bread. At other times we'd use the open fireplace. It was n't nearly so difficult to work by as people think. When we went to keeping house in 1845, Dan'l and I, he bought me a little iron stove, a new thing in those days. It was no good — would only bake things on one side. I soon went back to cooking at an open fireplace.

You know the look of andirons, crane, spit, reflectors. Our heavy iron vessels were swung from chains. When we wanted to lift the iron lids off, we'd have to reach in with a hook and swing them off. They had a flange around the edge. Many of our dishes were baked in Dutch ovens on the hearth. We used to bake Indian pone — that is, bread made of rye and corn meal — that way. We would set it off in a corner of the hearth covered with coals and ashes, and there it would bake slowly all night long. In the morning the crust would be thick but soft — oh, *so* good!

For roasting meat we had reflectors. Some joints we roasted in our big iron kettles with a bit of water. And others we put on three-legged gridirons which could be turned. These had a little fluted place for the gravy to run down. Chickens we would split down the back and lay on the gridiron with a plate and flatirons on top to hold them down. Oh, how different is everything now, encumbered with conveniences!

The difference between those who were naturally clean and orderly and those who were not was perhaps more marked in those days than it is now. It was so easy, for instance, since we had no screens, to let the flies spoil everything. My mother just would n't have it so. We were n't allowed to bring apples into the house in summer, because apples attract flies. If any of us dropped a speck of butter or cream

[1] An earlier chapter of these reminiscences was published in August. — Editor

on the floor, she had to run at once for a cloth to wipe it up. Our kitchen floor was of ash, and Ma was very proud of keeping it white. In the summer kitchen the floor was of brick, and it was expected to be spotless also. At mealtime someone stood and fanned to keep the flies away while the others ate. When Sister Libbie went to housekeeping, she had little round-topped screens for every dish on her table. That was considered quite stylish. Ma used to set some tall thing in the centre of her table, spread a cloth over it, and slip food under until we were ready to sit down. As soon as the meal was finished, all curtains had to be pulled down and the flies driven from the darkened room.

Our dishes for common use were white with blue edges. The finer ones were a figured blue. I remember, also, a large blue soup tureen with a cover and a blue, long-handled ladle, all very handsome.

Our forks were two-tined. They were n't much good for holding some things. But if we used our knives for conveying food to our mouths it had to be done with the back of the knife towards the face. We had no napkins; we used our handkerchiefs. Tablecloths were made of cotton diaper especially woven for the purpose. The first white bedspread I ever had was made of two widths of that same cotton whitened on the grass.

In warm weather we washed outdoors under the quince bushes. We used our well water. It was so soft, it was perfect.

We'd draw a barrel of water, put one shovel of ashes into it, and it would just suds up like soft water, so white and clean. We used soft soap, of course. Our starch was of two kinds, either made from a dough of flour worked round and round until it was smooth and fine, or made from grated potato cooked to the right consistency.

If one wants light now, all one has to do is pull a string or push a button. Then, we had to pick up a coal with tongs, hold it against a candle, and blow. And one had to make the candles perhaps.

I remember the first matches that I ever saw. Someone handed me a little bunch of them, fastened together at the bottom in a solid block of wood about a half inch square. 'Lucifer matches' they called them. I tore one off and set the whole thing afire.

Some people had tinder boxes. Some kept a kind of punk which would give off a spark when struck with steel or knife. Generally speaking, people kept the fire on their hearthstones going year in and year out.

We did not make our candles at home, but got them usually from Uncle Dean, who made candles for the town. Occasionally we had some sperm candles made of fine whale tallow. Besides candles, people sometimes burned sperm or whale oil in little lamps that looked like square-topped candlesticks. In the square top was a place for a bowl that would hold perhaps a half pint of oil.

My mother used to spin. She made beautiful fine thread. She taught Sister Libbie how to spin, but decided, before my turn came, that spinning was doomed to become a lost art, and that I might be better employed in some other way. I used to love to watch her at the spinning wheel. She had two wheels, lovely big ones. She used a wheel boy to turn her wheel. I can just close my eyes and see Ma standing over there spinning a thread as far as from here to the bed — say, twelve feet long.

My mother and her sister had some beautiful woolen cloth of their own spinning and weaving. Part of the

thread was made with the open, part with the crossed, band. They colored it with butternut bark, but the two kinds would never color alike, so that part of it was a light and part a dark brown. They wove it into a plaid and had it pressed, and then they made fine dresses out of it to wear to church. I remember too that my mother raised flax, spun it into linen, wove it into cloth, — colored blue in the yarn, — and made it up into a dress for me which she embroidered in white above the hem. I wish I had kept that dress to show my children the beautiful work of their grandmother.

Ma used to use Aunt Betsy's loom sometimes. When I was eight years old she wove me a plaid dress of which I was very proud. I remember the pattern: eight threads of brown, then one of red, one of blue, one of red, then brown again, in both the warp and the woof. It made the prettiest flannel, and that dress lasted me for years.

Women made their own designs for cloth as well as for dresses in those days. If a woman had taste, she had a chance to show it in her weaving. But, oh, it was hard work! You never saw warping bars, did you? Clumsy things, long as a bed. On them work was prepared for the loom. You had to draw each thread through a reed. I used to love to watch my mother weaving, her shuttle holding the spool with yarn shooting through the warp, then back the other way. When she had woven as far as she could reach, she would bend below the loom and wind the woven cloth into a roll beneath. Blankets made at home used to last a long, long time. Homespun things were good.

We had all the things that were really necessary for our comfort in those days and we had quite as much leisure as people have now. Always, too, we had time to attend church and Sunday School. . . .

II

You see I had rather a severe course in Domestic Science, but the rest of my education did n't amount to much. I must have been about ten years old when I quit going to Grandma Foster's school. Well, my education was about completed. I've had to get along without anything more than the fundamentals.

It was always uncertain, even in our schooldays, whether we could be spared from work. Some days we could go to school, some days not.

I used to be able to knit and read at the same time. Not so fast, of course, as knitting with my eyes on the work. But once my mother spoke sharply to me when I was knitting with my eyes on a newspaper. She spoke twice, and I could hardly bring myself to hear her. At the third call, Mr. Hatch, my stepfather, snatched the paper from my lap and threw it into the fire. No wonder I never learned anything!

When we lived at Logan, I went for a while to Mr. Parsons's school. I was thirteen years old then. I used to like the spelling matches we had there. I remember getting a ticket for perfect spelling. But I also remember having there the most unhappy experience of my school life.

Nowadays, when children show a talent for anything good, it is cultivated. I always liked to draw. One day I drew a cow upon my slate. Mr. Hatch — who, with all his faults, was generally kind enough to me — said: 'Now make a picture of *our* cow.' I did. 'Let me show it to your mother!' he said. 'Why, it's *our* cow!' she exclaimed, and they were much surprised that I could make a picture of our particular bossy. Once, in later years on the farm, I amused myself one rainy Sunday drawing pictures of Andy Brown and James Mitchell as they

sat talking together. 'Why, Mother, you're an artist!' Dan'l said, when I showed him what I had done.

I think I could have made pictures. I was always wanting to try. I could draw animals and I wanted to make landscapes, too. I remember once, when walking in the country with my mother, the scenery was so beautiful that I just longed to make a picture of what I saw. I wanted to sit and look and look. I sat so long upon a fence looking at the scene that Ma came running back to find me and chided me for lingering. In recent years, at a meeting of my D. A. R. chapter, I won the prize for drawing from memory the best picture of George Washington. I was the oldest woman present, too.

Well, one day at Mr. Parsons's school I drew on my slate a picture of a lace veil. I drew the string that went around the bonnet and showed the veil all puckered around the face with a heavy border at the bottom. I made it *so* pretty! But Mr. Parsons came up behind me and saw what I was doing. He took my slate, showed my picture to the school, and scolded me for wasting time on things like that. I never did again. I just wept. I thought I had committed a terrible sin. Mr. Parsons was a slender, tall man, but I can't remember how he looked. I had a dread of him. He cured me of trying to make pictures. Well, no matter! I've got along this far without drawing pictures; I guess I can make it the rest of the way.

But, though I was not encouraged to be an artist, I've always tried to make anything I had to make as beautiful as I could make it. My pats of butter I made in pretty shapes. I've always liked to sew and embroider. I've made some pretty things, if I do say it as should n't. I learned once to make wax flowers and enjoyed doing that. I made them well, too. I know that once when Dr. Rix and his wife were calling on us here in Fort Madison he suddenly noticed a bunch of flowers that I had made and put into a basket, and he called to his wife to come and see. 'Why, I thought they were real!' he said. But wax flowers are perishable, and I'd rather do embroidery. That lasts longer.

What did I have to read when I was a girl? Well, I remember *Pilgrim's Progress.* And there was *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained.* I always enjoyed poetry. I liked to read Cowper's poems. He was so fond of his mother.

Every week we had Sunday School books to read. They always had Christian teaching woven around the story of some boy or girl. I remember the first time I read the story of the Crucifixion. I read it through my tears. It was dreadful to my young mind. It is yet. In the first place, God created the first man out of the dust of the earth. The first one He created without any earthly parent. Then He created one out of the Virgin Mary. How terrible for her to see her son crucified!

A story I read as a child that interested me was a tale called *Prairie Flower.* It was the story of a pretty young girl who was stolen by the Indians. There was going to be an eclipse of the sun, a fact she knew. She told them that if they did so and so the sun would be darkened. Sure enough it was. From that time on, they feared her and did as she directed.

Yes, we had newspapers. The first one I remember was one called the *Western Spectator,* printed by a Mr. Maxon. Then came the *Hocking Valley Gazette,* which Nelson Van Vorhes, who married Sister Libbie, later made into the *Athens Messenger.*

Two books were presented to me when I was fourteen and sixteen years old that I set great store by. Nelson

Van Vorhes, when he was courting Libbie, gave me twelve copies of *Godey's Lady's Book* bound into one volume. When I was about sixteen, a Mr. Cook, who boarded with us, gave me a bound book of the *Family Magazine*. A careless person at the farm left those books out in the rain in later years and they were ruined. No money could have repaid me for them.

III

We had a good deal of attention, Libbie and I. When I married, at age eighteen, I accepted the third offer. We girls had plenty of opportunity to have a gay time with young men, because at that time Mr. Hatch was running the Brice House again, and many of the young men studying at the college boarded with us. Some of them were from the South, sons of rich planters, fine dressers and free with their money. But, although we waited on them at table, we never spoke to them.

In the dining room was a great coffee urn kept hot by a heated iron rod that ran down the middle. We used to draw the coffee from this urn and pass it to the boarders. Among them was a young man called 'Cap' Reed. 'Why don't you take those Foster girls out somewhere?' he was asked one time. 'I'd just as soon think of asking Queen Victoria for her company,' he answered.

Later, he married my lovely cousin, Lucinda Dean. But his remark showed how we held ourselves aloof. I remember that years afterwards, when my mother visited me on the farm, she said: 'Maria, you never gave me an anxious moment in my life and I never put you to a task that was n't well done.' Well, I am glad I never hurt her. She had hurt enough. . . .

Of course we went around with the Athens boys. We went to picnics and dances, to singing school and campaign rallies.

I remember going with other young people to see torchlight processions at times of political excitement. We were in the Logan campaign of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.' Our Republican young men called themselves 'The Log-Cabin Boys' and they sang: —

'Oh, Van (meaning President Van Buren), don't
you know that you're a used-up man?
For the Log-Cabin Boys go for Harry of the
West,
And you'll soon see that you can't shine.'

They had a float with a live tame bear on it, also a log cabin in which was a cider barrel. This float moved slowly through the streets with young men marching before and after it, carrying lanterns and torchlights, and singing their log-cabin songs. 'We'll beat little Van' was the constant refrain. President Van Buren was very unpopular in that part of the country. It was the time of 'shinplasters' and financial distress of the sharpest kind.

In Athens our set would go out hunting wild flowers. There are so many pretty hills around there, and in the spring they were covered with dogwood blossoms and other lovely flowers. The grass was so soft and deep you'd think you were walking on top of a feather bed. We'd take along things to eat, things like pickled string beans and pickled peaches — the clings were our choice. After you'd eat one of those, my, but you could sing!

Our favorite amusement, I think, was singing. Everybody went to singing school in those days and learned to sing with the help of a tuning fork. I don't like to hear accompaniments. Better the voice alone. Dan'l's cousin, Perley Ward, had a song bird in her throat — I never heard such a voice.

I've no doubt it was equal to Jenny Lind's. Dan'l himself taught singing school, and up to the last I loved to hear him throw out his chest in church and let out the Doxology. That was something worth hearing.

This was one of our favorites: —

The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills
With the blushes adorning the meadows and fields,
While the merry, merry horn calls 'Come, come away!
Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day!
The stag roams before us, away seems to fly
While he pants to the chorus of the hounds in full cry.'

I don't like the sentiment of that very much. It sounds cruel, but that is what we used to sing.

Then follow, follow music and the chase,
While pleasure and vigor and health we'll embrace.

Here's a sad one — though the tune is nice — about a dying girl saying as she draws near her home: —

'Are we almost there?
Are we almost there?' she'd ask.
'Are these our poplar trees
That rear their forms so high
Against heaven's blue dome?'

Then comes something I don't remember. Afterwards, —

Her quick pulse ceased —
She was almost there.

That was something to hold us down a little, so we should n't get too gay.

We liked dancing, too. But most of my dancing was done at dancing school. When we lived in Logan, Mr. Saunders came from Lancaster once a week to teach us. In Athens I had lessons two terms from Mr. Crippen. The dancing school always met in the afternoon, girls and boys practising separately at first. When both had learned the steps, then we came together. We danced to the music of fiddles and they called off: 'First lady forward! Seven hands round!' There were no round dances. Our teachers taught us to take little steps, to move forward and back genteelly. With some pride and dignity! Why, I could do it now, if I were on my feet — one, two, three, four, five, then back again; six, seven, eight, nine, ten. That was the way to do it — so rhythmically and beautifully. Now they grab each other and go seesawing around. The contra-dances took in the whole room. It was lovely to see them do it, the girls so pretty and modest, in those days, their dresses ankle-length. When they honored the partner, they did n't just squat that square way, but they must lean to one side gracefully.

When we were living on the farm I taught my children to dance. Afterward, when Lizzie first came to Fort Madison, she was complimented on her dancing. 'My mother taught me,' she said. A shout went up. They thought her a wicked mother, I suppose, who would teach her child to dance. But, if it were wicked to dance, it would say so in the Bible. If it had said, 'Thou shalt not dance,' I would not have done it, for I have kept all the Thou Shalt Nots. But it does say that when the Prodigal Son came home and fell on his father's neck and kissed him the father put a ring on his finger and ordered music and dancing.

IV

Perhaps I should n't have married quite so soon if my father had lived. But since I could n't go to school any more, and living at home meant for Libbie and me simply working for a lazy stepfather whom we loved none too well, it was only natural that marriage should tempt me when nice young men proposed it. As I said before, I had three offers by the time I was

eighteen. One of them was from a young man who was studying for the ministry. The second proposal came from one who had considerable money. He was a Catholic, but he wrote my mother that he'd become a Protestant if I'd have him. My mother and brother rather encouraged him, but I had no love for him. He liked to never give it up. He wrote to my brother and he asked a friend to intercede for him. How foolish! But then, that's the way men do when they set about wanting a girl.

And the third suitor was Grandfather Brown. 'Dan Brown' nearly everybody else called him. But I always called him 'Mister Brown' until we were married, and then I called him 'Dan'l.'

How long had I known him? Ever since I was born, in a way. You see, his sister Maria was my Uncle Hull's second wife. When I was a new baby she came, bringing that little boy to see me. He was five years old. She used to tell me that she said to him, 'Now this might be your wife some day!' How true it's come about!

I remember some years later watching that boy with the palm-leaf hat that had a narrow green ribbon round it. I never forgot that little white hat — it looked so clean and bright.

His folks lived in the country, a mile from the town of Albany. They had come there from Amesville a couple of years before Dan'l was born. Dan'l's father, William Brown, was the second son of Captain Benjamin Brown, an officer of the Revolution, whose people had been prominent for several generations in Worcester County, Massachusetts, not very far from where my father's grandparents had lived.

The farm at Albany was small and four sons rather overmanned it, I suppose; so when Dan'l was about thirteen he was apprenticed to Ezra Stewart and came to live in Athens. Dan'l was the youngest of eight. Let's see: the others were Maria, Emma, Benjamin, Betsy, Lydia Ann, Austin, and Leonard.

Dan'l's mother was a Brown, too, daughter of Esquire Samuel Brown, a nephew of Captain Benjamin's Her name was Polly.

I could never get acquainted with Dan'l's mother. There was a chilly atmosphere about her I could not penetrate. It seems to me that I never saw her smile. Her sister, Aunt Betsy Dickey, was just the opposite, always smiling. She was lovely. And I loved Dan'l's sister, Lydy Ann, too. But, though Dan'l's mother seemed cold to me, I realize that she was a very smart, capable woman. She taught Dan'l to spin when he was a little boy. He had to do his stint each day. She made the linen diaper called bird's-eye, and made very beautiful linen sheets for the beds. She was a woman of strongly marked character. Her face showed that. She had what you might call advanced ideas and she was a great reader. Every afternoon she'd take her paper and lie down on the bed to read. She knew more about politics than any woman I ever met. She was an abolitionist in politics and a Universalist in religion. Not exactly popular causes. She rather courted argument on those subjects, and they used to say that she was hard to beat in discussion, for she read so much that she always had an answer that was pat. She was above the average woman all round.

From the time he was apprenticed at thirteen until he was twenty-one, Dan'l lived in Athens. Ezra Stewart had a general store and also conducted an extensive cattle business. He supplied the community with every kind of merchandise it needed. Codfish and molasses, iron and nails, pins and

ploughs. He took his payment often in cattle and horses, hogs and sheep, selling them to the Eastern and Southern markets. At first Dan'l was just a long-legged little boy helping around the store and going back and forth to the homes of his sisters, Maria and Emma. When he grew older he used to go East with the men driving herds of cattle across the Alleghenies all the way, sometimes to Philadelphia. They always used to have one horse and two or three men going along with a drove of cattle, because often one of the steers would take a start in the wrong direction and it would be necessary then for the rider of the horse to head it off and get it going in the right direction. When Dan'l was twenty-one he went into business for himself at Amesville with Austin Dickey, whose mother, Aunt Betsy Dickey, was Dan'l's mother's sister. Dan'l had saved five hundred dollars in his seven years' apprenticeship and 'Aut' Dickey's father, a well-to-do farmer, gave him a like sum. They set up a general store and merchandising business under the firm name of Brown and Dickey.

After Dan'l began to pay attention to me I would never go to Stewart's store, for fear folks would say I was going in there to hang over the counter with Dan Brown. But about that time he came to the Brice House to board. The first time I remember his ever noticing me was one day when everybody else was at dinner and I sat in the front room by the window. He came by and stopped to speak to me. We looked at each other. That was nothing, but I remember it. And I remember also getting a real love letter from him once when he had gone East with a drove of cattle for Stewart — a love letter with a leaf of wintergreen in it.

One night some of us were invited to a party at Uncle General's. Uncle Dean drove us there — his girls and Libbie and me — in his fine carriage. He told us, as he set us down, that he'd come for us at a certain time and not to keep him waiting. At the party we got to playing 'Pon Honor. You know what that is? You make a pile of hands, then pull them out according to number and the one that's left has to answer all questions asked him, truthfully, upon his honor. We all put our ring hands on the pile. There was no ring on my hand. Dan'l said, 'I'll lend you mine.' Afterward, when Dan'l had gone into the hall, Uncle Dean came for us, hurrying us along in his quick way. 'Oh, Mr. Brown, here's your ring!' I called. 'Give it to me some other time,' he answered. I did n't want to keep it, and when I got home I woke Ma up to tell her I had Dan'l Brown's ring. 'Child, go to bed and don't worry about it,' she said. A few nights after that I went to singing school. Dan'l was there and I offered him his ring. 'Just keep it awhile,' he said, backing off when I held it out. 'I'll tell you: when you get tired of me, just hand me the ring!'

I never gave it back. Behold the result! Here I sit with one of his boys taking care of me — some eighty years after.

He asked my mother's permission to marry me right before my face. She came in to where we were sitting and he suddenly said, 'Mrs. Hatch, I have a boon to ask of you.' 'What's that?' 'I want you to give me your daughter.' I did n't know he was going to say it then.

V

Libbie and I were married on the same day — the twenty-third day of October, 1845, at eleven o'clock in the morning in the best room of our old house, by the Reverend S. M. Aston, who was a friend. There were no

bridesmaids, no presents. Those things had not come in fashion then. We did n't set out to have a big wedding, but when we had assembled all the Fosters and the Van Vorheses and the Browns it made a big company. I know it took two turkeys for the wedding dinner.

What else was on the menu? Pound cake at that time took the lead. We had fruit and pickles, mince pie — a good fat dinner.

What did the brides wear? Oh, our dresses were alike, of course. Except in the sleeves. Libbie's sleeves were short, mine were long. I never liked to show my arms. Why not? Oh, I just did n't. There's nothing wrong with them, either. Once a woman who worked for me, seeing my sleeves rolled up as I worked, said if she had arms like mine she'd never wear sleeves at all! Well, the dresses were white. They were made with tucks and lace. That fine, soft, switchy stuff. I forget what they called it. Oh yes — India mull! The skirts were plenty full. Girls look so much better with their skirts full enough across the back so that they don't draw. Persons should make their clothes according to their figures. At least, that's my taste! We wore white kid shoes and we had orange blossoms in our hair. At the time we were married, it was the fashion to part the hair on each side, pulling it straight back in the middle and gathering it behind each ear into a bunch of curls, which we held in place with side combs.

After the ceremony we young people had a round of parties. First we drove out to the country to Grandpa Brown's. There were fourteen carriages of us. Much joking and laughter, of course. Some of it at the expense of Dan'l and me! The slope in front of our house was awfully steep and the buggy stood on a side hill. I got in first. Then Dan'l went around on the other side to get in. When he put his foot on the step, the buggy tipped over with him. In a minute we should both have been in the dust, had I not sprung out and back to the step. I was pretty fleet of foot always.

Finally we were off, Libbie and Nelson at the head of the procession. But after a while there was a halt and a cry down the line. 'The bride's lost her slipper!' Swinging her foot over the side of the light buggy, Libbie had swung off her slipper.

We had laid off our white wedding gowns and put on dresses of balzarine, an open-meshed, figured cotton goods with a pattern of fern leaves on a blue ground. Very pretty. Our dresses were made with pointed waists and full skirts. We wore bonnets of fine white braid lined with pink sarcenet. Our stockings were white, our slippers black. We looked very nice. When we passed the college, driving out to Albany, all the students came out and gave us three rousing cheers. Just to think! I am the only one now living of all that company.

The next day we drove back to Athens and had a party at Van Vorheses', and the next day to Amesville, where Dan'l and I were to live. There was a party for us at the Ferris House, where Dan'l had been boarding — a big dance. There had been no dancing at our wedding. It seems to me out of place to have dancing at a wedding, but, when with Romans, do as Romans do. Dan'l was always so proud of my dancing. He did n't dance, but he had his partner, Aut Dickey, lead off with me in the contradance. They asked what music I'd like best and I chose 'Money Musk.'

Afterward Mr. Ferris's little daughter came and leaned against my knee and whispered, 'You were the prettiest dancer of all!' The next day we drove to Uncle Dickey's and had

another party. That ended it. Our married life began. My happy childhood was over.

VI

(Amesville, or 'Stringtown,' as it was sometimes derisively called in honor of its one street, was a straggling village on the banks of Federal Creek when Daniel Truesdell Brown brought home his bride, Maria Foster, in the fall of 1845. When it rained hard, that one street was a sea of mire. 'I remember parties at the little hotel in rainy weather,' says Grandmother Brown, 'when the girls had to be put on a horse and taken across the muddy street that way.'

But, rude as was the landscape, the Township of Ames was one of the most progressive of the early Ohio settlements. Nearly a half century had now elapsed since the first white settlers had cut their way thither from the banks of the Muskingum through twenty miles of virgin forest. Three hardy men they were who had thus adventured. One of them was Daniel's grandsire, Captain Benjamin Brown of Massachusetts, an officer of the Revolution who had been attracted by the Ohio Company's advertisements of lands for old soldiers. Coming to Waterford in the spring of 1797, he had made there the acquaintance of Ephraim Cutler of Connecticut — eldest son of our old friend, Dr. Manasseh Cutler — and of Lieutenant George Ewing of New Jersey, who, like himself, was an impecunious officer of the Revolution. Together these three fared into the wilderness. All were men of sterling quality.)

Yes, there were always refined and enterprising people in and around Ames (said Grandmother Brown), among Dan'l's kin and in other families.

I liked his cousins, the Glaziers. And there were the Boyles and the Walkers, the Rices, the Ameses, the Wyatts, and so on. I suppose that even in the earliest days they got together for good times. I've often heard about the logrollings, house raisings, corn huskings, and quilting bees that they used to have. By the time Dan'l and I came to live there nearly a half century had passed since Dan'l's grandfather had chopped his way through the wilderness. The land had been cleared by that time. Farms had been developed, a village established. It was a prosperous countryside, but Dan'l and I were both so busy those years that we stuck pretty close to home and did n't do much visiting, except for occasional drives over to Athens.

I was held down by my housework and babies, and Dan'l had a full life in the store, with exciting trips South to New Orleans to sell produce and East to Philadelphia to buy goods. Dan'l always liked to keep a store. Many of the young men of that day were interested in hunting and fishing. He never was. He used to say that men who toted a gun never amounted to much. I think that one reason he liked being a merchant was because, in those days, the village store was a meeting place for everybody who came to town. People talked things over there. And Dan'l was always interested in politics. He liked to argue about public questions. He was like his mother in that respect — always reading the papers. He never took any part in public life, never held an office, but he followed the activities of government with interest and knew what was going on. His mother died about three years after we were married, so I did n't have much chance to hear her arguing with Dan'l.

Our home in Ames was n't much to brag of. We began with two rooms and a porch in a house which stood a little distance up the hill from the store.

Across the run, or creek, which we had to cross to reach the store lay an old gunwale of poplar. It had been intended for the side of a flat boat and had floated down there in some spring freshet. When the spring rains were heavy, the water rose almost to the gunwale.

Though I had n't much house, I had heavy housework from the first. Aut Dickey and two men who worked with him and Dan'l in the store boarded with us. Four hearty men to cook and wash for is all the work one young girl needs to keep her occupied. But I was ambitious to help get ahead in the world. And I was conscientious and used to working hard. So I put my shoulder to the wheel without complaint.

After a while we built a house near the store. But, oh dear, oh dear, it was n't at all what I wanted, nor what it might so easily have been. There was no upstairs, and no way of getting up into the attic space. Six rooms we had, and seven outside doors. And not a bedroom in it that could be swept properly. It was n't the plan I wanted. In time Dan'l came to advise people to have me draw their plans. I made over Sister Anne's house once so as to accommodate two families. Yes, at the end Dan'l got so he thought I knew it all. He told Lizzie once that her mother was about the best manager he ever saw. But it took a long time for him to realize it, and there was n't much to manage by the time he was convinced. That first house was one of his mistakes.

And now about the coming of my family. Well, my dear, I was always one to take things hard. Life has always meant so much to me. So you would n't expect me to have an important thing like a baby without some fuss. The pangs of childbirth! I once knew a woman who said it cost her no pain to have a child, but that was not my experience. In the Bible, whenever there is need to illustrate the utmost agony, comparison is made to the 'woman in travail.'

We were married in October and the next October Willie was here. I had grown up among babies and cared for them when only a child myself, and yet I was hardly prepared for the ordeal that awaited me. Even my baby clothes did n't seem to be quite right. Ma laughed when I showed them to her. 'Why, my dear, did you measure the cat?' she exclaimed. 'They are so tiny.'

And Willie was a big bouncing boy who nearly killed me as he tore his way into life. Ma was not with me then — only an aunt of Dan'l's and his cousin's wife. The doctor who attended me was a bad man, and drunken. First, he bled me — think of it! Then, after he had taken a pint of my blood, he gave me a cup of ergot to hasten labor. I was young and strong and he was anxious to be off. When my agony could go no further, I lost consciousness. All I remember is seeing my hands drawing up in front of my eyes. 'Oh, if they'll just drop me down, down into that black hole! Oh, if they only will,' I agonized, 'it will be all right.' When I came to, I heard a baby cry. 'Your beautiful baby!' they told me.

Twenty months later Charlie came. He was a nice-looking baby, too. My mother was there that time. When he was born, I said, 'Is that all?' 'My dear child, I should think that was enough,' Ma said. It was really a very happy day. Amesville was having a temperance rally and Charlie was born in the midst of the picnic, you might say. 'So I've been a Prohibitionist ever since,' he always says when reminded of the incidents connected with his birth, and it's true that he has

never tasted strong drink or tobacco. You see, it was this way: Tables for the picnic were set in the old orchard next to our place. My mother and the girl we had to help had baked things for the picnic. The Amesville people had prepared a fine dinner, and Libbie's husband, Nelson Van Vorhes, was to be the speaker. Ma had been teasing me right along, saying, 'I guess you're waiting for the rally day, Maria. Then you *will* rally, sure enough!' Well, I was sitting by the window looking out on the picnic grounds when I saw the big band wagon from Athens come driving over the bridge. It was a fine large red wagon, and the band boys wore red jackets and white pants with red strips down their legs. Brother John was leader of the band. I wanted to see him and visit with him that day, but instead I called, 'Ma, you'll have to fix my bed.' All through my labor I could hear the music, and I think it helped to dull my pains. Well, my boy Charlie's been wonderful fond of music ever since; he could always sing — could imitate a horn, too, so that you would n't know the difference. When the news of his arrival was taken to John he said to the members of the band, 'At noon we'll go serenade my sister and her new baby.' They played all my favorite tunes, Brother John knowing my choice.

When Charlie was four years old Lizzie was born. She was a big strong baby with lots of hair.

Two years later came Gus. He was so good-natured and smiling, the loveliest baby! He's a good boy yet. None of my babies was hard to get along with except Lizzie. She wanted me to hold her in my arms all the time. Gus was so fat that when I tied a ribbon around his wrist you couldn't see anything but the bow. I had to be so careful of him to keep him from being chafed or chapped all the time. Such creases in his legs! Such dimples in his back! We had no talcum powder in those days. My mother used to scorch flour, holding it on a shovel over the fire, and rub it on the babies, and I would tear old handkerchiefs into strips and lay them in the creases of Gussie's fat little body. We had no safety pins! It was necessary to be *so* careful in the dressing of little children.

These were my four little Buckeyes, all born in Ohio before I was twenty-eight. Later, in Iowa, I had four little Hawkeyes. The last one, your Herbert, was born two months before my forty-third birthday.

(*Grandmother Brown's next chapter will be 'Growing Up with Iowa'*)

THE WAY TO NEXT WEDNESDAY

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

THE mules stopped before a long white-washed log house, and the constable's four children jumped down from the jolt wagon. We lifted Sisyphus out, and the children proudly pushed the cart up the clean-swept path through the blossoming larkspur and zinnia.

A wiry red-haired woman in a starched blue calico dress advanced to meet us.

'Howdy,' she said quietly. 'Pappy 'lowed as how you-all'd kim erlong frum meetin'. I did n't go. I'm a Apostolic.'

The constable's wife wore that curious air of serenity which surrounds all Holy Rollers as an almost palpable aura; and her words carried good news. For never had we found an Apostolic in the mountains whose house was not scrupulously clean, or whose table was not bountifully and neatly set. Tidiness and cleanliness are articles of their faith, though they pride themselves on having neither creed nor church organization.

On the long sunny gallery where the trumpet vine clambered and the honeysuckle bloomed there was set 'the visitin' stand table,' with its bucket of 'drinkin' water,' a gourd hanging above the gleaming tin washbasin, and a white towel on its nail. This usually meant that the girl of the house expected a beau. Peter utterly disapproved of this custom; for the fact that a 'visitin' stand table' was not on the gallery would proclaim to a Sabbath world that a girl was not popular. But I explained to him that a girl in such a case would hang out the snowiest towel and the shiniest basin. I know *I* should.

On a cushioned bench in the shadiest spot sat an old man evidently just descended from a frieze of the Biblical prophets. This was Grandpap, the constable's father. Like his son, Joe Ross, he was unusually tall, but built more on lines of grace, and his long white hands did not appear toil-worn. He unfolded himself and stood before me, his childlike blue eyes gazing straight into mine. 'Howdy,' he said, and his eyes roved over Sisyphus. I thought I caught a gleam of amusement — a rare sight. For while a mountain man appreciates his own brand of wit, and may guffaw at a practical joke, the stony melancholy of his face is seldom brightened by a smile.

John immediately recognized Grandpap as belonging to his own world. Some have called our dog an impudent pup, because of his debonair manner and his airs and graces ill befitting, perhaps, his sex or his species. He is an untrained hunter, for we limited his education that he might not prove too attractive to Alabama negroes. But because of his alert air mountain men often tried to trade a good 'houn' dawg' for him. Now he pushed Grandpap gently with his paw, and asked him politely to move over. It was months since John had seen a cushion! Grandpap knew dogs. He moved over, but

did not offer to pat a strange dog. Instead, he said in a tone not too humbly ingratiating, 'Wal, I hyars ye air a murch-traveled purp. Whut ye good fur? Kin ye hunt?'

He spoke quietly, as to an equal, and John answered with a wide, appreciative smile.

I went into 'the room' and put my wilted hat on the towering snowy bed. The table was set in the cool 'dogtrot,' and, though there were no screens, there was not a single Apostolic fly!

'Grandpap!' called Mrs. Ross from the open door across the dogtrot. The old man left the gallery and joined her.

'Why n't ye putt on yer good clo'es fur the baptizin', Grandpap? Hit ain't too late yit. Now ye git behint ther baidstid an' putt 'em on,' she added coaxingly.

'I did n't reckon, Arreny, as a baptizin' called fur a man's best. I 'low ther deesciples wore whut they happened ter hev on. I'm plumb clean — yis'dy wuz Sat'dy. Cou'se, mebby not as clean as a Apostolic man; but purty clean fur a Prisbyterian. An' I shore aimed ter keep thim clo'es fur a dawg fight, er ter be laid erway in, an' make ye perroud o' me oncet, Arreny.'

'Grandpap! Hit air plumb weeked ter timpt ther Lord 'ith idle words. Now, jist ter pleasure me, ye git behint ther baidstid an' putt 'em on.'

'All right, all right, Arreny. Though hit goes agin' my conscience ter pomper yer pride lak thet. An' ye a-aimin' at the Second Blessin'. It's pow'ful hot ter crouch behint a baidstid jist at dinner time. But I'll do hit!'

Presently Grandpap joined me on the gallery, looking a trifle uncomfortable but every inch the prophet, with a twinkle lurking in the awful innocence of his eyes.

We dined sumptuously in the dogtrot, and conversed in a most unmountainlike manner. Eating in the mountains is no occasion for levity, and often we have smiled inwardly when our hostess's voice has dropped to lower G and asked solemnly, 'Will you-all keer fur some o' thim pickeled beets?'

'This air a gret day fur ther county,' said the constable. 'Some o' the Harts an' some o' the Cowdens baptized right tergither. Ther same river a-bearin' ther sins erway. An' thim ornery boys frum Wildcat thet allers fit us — a-turnin' frum thar evil ways right hyar at Chicken Bristle. We're shore clearin' ther county o' liquor an' sin.'

'I 'lows, Joe,' said Grandpap gently, 'thet effen ye got iny holt over Brother Martin ye best hev him putt thim Harts an' Cowdens under ther water fust thing, an' not wait. I hyar thet sinners in yo'-all's church hain't shed o' ther sins twell they kims up outern the water. I dunno myself. But I'm thinkin' whilst they is still in the bonds o' sin an' ineequity they might take a crack at one another. My pappy war jist a lad whin thim Harts an' Cowdens fust broke out on one another over by Laurel-hell Holler. I 'low Wanderin' River hit'll be plumb choked up 'ith ther sins. Iverbody knowed hit war Steve Hart thet crippled Jack Cowden, an' hit war Jack as shot Sam Hart.'

'Grandpap,' said the constable apologetically, ''lows er man's sins kin be jist sprinkled erway. Mebby hisn could. He air lived a pow'ful lengthy good life.'

II

After dinner we set out at once through the 'dead'nin' lot' the short way to the baptizing. Above a furious little waterfall slept a blue transparent pool reflecting the willows and washing the white stones in its cool depths. Though we were cleanin' up the county I was not prepared to see the entire

county gathered here for purification. Such a throng! Mothers in Israel with glistening white sunbonnets, solemn men in workday clothes, youths in Sunday finery, girls and children in pink and gold and lavender like summer flowers on the river's bank, and babies in arms or asleep on the grass in the shade.

The preacher from Springdale stood, an impressive figure, at the head of a long line of candidates for baptism. We were cleanin' up the county in the only way — saving ourselves one at a time.

Suddenly we began to sing, softly and reverently, 'Just As I Am.' And the song, stealing on the silence of the summer air, was such a natural thing! The sound seemed to ooze from the landscape. As if the drooping willows, the placid water, the brooding hills, chanted their age-long song of peace and resignation. And we, the heavy-laden, fever-burnt with sense of sin, striving desperately for the spirit of the quiet hills — the peace that passeth understanding.

A gaunt man, with a white, set face, walked down into the pool. The preacher lifted high a sovereign hand. So still it was that we could hear the chuckling of the little waterfall below, and the swish of the reeds by the river. As the man came out of the water and climbed the green bank, I caught a look of rapture on his rugged face. It fell upon his stony countenance like a sudden sun in winter woods.

'Bud Hart,' whispered Grandpap. 'An' this'n a-comin' now air Charlie Cowden.'

'Though this pore body lies a-moulderin' in ther tomb,
An' soft winds gintly murmurs o'er hits quiet home,
An' strange sweet flowers in beauty thar will bloom,
Yit — I'll rest in Heaven.'

One after another. Grim-faced men bitten by a late remorse for wild deeds of lawlessness and revenge; adolescents, weighted with youth's sudden, piteous, intolerable sense of sin; weary, toil-worn women anticipating Heaven as rest from incessant labor.

'Thar is rest fur ther weary. Thar is rest fur ther weary.
Thar is rest fur ther weary. Thar is rest fur you!'

Always at the lifting of the steady commanding hand we fell silent; and the willows whispered and the little waterfall laughed. And the river, in the old, old rite of initiation and purification, stole away with its burden of regret, remorse, and despair. To these simple people an unquestioned command, blindly obeyed. But, I thought, beside this simple and beautiful ceremony, how clumsy and inadequate our confessions, complexes, and transferences to rid the soul of fear and of a sense of sin, when two thousand years ago a spiritual genius went straight to the heart of truth as a homing bird.

John, who had watched all this with interest as a curious game, had been standing quietly by my side. But when, at last, a little girl went under the water, he jerked his chain from my hand and dashed to the rescue. For John was raised on Mobile Bay and knows how far a youngster should go. Grandpap jumped for the chain, missed it, and gallantly put one foot in the water. But I clutched him firmly, and Peter plunged to an unexpected baptism and dragged John to shore.

'I don't 'low as I blame John murch,' said Grandpap. 'Hit air a big price ter pay fur her leetle sins — a-mixin' 'em all up 'ith thim Hart an' Cowden sins! Hit war more'n her sins kim ter.'

Peter flapped past in his wet clothes as Grandpap and I climbed the path through the dead'nin'. 'I hope,' said

Peter, 'that John and I did not queer the show. It was impressive — that baptizing. I wonder how much of it was vanity — inflated ego?'

'Why, Peter!' I cried. 'Of course vanity, egoism, hunger, sex, and human nature remained. But how good to think that fear, regret, remorse, and despair all drifted away on Wanderin' River to a sea of forgetfulness!'

'I 'lows thim things ye mintion, Peter,' said Grandpap slowly, 'is swep' erway in whut Arreny 'lows is ther Second Blessin'. Iver' Apostolic hes got hit, er aims ter git hit. I reckon it's a low-down streak in my natur', but I'm hopin' Arreny won't git hit twell I'm dwellin' in my heavenly home. Whin human natur's all washed erway, hit'd kinder seem lak a drink o' warm branch water in August. Kim over thisaway an' see 'em feed ther houn's.'

Lee, the eldest child, a boy of twelve, had hurried home to feed the hounds their evening 'dawg cawn braid.' Oblivious of our approach, he was endeavoring to control the hungry hounds and threatening them in extremely unapostolic language. The constable and his wife arrived from the baptizing, and the boy's mother said sadly, 'Hit air hard ter raise up our chillun amongst the ongodly as goes ter ther school.' The constable cried, 'Ye heish usin' language, Lee, er I'll whoop hit outen yer! Hyar, Tod! I ben offered more'n seventy-five dollars fur thishyar houn'. Th'ow me a chunk o' cawn braid fur him, Lee. Arreny makes the best dawg cawn braid in ther county!'

'Yeah,' said Grandpap. 'Iver' man in ther county says ther same 'bout his womern, I 'low. We got ter hearten the womern up, er they'd slay iver' houn' in ther kintry.'

I murmured polite admiration for Tod, but my words were as hollow as Tod's voice. Of course one must love all dogs, as one must love all men. But hounds are hard to love — lop-eared somnambulists, awakening only to the sound of a horn into maniacal, pursuing demons of chase. But Peter atoned for my hypocrisy with unfeigned admiration for Tod.

III

After supper we all gathered on the gallery in the moonlight, the air heavy with the scent of 'mawk orange' and honeysuckle. Katydids shrilled, and a whippoorwill, seeking his supper in the air, called plaintively, each unfinished cadence ending on the seventh, until I wished that he would shout just one exultant, satisfying tonic over some especially satisfying morsel. The children flitted about on the grass catching fireflies and imprisoning them in bottles. At last the constable called softly, 'Come on in, chillun. Turn thim lightnin' bugs loose, now, an' come in ter baidtime prayer.'

We knelt in the moonlight, our faces in the split-bottom chairs, and the constable abandoned his velvet voice for the long-drawn whine on the fifth of his scale — the tone reserved for addressing the Deity in the mountains. But it was a good prayer, tried and true. We had heard it that morning at church. After an appropriate introduction, the constable continued with a series of 'eenables.' 'Eenable us to *so* live.' At the third 'eenable' there came the blare of a hunting horn down by the river. The hounds came tumbling around the house, and some of the more venturesome leaped on the constable's kneeling figure, frantic for the chase. But the constable continued earnest in prayer. With each 'eenable' he would reach back a long leg and kick a hound off the gallery, punctuating his slow sentences — a light kick for a comma, a mighty kick for a period. Lee, kneeling beside me, I could see was uneasy.

And when a fortuitous kick was followed by a piercing yelp he turned and cried reproachfully, 'Pappy! Ye damned nigh kilt *Tod!*'

The constable closed hastily on an 'eenable' and rose from his knees in exasperation. 'Dad bum thim boys across ther river! Ther hain't nothin' ter hunt now! I've a good mint ter go over 'n' arrest 'em. I 'lows they's drinkin'.'

'I reckon, Joe,' said Grandpap gently, 'ye hain't cleaned up yit, *en*tire.'

The constable changed the subject. 'Now you-all jist wait twell arter dinner ter-morrer, an' I'll take ye ter Springdale so's ye need n't git inter harness 'ith the leetle wagon.' We knew the futility of trying to make a mountaineer understand that we loved our double harness, and the unfrequented ways, and so agreed to wait.

'Goin' in fur thet horrer ye sint fur in the mail-order Wush Book, Joe? Don't forgit my terbaccer.'

'Yeah, I aims ter stay the night 'ith Arreny's brother thar. He's got er garage, an' he'll show you-all the new co't house an' ther fire deepartmint.'

After breakfast Peter went with the constable to see his Holsteins; but I grudged an hour away from Grandpap, and followed him to the back yard to admire the new washing machine he had presented to Arreny for a 'Chrismus gif'.'

'Though aimin' fur the best, I air sometime wushful I'd a got Arreny somep'n else. I allers hes ter grind hit,' he said.

The back yard was clean and grassy, and shaded by gnarled apple trees which appeared to have been pruned with an axe.

'What a pity to mutilate those good old trees like that!' I cried.

'Whut's the matter 'ith 'em?' asked Grandpap. 'I mutulated thim myself. But effen ye knows a better way, arter I quit grindin' I'll git ther hatchet an' mutulate lak ye say.'

Arreny built a fire under a great iron kettle, and filled the machine with the best linen. 'What a good housekeeper your daughter is!' I said to Grandpap.

'Yeah, Arreny's a good womern — a leetle more savin' 'n I'm ust ter. Now Arreny jist won't putt enough soap in ther machine ter wash clo'es quick. Whin her back's turned I allers slips in er piece I carries in my pocket, en she niver knows hit.' He produced half a bar of yellow soap, but at that moment Arreny looked into the machine. To cover his embarrassment Grandpap bit a chew from his plug of tobacco and slipped it with the soap into his pocket. 'I niver did think ter see the day I'd chaw store terbaccer, but,' he sighed, 'they don't raise hit no more hyarabouts.'

Arreny replenished the fire under the kettle, and Grandpap hurriedly slipped something from his pocket into the machine, and cranked rapidly. I sat on a bench and listened to the murmur of the bees in the 'yarb gyarden,' and watched the vanishing mists above the encircling hills. Arreny came and looked into the machine. 'Kingdom come! Whativer's the matter 'ith thim clo'es! They is as yaller as pumpkins! They is plumb ruint!'

Grandpap peered in anxiously. 'I 'low,' he said, 'thar must a ben some chemikile in thet store soap ye use, Arreny. I reckon hit spiled 'ith ther heat.'

'Wal, I kain't bile 'em lak thet. I 'low I'll hev ter tote 'em ter the river an' wash 'em. Ther well air most give out.' And Arreny sighed wearily.

'Let Grandpap and me take them to the river,' I said. 'I've seen foreign women wash in the river. It seemed great fun.'

Grandpap and I carried the heavy

basket of wet linen — a stick through the handle — to Wanderin' River; and Grandpap shook his head sadly. 'I'm gittin' ole an' childish. I hain't ter be trusted no more a-tall. I reckon I th'owed in ther wrong piece. Now I hain't got no terbaccer, an' my Sunday shirt's as yaller as gold! I ort ter not putt hit on yis'dy!'

We sat happily on the grassy bank and let the busy little waterfall wash the linen on the clean stones.

'Fish?' said Grandpap, in reply to a question of mine. 'No'm, whin we wants fish ter eat we seines 'em. Oh, ye wants ter ketch 'em! Wal, ye git Joe ter drap you-all out whar the road goes up ter Nixt Widnesday's. Hit air jist three whoops an' a holler round ther mounting. Hit'll not misputt Nixt Widnesday to hev you-all stop by an' fish in thet-thar lake in Wanderin' River whar he don't 'low nobody ter seine.'

'Next Wednesday! Is that his name?'

'No'm, his name is rightly Robert Cole, but iverbody calls him Nixt Widnesday. Ye see, he air a friendly man, but he air plumb set agin' tradin' an' business. But he raises mighty fine stock, an' whin inybody kims ter buy a cow-brute offen him he allers says, "Kim over nixt Widnesday. I kain't be pestered 'ith no-'count things ter-day." An' hit air ther truth thet he won't pay nobody fur nothin' only on a Widnesday. He 'lows he kain't spar' the time frum fishin' 'n' readin', an' hev his time broke inter thataway. He a widder man, an' his onliest chile's a gal.

'Nixt ter Dottie Crawford, Burnis wuz ther purtiest gal in ther sittlemint, an' er long ways the peartest. She teached Chicken Bristle one term. One day Link Martin he wint over 'n' tole Nixt Widnesday he war goin' ter marry Burnis. Hit lak ter kilt Nixt Widnesday. Ye see, he'd rared up Burnis kinder lak a boy an' made kinder a friend outen her. He jist booted Link outen the house. Some claims he pursooed him 'ith a shotgun. But thet, I 'low, is er lie. He air a plumb peaceable man. But I hed hit frum Link's own mouth thet arter he booted him outen ther house he set out arter him an' ketches him at ther ford. Link claims he war a-cryin', an' he says: "Link, I hain't no manner o' right ter stand in Burnis's way. An' effen she's choosed sich a damned, dumb hillbilly as you, she got a right ter her choosin'. But I don't aim ter set round waitin' an' grievin', countin' the days twell she gone. Ye kin hev her effen ye'll take her by nixt Widnesday." Shore 'nuff, they wuz married at Springdale nixt Widnesday. I wusht I could read lak Nixt Widnesday. Though I don't wush ter be witched by readin' lak him.'

'It might be a pastime for you, Grandpap.'

Grandpap, in that intent way of the very old, fixed his eyes on a green frog proudly swelling on the bank. 'No'm, I don't 'low as I needs er pastime. Ye see, whin ye is ole lak me, iver' leetle thing is cur'ous-lak. The fust long shadder o' the mounting on the grass in ther evenin' is wuth watchin' now, an' er frog er a hop-toad is a cur'ous animile lak me — hyar ter-day, an' gone lak me ter-morrer. No'm, I wants ter be enabled ter read ter 'spute 'ith Arreny. She reads ther Bible ter me a heap, an' dawggone effen I don't b'lieve she makes up some o' hit ter prove her Apostolic p'ints! . . . Dinged effen I don' b'lieve thet shirt's comin' clean!'

IV

We set out at once after dinner for the new 'horrer,' all three of us sitting in the wide spring seat of the jolt

wagon, Sisyphus in the back, weighted with jars of honey and muscadine jelly for ourselves and for Next Wednesday. John, frantic with delight to be on the road again, chased elusive rabbits through the bordering cotton fields.

'Cotton,' said Peter, 'seems to be the only crop which really interests you farmers here.'

'Yeah, I do 'low thet cotton hes kinder witched iverbody.'

'No wonder!' I cried. 'From its first pale, lovely blossom, through its squaring, down to its snowy, venerable head, it is fascinating!'

The constable leaned down and spat over the wheel with the wind.

'I hain't aimin' ter 'spute whut yer say, ma'm, but I 'lows thet cotton hain't no fascinatering plant ter me. Whut 'ith the army worm, an' the boll weevil, an' ther low price o' cotton, an' no way o' storin' hit, an' hevin' ter sell it right off ter pay fertilizer bills, not ter mintion doctor bills, a man don't scurcely git back his seed. An' hit works a turble weight on a rinter. Ye see, a rinter hes got ter putt in cotton er he kain't git no place. No'm, I'm 'bout turned agin' cotton. I'm a-turnin' ter Bermudy grass an' cow-brutes.'

The constable slumped down in the seat, slackened the lines up the long steep hill, and shifted his quid of tobacco to his off cheek. Peter felt for a cigarette, and I settled the camp pillow at my back.

'Hit war a creepin' cold day last fall, an' I war a-ridin' right erlong hyar. I rickolec' hit wuz jist afore I kim ter Chicken Bristle schoolhouse. I'se a-settin' in this hyar wagon, 'ith the lines atween my knees, joggin' erlong tryin' ter play er tune on a French harp I'd bought fur Lee frum sellin' my cotton fur 'bout half whut it orter a brung. The mules shied, an' thar war Hinry Embry standin' in ther road. He's a rinter frum over on Push Mounting. Hit war chillin' cold, an' his ole coat war tore an' flappin' in ther wind, an' Hinry air a widder man, an' he looked pow'ful puny. I stopped the mules, an' Hinry got in. He 'lowed he'd walked in ter Springdale 'cause one o' his mules war crippled. He hed ter git medicine fur his leetlest boy. Hinry claimed Jimmy war pow'ful sick, an' he 'lowed he wuz n't goin' ter live. He said he war n't sleepin' none hisself, an' the neighbors wuz plumb wore out 'ith settin' up. I tole him hit would n't misputt me none ter ride on home 'ith him an' set up. We'd stop by an' tell Arreny. Thin, lak a dad-bummed fool, ter kinder git his mind offen hit, I says: —

'"You take the lines, Hinry, an' I'll make a stob at thet tune I hyard on the phoneygraph at Nash's drug store ter-day. I'm takin' the French harp ter Lee. He's ben wantin' one so bad he kin taste hit! Nash 'lowed a feller named Susie made the tune up. Quare name. Hit's titled 'King Cotton,' an' hit goes somep'n lak this." An' I says cheerful-lak, "Hurrah fur King Cotton!" an' I lets out a blow. Hinry he th'owed down the lines, an' stud up in ther wagon, an' shuck his fist at ther sky, an' he snarls lak a trapped varmint: "Ye-e-ah! Blow yer damn ole harp fur King Cotton! See thet ole tore-down schoolhouse by ther crick! Three months school, an' our chillun a-growin' up ignerant hillbillies lak us afore 'em! Ye knows hit's so! They'll allers be too pore an' too ignerant to be nothin' else. They's a-hoein' an' a-choppin' an' a-pickin' fur King Cotton! Hurrah fur King Cotton! Hurrah fur King Cotton!"

'He kep' a-yellin' hit lak a screech owl twell ther mules tried ter run. And he wint on a-standin' up an' wavin' his arms, an' pintin' at ther

cotton fiel's: "Nary man kin rint er acre o' land lessen he promises ter putt in cotton. Cotton! A-plantin' no cawn, no grain fur ter feed his stock ner his fambly — not even time fur a gyarden. Hurrah fur King Cotton! My womern!" he screeched. "Dead 'ith her babe! Drug thim heavy sacks in pickin' season twell her time — fur King Cotton! An' now Jimmy, peartest of 'em all — jist six — his mammy aimed ter make a preacher outen him — a-pickin' cotton 'ith his sore leetle fingers twell he whimper in his sleep lak a dreamin' houn'! Dyin' now. Hurrah fur King Cotton!" An' he sets down suddent an' starts ter cry. Thar 'peared ter be nothin' I could rightly say, so I says hit.

'Arreny she pack up some vittles an' some healin' yarbs, an' we gits ter Hinry's by chore time. But, shucks! Ther minute I seen Jimmy I knowed thar wuz n't nothin' ter do but wait fur ther Angel o' Death. He wuz plumb burnt up 'ith the fever, an' he did n't know nobody, an' his leetle hands wuz pickin' cover a'ready. We et a snack, an' the neighbor womern wint home an' tuck the other chillun. Hinry wuz plumb wore out, an' wint ter sleep in ther room on a pallet. Hit war creepin' cold, an' ther wind riz, an' hit blowed th'ough ther cracks an' called as mou'nful as hants down ther chimbly. I wint out an' found some logs an' piled 'em in ther fireplace, an' sittled down ter read some in Hinry's Bible on ther stand table. I knowed thar war no use o' pesterin' Jimmy 'ith medicine. He could n't swaller no more.

''Bout midnight, all o' a suddent Jimmy sets up an' calls loud: "Pappy! Pappy! I picked forty pounds terday!" An' he died 'ith ther perroudist smile on his face I iver seen on ther face o' ther dead.

'Hinry he wakes up, an' he grabbed me an' shuck me lak a rat! He yelled: "Jimmy wanted *me!* I heerd him! He called fur me! An' I war n't thar! An' he's gone foriver! Dern ye! Why n't ye wake me!" Thin all of a suddent he says, pow'ful pitiful: "Whut'd he say, Joe? Whut'd Jimmy say ter me?"

'I choked up, but I tells him: "Hinry, ye heerd him. He says, 'Pappy! Pappy! I hyar ther angels a-callin' me!'"

'Yeas, sir, I lied jist lak thet! 'Ith my hand on Hinry's Bible, an' right in ther room 'ith ther dead! But I 'low as I done hit fur Hinry — er fur thet-air King Cotton — niver could deetermine rightly whicht. But I niver tole Arreny! Hit'd most kill Arreny ter know I lied in thim sarcumstances. No'm, I 'low I'm plumb th'ough 'ith cotton, lessen somethin' changes.

'Hyar's you-all's road up ter Nixt Widnesday's. You shore you-all don't wanter go on ter Springdale? To my mind he air got ther lonesomest place in ther mountings, an' it 'pears lak jist three whoops an' er holler up thar, but you-all'll scurcely make hit by sundown. All right, thin. I reckon we-all won't meet no more in this worl'. Far' ye well, an' the Lord's blessin' on ye both!'

We gave one last shuddering look at the green fields of cotton, and pushed Sisyphus along the white sand between thickets of laurel, under the arching trees.

But after a while the feel of the good earth under our feet, the whisper of the leaves above us, the laughter of the little stream where John lapped gratefully, all stole upon us again. The old merciless, generous, capricious, changeless mother of us all knows best how to lull her own children to forgetfulness. And we pushed on, comforted, up the steep way to Next Wednesday.

JUDAS IN PURGATORY

I

LUCIFER, O Lucifer,
Come again to Heaven.
Your sin has been surpassed,
The lowest and the last,
The greatest sin has passed
To crown the awful Seven.

Lucifer, O Lucifer,
Sad rebel fixed in flame,
Iscariot has torn
The Christ heart on a thorn,
Has edged the sword in scorn
And dipped the knife in shame.

Lucifer, O Lucifer,
Our tears have turned to stars,
Our sorrow fell in snow
On Eden long ago,
While Adam in his woe
Yet beat against the bars.

II

Iscariot, Iscariot,
The Harlots go to rest,
The Secret Sinners creep
To fold with snowy sheep,
Yet Sin lies in your breast.

Iscariot, Iscariot,
The purging will be long.
The stars will shrivel thin,
And still the world's last sin
Will hold you sick and strong.

Iscariot, Iscariot,
Red pain and fire have passed.
God wipes away the stars,
God breaks your ancient bars,
God calls you Twelfth and last.

EILEEN SHANAHAN

CONVERSATION ON AN ISLAND

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'This is a happy surprise! When did you come?'

'Two hours ago.'

'And you've been waiting all this time? I'm sorry. You should let me know when to expect you.'

'It does n't matter. I've had a pleasant afternoon on your verandah, reading, listening to the mynah birds, and watching the light change color on the lagoon. The mynahs interest me. It is easy to imagine that they are actually conversing, exchanging ideas; and they seem to have as many moods as there are hours in the day, with a call to suit each one.'

'They are too quarrelsome, I think, for such a peaceful little island as Tahiti. Anyone would know that they had been imported. . . . What have you been reading?'

'Robert Frost's poems. This small volume seemed to bow itself into my hand from the shelf, as though it expected to be taken down. I noticed that your Carl Sandburg is held firmly in place by spider webs.'

'That was a gift volume — none of my own choosing. You may have it if you like.

'My sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

'Did you read that? And "Going for Water," and "House Fear"? It seems extraordinary to me that twentieth-century America could have produced Robert Frost — or, rather, have failed to crush the poetry out of him.'

'I like his sonnet called "Mowing" better than those you have named.'

'Read it aloud, will you?'

'There was never a sound beside the wood but one.
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound —
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.'

'"And scared a bright green snake" — I wish that might have been altered.'

'What! Do you object to the little green serpent streaking away through the grass? It belongs there; it's precisely right.'

'Yes, I see that now; it does belong. I suppose it was "scared" that grated on me, but I don't see what other word he could have used.'

'The line that follows is the one I hoped you would notice. "The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows" — that is what all scythes whisper to

the ground, and all men to themselves, both in thought and in action, as long as they have breath in their bodies. What a world of difference between Frost's way of saying this and Longfellow's "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose"!'

'You believe it, then?'

'Don't you?'

'The mere perfect saying of it in this case seems to make it valid; but in my opinion the facts that labor knows are not the only ones, nor do they necessarily give rise to the sweetest dreams.'

'Now what do you mean by that?'

'Precisely what the words import. But men will never see alike in this matter — and fortunately so, for us idle ones. Let those who must, mow, and take pleasure at evening in the fact of their labor and its accomplishment. Let those who will — only a handful of the sons of earth — sit idly by, watching their own fields of uncut grass ruffled to a deeper, richer green by the summer breeze, and dappled by the shadows of clouds. They will have pleasure and profit — as great in degree, perhaps, as that of the mowers — in the indisputable fact of their idleness.'

'This kind of nonsense is what comes of rambling in the hills so often. I suppose that is what you've been doing all day?'

'Yes. I went far up the Haapape plateau to that highest point you can just make out from the road. It's the most beautiful spot on Tahiti, and save for myself and a few natives who pass that way to gather mountain plantains no one goes there from year's end to year's end. And the same is true of all the hills, plateaus, upland valleys, and mountains of the island, as you would discover if you were not so lazy. Once the narrow fringe of coastal land is left behind, you have more than one hundred square miles for a pleasure garden, and no one ever to disturb you in it.'

'The sea is a pleasure garden large enough for me, and a thousand times more varied in its interest than your mountains. How wide a view do you have from that highest point?'

'Don't expect me to tell you. You must visit the place for yourself, sometime. Now and then I can make out your little boat, and although you are miles offshore you seem to be creeping just outside the barrier reef. From my eyrie I can see the rotundity of the world, and in imagination I visit thousands of islands scattered over the downward slopes of the Pacific. I have come back to-day feeling so spiritually refreshed that it seems to me now that nothing could ever disturb, or depress, or sadden me again. These baths of solitude bring me a profound peace of mind and heart.'

'Perhaps I had better go? I might say or do something to mar your sense of peace.'

'It is less easily marred than you may think. Please stay! Let's have another of our desultory conversations. It is n't often that we see each other.'

II

'How do you occupy your time on these all-day excursions? What do you think about? What, for example, were you thinking to-day?'

'For a part of the time, of nothing at all. I have acquired the habit of reverie; but often it is something deeper than reverie. I sit for half an hour at a time, even longer, lost in what I can only describe as a dreamless dream, if that means anything to you — a waking trance that seems as deep as the sky itself on a cloudless day. At other times I am aware of my identity, but what passes over the surface of consciousness

disturbs it no more than cloud reflections stir the depths of these lagoons. I see the beauty of the shadows in ravines and hollows among the mountains, and I feel rather than hear the fern rustling in the wind, as though silence itself were making the sound as it flows seaward from the hills. Sometimes the call of a wood pigeon comes to me from an immeasurable distance; but that is as far as sensibility goes. I often think of it as sensibility lying somewhere between that of animals and that of vegetables.'

'Has it ever occurred to you that the habit of reverie might be a dangerous one to cultivate? Even in the South Seas you must keep some contact with a workaday world. You have your living to earn, and the worst possible preparation for that, it seems to me, is to sit on a plateau dreaming dreamless dreams.'

'Most of the good things of life have their dangerous elements, as someone has remarked before now. Common sense sometimes hints that my solitary rambles are a waste of time, or worse, but uncommon sense assures me of the contrary. I am convinced that much of the world's unhappiness is caused by the fact that men have lost the faculty of being idle. Think of the friends and acquaintances we have in common at home: how many of them are even moderately content, to say nothing of being happy, in their beautifully appointed treadmills? How many of them love the modern gods of Business, Efficiency, Speed, Creature Comfort, Luxury? They are typical of hundreds of thousands who have slaved the better part of their lives away to secure such blessings as these gods can offer, and they are beginning to recognize them for what they are. I believe that a change is coming soon — that it must come. Men will turn back to a simpler, ampler, more wholesome way of living, and once they do they will wonder that they were ever so foolish as to have been led astray from it. They will seek wisdom from Henry Thoreau rather than from Henry Ford, and refuse to be cheated longer by either business, social, or even family obligations of leisure, the most precious of all gifts.'

'This brings the discussion round to the old question: leisure for what? Only a small number of men really want leisure. There are untold thousands who would not know what to do with it if they had it; thousands more, who might have it, refuse to accept it at any price. They travel frantically from one place to another, from one country to another, from one distraction to another, in order to escape this boon. It strikes me that most of those who seek it find and enjoy it even in these days, and whatever their circumstances may be. Some have more than is good for them, and so they cultivate the habit of reverie.'

'I am not alone in thinking it a habit worth cultivating. Let me read you a passage from a very interesting article I found in a recent number of the *New Republic*. It is called "The Case for Religion," and was written by a hard-headed professor of economics. What is a man to do to save his soul in these troubled times? How is he to bring order and peace into his own life, however chaotic the spiritual and social conditions around him may be? This is one of the suggestions, and as it is the concluding one it was evidently considered of importance: "And one thing more let him learn: learn to be still — to sit or walk alone, say, an occasional half hour, not thinking, not reading, with mind and body as quiet as he can make them. Let him practise that stillness, persevering (for this is difficult) night and morning, until he have its secret. And all for the sake of adventure, to see what would come of

it, with no guarantee that anything would come except boredom."'

'And boredom is all that would come of it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.'

'My opinion of the average man is higher than yours. I believe that he has unguessed faculties for discovering himself; all that he lacks is the knowledge of how to get at them. Nothing could be better, as a preparation for his work of exploration, than to learn to sit quietly, his mind fallow, and his habitual nervous tension relaxed. Having acquired this faculty, he would never, willingly, lose it. Every man has it who knows anything at all of the art of living. It seems to me a great pity that there are no secular establishments where the distracted and harassed average man might go into retreat, as the Catholics do. If I had a fortune that I wished to use wisely, I would found such houses, and they should be free to those who knew how, or could learn how, to use them. They would be situated, some of them, in cities, but high-walled and secret from the outside world. Others would be in the loneliest possible places — in the deserts, in the mountains, at vantage points where wide views of the landscape might be had. The food would be simple and wholesome; all the appointments would be in keeping with the spirit of such an enterprise, and beyond the immediate vicinity of the houses wild nature would be in no way interfered with. Here men could throw off all care, and study to know themselves. They could be as solitary as they chose; their privacy would be scrupulously respected, but for those who wished it, and who, perhaps, lacked it in their ordinary lives, there would be evenings of stimulating conversation.'

'And who would do the stimulating?'

'Themselves. Men who seem dull and commonplace are often so only because of the soul-killing conditions under which they must live. Give them room to expand, to breathe freely and naturally, and they throw off lethargy as though it were an old coat.'

III

'And these houses for spiritual refreshment would be for the average man, you say — the man one sees at ball games and lodge meetings, in hotel lobbies and suburban trains. Well, it is fortunate that you lack the means to build your retreats, for the average man could be neither persuaded nor bribed to visit one of them. But, to come back to Tahiti and ourselves, I have often wondered why you stay on here, year after year. Is it because you love solitude so much?'

'Partly that, although one does n't, of course, have to come so far to find it. But the remoteness of this tiny island appeals to me in a particular way. Isolation is made tangible by thousands of miles of unfrequented sea stretching away on every side; you know that it can't be easily violated. Then, too, I love a circumscribed world, one small enough to be comprehended at a glance, so to speak, and yet large enough to offer a certain amount of variety in the way of landscape. In such a world you can keep your thoughts at home, occupied with affairs that really concern you; neither your time nor your energy is dissipated in thinking of extraneous matters. And for a lover of uninterrupted reading, what could be more delightful than a crumb of land in the middle of the Pacific? I am never for a moment lonely here, and almost never bored. By means of books and quiet meditation I have become more and more aware of the reality of the "uncovenanted society of spirits" Mr. Santayana speaks of in

one of his *Soliloquies in England*. Wait — let me find the passage.'

'I was glancing through your bookshelves this afternoon. How many volumes have you here?'

'Seven hundred odd.'

'Have you read them all?'

'Most of them two or three times. Nearly all of them at least once. A dozen or more gift novels I have not examined, and probably never shall; and no one, I imagine, ever reads a volume of "Complete Poems" from cover to cover.'

'What a striking picture of yourself these bookshelves offer! A stranger, examining these volumes, would be able to conjure you up — "the portrait of a man deduced from his library."'

'It would not be a good likeness. Many of the books I love most have been lost or left behind as I have wandered from place to place.'

'Supposing that you had to choose ten books to suffice you for the rest of your life: what ones would you select? I mean from those now on your shelves.'

'Could you make an offhand choice in such a matter? I should need many days for the decision.'

'Well, put it this way: if you had to make such a choice to-night, what ten would you most regret leaving behind?'

'We'll talk of that another time. This is the passage from Santayana; it concludes an essay called "Cross-Lights": "There is an uncovenanted society of spirits, like that of the morning stars singing together, or of all the larks at once in the sky; it is a happy accident of freedom and a conspiracy of solitudes. When people talk together, they are at once entangled in a mesh of instrumentalities, irrelevance, misunderstanding, vanity, and propaganda; and all to no purpose, for why should creatures become alike who are different? But when minds, being naturally akin and each alone in its own heaven, soliloquize in harmony, saying compatible things only because their hearts are similar, then society is friendship in the spirit; and the unison of many thoughts twinkles happily in the night across the void of separation."'

'He puts the case eloquently, but that sort of companionship is too ethereal for my taste. I prefer actual companionship, the presence in the flesh of other men whom I can see and hear and touch with my physical senses, men who emit their forces of attraction and repulsion as I do mine. The communion of spirit with spirit across a void of separation — no, no! Give me two or three good companions sitting cheek by jowl around a table, with several bottles of excellent wine before them. What if we do become somewhat entangled in a mesh of vanity and propaganda? That is because we are human. Conversation will only sparkle and crackle the more. Don't you agree?'

'Such conversations are delightful, but they are on an altogether different plane, it seems to me, from those Mr. Santayana has in mind. And even in this case I have heard you yourself say that you like your friends better at a distance, and that you enjoy their companionship more when you don't see them. Have your actual friends ever brought you the pure joy that you sometimes find through books? I doubt it; they disappoint you, and you them. That is why friendship in the spirit is usually to be preferred to such friendship in the flesh as chance may put in one's way in the course of a lifetime. Chance distributes its favors with such an appalling lack of forethought and discrimination, and, in the matter of friendships, more than likely the ones you receive are not at

all the ones you should have had, or would have chosen for yourself. Therefore one falls back gladly, of necessity, upon this uncovenanted society of spirits, one of the oldest and most valuable societies in the world. Books are not wholly necessary to its existence, but they furnish an excellent means whereby messages may be transmitted from one member to another. Here one finds the friendship most worth having, and humble men need not feel abashed in the presence of their betters. This is society in the highest sense, the true world democracy, and the only one there will ever be.'

IV

'But you need n't have come all the way to the South Seas to enjoy these privileges. You might have done that as well — even better — in New York City, or London, or Paris.'

'Perhaps. . . . But why do you live at Tahiti rather than at home, in the United States?'

'Because I like a tropical climate, fishing in tropical waters, and going to seed slowly and pleasantly.'

'You think one does go to seed here?'

'I know it. Consider our own cases as examples: we are neither of us anything like so alert, mentally, as we were only three years ago. We used to have delightful conversations — do you remember? We discussed everything under the sun, and agreed upon nothing. Now, when we have a difference of opinion it is usually only a momentary one. We dislike the mental effort necessary to sustain a disagreement; so one or the other of us is sure to nod his head drowsily and say, "Perhaps. . . . Yes, I suppose you are right," and that ends the matter. More often than not we gossip like a couple of old native women, rather than talk. We discuss island personalities and the small change of island happenings. Our visits to one another's houses and to those of our friends are becoming more infrequent every year. I sit on my verandah at Taonoa and you on yours at Arué, both of us in a pleasant stupor streaked through with sluggish musings. Days pass, each one like the day preceding. We are under the agreeable illusion that time is standing still for us, but if you pause to reflect you will realize that the illusion is the result of the monotony of our existence. Where there is no great variety of happenings from one month to the next, a year slips by before you are aware that it has fairly begun. You flatter yourself that you have acquired, through effort, the habit of reverie. No effort was needed. You are merely going through the same process of mental disintegration experienced by all white men after they have lived a certain number of years in such a tropical backwater as this. It is an inevitable process; it can be hastened, but not retarded. The island has put its stamp upon both of us. I am surprised that you have n't the wit to see it.'

'Why don't you fly, then, if you feel that? Why don't you try to save yourself before the disintegrating process has been carried too far?'

'I have just said that I enjoy going to seed. I am clear-sighted enough to realize what is taking place within me, but I don't care — I don't in the least object. I am now in my fortieth year. Thus far I have had as varied an experience of life as any man could wish, and more varied than I might reasonably have expected. I have followed various occupations among various races in various countries. I have known all kinds and conditions of people. Up to my thirtieth year my life was full of action, color, picturesque

incident. I have learned many things and unlearned many. During those thirty years, by hard thinking, I arrived at various conclusions with respect to the meaning of life and man's place in the universe — more particularly, my own place. By hard thinking I have discarded, in turn, these conclusions, each of which once seemed so plausible. I shall form no new ones. I no longer care whether there is meaning in life or not, or whether or not I am entitled to a place in the cosmical scheme. I have now had the place for a considerable number of years, and in the presence of that fact I can afford to be complaisant, if not impertinent, in my attitude toward the unseen powers, if there are any such. Fly from Tahiti? For what reason? And whither should I fly? To the United States? What chance should I have to go to seed there? I should not be permitted to. I should be coaxed, or bribed, or forced out of my quite natural desire to go downhill. I should be driven uphill to the very end, and so cheated out of my birthright to an agreeable old age. And think of the freedom of a special kind one has here: freedom from the influence of the mass mind, with its intolerance, its disregard for minority rights and opinions, its profound belief in material progress and in the idea that science will ultimately solve all the riddles of the universe. It is impossible for the individual living within the scope of this mighty influence not to be somewhat affected by it. This is one advantage in living here sufficiently important to offset a great many of the disadvantages.'

'But have you no desire ever to live at home again?'

'Why do you say "at home"? Don't you feel that Tahiti is home to you after all these years?'

'No; and that, I think, is one of the chief disadvantages in living here. All of my roots are still in America, in the upland prairie country of the Middle West. I now realize that it is futile trying to grub them up and transplant them on this little island. I shall have to do without ground-root nourishment for the rest of my life, but I have put forth innumerable aerial roots that thrive well enough in this environment.'

'I am surprised to hear you say that. It is not the case with me. I came to Tahiti taproots and all, and they are now comfortably embedded in the rich volcanic soil. Nevertheless, I know that I am an exotic northern plant and must suffer the consequences of so drastic a change of habitat. But although my growth here has been sickly, my decay will, I believe, be luxuriant and slow.'

'You talk as though you were already on the threshold of old age.'

'And so I am. I mean to depart from the foolish practice of most men of my years. They cling to the fiction that they are vigorous youngsters until, at the age of forty-five or thereabouts, the fact that they have long been middle-aged is forced upon them. They then persist in being middle-aged until they are almost ready to topple into their graves, crowding their old age into a scant year or two. I have known for several years that I am middle-aged. I now mean to skip the rest of that period and to enter upon my old age at once. Think of it! I have before me perhaps thirty or forty years to spend in this enchanting garden of eld. I shall have ample time to enjoy to the full an old man's pleasures. I shall read old books, sort over old memories, think of old friends, indulge myself in the gentle, half-melancholy reflections privileged to elderly men. My fishing will keep me healthy in body, and the humdrum existence we live on this beautiful island will keep

me tranquil in mind. . . . But it is already quite dark, and I have three miles to walk. I never go to bed later than nine-thirty. What a glorious night! Look at those coconut palms against the sky with the faint starlight glinting along the fronds. What could be more beautiful!'

'Wait a moment till I light the lamp. I will show you down to the road. . . . Mind the second step! There's a board loose there.'

'Oh, the decay, the decay, in houses and men, in this humid climate! Will you never remember to replace that rotten board? Well, good night, my son.'

'Good night. Sleep well, father.'

HEREDITY

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

'So and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills,' and sometimes I have almost believed that this call of the hill country echoes not merely over distant land and sea but from generation to generation. My two children were born and spent their first years in the level coastal plain of South Carolina, near its edge, where sea winds wander inland cooling the hot villages and, because they whisper through the tops of the long-leaf pines, are known as 'pineland breezes.' This vast region is so flat that the tides back the waters of the level rivers for many miles, and far from sight and sound of the sea there throbs between the overgrown banks of abandoned rice fields the rhythm of fresh-water tides.

But in summer we journey to the Land of the Sky, where the azure walls of the Blue Ridge look out across the Piedmont of the Carolinas, and the children's rapture in the high places, in the cool spicy breath of shady glens where swift streams flash under overhanging masses of mountain laurel and rhododendron, scattering fleets of pink and white in the running water, is that of children returning home. And I remember that their mother was born and spent the impressionable years of girlhood in a near-by Piedmont city that looks up at these very mountains. One day this summer, in the heart of these hills, I realized that even in our unanchored American existence there are backgrounds from which come many things undreamed of in our modern philosophy that maybe shape our restless lives.

Whether it be in low country or here amid the hills, the unending quest of the children is for Indian relics; arrowheads, spear tips fashioned from many-colored flint, red shard in many and curious patterns, form their swelling collection. As with so many other avocations and activities of life, the chief allurement seems to lie in the pursuit; they will spend hours on some hot hillside that has yielded up 'signs' in finding two or three perfect arrowheads, but, once possessed, the shaped flints repose by hundreds in old cigar boxes, hoarded away, forgotten, and

never again seeing the light of day. The ultima Thule of this constant search is stone axes, tomahawks — the very name has a weird, blood-curdling connotation that undoubtedly gives added charm.

On a day in early September we chanced to be following the sinuous white highway that climbs the folds of the mountains above Greenville. As the road began to mount in long graceful spirals and the human tumult of the settled country was replaced with the hush of towering walls of green and purple that shut us in, we were all suddenly seized with a primitive longing for adventure, a desire to forsake the beaten path for the unknown, and so, when an alluring byroad beckoned us to cross a tumbling brook on a pre-automobile wooden bridge, we decided to risk the weight of our little car on its uncertain support. Once across the bridge, an abrupt turn around a sharp corner of projecting rock, and the broad highway with its hurrying caravans of cars vanished as into another world, and our world was an oasis of forgotten yesterdays, a quiet valley where a quiet stream meandered through level cornfields, a happy valley enclosed on every side by steep wooded hills.

As the Mediterranean excels all other waters in its glory of blue, catching the hues of heaven in its waves, so in this Land of the Sky the blueness of the sky drifts to earth, transfiguring familiar things with an azure halo. Mountains but twenty or thirty miles away, which in other ranges stand out distinct with harsh color and contour of rocks, here melt into the ethereal blue, blending with drifting mists into the sky. The near-by wooded mountain sides, even the farther edge of a cornfield through which one is passing, are mysteriously changed by an invisible haze, while toward evening the mountains, near and far, draw about themselves slumber robes of purple. Now, even though the little cove was flooded by a noon sun, the blue crept close about us like the ghost of shadows. In the silence of these remote upland pastures one finds an earth caught dreaming with a look of heaven.

II

The way we followed was merely an ancient mountain road of red clay, narrow, but just 'Fordable.' Frequent tiny rills from springs high up the mountain sides splashed sparkling protest at our passage. It was near one of these small streams that I noticed a well-worn footpath that led from the road up through an almost perpendicular corn patch; and far up, at the edge of the forest of chestnut, oak, and white pine, stood a sturdy log cabin, its squat chimney of chinked field stone filling nearly one entire end. Feeling sure that here we should find a proper abode of those shy, contemporary ancestors who inhabit the hidden coves, I parked the car beside the road, and in single file we mounted the pathway.

As we neared the cabin I saw that its location, like that of a watchtower over a mountain pass, commanded a view of the narrow cove and of the road in both directions. Just around the next bend from our car I noticed another parked car, with a khaki-clad driver apparently waiting for someone. Our ascent had been observed from the cabin, and when we emerged on to the small shelf of earth that formed the yard we were met by a group consisting of a tall mountaineer, his six children, ranging from a stunted boy of about ten to the baby in arms, and his wife, still just a girl, bright-eyed, and pretty had it not been for her teeth, stained by snuff dipping, a habit almost universal among

the highland sisterhood. Just outside the door a 'spout spring' discharged a stream of icy water into its moss-encrusted tub. It came down from a natural spring up in the woods, whence it was conducted through hollowed logs. Coon, possum, and skunk skins nailed against the outside of the cabin walls gave a touch of the days of Daniel Boone.

'Come in, strangers, an' set a spell,' was the welcome from the head of the family. The striking feature of the cluttered interior was the generous stone fireplace in which great logs smouldered; skillets and spiders bubbled and sent forth savory hints of the midday meal, while hunks of jerked meat hung like a fringe in the dust and smoke. Over our heads strings of peppers swung between the black joists like red spider webs. The greater portion of the cabin seemed a confused medley of quilt-covered spool beds on and about which squirmed children and lank hound dogs. The three hickory chairs, their cowhide bottoms worn bald of hair through long use, were given to the guests as seats of honor, while those of the family who could n't obtain front seats on the beds simply squatted on their heels before the fire.

By giving some current events of the outside world in primer form and explaining that we were simply 'summer folks' out to see the country, I disarmed the unspoken suspicions of my host and he in turn gave me his own and his family history. His tale covered much ground, but lacked incident. His great-grandfather had followed the mountains down from Pennsylvania 'long ago' and had built the present cabin of chestnut logs and stone. Soon after settling he had labored on an old stone bridge which was built by Irishmen sent up for the work from Charleston. My host's tone indicated some fabled race of genii. However, the names of near-by peaks he pointed out from the open door, such as Callahan Mountain, indicated that the sons of Erin not only toiled but lingered in this region.

We were soon interrupted by my children, who managed to shift the conversation from history to arrowheads and tomahawks. As a rule the subject requires explanation, even illustration, but in this instance the man seemed to have been more observing and knew exactly what we wanted. From an assortment of old pressed-glass dishes, china hens on china nests, and half-empty medicine bottles that cluttered the chimney shelf, he fished out a small box which was filled with discarded odds and ends. After much poking about he drew forth a small object of carved soapstone, the rude semblance of a human figure, which he declared was an Indian doll, ploughed up the previous summer in his corn patch. He gave it to the delighted children.

'Now up yander road a piece, tother side of the old stone bridge, where my brother lives, he used to have a sight of them stone hatchets that the Injins used to fight with.'

'Oh, do you suppose there are still any there?'

'Like as not, if he ain't throwed 'em away. Who knows? Why don't you'ns go on up to his house an' see?'

While we were talking, a mountain boy of about twelve years of age had suddenly appeared out of space and stood leaning against the door jamb, silent but keenly attentive. 'There air, right thar now in the loft,' he broke in eagerly, 'an' we'ns can go thar with you'ns an' get 'em.'

'Is that fellow gone yet?' in a quick aside from the man.

'No,' from the boy in the same tone. 'He's yet a-settin' right thar.'

The family all followed us to the end of the shelf, where, to their delight, we took their picture with the cabin as a background. The quiet little woman murmured a request that all the brood be included and mustered courage to speak before strange men-folks. 'We'ns would be right proud to have one o' them thar pictures when you take 'em outen the little box.'

III

When we reached our car the other car had come back and was parked just in front of ours, blocking the narrow way. At that moment half a dozen men, all in khaki trousers, leggins, and tan shirts, came up the road and hailed the driver. The party were all well armed.

Very politely they passed the time of day with me, but looked rather quizzically at the two mountain lads who had now joined us. In the delightful manner of the South we soon fell into general conversation. In a few minutes, with hearty 'So-longs,' the men piled into their car and vanished around the next bend.

'They air a-huntin' right peart, but they ain't a-goin' to find nothin',' the youngest boy confided. I made no comment and he at once changed the subject.

Soon we came in sight of the old stone bridge. It was a solid wall of perfectly fitted granite blocks flung across a deep ravine, with an arched tunnel through which the stream murmured with hollow echo. Just above the opening was a block with the date, 1820. Along the top ran the narrow road, protected on either side by battlements of masonry. Such a bridge as one meets in Ireland or Wales over some wild torrent, but an exotic touch in the heart of the North Carolina mountains. I learned later that this half-abandoned road was once the great thoroughfare from the Carolinas into the West beyond the blue wall, and that at the opening of the last century Irish labor had been sent in wagons from the coast to build this bridge.

A little way beyond the bridge the road gave up a losing fight against neglect and on an exposed shelf of rock ceased to be a road. To the left was a small open level space with a gushing spring in the centre, and here I left the car, proceeding along a footpath that followed the upper windings of the stream. The natives use these trails when on foot or on mule back as secret short cuts between their settlements.

Darting off to a thick patch of hemlocks, the eldest boy rejoined us astride a lumbering white ox, a white sack of corn meal for a saddle. 'Our ma's dead an' our pa's a-hidin' out from them revenoos. We boys brung our meal to get some women-folks to cook, but they all 'lowed they ain't had time to-day.'

But the sun was too bright and the air too keen for the prospect of a dinnerless day long to dampen the spirit of youth, and besides, each boy carried in his pocket a twist of dark tobacco whence he derived the solace of a 'chaw.' One of the boys had a curious whistle, three shrill notes repeated in quick succession, which he gave as we neared each cabin. Chancing once to look back, I observed that the door and windows had mysteriously closed as we passed, so that to the next comer the home would appear deserted. The four children were by this time fast friends and took turns riding the patient, lumbering beast. Though Edward declined the offered 'chaw' of tobacco, apple trees and berry patches supplied nourishment that all could enjoy, while frequent springs under the

rocks along the stream offered cool drink.

At length the narrow pass opened out into a small hollow in which nestled another log cabin framed by a weeping willow and some tall junipers. This was home, and the boys led the way first to a peanut patch and, pulling up a bush here and there, began to munch the moist nuts.

'You'ns put them shells in your pockets,' they warned us. 'Pa'll lick hell outen we'ns if he cotches us a-eatin' of his pinders.'

Then the key was extracted from beneath a flat stone by the spring, where earthen jars of milk stood up to their waists in the cold water, protected only by thoughts of Pa and his rifle somewhere up among the rocks. Up in the dim loft, amid broken spinning wheels and empty demijohns and bottles, two of the long-sought stone axes were found. The reserve of the hills had long since vanished, and we five were as fellow members of some highland clan.

'We boys helps Pa haul whiskey down from Old Glassy Mountain every week,' the young mountaineers boasted with pride. 'Them revenoos is a-layin' fur Pa right now, but they ain't a-goin' to find him. They be huntin' for his still on the wrong fork of the creek.'

IV

When we reached our car again the party in khaki were resting on the grass beside the spring, and incidentally around our car. The situation was becoming a trifle thick. While a meeting with revenue officers in these mountains was not an unusual incident, here I was, unknown, with my two children found in company with the son and nephew of the sought moonshiner. We joined the party on the grass and I exhibited the two tomahawks as evidence of our business in the hills. The mountain boys, up to this time as keen-witted as little foxes, grew suddenly stupid, idiotic. They appeared unable to answer the simplest questions as to who occupied near-by cabins or as to the names of the mountains or creeks. The brood of the moonshiner learn the rules of the life game early here in the 'Dark Corner' of Carolina.

'Have you ever visited Greenville, sir?' asked one of the officers, turning to me.

'Yes,' I replied. 'Some years ago I was there quite frequently; I married a Greenville girl.'

'What was her name?' And there crept into the voice a note that indicated I was now on the stand of an impromptu court.

'Her name was McCann.'

'Which one of the McCann girls did you marry?'

'Virginia.'

'I don't remember any one of those girls being named Virginia, do you, Ben?' observed one of the men, addressing the leader.

'No,' in a positive manner, 'I sure don't.'

'Well, my wife moved away quite a number of years ago — in fact she has spent very little time in Greenville since she was a girl.'

Nothing more was said directly to me, but the long pauses in the conversation indicated that I had failed to make the grade. Then through the still air came three gunshots in quick succession, far away, echoing down the pass where we had so recently been. 'We might as well turn back, fellows,' said one of the men. 'The word has been spread now by someone.'

The portly man with iron-gray hair, who seemed rather a country banker or merchant than my movie ideal of a leader of a band of mountain 'revenues,' sprang to his feet without a word

and cut a twig from a hazel bush beside the spring. Trimming it with meticulous care, he fashioned a small section into a letter 'Y' and began to walk slowly across the clearing holding one prong in each hand. When he reached a certain spot above the spring, in a line projected from its outlet, the twig twisted over suddenly, and he paused with a look of keen satisfaction.

'Well, I'll be durned!' exclaimed one of his men. 'I have often heard tell of water finders, but I've never seen it tried before.'

'Try it yourself,' was the reply, and the leader handed him the twig. There was general interest now and all the party tried in turn, but none could achieve the magic result. My own effort was a failure.

'Here, you try, daughter,' said the water finder, handing the twig to Jane. Thrilled with importance, the child walked carefully along, and when the mysterious spot was reached the twig seemed to be almost pulled from her hand. My boy was equally successful. Neither of the mountain boys could be induced to try, possibly suspecting witchcraft in the unusual proceeding.

'Well, that certainly is funny,' someone observed. 'Why the dickens will it only work for you and these two children?'

'That's easy to explain. Water divining always runs in families. All we Thompsons could do it. It goes back to my great-great-grandfather who came over from England, and maybe it goes farther back than that. And these children have sure got McCann blood. Their great-grandfather, old man George McCann, used to locate wells all over Pendleton District before ever he moved to Greenville. They are McCanns, all right.'

The clouds had lifted and the social atmosphere was again clear.

'Now, sir,' to me, 'if you will stop by Uncle John Guess's place, just over the North Carolina line, you will find a regular mine of Indian things in his creek bottom. And next time you bring your children to Greenville look me up and I will give them a whole soapstone pot that a fellow found in an Indian grave in Pickens County and gave to me when I was on a raid up that way.'

And with mutual expressions of goodfellowship we parted, and I headed my car over the old stone bridge back into the twentieth century.

AND SO THE KEEL WAS POURED

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

In the boat shop at the frozen river edge the important business of the day was getting under way, a huge casting pot the centre of operations. Supported on a four-foot wooden trestle, it seemed to be meditating on its sins — it was a huge black pot, capable of the blackest sins. It was nearly three feet in inside diameter, and, its height being equal, the top of it was a good seven feet above the floor. To look into its potentially awful depths I climbed upon the trestle. So far it was cool and quiet. I could lean over the iron-encased fire brick which surrounded it and with impunity lay a hand on the seams which the boiler maker had electrically welded the day before.

He, a mild little Scotchman who in ordinary life might have passed for a mouse, had on this occasion exhibited the most extraordinary talents. First, he had crowded himself into a space only half big enough for a full-sized man and not more than two-thirds roomy enough for himself. Some part of him had had to protrude from the top of the pot, and as he needed his feet to stand on, his hands to work with, and his head to direct his hands, it naturally followed that his pointed buttocks had to loom up above the rim. Jackknifed in there, he would have been in a perilous position had he desired to do no more than sweep dust from the bottom of the pot.

But in his hands the boiler maker carried an implement possessing full powers to deliver death by electrocution — an electric welding rod whose most casual touch to metal produced incandescent heat. Did I say that the little Scotchman was a man of extraordinary ability? He was even more than that — for, like a salamander, he breathed fire and came forth unscathed. As he worked, melting and welding the seams of the pot with his white-hot rod, the most villainous green fumes played around him, causing less gifted men to cough and gag at a distance of ten feet from his inferno. At long intervals he exhibited his human origin and emerged for air. But to his observers this diversion was even more bloodcurdling than his appointed work. For, with the current still lurking in his welding rod, he handled it with utmost indifference, contemptuous of the death that waited to leap forth and consume him. The boiler maker's smile on finally announcing that the pot would leak no more was not reflected in the faces of the onlookers until with one last careless gesture he had set the rod down and switched off the current.

Perhaps the casting pot was now thinking of the indignities that had been inflicted on its 'innards.' At any rate it gloomed darkly, and around the aperture at its base into which the blowtorch would soon be inserted there lurked an ominous scowl. We visitors in the shop, whose immediate business it was to watch the pouring of the keel for my boat, stepped warily about the pot and accorded it the respect which it demanded.

Now Pinaud, the short, capable foreman, came and propped up the blowtorch alongside the monster. A perforated iron cylinder more than a foot long by five inches in diameter, with a nozzle in the middle and a valve at the rear and a rubber hose leading away from the valve, the torch suggested the thwarted truculence of a muzzled viper. Was the pot dour and forbidding? Its mortal enemy, the blowtorch, would soon exhale pitiless blasts of roaring flame. Muzzle or no muzzle, it would bite into the vitals of that pot and turn them red and then white, and cause them to writhe with anguish.

But would the pot resist its torture without retaliation? The unknown answer to this portentous question quivered in the air of the shop and invested with solemnity each significant act of preparation. Pent-up forces were inseparable from the evil genius of the pot. Here was a solid block of lead, four hundred pounds in weight, the miscreant issue of the pot when it had developed a leak in its first test. Hastily the molten lead had been poured off into the handiest receptacle. Then it was hot and fluid — now cold and ponderous. Shear poles had to be erected to hoist it with tackle and lower it to the bottom of the pot — and had the poles slipped or the tackle broken, the possibilities of damage would have been almost limitless. And here, being trundled up by a workman, was the kerosene pressure tank which would presently eject inflammable vapor through the jet of the blowtorch. Innocuous in appearance, it also had its evil potentialities. If, under forty pounds of air pressure, it developed only the slightest leak and squirted raw kerosene toward the blowtorch, who could run fast enough for a fire extinguisher?

And then, carefully placed and leveled up before the pot, was the low wooden mould into which the molten keel would soon be poured. Reasonable care in the construction of the mould guaranteed its harmlessness. The wood was bone-dry and therefore proof against a devastating explosion upon the admission of the boiling lead. But such explosions have occurred with the casting of molten metal, and men walk the earth with sightless eyes because of them. Wherefore Pinaud was not the only one in the shop who looked into the mould for assurance that no snow from the blizzard raging outside had lodged there. No, the mould was safe enough; but it was staggering to look upon its long, meticulously fashioned hollowness and reflect that two men had worked six days to make it perfect and that an improper temperature of the lead or any interruption to the pour would dissipate their labor.

Finally, there was the valve at the nozzle of the casting pipe. There was no kinetic energy there to wreak destruction if misdirected, but the pipe was an appendage of the malign pot, and it lay within the power of the valve to frustrate the pour by refusing to function. Hence it was Pinaud's last act, before setting fire to the oil-soaked waste in the blowtorch, to dismember the pouring valve, oil it well, and make sure that its moving part would smoothly turn.

II

And now the foreman strikes a match and the waste flares up in lazy flame, slowly irritating the muzzled viper. Sid, slim and active, connects the hose to the pressure tank and tentatively cracks the fuel valve. The viper hisses, and suffocating smoke writhes upward from the jet. But the jet is not hot enough to ignite the gas. Sid closes the valve and waits. The flame of the burning waste dies down. Again the

valve is cracked. Again the smoke pours forth and billows to the ceiling. The eye, following it, sees a certain thing, and the mind idly wonders, and presently dismisses the speculation. The automatic sprinkler system extends an arm of iron pipe and protects the ceiling at this point. But the outlet of the sprinkler is not directly over the pot, and the shop is very cold.

With a muffled pop the vapor catches fire and the viper begins to hiss — not venomously at first, but warningly. But then the last of the burning waste consumes itself; and the torch, unperturbed by counterdrafts, gets down to work. The hiss becomes a roar. As the fuel valve is turned still more, the raging flames leap along the perforated cylinder through the aperture in the fire brick and lick the bottom of the pot. Within the cylinder they are lovely, delicate things, misty vapor modulating into blue tongues, backward curling, then by a sudden jump through the spectrum mingling with orange-red streamers which rush precipitately forth. At the back of the torch there is scarce warmth enough to tingle a face thrust inquiringly close. At the other end there are a thousand degrees of shriveling heat.

On the trestle men lift up and lower into the pot pigs of lead, each weighing sixty pounds. When the pot has gulped in a ton of the base metal, the supply on the floor is but a third reduced. Yet this will be enough for the present. If (though it seems unlikely after the expert services of the welder) the pot should leak, it is well not to have it overloaded. The torch roars on, and now through the opening in the fire brick directly opposite it I gain a curious effect. Looking in, my face is not three feet from its annihilating fire, which already turns to a dull red the nuts on the bottom of the pot. But so deflected by the curvature of the fire brick is the flame that all its heat remains inside and none leaps out to punish the curious.

III

Lead is not melted in a minute even by the concentrated fury of a gigantic blowtorch, and Pinaud and his men devote the next palpitating hour to other tasks. A baffle plate must be contrived so that not all of the flowing lead will impinge upon one point in the wooden mould. A trough, downward slanting, must direct the fluid from the nozzle to the baffle plate. These accessories must be securely wired, for melted lead is not only hot, but heavy.

With the redoubtable Casey I go now to the office to pour other liquids, for our throats are parched with expectancy, and I learn that the casting pot is the very pride of Casey's heart. It was he who found it and he who bought it at a bargain. When it leaked at the first trial his heart was wrung. But now that the goggled Scotchman has performed his rites, Casey's confidence is high. 'The pot will hold,' says he. 'Your keel will be poured to-day.'

Sid comes running, feet clumping, doors slamming behind him.

'She leaks!'

Casey rises slowly, a monument of confidence. 'Not badly, I think.' Perhaps he says more, but Sid has reversed himself in mid-air, and I am hot after him, back to the shop and its perfidious pot.

We climb the staging and look in. Breath-taking heat ascends inside the casing, and we see that the pigs are melting, spasmodically but noiselessly subsiding into the silvery brew. Even the four-hundred-pound chunk is canted over as the heat dissolves its lower part. But we do not look here

for leaks. Pinaud has extinguished the torch and thrust through the aperture under the pot an electric light. Around the six nuts in the base we see seepages of liquid lead. To my uninitiated eyes they look very serious indeed. But not to Casey's. He arrives casually, and as I move aside he glances in.

'Not at all bad,' says he. 'As all the lead melts and its weight is uniformly distributed in the pot the pressure will close up the leaks. Start the torch again.'

Pinaud holds a match at arm's length (somehow the match seems incongruous in this abode of mighty forces), turns the valve, and the fire leaps forth. Now as we look under the pot we can see the drips even more distinctly than by electric light, contrasted whitely against the red glare. By turns we watch them anxiously. They diminish. Our spirits rise. Casey was right. With each instant the weight is being more evenly distributed.

'Put in more,' says Casey, and a red-faced giant climbs the trestle. He peers into the pot, blinking his eyes. A lesser workman hands up a pig and the giant balances it on the rim of the pot. But doubt assails him. What will happen if he drops it in? Does boiling lead splash like boiling water? Sid, reading his mind, rushes and brings back tongs. The giant lowers the pig to the staging and clasps it viciously with the tongs. The points dig in, and he exerts his strength — up and over. Gloves shield his hands as he lowers the pig to the bottom of the pot. The method is successful, and he reaches for more lead. The pot absorbs another ton.

But now we look beneath it again. The drips have stopped, but in their place we see a veritable spray of incandescent metal. The leak is ten times worse. Out it comes in a gleaming trickle, sliding under the blowtorch, dripping to the wooden floor, forming stalactites. These are icicles that it will be well not to touch. The hot lead overruns the cold, and sloughs it off.

Pinaud is the man of this exciting hour. While we wonder, he goes and returns with a plate of sheet iron, which he props up at the brink of the lead fall. He inclines it at an angle and places another plate beneath it on the floor. Now the lead runs in sudden rivulets down the iron — cools — hesitates — overcomes friction, and slides inert to the horizontal surface. Gloved hands can pick it up in fantastic shapes and toss it back into the pot. So doing, we can keep ahead of the leak — if it grows no worse.

IV

Another crisis dwarfs this imminent contingency. The fire brick below the blowtorch has turned a glowing, breathing red. Across it — if one has an eye for contrasts — darts the molten lead, like quicksilver. But beneath the fire brick the wood of the trestle has burst into flame. Water cannot be used to quench it — not with that liquid lead about. Neither will tetrachloride do. Pinaud lugs a bag of sand and with ready knife rips it open. 'Throw that on,' says he, and answers a call from the other side of the pot.

'It's leaking even worse out here.'

More sheet iron to direct the lead. And then Pinaud decides. 'We'll never keep up with it. Get buckets, tins, coal scuttles—anything,' says he. 'We can't pour the keel.'

The words have a mournful ring. Casey sighs. 'My poor pot! And it was such a bargain at twenty-five dollars.'

Sid runs out into the snow to the general store. In an incredibly short time he returns with half a dozen scuttles, the labels on them. During

his absence Pinaud has done the work of two men, directed that of two others. Blocks have been placed in the keel mould to make a sure platform for the succession of receptacles. The blow-torch has been lifted aside and its flame directed against the spout. Lead, melting in the pot, has flowed through the casting pipe and solidified at the valve.

Now Pinaud opens the valve and thrusts a brass rod inside. His ungloved hand reaches to the very maw of the dragon. When he withdraws the rod he measures it on the outside of the spout. 'Heat it there,' he orders, indicating where the lead has cooled inside. The workman with the torch moves it quickly and the flame describes an orange arc. Again Pinaud thrusts in the rod, and with fearful expectancy we watch him, hoping the lead will not gush forth. He appreciates the danger and procures a longer rod. Now as he prods the slowly melting plug he stands at a safer distance. Chance protects him still further, and he is elsewhere, overseeing something else, when the plug lets go and the lead spurts out, across the spot where he had been standing.

He rushes to the valve and, with a brass pipe to increase the leverage of the handle, shuts it off. Then he opens it experimentally. The lead cools on the iron trough and fills it up. But it keeps overrunning, and streams down into the first of the scuttles on the mould. All that work, — hours of preparation, hours of melting, — and now the whole thing to do over again because the pot leaks so badly. And the terrific job of displacing a half-filled scuttle of molten lead and setting an empty one under the inclined trough. Even Pinaud's ingenuity flags at this obstacle.

Abruptly he reverses himself. 'We'll pour after all!' he cries. 'Upset the scuttle. Put the torch under the pot. Throw in more lead. Pick up the scrap from the floor.' Half a dozen of us jump to obey these commands.

Catching the scuttle in the bight of a rope, two of us tip it over. The lead, partly cooled, flows sullenly along the bottom of the mould. The scuttle is gingerly pried out, lest it become caught and form an unwanted part of the keel. Out comes one of the blocks. In pours the lead, flowing over the other. Pinaud, at the outlet valve, is momentarily diverted. Lead is slopping over the trough to the floor and splashing on his legs. He needs an iron plate to prop against his knees and shield him. I cry, 'How about the other block?'

He jokes, thinking that the block will float. 'We'll leave it there and save lead.' In deadly earnest, I tear about the shop looking for a crowbar. There is none. But now Pinaud sees that the block has stuck to the mould, and he fetches tools, one after the other, while the lead pours smoothly in. Brass rods bend. So do iron pipes. Hooks open out. Pinaud and one other puddle in the half-filled mould, striving to extricate the block. To them boiling lead is no more awesome than melted butter. As they poke and jab, it splashes against their clothes. I shudder at thought of what will happen if one of these intrepid souls, facing the other, succeeds in prying up the block. Still the mould fills up. It covers the block, slowly cools around it. The expected catastrophe is averted. But the block remains there, to be chiseled out later.

Now, as the mould chars, the shop fills up with acrid smoke. Someone opens the doors and the blizzard rushes in. Again I think of the antipathy of molten lead to moisture. But as the last pig is dropped into the pot by the red-faced giant and the level in the mould rises to the brim my fears abate.

Long before this the leak in the bottom of the pot has ceased — stopped not by more pressure, but by less. Ten minutes more, and the excitement will be over.

And then a ferocious hiss fills the shop. I jump away from the mould, imagining that a hidden well of sap has discovered itself in the grain of the wood. But the hiss is not there. The man at the blowtorch suspects the pressure tank, and quickly shuts the valve. The torch goes out, but still the hiss continues. Fearsomely I look at the pot, big, angry, trembling in the heat waves arising from it. What new fiendishness does it contemplate? Is it preparing to blow up with very rage?

Pinaud shouts, and we scatter like chaff as we comprehend his words: 'Automatic sprinkler!'

As a precaution against freezing, there is only air in the pipes, but soon water will follow the air, sprinkling into the boiling pot, covering the molten keel. We scatter still wider, we who do not know the ways of the shop, and anxiously watch the sprinkler valve. The ceiling above it darkens in the blast of the escaping air. At any instant now water will shower down and the lead will geyser up to meet it.

But Sid comes, panting. At the first hiss he was off, unnoticed, the devil behind him. 'It's all right,' he gasps. 'I've shut off the water.'

So the keel came into being. Cool, firm, dependable, it has been bolted to the bottom of my boat. When the wind presses against my sails, its tremendous weight will keep me from capsizing. Honorable offspring of a malignant mother, born in emotion, wild confusion, and wintry tempest, it is proof against the extravagant ravings of a summer squall.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LUKA TO PALMYRA ISLAND

BY JOSEPH F. ROCK

I

Just north of the equator, about one thousand miles southeast of Hawaii, lies a mysterious uninhabited group of islets known as Palmyra. The exact location is north latitude 5° 49′ 04″ and west longitude 162° 11′ 29″.

I frankly asked the Honorable Judge C—— of Honolulu what made him buy these islands long before he had ever seen them. He answered that he had always wanted to possess a yacht and a place to go. The yacht proved to be the twenty-seven-year-old schooner *Luka*. The *Luka*, a seventy-ton and seventy-foot boat, with lines which did not give away her age, had nevertheless seen hard service and ill treatment. She was bought by the honorable judge just as she lay against the wharf, with her seams filled with cement and her larder full of provisions of dubious age, as we were soon to learn to our sorrow. The crew was certainly cosmopolitan. The captain, a German sea hawk, made it plain to me that there was not the slightest distinction between him and

the captain of the *Mauretania*, for a captain was a captain no matter what type of boat he commanded. Three Hawaiian sailor boys, two Tahitians, — one a mate, the other a cook, — and an Englishman who had charge of an obstreperous gasoline engine, which had hastily been installed to help us through the doldrums, completed the roster.

Amid cheers and the snapping of cameras in the hands of newspaper reporters and the detonations of the mufflerless gasoline engine of our boat, we slowly moved out of the harbor. A fresh breeze caught and filled the sails, and on we sped on our venture. Time lay limitless ahead of us like the great expanse of waters, as none could tell when we were to sight the shores of Palmyra Island.

On the hatch of the *Luka* there was fastened a large square iron tank, containing precious drinking water, but, like everything else on board the boat, the tank had claim to age. The second day out of Honolulu we found to our consternation that the tank was empty. The island of Palmyra was without fresh water, as the highest point from which to view the sunset was five feet above sea level — hence no wells and no fresh-water ponds. To proceed without fresh water was next to foolhardy, for all we had on board was two demijohns of distilled water for ourselves, the crew living on the milky drippings of the ice, of which we had two thousand pounds. This, however, lasted only until we reached the island. But we heard a voice saying, 'O ye of little faith,' and sped on to our waterless destination. I lived on oranges, which Dr. C——, the conchologist of the party, kindly had provided. They were meat and drink to me, since I had no desire to partake of the cook's abominable concoctions. In his favor it may be said that he had little to cook with, and such as was at his disposal hailed from long-bygone days. The rice was pink from mildew, and the flour a lively mass of squirming maggots.

The sixth day out we reached the doldrums, dreaded by all sailing vessels, for it is here that one can lie becalmed for weeks and even months. The English engineer — who up to now had spent his time repairing the old engine, which gave off vile odors, permeating our only cabin where we slept and ate our meals — was able, after much cranking, to get the engine going. The exhaust was without a muffler, and conversation was out of the question. With looks and gestures we made ourselves understood, like mutes of a deaf-and-dumb asylum. To judge from its noise, our engine might have been driving us at a speed of fifty miles an hour, but the log hung straight into the sea and our ship moved inchwise over the expanse of waters.

The question now arose in which direction Palmyra lay, for according to one map we should have been there; according to another we should have passed it, and according to a third we were still miles off. Both the captain and the judge were busy with the sextant, taking the sun, but each managed to calculate a different latitude and longitude. I suggested that we watch the sea birds and follow their direction, for certainly if anyone could find Palmyra it was the boobies (*Sula piscator*) who lived in large colonies on the islets. Huge flocks of birds, when evening came, flew in one direction, and the *Luka*, taking their hint, followed. Kioki, our Tahitian mate, who had sat for hours upon the mast, yelled down at 4 P.M. one day that there was land ahead. It recalled the discoveries of Columbus. We thanked the birds for our delivery. We lay to all night, as it was too late to make the island that evening.

II

Palmyra or Samarang Island was discovered by Captain Sawle of the American vessel *Palmyra* on November 7, 1802, and named by him after his vessel. The island group, which is in reality a coral atoll, consists of fifty-two islets, surrounding, in the shape of a horseshoe, three large lagoons of considerable depth. The largest islet contains forty-six acres, while the smallest is a mere dot of forty-seven hundredths of an acre. The atoll has a varied history, and, although an insignificant spot, three nations have planted their flags upon it. Palmyra was first attached by the United States on October 19, 1859, and later by the Hawaiian Government for King Kamehameha IV, and his successors to the throne, on April 15, 1862, and again later by Commander Nichols of H. B. M. S. *Cormorant* in the year 1889, for the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and so forth. The island became United States territory once more when the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and Palmyra was especially mentioned in the President's message to Congress, December 16, 1898, transmitting the report of the Hawaiian Commission, in which the names of all the islands, including Palmyra, were given.

The island, or islet, has been owned by various persons, but as it is not of commercial importance it was left to nature and a few bird poachers who paid occasional visits to its shores. Such was the condition of the atoll when Judge C—— acquired it from a lady in Australia, who had inherited it from her husband, a former resident of Hawaii.

III

Early in the morning, looking for an anchorage, we cruised about in the pellucid water, which permitted us to see too plainly the many dangers which threatened our old schooner, and incidentally ourselves. Blocks of coral, multicolored and variously shaped, came dangerously close to the surface of the ocean, encircling the palm-fringed shore like a garland wreath. Never shall I forget that glorious morning, as we passed one of the islets, a wall of solid green down to the water's edge, a mass of trees — nearly eighty feet in height — festooned with a curtain of white morning-glories. We dropped anchor not too soon in eight fathoms of water some two miles offshore.

Our clumsy sailors launched the skiff, and off we rowed toward the mysterious islets. No landscape gardener could have possibly arranged their verdure more skillfully; like huge bouquets they lay before us, floating on an ocean of the purest blue. I gave a sigh of relief when I left the *Luka*, with its growling captain, and a sense of freedom filled my soul as we approached the mysterious shore.

Peacefully our skiff glided over the tranquil waters, revealing life of undreamed shapes and gaudy brilliance. Varicolored fishlike tropical butterflies flitted in and out between columns of coral which reached the surface of the waters and bade us halt. We stepped out of the skiff on to veritable tables of coral, covered with just an inch of water. These tables, rising from the ocean floor, seemed a hundred feet or more beneath the skiff, and they formed a forest of gigantic mushrooms on whose heads we walked to shore, nearly a mile distant, stepping over yawning chasms whose shades of blue ranged from the lightest azure to deep ultramarine. A strip of pure white sand, over which the gentle waves rolled black and red holothurians or sea cucumbers, lay between the ocean and dense forests.

The islet on whose fringe we stood we gave the name of 'Home Islet,' for it served as such during our stay of sixteen days. We looked about first for a possible place to pitch a tent, and found a narrow cove facing the reef-bound shore, over which roared the foaming, thundering ocean surf, like a wild monster jealously disputing the little space the islands had conquered from the great expanse of waters. We were greeted by large white birds called boobies, which nested in the Tournefortias, giant heliotropes with fragrant white flowers and silky silvery leaves, bathing their branches in the balmy crystal sea. The boobies never stirred, but curiously surveyed the new intruders. Unmoved, they sat like birds of clay or decoys, for at least their generation knew not that 'only man is vile.' Beyond the Tournefortias rose huge trees of softest wood, with roots that stretched in most fantastic forms, like squirming dragons, over a soilless ground, composed of sand mixed with guano and loose coral clinkers. The underbrush consisted of pure stands of bird's-nest ferns (*Asplenium nidus*), so dense that progress was only possible by throwing one's self backward into the dense mass of spore-covered foliage, which reached over one's head. Jumping spiders inhabited this jungle. They spun no web, but pounced upon their prey of tiny moths. Since the width of the islet was only a few hundred yards, one soon emerged, covered from head to foot with the brown spores of the ferns, on the other shore, which faced large lagoons and sand spits.

The most interesting inhabitant of these sombre forests was a bird the size of a small pigeon, but more slender, its plumage of the purest white, its bill and eyes of deepest black. It always flies in pairs, and hence has acquired the name of love bird (*Gygis alba*). It builds no nest, but lays its eggs upon naked branches often smaller than the eggs themselves. These balanced eggs were numerous throughout the forest. Occasionally we found them hatched, and no more pathetic scene can be imagined than a tiny naked bird upon a naked branch. It would squat motionless and sad, taking a first lesson in personal demonstration of the theory of gravitation. The parents flew occasionally about one's head to distract attention from the curiously balanced young. One day I wanted to photograph a peculiar tree trunk, but had to give it up, as the bird who had her young upon the tree objected. It was impossible to drive her from the lens with sticks and coral clinkers, and no manner of shouting and waving made her leave the space between the lens and the tree trunk.

IV

Never shall I forget our first walk along the beach and across the narrow channel which separated our islet from the next. It was fairly hot, so close to the equator, and, not expecting to meet with strangers, we donned Adam's costume and sallied forth. Our only covering was an umbrella, to protect us from the birds, which fairly obscured the sky. Conversation was next to impossible, as they kept up a pandemonium. They flirted all around us, so close to our eyes that we became alarmed; arming ourselves with large branches, we tried in vain to drive them off. Night came on quickly, and with it a silvery moon and cool balmy air. Glorious peace settled over our paradise, and we wondered why man strove to amass wealth and power and elected to inhabit cells and dungeons, within gloomy houses. Here was freedom, health-giving air, simple food furnished by the sea and by the palms. Money was a matter of utter uselessness, and

millions of dollars were so many coral clinkers on that unspoiled land.

We retired to our tent, congratulating ourselves that nothing would disturb our slumber, as there were no mosquitoes, ants, or flies; but we had reckoned without the hermit crabs. About midnight I was awakened by something cold and heavy against my cheek — vampires, I thought, still dreaming. By that time my companion had also stirred and found that we were being investigated by a multitude of crabs which lived in discarded sea shells the size of a man's fist. They were all over our blankets, and filled the tent. We started to evict them, but found to our consternation an unlimited supply of crabs and not an inch of ground visible outside the tent. It was as if the islet were composed of a moving, heaving mass of crabs. To assure a peaceful rest, we resorted to barricading our tent with sheets of corrugated iron we had brought with us as roofing for a house. We surrounded the tent with this iron sheeting, burying part of it in the coral clinkers to prevent the crabs from crawling underneath. We then once more retired. The ingenious crabs adopted tactics such as soldiers do in climbing over a wall, and many of them piled up against the corrugated iron. Thus they kept up a constant attack against our tent, and, although they did not gain entrance, they managed to keep us awake, as they fell with their heavy shells from corrugations which they had laboriously reached.

Morning found our tent surrounded by a wall of crabs. We collected them in gunny bags and dumped them into the sea six fathoms deep outside the reef. But their many relatives were as numerous as the clinkers on the ground. We found them eating everything. They climbed the shrubs and trees and ate the flowers, as well as birds' eggs, bit the lids of our discarded tins, and enjoyed many new flavors such as onions and potato peelings. They even ate each other. Three or four would pull a victim from his shell and devour him in short order. We feared for our chickens — at least the honorable judge did, as he had intended leaving them behind to multiply, but not with thousands or millions of crabs about, hungry and with no particular predilection as to menus.

On investigating our scant provisions, we found that the crabs had discovered them, and on the ground among the coral clinkers, where we had placed a bag of rice and chicken feed, the crabs had torn the gunny bags to pieces and multitudes of them reveled in the grain.

Naturally we were much concerned regarding drinking water, as none was to be found on all the islets. On Home Islet we discovered a fallen-down old shanty, and in it, as well as outside, stood a row of Oriental jars, three to four feet high and full of water. The water was not potable; it was foul and slimy. The bottoms of the jars were covered thickly with dead lizards. We strained the slimy liquid and boiled it, and what we thus obtained was used for cooking. Fortunately it began to rain the second night and continued to do so nearly every night of our stay. We used the corrugated iron and a few cleaned jars to catch the precious rain water, of which we were sore in need, both for our stay and for our voyage home.

V

On the larger islets we found pure stands of coconut palms so dense that those on the outermost fringe were forced to lie flat on the sand and rear their fronded heads above the water near the very waves. The nuts lay four feet deep and had germinated,

growing in all directions. Here we met our first coconut crabs, huge monsters known to scientists as *Birgus latro* or robber crabs. It is said of them that they climb the coconut palms and fetch the nuts for food. We never observed such gymnastic feats, but there was no necessity of doing any climbing, as the coconuts lay many deep upon the ground. Their nests consisted, usually, of coconut fibre which they had torn laboriously, fibre by fibre, from the husks. Some of their nests looked as if huge mattresses had been emptied, or resembled an upholstery establishment. They were most easily killed, as they moved slowly backward on approach. A gentle tap upon the head, and they became extinct. Their claws, of which one was always of huge size, helped to vary our menus, which otherwise consisted daily of fish chowder. The meat was sweet, rich, and had a nutty flavor, for the crabs live exclusively on coconuts when not on each other.

For sixteen days we lived a regular Robinson Crusoe existence, and daily we had new experiences. We found, for instance, that we could walk from one islet to the other, the islets being separated by narrow channels only waist deep. To make quicker progress we walked in the shallow water surrounding the islets on the lagoon side. Our splashing steps were taken for the movements of small fish by numerous small sharks which lived in the lagoons. They made straight for us, and one had to be well provided with strong boots, for the sharks would otherwise nibble at one's toes. We often waited for them until they were within reach, and then stepped upon their heads, or, yelling at them, would make them turn and flee. Once nine sharks, each about four feet long, attacked us, and, finding ourselves outnumbered, we made haste to reach the land. We armed ourselves with the midribs of coconut leaves and, hitting the water right and left as we walked along, kept them at a distance. The sport of fishing in Palmyra was no fun at all, for one could leave five minutes before breakfast and catch the particular fish one had selected from a multitude which always cruised about between the islets in the clear channels and have it fried for breakfast. Mullets were so thick in the tepid, shallow bays and moved so sluggishly between one's feet that all one had to do was to cover them with the scoop net, pick them up, and put them in a bag. With a large throw net one could have caught thousands in no time.

While I explored the island, the honorable judge built himself a house near our erstwhile camp. The house, consisting of one room, was a great improvement on our tent, especially so as it was crab-proof and stood on high legs; and to allow for ventilation in this hot region a foot-wide space was left between the roof and walls. The creatures inhabiting Palmyra were certainly most fearless, and therefore curious and of an investigating turn of mind. Hardly had we moved in and occupied the house when the birds did likewise. Finding no obstruction beneath the roof, they flocked in in multitudes and made themselves at home. Some flew back and forth across the room, in and out, discovering thereby a new diversion and a new sport on dull Palmyra. Naturally, as the birds were not the size of colibris, but as large as ducks and geese, it was no sport for us, and made us speedily employ the mosquito net to screen the house.

I used to walk about the islet, visiting the boobies and their young, who nested in the trees and bushes overhanging the lagoons. To test their vanity I tickled one, whereupon it gulped and gulped and quickly presented me with five ill-smelling, undigested flying fish,

after which I decided never to tickle them again. It evidently took me for the Palmyra tax collector, or frigate bird. These birds of prey would sit all day upon the coconut palms, but when evening drew nigh they became alert and watched the male boobies flocking home with fish for wife and young; then they would pounce upon the unsuspecting boobies in the air, chastising them with their mighty wings until the poor boobies gave up the fish, which the frigate birds, swooping down, speedily caught in mid-air.

Before leaving Honolulu the honorable judge was commissioned deputy sheriff and empowered to post a proclamation on the island — for whom, it was difficult for me to see. This proclamation, printed in plain judicial English, was nailed to the trunks of coconut palms and ended: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.' By whom, after the judge had left Palmyra, was also difficult for me to see, unless the birds and crabs were deputied to prosecute invaders as they did us in the beginning.

VI

Thus we passed our time, fishing, catching crabs, collecting corals, plants, insects. Upon the sand spits or coral-clinker flats of some of the islets we found the sooty tern (*Sterna fuliginosa*) in thousands. Each laid one egg in a depression in the sand. These pitted flats were covered by millions of eggs, and one was forced to walk on them, as there was barely any space between. When one walked through a colony, it was interesting to observe the behavior of the terns. They naturally rose and flew about one's head, but when one stood still the birds quickly settled, even those at one's very feet. They would run around to find their eggs, all of which looked perfectly alike, and yet each tern would find her own — at least, so it would seem by the fuss they made.

We loaded the old *Luka* to capacity with coconuts of the largest size, barrels of salted mullets, and one live robber crab which the crew adopted as a mascot and made climb the ship's mast. Alas, it had to die ere we reached Hawaii, for the Territorial immigration law tabooed crabs of that particular description.

What finally happened to Palmyra I have not learned. As far as I know, the crabs and birds are still the sole masters of the island. But once it nearly became the property of a group of Chicago ladies, man-haters, who wanted to retire to this lonely spot in the mid-Pacific; but, had they ever ventured there, I would vouch that they would have turned woman-haters in the end.

INCIDENT

A CRUMB of crystal left its ancient ledge
And fell. The sun that stood at Ajalon
Had burned it amber clear; old frosts of dawn
Had shaped its beauty, angle and chiseled edge.

Falling, it stirred the sea and all the stars.
A long tide washing Egypt was aware;
Unspoken islands knew, and the cold air
Between the worlds; and Mercury knew, and Mars.

Through widening courts of space the rumor passed
Year after year, echoes of echoes thinned
To less than sound, until Orion heard;
And when the pebble was dust of time, at last,
And scattered long ago down an old wind,
The outposts of the Pleiades had word.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

OFF CLIVE STREET

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

I

If you take a taxi from Chowringhee, Calcutta, to Clive Street, where all the banks are, and then turn down toward Lyons Range, you will come to our office. To look at it you would not believe that we are people of consequence in the Indian business world. The building is old and rather insignificant, but our credit does not, fortunately, depend on the look of our head office. Somehow no one seems to remember that the building needs a coat of paint until the hot weather is well under way, and then one might just as well wait six months until the rains are over before doing anything to it. Certainly one would not suspect that the building houses a great corporation with a capital of some crores of rupees paying a steady dividend of 30 per cent annually. Business in India does not worry about squalid surroundings. Indeed, the offices of one of the richest men in Calcutta do not boast more than one chair (for visitors), and there is not a table or typewriter in the place. The clerks sit around on cushions writing in the Marwari account books at little desks scarcely more than six inches high. The ink is in the form of a block, which has to be wetted and rubbed on a stone before it can be used. Of course, old Shriram is frankly conservative; but that makes no difference to his credit.

The door of our office is wide and low. There is a big porch over the sidewalk, supported on pillars. On the sidewalk a sweet seller has a tray of rather greasy sweets on which the flies gather if he forgets to work his fan for a moment. His memory is not very good, and the flies are generally allowed to rest in peace. There is also frequently a locksmith at work, sitting on his heels in the shadow of the building before the little box which not only forms his workbench, but also carries his stock in trade and his tools. Locks seem to go wrong more frequently in India than elsewhere, and the cry of the locksmith, '*Chub-bee*,' is one of the commonest in the streets.

The hallway is dark and gives a false impression of coolness. Just inside the door there is a long bench, and on it lounge the *durwan-log*, the hall porters attached to the office. They are all dressed in the kind of uniform we give them. It is a long white coat and turban with a white dhoty, the ordinary Hindu lower garment, worn petticoat-like and caught up between the legs. Over the right shoulder they wear a scarlet cloth band with a brass badge three inches long attached to it and engraved with the firm's name. The durwans are among the most important people in the organization of an Indian business office.

In our office we employ about a hundred and fifty clerks and about forty durwans. Many of us have tried to reduce the number, but, as with many things of the kind in India, without success. There has always

been that number and you may never now have less. The *izzat*, the honor, of the Company is at stake. When you are told this you get the impression that were you to reduce the strength by one — bang! would go your credit. The banks would regard it as the first step toward putting up the shutters.

The duties of the durwans are many. Primarily, of course, they are the doorkeepers, as their name would imply. They are also messengers. They take money to and from the banks and collect accounts with perfect trustworthiness. They meet you on your train or steamer and see you off, booking your luggage for you when you go. They are on duty in the office all night to answer the telephone and to take in cables, which in India arrive irrespective of the time of day.

At their head is a resplendent being, the jemadar. He does not dress as they do, but is clad in blue and gold. All our durwans are high-caste Hindus from Rajputana. The jemadar is a man of very considerable consequence. He allows himself a dignified portliness and a beard which he wears long, parted in the middle and brushed up fiercely toward his ears. At night he ties it up in a bag to preserve its shape. It is black and likely to remain so, for it would be unseemly to admit that old age has terrors for such as he.

It is a splendid sight to see our jemadar taking the air of an evening. He does not go very far or very fast, but his progress is stately and magnificent. In full regimentals he stalks down the street, possibly to chat with his equals in other offices. At a discreet distance march two junior durwans, one carrying an umbrella in case it should rain, or, if the evening is fine, just in case it should be wanted. The other carries a brass box for betel leaves.

No one has ever seen the jemadar lose his dignity. Even when he is caught not fully dressed, asleep on a cot in the office at night, with his beard tied safely in its bag, he is still the jemadar.

Meeting the manager every morning is a nice exhibition of ceremonial. In the hallway of the office, at about the time the manager may be expected, the jemadar takes up his post with those of his staff not otherwise employed at the moment. They are lined up and inspected to see that each individual is properly dressed. When the manager's car draws up at the porch there are two men in readiness, one to hold an umbrella over the august head if it is raining, the other to carry in dispatch case and raincoat. As the manager enters the hall the jemadar leads his men in a *burra salaam*, a grand salutation. If you have seen the Grenadier Guards on parade or the Imperial Guard turn out to royalty at Potsdam you may think you know something of movements of precision. But you don't; not until you have seen our jemadar putting his men through the burra salaam for the manager in the morning. There is nothing servile in the jemadar's salaam. It is the acknowledgment of a power that is only greater than his own. It is the act of one superman who can acknowledge another.

As the jemadar is responsible for his men, for whose good behavior he has had to give a bond, he also has to recruit them. They all come from the same village and are more or less closely related to the jemadar. Having recruited them, one suspects that he does not allow all the money that the durwans are down to draw on the pay sheet to get intact into their hands. That is the way of India. The jemadar is well-to-do, and it may be fairly assumed that he runs a private money-lending business. Most of the clerks

owe money to him and he is always ready to accommodate them with more. No security is required. Indeed, at the rate of interest it would be an insult to ask for it. One anna per rupee per month is the cheapest rate of interest charged, not only by the jemadar, but in the bazaar as well. As there are sixteen annas in the rupee and interest has to be paid monthly, the rate works out at nearly 100 per cent per annum. Needless to say, he prefers not to be paid back the principal.

II

About twenty years ago the *doyen* of the jemadars in Calcutta was Buda Singh, the jemadar in our office. Even more magnificent, even more awe-inspiring than anyone else in that magnificent and awe-inspiring position, was Buda Singh. He had been jemadar for about twenty-five years and a durwan for ten or fifteen before that. In his youth he had been a regular *nowsherwan*, or 'nine-tiger man.' *Nowsherwan* is the equivalent of seven-at-a-blow in English fairy stories and denotes something quite out of the way in physique and courage.

A simple calculation will show that he was getting to be an old man, although, judging from office photographs of the time, he did not show any sign of his age. His beard was just as bushy as it had been and just as black, although what artifices he employed to keep it so no one knew. The time was coming, however, when he would have to show his age. His beard, if one looked closely, was going gray at the roots and his shoulders were beginning to be bowed. He never gave way to the weakness in public, but it was said that he had had to take to a pair of spectacles for reading.

The day came when he told the manager he had decided to retire. He probably explained the position at great length, that he was an old and poor man, that the Company was his father and his mother, that he had given up his life to its service when a man of his calibre might have been very much more profitably employed elsewhere, that living in Calcutta was very expensive, and what did they propose to do about it anyway?

The manager, whoever he was then, probably put his tongue in his cheek, professed to agree with all that had been said, and promised to think the matter over. He was doubtless quite glad in his heart, for Buda Singh at sixty, if he was like others of his kind, was becoming rather a crotchety nuisance. The upshot of it all was that Buda Singh was allowed to retire and, as far as can be discovered at this stage, he was given a cash present of a hundred and fifty rupees and a pension for life of fifteen rupees a month. This all happened, mind you, before the war, when fifteen rupees was worth fifteen rupees. The Company was considered to have acted generously by all except Buda Singh, who made a somewhat half-hearted attempt to get more.

Another jemadar was appointed, and Buda Singh prepared to leave for his country. He gave strict instructions to his successor as to how he was to do his job and equally strict instructions to the managers as to how they were to treat the new jemadar. In fact, having done all he could to see that the firm would be able to carry on business after his departure, he left for his village somewhere in the wilds of Rajputana, twelve hundred miles away.

For years nothing was heard of Buda Singh. Monthly his pension was remitted by money order to an obscure post office of which no one had ever heard, and monthly the receipt came

back signed with Buda Singh's name. Monthly the cashier made out a pay slip which went up to the accountant for initialing and then to the manager for signature. No one thought of questioning the correctness of the payment, or if one did send to the cashier and ask the why and the wherefore, the authority would be produced, and no more was thought about the matter.

Then last year Jones came to us as accountant. Possibly he was more versed in the wickedness of the world than most of us, but as soon as he came he started to ask questions. Jones was a man of somewhat uncertain temper, and the clerks on the accounts side soon began to wear very harried expressions. Not that there was anything wrong, but the Bengali babu does not answer questions very readily if he feels that he is being harried. At the end of the month the pay slip for Buda Singh's pension came in for Jones's initial, and Jones was on to it like a knife. He sent for the cashier.

The cashier was a man called Chunder Sen, who had been with us for thirty years or so. He was an old and trusted servant of the firm, and he knew the books inside out. He had never learned to speak very good English, but it would have made him feel very much hurt indeed if he had known how his jewels of speech were preserved in the office. Sen had one or two very annoying habits. He was quite unable to explain the simplest thing, and as soon as he tried he began to get nervous. As soon as he got an attack of nerves he would smile in an arch and rather fatuous manner that most of us understood was due to his embarrassment. Jones, however, found it particularly infuriating, which undoubtedly it was; but it only made matters worse to get annoyed. Sen's great points were his accuracy and his extreme trustworthiness. When we first introduced calculating machines Sen showed his true qualities. The machines had been in use for a month before it was discovered that Sen was staying in the office until ten o'clock each night checking every figure that had been produced on the machines. As he explained, he never put his name to any figures that he had not checked himself.

III

So Chunder Sen was sent for to explain the mystery of Buda Singh. He came into the room and, putting his spectacles on the end of his nose, awaited the storm with an air of respectful attention.

'Look here, Sen,' said Jones, 'I have told you before that things are not to be sent in to me for my initial until there is some explanation of what it is all about. Who is this Buda Singh, anyway, who gets a pension every month?'

'Buda Singh,' said Sen, settling his spectacles firmly on his nose again, 'was old jemadar here formerly. He retired and there was order to pay pension to same monthly. We have continued to send I think maybe thirty years now.'

'Good heavens, man, thirty years! But how do you know that he is still alive?'

'We get money-order receipt, sir, monthly, and I think he still alive.'

'But surely you must have some other proof that he is alive beyond a receipt on a money order!'

'But, sir,' said Sen, 'money-order receipt good enough proof of his life.'

'That is all bunk,' said Jones.

'Bunk, sir? What is bunk?' asked Sen, always eager to learn and to increase his stock of English idiom.

'Bunk is bunk,' Jones replied, rather stumped for a definition.

'Oh, I see, sir. Bunk is chitchat for tommyrot, slack English way of saying nonsense, it is not?'

'Yes, yes, but what about this man Buda Singh?' said Jones rather impatiently.

'I think maybe he must be alive.'

'Maybe! There can be no maybe about it in a matter like this. We have got to find out for certain whether he is alive or not.'

'I think then, sir, we maybe can write to Buda Singh and tell him firm not sending pension until he send proof of he being still in this life. Maybe he can get certificate from District Magistrate. If he is deceased he can't get.'

'Yes, I suppose that will have to do. Send him a letter on those lines and see what happens.'

Having given these instructions, Jones promptly forgot all about the matter. The work of the office went on without interruption for three weeks or so. No one thought of Buda Singh, except possibly Chunder Sen, who never forgot anything, and he saw no reason to remind anyone of him.

Then one morning when Jones was, as usual, chasing obscure figures in the ledgers with Chunder Sen at his elbow, the door of his room was thrown open and in walked Buda Singh — at least, Jones did not know then that it was Buda Singh. He was followed by the jemadar carrying an umbrella — and the jemadar never carries anything for anybody — and two durwans, one of whom bore a bundle wrapped in checked cloth and the other a betel box and an aluminium tiffin carrier, which is like a three-storied dinner pail. No self-respecting Indian ever travels without all of these things.

Jones looked up aghast at the old man, whose beard, now allowed to be white, was parted in the middle and swept up to his ears in fierce curves. His step was firm and his eye still commanded. There was still the comfortable portliness of twenty-five years ago.

'This is Buda Singh, your honor,' said the jemadar.

'Buda Singh Bahadurji,' said each of the two durwans.

'Huzoor,' said the old man, 'I am that Buda Singh who was jemadar.'

'Buda Singh?' said Jones. 'Sen, who on earth is Buda Singh?'

'Please, sir, they say this is Buda Singh. Maybe you remember sending letter telling him to inform if he is still alive. Formerly he is jemadar and maybe he has come personally to advise same, is n't it?'

'Well, is it Buda Singh?' asked Jones.

'Maybe,' said Sen. 'If it is not, he is a very similar man,' he added complacently, and turned back to the column of figures he was adding.

'But you must know,' said Jones.

'Maybe it is he,' Sen replied, unwilling to commit himself. 'He is a little old, is n't it?' And he went on adding.

Jones sighed, for he supposed that he would have to allow that Buda Singh still lived and that the wickedness of the world was as yet unexposed. He was wondering what to say next when the old man broke in on the silence.

'Huzoor, for thirty years I have drawn the Company's pension of fifteen rupees a month. This was all right until the war, when everything became most expensive. And now, sir, fifteen rupees is no longer what it was. I hear that the present jemadar, a mere boy, is drawing more pay than I, Buda Singh, ever got as jemadar. He is the son of my father's wife's nephew. In my village my *izzat* is gone. They look at me and say, "Does not your father's wife's nephew's son get ten rupees a month more than you ever got? *Hut!* Budaji, he is greater than

you. The Company does not pay for nothing." And, sahib,' the old voice quavered, 'I am old and poor and my *izzat* is gone. The Company is my father and mother. Don't you think you could ask the Burra Manager Sahib that the pension of Buda Singh, Jemadar, be increased?'

'No,' said Jones shortly. 'Now that I know that you are alive, it is all that I want. You may go.'

'All right, sahib, all right,' said the old man, unabashed, and the procession filed out. First, Buda Singh, erect as ever, with fiercely curled beard, then the jemadar with the umbrella, and, after him, the two durwans with their burdens.

IV

An hour later Jones was disturbed by Buda Singh again.

'Huzoor,' said the old man, 'my bill,' and presented him with a long account.

'What's this?' said Jones.

'Sir,' said Buda Singh with dignity, 'your lordship called me to show that I am alive. I have come at your honor's bidding. This is my bill.'

It was a long account. It started with an item for three days' camel hire at one rupee per day, then the hire of a ferryboat and a bullock cart to bring him to a station on the Ajmer line. Then rail fare to Calcutta and eight days' subsistence at one rupee, four annas per day. There were other items, a lot of them, but these were the main ones. This brought the old man to Calcutta. A claim for four days' subsistence in Calcutta followed — at two rupees a day, for Calcutta is expensive. Then railway fare from Calcutta to the station on the Ajmer line.

The bill finished as it had started, with items for one day's bullock-cart hire, a ferryboat, and three days' camel hire at one rupee per day. The whole, meticulously totaled, came to one hundred and twenty-three rupees, seven annas, and five pies.

Jones signed the bill without a word and handed it back.

'I thank your lordship,' said Buda Singh, and turned to go. Halfway to the door he turned back with a hopeful look on his face.

'And would your lordship wish that I should return in a year to show again that I still live?'

'No,' said Jones in a small voice, 'I think not.'

WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS WIFE

BY ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

I

William James and his wife have been a part of my life ever since my husband — we were then engaged — was a Harvard student in 1879. Mr. James was at that time an instructor in physiology, and well do I remember my husband's talk of his extraordinary personality, of the discursive quality of his mind, and more especially how it would dart off from the subject matter of his lectures and discuss for the full hour some philosophical question far afield. Instructor and pupil met outside the classroom and laid the basis of a friendship which grew with the years.

My husband's mind, like that of William James, had a 'What are you?' quality toward each fact which it encountered, and likewise was quick to note what was happening far and wide. In his college days he had talked to me about the formation in England of a Psychical Society for the study of ghosts, crystal reading, trances, and other phenomena, eternally believed in by simple souls, and eternally damned as bosh by scientists and average sensible persons; and I remember his playful comments upon truth seekers who knew there was nothing to be investigated in these so little understood phenomena in this so little understood world.

Thus it was on the cards that when we were married and my husband was beginning to practise law in Boston he should get in touch with Mr. James and together they should interview Mrs. Piper, whose psychical powers to this day are still explored. It was my husband's part to observe and keep the record while James spoke or wrote to the medium. And when, presently, a branch of the English Psychical Society was to be established in Boston, my husband agreed readily to act as its secretary. His activities were cut short by his death. But Mr. James never relinquished his studies of this elusive subject.

While I was knowing of Mr James only as an intriguing personality, one day a woman of most unusual appearance came to call at my mother's house in Marlborough Street. She was neatly dressed in grey; in figure she was short and thickset. She had great dark luminous eyes, an abundance of soft brown hair, and a girlish wild-rose complexion, which together gave extraordinary beauty to somewhat heavy features. She spoke in a resonant organlike voice, which made the most ordinary words sound significant. And she had a smile which lit up her face, and seemed to light up the world. I, who was always short of small talk, had no notion of what to say, and my mother and sister for the most part sat silent. But my husband, who was always a host in himself, was fortunately present, and he saved the occasion from awkwardness. Our visitor was Mrs. William James.

It was years later that Mrs. James told me how she had happened to make this call. She said that her husband

had spoken one evening of a student he had been seeing at his rooms. 'Such a brilliant fellow,' he said, 'and with a rarely cultivated mind. He told me that he was engaged to be married to a Boston girl, and he showed me her picture'; and then he added, 'Oh, Alice, I hope we may see something of these young people.'

After Mrs. James's first visit to me, I used from time to time to seek her out in Cambridge, where I would find her perhaps with a little one in her arms, or an older child clinging to her skirts, and I used to unburden the problems which at that time seemed to me to be unanswerable. And she would answer out of her own experience, speaking in her sonorous voice, which seemed to carry a message from Heaven.

And to this day do I remember, when my husband died after his brief, brief years, how Alice James came and sat beside me, and said, 'Oh, what can we know? But what can we not know? I think of my little Hermann [her third boy, who died when he was eighteen months old, and in her thought lived with her always among her other children] — where is he now? He does not tell me. But as well might I have asked him, before he was born, what his life in this world would be. How could he have conceived of sight and hearing and of moving about freely in this wonderful world? Had I tried to tell him, he would have shrunk back in terror and begged to stay safely in his mother's womb.'

Fourteen years later she wrote: —

> No one who knew your husband could forget him. Often and often I think of him when I see you, and of how he must rejoice in your full and generous life. You see, dear Bessie, I believe [in], I almost feel immortality, or peradventure something infinitely better; but life and immortality are surely calling to us all — and more than ever I want to listen.

It is very strange that I have no recollection when I first saw William James. My first remembrance of him is when he came to our house in Otis Place about five weeks before my husband died, and he came then as one well acquainted. He had with him his eldest son, Harry, then a boy of perhaps eight years old. He did not sit down, but he spoke for a few minutes to my husband of the psychical work which the two of them had in hand; and no one of us guessed that the indisposition from which my husband was then suffering was so soon to have a fatal climax.

When my husband died on March 28, 1886, the very first letter I received was from William James: —

> I can hardly express the sorrow I feel at your husband's being thus cut off almost before he had begun to show what was in him. . . . The whole thing is one of those incomprehensible, seemingly wasteful acts of Providence, which, without seeing, we can only hope may some day be proved to spring from a rational ground. I shall remember him as one of the most manly high-spirited men I have ever known. . . . Somewhere in the universe that gallant spirit remains and now is.

A few weeks later he wrote: —

> There is no *full* consolation. Evil is evil and pain is pain, and it is our part to bear them valiantly; I think the only thing we can do is to believe that the Good power of the world does not appoint them of its own free will, but works under some dark and inscrutable limitations, and that we by our patience and good will can somehow strengthen his hands.

In these two letters one gets a glimpse into the philosophy which strengthened and deepened in Mr. James as his thought matured. Radical Empiricism, he came to call it. He argued that our world in its fundamental make-up

is something unfinished, is problematic in its outcome, and is eternally at war with itself.

'God himself,' he says, 'may draw vital strength and increase from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is gained for the Universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight. . . .'

And equally at war was William James with the absolute view of the world which was eloquently expounded by his friend and colleague, Josiah Royce, whose parlor lectures in Boston and elsewhere secured him a following among those with the leisure to attend such gatherings.

I myself in those early days became an ardent follower of Royce, whose philosophy I took as an intellectual statement of truths which Emerson uttered as 'affirmations of the soul.' And nothing is more characteristic of William James than the eight-page letter which he wrote to little me, all in his own beautiful handwriting, as easily read as if it were print, in answer to my perhaps flippant claim that he was caricaturing Royce.

He writes, playfully at first: —

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Dec. 11, 1906

DEAR BESSIE,

I shall continue to love every word *you* say, however wicked — thus should pragmatists and absolutists take each other!

Your wickedest word is to accuse me of caricaturing the absolute. As pragmatism is little more than an attempt to think clearly, that charge would kill me dead, if true, so, in spite of you, I *must* reply to it on paper.

Vaguely, everyone is both monist and pragmatist. One lives in the detail of one's experiences; and one supplements those in sight by a *more*, which most of us imagine consolingly.

'T is when you try to be not vague but definite about the more that the trouble arises. You can take it as quantitative addition, indefinite in amount, and merely prolonging the finite, or you can take it as totalizing and surrounding the finite, altering the form of experience therefore (or rather presenting it in another form than that in which we get it): Eternal or absolute form.

If you take it as *prolongation*, your consolations are probable at best, and your world a meliorism. If you take it as totalizing, your consolations are certain or necessary and your world a dogmatic optimism. (It flows from the very form of totality that it should lack nothing, for it does n't refer beyond itself. You surely don't mean *this* when you accuse me of caricaturing!) *As realized 'eternally,'* then, everything is good. Evil is seen along with what overrules it, monistically.

Is it a caricature to say that we ourselves are advised to seek peace by ascending as far as possible to the eternal point of view? What can such peace come from in that case but from the abstract reflexion that *in* the whole every part is needed and symphonic? No perception of the particular atonements is needed for this, by us; the Absolute Experient has the perception, but for us the monistic form *per se* is a guarantee of the total excellence.

How is it a caricature to say that this permits of quietism? You yourself write of issues being 'guaranteed' by the larger order. Guaranteed *anyhow*, without specification of remedy. It permits equally of strenuosity, of course. It *dictates* nothing, but *justifies* all *fact* qua element of absolute experience. It thus helps sick souls more than pragmatism does; and as their needs are the sorest, it has always seemed to me that this is a towering merit, to be weighed against Absolutism's demerits.

But after all, *how* does an Absolute make so for Optimism, blindfold on our part, clear-sighted on that of Eternal?

Surely by the 'overruling' content which

it postulates as complementing the bad parts of experience. The 'more,' whether you take it empirically or absolutely, is more content of experience, which in neither case *you* (the finite experient) see, but only suppose or believe, but the atoning and redeeming character of which you suppose guaranteed when you *totalize* experience, and only possible or probable when you simply *prolong* it. The pragmatic value of the absolute consists in nothing but these *atoning facts*. The pragmatist postulates them by faith, *sans phrase*, the absolutist by his extra machinery, which is supposed to certify them.

In any case *our* only way of realizing them is as a prolongation. The only thing *we* gain by assuming the eternal point of view is the *permission of blindfold optimism*. To those who don't care for it, the invariable reply is: 'Go back to the finite point of view.' Hate and deplore things to your heart's content; for the 'now,' the evil part *as such*, exists in the Absolute to be deplored exactly as we deplore it. Only as overruled is it justified, only as He sees it.

And that is what I meant by the 'shuffle.' The Absolute has become only an abstract name, like 'Nature,' for the indefinitely prolonged content of experience, and we are all pragmatists again together. There may *be* an Absolute, of course: and its pragmatic use to us is to make us more optimistic. But it is n't forced on us by logic, as Royce and Bradley think, and its cash equivalent is the *atoning experience believed in*. Pardon so long a rigmarole,

Yours affectionately,
W. J.

In this letter James makes clear how he was saved from inevitable dilemmas by his free appeal to 'faith,' elsewhere defined by him as meaning 'the kind of belief a person may have in a doubtful case, and may carry a sense of heart in your throat, ready-to-back-outness; or a sort of passionate refusal to give up, or anything in between, and it is the same state, when applied to some practical affair of your own, or to a theologic creed.'

The book in which he first specifically set forth and justified this use of faith was called *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays*, and it utters a great call to the capacity for heroism in man, to his will to take big risks and fling himself, to sink or to swim, into the effort to achieve some noble purpose.

II

As a popular lecturer, Mr. James came to be in great demand all across the country. His voice was so splendid, his use of words and the way he spoke them were so unique, and the problems which he discussed were at once so close to the common experience of man and so filled with his own peculiar wisdom, that his lectures were hailed as an intellectual treat of the first order. Yet he himself always treated them as matters of slight importance and deprecated every word of praise.

Of his *Talks to Teachers*, still treasured as priceless wisdom by all engaged in the teaching craft, he wrote me on a post card: —

Thanks for your note of thanks. But pray don't wade through the Teacher part, which is incarnate boredom. I sent it to you merely that you might read the essay on a certain Blindness, which is really the perception on which my whole individualist philosophy is based. W. J.

Regarding his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, a most wise and most beautiful book, he wrote me: —

You are sweet to take my book so seriously. I thought, when writing it, that it could have no originality, but the reception it gets makes me feel that it is original in temper at least. No previous book of mine has got anything like the prompt and *thankful* recognition that has come to me in letters about this — many of them from strangers. But I can't myself say on reflection that I do anything [except] leave the subject just where I find it, and everybody

knows that the real life of religion springs from what may be called the mystical stratum of human nature. . . . Still the volume is selling well and will no doubt help to sell my other books. I want now if possible to write something serious, systematic, and syllogistic; I've had enough of the squashy popular-lecture style.

Of another book entitled *Pragmatism — A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking*, he wrote: —

Your two delightful letters, one to me full of forgiveness and the other to Alice full of communicativeness, have duly come to hand. Let me thank you for all the pleasant things you say of my book — only don't, *don't* take it too damned serious. It will doubtless please you to hear that I have news from Longmans, Green & Co. yesterday that they are going to press with a third thousand.

His essay on 'The Moral Equivalent of War' has a message which the world is slowly coming to understand. People of my generation first thought seriously of war, not as a romantic tradition of the past, but as belonging to America in our own day and generation, when President Cleveland made his sudden threat of war upon England over the borderland of Venezuela, and Mr. James wrote an anti-war pronouncement that still speaks to-day.

Three days of mob hysteria can at any time undo peace habits of a hundred years; and the only permanent safeguard against irrational explosions of the fighting instinct is absence of armament and of opportunity. Since this country has absolutely nothing to fear, nor any other country anything to gain from its invasion, it seems to me that the party of civilization ought immediately, at any cost of discredit, to begin to agitate against any increase of either army, navy or coast defense. That is the one form of protection against the internal enemy on which we can most rely. . . . I have not slept right for a week.

William James's outspoken protest against our adventure in the Philippines was deep and passionate. I myself was tremendously aroused over our war against the Filipinos, and I was thinking of going out there, so impossible did it seem to me to stay safe in a conquering land. Mr. James was full of sympathy with my feeling, and he wrote me (on a post card, and not forgetting to make his playful thrust at the Absolute): 'Your activity is splendid. Keep *mad!* but don't forget the higher unity! Much love. W. J.' And a few weeks later: 'Damn great empires! including that of the Absolute! You see how much crime it necessarily involves. Give me individuals and their "spheres of activity." Yours, Fanny Morse's, Jim Putnam's, and the like. . . . Love from us both. W. J.'

Then came the news of Aguinaldo's capture, betrayed in his fortress by our bribery of his native troops. This time William wrote in deadly seriousness: —

I now write just as the news comes of Aguinaldo's capture. This may put alteration into your notion of going out there, but I hope you may go all the same, since mutual acquaintance is in any case the thing most needed, and you are framed for heroic efforts, bless your noble generous heart. I'm glad we got Aggie by a bunco-steering trick: it would have been a pity to mar the moral harmony of our operations by making a legitimate capture. As far as physical access to him goes, we have now made the great step forward of being just where we were three years ago. . . . When one thinks, however, that we could have had these conditions for the asking, and been thanked for them and kept the native good will, our own honor and world-prestige and everything, three years ago, and that we have lost all these things and Heaven knows how many more things besides in consequence of our masterly stroke of 'avoiding all entanglement' with the natives except to 'use them against Spain,'

it makes one fairly sick. I doubt whether such would-be craftiness was ever before, except in the history of the Bourbons, identical with such actual stupidity. . . .

A post card containing two hundred and forty-five perfectly legible words, in his old playful strain, may well conclude these extracts from his letters: —

Better a post card than *gar nichts, nicht wahr*, and I have been aiming at a letter to you for so long without writing it that I feel the smallest reality to be worth more than the largest prospect. Your two long typewritten letters were most interesting and gratitude-arousing. You must be glad that the Cuban teacher scrape proved on the whole so well worth doing — I feel less joy over your repentance at not passing your examination and your coming to do it again [I had skipped an examination in a special philosophy course for the sake of making the trip as an advanced guard to escort back a deputation of teachers to take a summer course at Harvard]. Soon you will be unhappy at not having a Ph.D., that Moloch of our time which threatens to destroy so many of our innocent children. But perhaps this grumpiness is all due to my jealousy at your being Royce's disciple instead of mine. Whosoever you are, be it with all your strength! . . . W. J.

III

It was the year after my husband's death that I first visited the James family in their summer home at Chocorua, New Hampshire. It was my impulse to refuse their invitation, so impossible did it seem to me to make visits. But then I decided that it was too stupid to close such an open door in my own face, so on an August morning I started on a six hours' journey to West Ossipee, some seven miles from their home. Alice met me at the station, and a desolate little figure I felt myself as I mounted into her open wagon. She gave my hand a warm clasp, exclaiming, 'You poor child, how you must wish you had not come!' And I confessed that she had read my mood aright.

Besides themselves, the James household consisted of Mrs. James's mother, Mrs. Gibbens, a gracious and beautiful woman; her married sister Mary and her husband, William MacIntire Salter, an ethical lecturer and quite one of the elect; her then unmarried sister Margaret, and the children. All of them, grown-ups and children, spoke in resonant organlike voices like Alice's and William's, and the talk about the table seemed always to be on some high theme. I used to pinch myself in an effort to discover whether I was still in the flesh or in some heavenly state. Alice was busy ripping the boys' suits, to turn them, and very thankful was I to be allowed a part in that humble service. William that summer was making a flying trip to Europe, and his letters, which Alice read aloud, were a noble substitute for his conversation.

One day, driving in the open wagon, Alice told me how she and William had come to find each other. She said that one morning at breakfast her husband's father, a prophetlike person, — Henry James, Sr., as he came to be called when his second son had made a name for himself in the literary world, — had announced: 'William, I have seen the woman you are to marry!' And he went on to describe a young schoolteacher named Alice Gibbens whom he had met the previous evening at the Radical Club, where Boston's free spirits were wont to congregate. William, evidently believing in his father's prescience, had counted the days until the Radical Club met again, and there he had found the woman surely born to be his own.

I am one who dearly loves a lover, so I listened eagerly to this tale. 'So it was love at first sight!' I exclaimed.

But Alice's sister Margie, who was in the wagon with us, remarked, 'Well, Alice, it was n't what I call first sight with you. You kept William waiting a good two years.' Whereupon Alice turned to me with a deprecating look, exclaiming, 'But, Bessie, don't you think a woman has a right to take her time?'

With the happiest and the most harmonious family life to be imagined, William James was nevertheless a perpetually restless and unsatisfied soul. 'I am going away for a fortnight to be alone with God, after so much family immersion and unfulfilled household responsibilities,' he wrote. His wife always had the wisdom to speed his going; and he would write back letters commenting on 'the soap your dear hands packed' and using similar phrases rich with domestic tenderness. '*Zerrissenheit* or torn-to-pieces-hood,' he said was what the Germans called the constitutional disease from which he suffered. 'The days are broken into pure zigzag and interruption. . . . Give me twelve hours of work on *one* occupation for happiness. . . . Your account of 12 Otis Place is seductive enough. I think I might find there coolness, seclusion, and even a sense of continuity.'

When William went to Europe for his sabbatical year, taking with him his wife and four children, he wrote back letters eloquent of his torn-to-pieces state of mind. Apologizing for a long-delayed letter, he wrote from Gryon: —

> We have been distracted by the children living all the time, as it were, in one and the same bedroom with us, with inward perplexities about the educational problem and the future abode, and with my wildly zigzagging to and fro to find a proper place for ourselves and the boys. We have come to a temporary rest in this precipitous Alpine village, but although I start tomorrow again to look for a better abode, many of our perplexities are already solved by the experience of five weeks, and we begin to breathe more equably.

Here his letter was interrupted and was taken up two days later.

> I have been dashing round to find families to put the boys into. No easy task; one becomes so fastidious here that the crumpled rose leaf makes one say 'no' — the fact being, I suppose, that one dreads to alienate the little critters after all. But Switzerland is *good*, in spite of lake steamers blowing up and St. Gervais disasters — good through and through, and calculated to make the most pessimistic respect the Universe. I hope that your summer thus far has gone well in spite of labour troubles and presidential uproar.

It was always the habit of the James family to be amply hospitable. One day in Florence, when they were to have some formal company, William stipulated for champagne, which Alice conceded reluctantly as an unwarranted expense. At luncheon William came in bringing a friend, and he called for wine; a 'pop' was heard from the pantry, and in came the maid bearing the bottle of dinner champagne. 'Oh, not that, not that!' Alice exclaimed, stretching out her hands, so her husband averred, whereat he cried out, 'Oh, this is good! Champagne for luncheon, champagne for dinner!'

Another domestic climax was when William came home one day bearing an oil painting which he said was an original, and prodigiously cheap. Alice was wont to receive with a patient smile the photos and other knick-knacks with which he would come home laden, always measuring them against the cost of the children's education. But when the oil painting was produced she cried out, 'Oh, William, how *could* you!' Whereupon he seized the scissors and cut the picture to pieces. 'And will you believe me,' he said in telling

me the story, 'that when I destroyed the picture Alice wept!'

It was my pleasant fortune to pass several months at a pension in Florence near the Piazza del Indipendenza where the James family had an apartment, and to accompany them, when the spring came, up to Hinter Meggin, near Lucerne, and then to Ver-chezles Blanc, near Lake Geneva, and all this time I was practically a part of their household. Their children were charming little people. The baby, whom they called Tweedy, was about two years old, and very darling he looked, dressed in a bright red flannel frock. His name, given him in honor of a beloved family friend, I assumed was a nursery corruption of some more usual name, and William allowed that it simply would n't do. 'I shall write to Mr. Tweedy and tell him that we meant well, but that names are a thing we cannot control, so we have decided to call him Francis — Francis Robertson.' But the name Francis was apparently beyond control, for by the time Francis was twelve he had become Alexander, and now is generally known as Aleck.

Talking of the older boys once, William remarked, 'Harry has a steady disposition and can always be relied on to take what falls to him with equanimity. But when Bill does not get what he wants, he fills the welkin with his lamentations!'

Their one daughter Peggy, whose full name was Margaret Mary, — so called for her mother's two sisters, — was a strange little creature with dark blazing eyes, and with a most vivid inner life. Once asked her age, she answered, 'I am as old as the pangs of death.' When she was a little tot her grandmother one day read to the older boys Tennyson's *Ulysses*, with no thought that Peggy would take heed. She was then staying nights with Mrs. Gibbens, and in the early morning when she was thought to be asleep she was heard to say, '"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy" — oh, Grandma, those are beautiful words!' The summer I was with the family in Switzerland I made her a pink gingham frock which she used to call her 'R-rose R-robe.' She was passionately devoted to *mon oncle*, as she called her Uncle Henry, who passed some days or weeks at a hotel in Lucerne, from which he would descend, or ascend, to see his brother at Hinter Meggin, when William would pour out his stream of talk while Peggy would cling to Uncle Henry's hand and attend him as closely as if she were his shadow.

It was a part of the plan, for that second summer in Switzerland, that William and Alice should pass a couple of weeks with Henry in London, leaving Peggy and Tweedy in some reliable Swiss family, and there was often discussion at table as to when the parents should go and where the children should be left. And Alice used to tell me how, when Peggy would go to bed, she would scream and scream with terror that she was to be left, she did not know when or where. I said to Alice, 'Is n't it a mistake to discuss the matter before her? She will surely be happy when you are gone, but anticipation of it is getting on her nerves.' And Alice answered, 'Yes, that is what I say to William, and he agrees. But then he says, "Well, Alice, that's the sort of people we are; so let's be hearty about it!"'

As the oldest boy, it fell to the lot of Harry to get the first wear at clothes, which when outgrown were handed on to Billy. Harry's thoughtfulness for his little brother was exemplified when he remarked to his mother, 'It's all right for you to give Bill my coat, but I advise you not to ask him to wear

my hat. The boys always laugh at it. I don't mind, but he would.' From his youngest childhood Harry was always a responsible eldest son, and he grew to be relied on by his mother as her right hand.

The winter of 1892–1893, as before mentioned, I passed with the Jameses in Florence, going, however, from there for some six weeks to join friends in Egypt and returning in April by way of Athens. In Greece I received the following letter from Alice: —

. . . Your dear beautiful letters (which make me love you afresh) tell me of a most intense life fed by inner springs and outward beauty. I think you would be surprised to know how much you have given me of Egypt, and I am looking forward to more when you come and talk of it. What you wrote of Pæstum made a strong impression on me. A beautiful sight is worth going far to behold, for I find that it not only gives itself but in some mysterious way adds a new beauty to common sights, and Italy does help to circumnavigate the sea of thought and things at home.

You see I am in a fair way to leave the children with you for a couple of weeks if time and place and health all favour. I am delighted that you are coming for another draught of Florence — it is so fair in the warm sunshine and people seem so at home. This is the Italy they are conscious of, and its charm wipes out the memory of winter cold and fog. With the Spring comes a host of strangers.

The richest part of this rich year to me will be the feeling of goodness in the world, goodness of such different forms, but flowering and making life fragrant in strange places. And Florence has so many dear people to be remembered along with her beauty and olive trees. I should like to look as much like an olive tree as I can for the rest of my natural life. Billy says my hair is *green!* That is one step towards it. I shall write again before the fourteenth unless I hear from you in the interval.

From England the following summer she wrote: —

The heat here has been very oppressive and now I have had enough of London. The best thing I have had was a chance to hear the debate last Thursday in the House. Gladstone is the most impressive 'human' I have ever beheld or listened to. It seemed to me that one *must* believe what he believes. But the whole [Irish] question seems to me far less simple than we are wont to consider, and I begin to sympathize with dear old Dyer who said he was 'on both sides.' Balfour has a noble presence and beautiful voice. He made the only able speech on the side of the opposition. . . .

IV

When William was a young man he and some friends made a camp up in the Adirondacks, where many of his vacations were passed, which came to be called the Shanty. One day in the spring of 1899, when he was alone in the woods, he lost his trail and did not get back to the camp until the next day. From this mishap he suffered a heart strain which resulted in a serious illness and from which he probably never recovered. From Southern France his wife wrote: —

HÔTEL D'ALBION, COSTEBELLE
Jan. 17, 1900

Your blessed letter of October 12th reached us in London just after William's break-down, when I was plunged into the deepest anxiety, and resolved not to let the family at home know of our deplorable situation. The very excellence of your letter, and the impossibility of writing you a free letter just then, kept me silent, for I thought each week that William *must* be better. But for many weeks the change seemed all in one direction till a month ago, when we took him to Lamb House [Henry James's home] really at the end of our resources. I will not dwell on the anxiety of those weeks. He did show faint signs of returning strength at Rye, where he spent hours sitting in the sunny garden covered with wraps.

Last Friday Henry came with us to

Dover, where we spent the night, and the next day in a comfortable sleeping car we journeyed hither. And he has borne the journey well, and is improving daily in this wonderful air. He is in the garden all the morning and then in an easy-chair on our balcony. I am wonderfully encouraged, and as I shrank from telling you the measure of my grief, so I am doubly eager to let you know that better days are come. It seems to me that in addition to the functional disturbance of his heart my husband has had a complete nervous break-down, which naturally has aggravated all the cardiac symptoms. As yet he can only walk five minutes at a time and people tire him, — in other words he is still very weak, — but he is gaining.

Before we left [Henry's home in] Rye we had a little visit from Royce, which we all enjoyed. You have no idea how *good* he looked as he got out of the carriage. William has been reading his book, little by little, with the keenest delight in its excellence. He exults in its existence as a credit to American philosophy, and an honour to our University — in his own words, 'an honour to Irving Street.'

At Nauheim, where William had taken a cure, the Jameses met a Pole who told them 'monstrous things of his unhappy land.' 'Poland,' Alice comments, 'seems to be a country all by itself, of amazing sorrows and wrongs. . . .' If William were well, she and he would like to go there together. She would like to understand 'why Poland has no middle class, only nobles and peasants. . . .' Here William comes from his perch on the balcony where he has been watching the wild sunset. 'We have lighted our lamp and our bit of olive-wood fire, and he says he wants to write to you himself, so I gladly hold the pen for him.' He dictated the following: —

Don't think that this is the first time that my spirit has turned towards you since our departure. Away back in Nauheim I began meaning to write to you, and although that meaning was 'fulfilled' long before you were born, in Royce's Absolute, yet there was a hitch about it — in the finite, which gave me perplexity. I think that the real reason why I kept finding myself able to dictate letters to other persons — not many, 't is true — and yet postponing ever until next time my letter unto you was that my sense of your value was so much greater than almost anyone else's — though I would n't have anything in this construed prejudicial to Fanny Morse! Bound as I am by the heaviest of matrimonial chains, even dependent for expression on an alien pen, how can my spirit move with perfect spontaneity or 'voice itself' with the careless freedom it would wish for in the channels of its choice? I am sure you understand, and under present conditions of communication anything more explicit might be imprudent. . . .

Our present situation is enviable enough. A large bedroom with a balcony high up on the vast hotel façade, a terrace below it gravelled with snow-white pebbles containing beds of palms and oranges and roses, below that a downward sloping garden full of plants and winding walks and seats, then a wide hillside continuing southward to the plain below, with its grey-green olive groves bordered by great salt marshes with salt works on them, shut in from the sea by two causeways which lead to a long rocky island, perhaps three miles away, that limits the middle of our view due south, and beyond which to the east and west appears the boundless Mediterranean. But delightful as this is there is no place like home; Otis Place is better than Languedoc and Irving Street than Provence. And I am sure, dear Bessie, that there is no maid, wife or widow in either of these countries that is half as good as you. But here I must absolutely stop, so with a good-night and a happy new year to you, I am as ever,

Affectionately your friend,

WILLIAM JAMES

On April 13 he again dictated: —

Your delightful letter of the 28th surprised us yesterday and I must individually send you one word of thanks before the day

goes by. It is awfully damaging to me to write letters, although I have just got off a tremendously long one *eigenhändig* to Fanny Morse. I have been on the point of writing to you over and over again since your last. . . .

You write delightfully about Royce; and happy is he to have so eager and appreciative a pupil! When shall I have one? After this, I can't have you, I fear. . . .

Good-bye, dear Bessie. I am getting much better as to nervous strength, and Alice is *very* well, and more of an angel than ever. In a month I shall know something authentic about the heart's condition and about our future program. Keep well! and busy!

Another letter of that year of exile was written from Rome on November 16 by Alice: —

You have been a saint and an angel to write us such splendid letters and I have not been ungrateful, if silent. Such a disturbed, bewildered, anxious summer trailing its uncertainties even to this place, where at last, thank Heaven, they are in full retreat. *For William is decidedly better and gaining all along the line, nerves, heart, ability to walk and to work.* So mysterious tawny Rome already seems like a friend, and we can look forward to being quiet for three months. . . .

I am glad that William has been away during election, for he takes the country's errors so to heart. Next year he will be stronger. You little know how we long to get home. It is a pity that I should be in Rome when there are so many students to whom it would be the chance of a life.

I love to think of you flitting about Cambridge and taking so triumphantly all those difficult courses in Philosophy. I heard Mr. Palmer give one lecture to his Annex class nearly twenty years ago and I have never forgotten it. How I longed to join that very class, and how I wish now that I had had the course! We generally rue the day when courage gives out. It seemed to me then that I had no right to take the time for anything so delightful. But Peggy shall do all the good things — and better than I. . . .

After a year in Europe, William's condition was sufficiently mended to allow his return to Cambridge. There follows another breach in our correspondence until February 27, 1905, when, referring to some scheme which had seemed great to me, but which had fallen flat, William wrote: —

Darling Bessie,

What a golden heart and headlong generosity you are possessed by! . . . If you won't let me repay you in truth (i.e. in radical empiricism) you will let me pluck you from Long Island [the Boston Almshouse], where your generosities will have landed you.

After explaining all the letters he had thought of writing and had not written during a long illness I had suffered, he said, 'You were there in the absolute — and would keep!'

In an undated letter he wrote from Chocorua: —

It is pleasant to be able to be all together under our own rooftree again, and I am glad to say that my health seems to be improving satisfactorily.

It seems strange to be out of communication with you, even by hearsay, for so long. Pray write, a p.c. if nothing else, and let us know how it goes with you. Will it be possible to have you here sometime? Our place and life seem more primitive than ever after the things we have been seeing abroad, *but our hearts are still affectionate*, so please say you will come. Date can be arranged later.

Alice sends her warmest love, and so do I.

And again in an undated letter from Cambridge, as William and his wife were preparing to get off on one of their many trips to Europe, he wrote: —

Good-bye at last! May we each be better, nobler, loftier, more worthy of the other's friendship than ever before, when next we meet. Each is meant to include

Alice, who has been living on a higher level than I ever knew her for the past month. Working fifteen hours a day *straight*, eating almost nothing, yet amiable to the last degree always. . . .

Lebewohl!

Yours — W. J.

V

William James in his appearance was the embodiment of youth to the end of his days. His figure, about five feet eight inches in height, was light and buoyant, so that he seemed to spring as he walked. He usually dressed in rough brown tweeds, often wore a Norfolk jacket, and looked like a sportsman rather than a professor. At Chocorua he wore knickerbockers.

His hospitality was unbounded, as was that of his wife. But in him it was joined to a nervous tension that made it sometimes uncertain in its expression. The story runs that on one occasion when they were having something of a party he dashed into the hall and, seizing a student found there, cried: 'This place is hell! Here is the way to escape' — and he thrust his guest out through the back door. Later the student was found searching for his hat. He had wanted to stay, he had explained, 'but Professor James seemed to want me to go.' Felix Frankfurter, a professor at the Harvard Law School, tells a somewhat similar story. When he was about to graduate from the Law School he went to call on Professor James, to be asked, 'What are you now going to do?' He said he was going to New York to practise law. 'Yes, you are like all the rest; you are going to New York to make money!' Mr. James answered, and the young man felt himself to be almost put out of the door. Did Mr. James's indignant words weigh with Felix when, after a few months in a big law office, he threw up private practice to act as an assistant prosecutor to Henry L. Stimson (now Secretary of State in President Hoover's cabinet) and presently to follow him into public service in Washington?

Alice James often told of evenings when her husband would exclaim, 'Are we *never* to have an evening alone? Must we always talk to people, every night?' And she would answer, 'I will see that whoever calls to-night is told that you are strictly engaged.' So they would settle down for their quiet evening. Presently the doorbell would ring and Alice would go to the entry, to make sure that her instructions were carried out; but close behind her would be William, exclaiming, 'Come in! Come right in!'

Their house at 95 Irving Street, Cambridge, was of New England architecture, with a gambrel roof and wood-colored shingles. It had a sizable entrance hall, and the biggest library I have ever seen, with books on all the walls up to the ceiling, an open fire almost always burning, a long writing desk, a window seat running across four windows, two sofas, one on either side of the fire, and easy-chairs in sufficient number to accommodate several groups of people. Beside the fireplace was an entrance into the parlor, and well can one see William frequently darting from his desk into the adjoining room to take part in his young people's fun, proving how entirely he was a man of two worlds.

Jessie Hodder tells that once when she was visiting the Jameses at Chocorua she was asked to read some French book aloud. As she was about to start, William silently slipped out of the room, and she, who is always sensitive to the moods of others, inferred that he was sparing himself the torture of presumably hearing the language mispronounced. But, walking to

and fro outside the windows, he apparently 'listened in,' and presently returned and took his place with the others. Later he asked whether she had learned French as a child, and expressed his surprise that one who had learned the language as an adult should have acquired the accent of a native.

In formal conversation William could never be counted on to take the lead. But on summer mornings such as those in Switzerland, with only my sister, myself, and Peggy at the table, — Alice would be busy upstairs with Tweedy, — he would pour out a stream of talk, German words and English run together, of a quality so human, so imaginative, and so unique that one could not seem to bear it that all the world was not present to hear.

On one occasion, returning from the Shanty, he stopped for a night at Major Henry L. Higginson's outlying summer home on Lake Champlain, where he encountered the friend with whom I had gone to Cuba, Miss Grace Minnes. They talked together, she addressing him as 'Professor' James. 'Oh, don't call me Professor!' he exclaimed. 'Why, what shall I call you?' she asked. 'Call me Percival!' was his characteristic answer, perhaps indicating in that romantic word the many people to whom his heart was open.

The following letter was obviously written by Percival, full as it is of a romantic desire simply to stretch out his hand to a friend across a continent, and equally full of pure fun.

BERKELEY, CAL.
Sept. 2, '98

DEAR ELIZABETH,

You will be surprised at hearing from me at this distance; but at intervals all through this summer I have had stirrings of romantic appreciation of your character (which character grows upon me more and more, and which I won't pretend to diagnosticate for your own self-elation) that have brought me to the verge of a letter to tell you of the same — for why, when we feel most friendly towards a person, should we stay as dumb as a Boston Back Bay Fish? — but the letter has each time been postponed till now. Yes! Elizabeth, there is that about you, a touch of — what shall I call it? — magnanimity, that makes the thought of your existence in the world and of your friendship and toleration very, very consoling and helpful when one is in certain sorts of spirits about one's self and life. I wish to say to you this, for it is literally true; but I will say no more, for you probably find this enough. Let the word give you one momentary gleam of egotistic pleasure — for you deserve one. . . .

I have been away for five weeks, which seem much more — seen much grand scenery, some good people, and a very interesting city and civilization. I have a fortnight more of it, but shall get off to Monterey by myself for a week, for the social giggle, innocent and good as it is, seems to be a sort of poison to me. I shall be tremendously glad to get back to Alice and the Brats, and all that 'home' means, and hope soon after to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, dear Bessie, I am your faithful friend,

WM. JAMES

The next letter, written in a quite different style, shows that William could be tart as well as sweet. One of his many protégés was a person who wrote admirable syllogistic articles but who was apparently incapable of earning even a crust of bread, and who once at least called William back from a trip in Nova Scotia to give him the money saved by thus cutting short his stay. William spoke to me of this man's needs and I spoke of them to a friend, and together we chipped in. But something was evidently wrong with our giving, for William wrote: —

DEAR BESSIE,

I have received enough from *your* friends for P—— the unfortunate, so give yourself no more concern about him. I return with thanks Mrs. H——'s check,

which can now go to some other 'object.' Christ died for us *all* — *nicht wahr?* . . .

Thine truly,

WILLIAM JAMES

It may be added that William's wife finally intervened between 'P—— the unfortunate' and William's out-of-bounds generosity by recommending P—— to pick cranberries on the Cape as a means of relieving his wants — advice which gave him high displeasure. In a final letter to me on the subject, William quoted the views of certain philosophers who claimed that pity was a vice, to be exterminated along with its object. 'I believe that to be a lie,' he had commented. But he went on to say that the 'canalization of pity was an engineering feat' demanding great skill — and that this especial 'object' put a sore tax upon his patience.

Oh, his patience! Who ever had so vast a supply? Numberless struggling authors and students sought his counsel and his financial aid. And always they met with an appreciative hearing, and money paid out almost recklessly.

William James died on August 26, 1910. He had been in Europe for some months, suffering cruelly from deranged nervous functions. When finally it was decided that he had best return home, he and his wife and his brother Henry made the journey with an unexpected degree of comfort. 'Oh, how good it is to be at home!' he exclaimed when they reached Chocorua. Nevertheless, two days later he collapsed, and the end came quickly.

Jessie Hodder was staying at a nearby hotel. She heard that her friend since her early married days, the friend who used to speak of her husband as the most brilliant philosophic student he had ever known, lay dying, and she describes the great cloud that hung over the mountain as if it were a portentous sign of the passing of a Great Soul.

I read the news of William's death in the paper as I was traveling from Milwaukee to the LaFollettes' home in Madison. I felt as if it eclipsed the light of the sky. It seemed impossible — impossible that such a vital creature should be lying still and cold, to be covered in the silence of the grave from the eyes that delighted in him. His wife wrote me in her own characteristic vocabulary, bidding me 'think of William as I love to, free from pain, and full of the joy of life, his feet beautiful upon the mountains whence he bringeth good tidings.'

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RUSSIAN SOUL

A PHASE OF SOVIET RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

ATHEISM has become almost a state creed in the 'Holy Russia' of the Tsars. Under the Constitution, the Soviet Government recognizes the two principles of freedom for all forms of religious faith and complete separation of Church and State. But renunciation of religious faith is a condition of membership in the ruling Communist Party and in its junior organization, the Union of Communist Youth; and no effort of agitation and propaganda is spared to wean away the peoples of the Soviet Union from all forms of religious practice. The uncompromising hostility of Communism toward religion was expressed by Lenin in the following terms: —

'Religion is one of the forms of spiritual oppression, lying everywhere on the masses of the people, who are oppressed by eternal work for others, need, and isolation. The helplessness of the exploited classes in their struggle with the exploiters just as inevitably generates faith in a better life beyond the grave as the helplessness of the savage in his struggle with nature produces faith in gods, devils, miracles, and so forth. To him who works and is poor all his life religion teaches passivity and patience in earthly life, consoling him with the hope of a heavenly reward. To those who live on the labor of others religion teaches benevolence in earthly life, offering them a very cheap justification for all their exploiting existence and selling tickets to heavenly happiness at a reduced price. Religion is opium for the people.'

Apart from this conception that religion serves to divert the masses from class war and class struggle, Communist opposition to it rests upon the unquestioned acceptance of Marxist materialism, which excludes the possibility of any supernatural or idealistic interpretation of the phenomena of life and nature. It should be emphasized that Communist hostility is directed impartially against all religions and not solely, or necessarily chiefly, against the Russian Orthodox Church. Lenin's widow, Nadyezhda Krupskaya, who is a prominent figure in the Soviet commissariat for Education, once declared that the sectarians (as dissenters from the Orthodox Church are called in Russia), by discarding superstitious practice and 'attempting to smuggle in the idea of God by contraband means,' represented a greater menace than the Orthodox believers. And this idea of Krupskaya's, voiced several years ago, is finding more and more support in Communist antireligious circles to-day.

This struggle for the Russian soul between the Communists, with their goal of a new society in which religion shall have no place, and the Orthodox Church, the sectarians, Orthodox Jews, and Mohammedans, each group offering

some special appeal to its own worshipers, is one of the most complicated and interesting of the psychological dramas which are being enacted in the Soviet Union to-day. The struggle is symbolized in one of the main squares of Moscow, where, on a brick building opposite the famous shrine of the Iberian Virgin, have been inscribed the words: 'Religion is opium for the people.'

In many a worker's home one can find similar evidences of this struggle. In one corner of the room the wife continues to burn candles before the traditional Russian icons, or carved images representing Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and scenes from the Bible and the lives of the saints. In another place the Communist husband has arranged his 'Lenin corner,' strikingly and suggestively similar to the icon corner in general idea, with the pictures of Lenin from childhood to death, portraits of other Communist leaders, and a few Communist books and pamphlets.

I once stood in a factory church which had been turned into a workers' club, and here again the substitution of new objects of reverence for old was very striking. Instead of pictures of the saints, pictures of Lenin and Stalin. Instead of verses from the Bible, texts from the writings of Marx and Lenin. Instead of the rich decorations of the typical Orthodox church, red streamers proclaiming that with Communism would come the final liberation of humanity.

An adherent of the Russian Church with whom I talked once said, 'The Communists say that religion is opium for the people. But we can say, with much more reason, that Communism is opium for the people.'

Certainly in Communism, as in every strong new idea, there is an element of boundless faith, rising sometimes almost to self-hypnotism. Trotzky, in one of his most eloquent orations, delivered in 1918, depicted the future paradise which religion promised to humanity, and then, in his peroration, urged his exhausted, hungry, enthusiastic working-class audience to go out and work and fight for the true paradise, 'the paradise in this world' which would come with the final victory of the Revolution.

Soviet and Communist policy in the field of religion, as in many other matters, has gone through several evolutionary stages, and it is by no means certain that the last stage has yet been reached. The first blows of the Revolution fell most heavily on the Orthodox Church, which was so closely bound up with the Tsarist system that it was almost bound to suffer materially, if not spiritually, by the violent overthrow of the latter.

Before the war the Orthodox Church had no real independence; the Tsar's will was as supreme there as it was in the State. The office of Patriarch, which existed in the mediæval Russian Church, was abolished by Peter the Great, and very great power in regulating ecclesiastical affairs was vested in a lay official, the Procurator of the Holy Synod. The Tsarist Government was very intolerant in its attitude toward dissenters from the Orthodox Church, of whom, notwithstanding the restrictions and persecutions to which they were subjected, there were a considerable number. The sects ranged in character from the Khlists, who indulged in promiscuous orgies as a form of religious exaltation, and the Skopts, who practised unnatural self-mutilation, to rationalistic sects like the Baptists and Evangelical Christians, which in doctrine were not far removed from European Protestantism.

That the Orthodox Church was seriously weakened as an independent spiritual factor by its close identification

with the Tsarist state system can scarcely be doubted. Attendance at church was largely mechanical, being strongly influenced by official and social pressure. The poorly paid and poorly educated village priests were often required to act as spies for the police. Perhaps the most striking commentary on the internal hollowness of Orthodoxy is furnished by the fact that Count Leo Tolstoy, certainly one of the greatest Christian personalities in Russian history, died an excommunicate because of his radical social views, while the incredibly dissolute Siberian monk, Rasputin, as a result of the hypnotic influence which he acquired over the hysterical Tsarina, was able to exert almost dictatorial influence in affairs of Church and State alike during the last years before the fall of the Romanov dynasty. (There is a suspicion that Rasputin was a Khlist; and his morals, if not his doctrines, certainly suggested the influence of that orgiastic sect.) This internal dry rot in the fabric of the Orthodox Church was an important contributory cause of its weakness in the post-revolutionary period.

II

The Provisional Government which held power during the period between the overthrow of the Tsar and the Bolshevist Revolution of November 1917 did not have time to formulate a definite and all-inclusive ecclesiastical policy. A Church Congress held in the autumn of 1917 revived the office of Patriarch, and elected the ecclesiastic Tikhon as its first occupant. The first blows of the Revolution fell on the Orthodox Church, rather than on the sectarians, who were, indeed, relieved from the disabilities under which they had suffered in pre-war times. Church property was included in the sweeping nationalization measures of the Soviet Government, and all state aid was withdrawn from the Church, which was made dependent upon the contributions of believers. Priests, monks, and ministers of all religions were disfranchised under the new Soviet Constitution; and the Soviet Government, besides eliminating religious instruction in the schools, passed a law prohibiting in general the giving of religious instruction to children under the age of eighteen in groups of more than three.

During the Russian civil war the hierarchy of the Orthodox Church and the majority of the priests, quite naturally, were counter-revolutionary in their sympathies. The victory of the Whites would have meant, most probably, the restoration of the Church in all its old pomp and circumstance. The Patriarch Tikhon in 1918 pronounced a solemn anathema against the Bolsheviki, and many ecclesiastics in territory occupied by the White armies showed moral and material sympathy for the counter-revolutionary cause. This provoked reprisals on the part of the Soviet authorities, and priests and bishops were not last among the categories of people who suffered under the Red Terror.

The conflict between the revolutionary State and the Orthodox Church reached its climax when the Soviet authorities in 1921 decided to requisition the treasures of the Church and sell them for purposes of famine relief. There was some passive and a little active resistance to the carrying out of this measure, and ecclesiastics who were implicated in this resistance were ruthlessly punished, some being shot and many exiled and imprisoned. The Patriarch Tikhon was placed under house arrest.

The situation was somewhat changed in 1922 by the emergence in the Church of a number of groups that advocated a break with Tikhon's policy of noncoöp-

eration with the Soviet Government and a reorganization of the Church on the basis of drastic changes in ritual, ecclesiastical structure, and social outlook. Space prevents a detailed review of the rise and fall of these groups, which ultimately merged into a single so-called Living Church organization, headed by a Synod, or council, and without the office of Patriarch. Many of the more conservative believers looked on this whole movement with considerable aversion and suspicion as a device promoted by the Soviet Government to split and weaken the Church, and very probably there was some ground for these suspicions.

Seeing the Church threatened with schism and recognizing the stability of the Soviet Government, Tikhon made a confession of past error and a declaration of loyalty to the Soviet régime in the spring of 1923. The legal proceedings against him were then quashed, and he lived during the remainder of his life in the Donskoy Monastery, in Moscow, honored as Patriarch by the majority of believers who did not adhere to the Living Church movement.

After Tikhon's death in the spring of 1925 it was impossible to elect another Patriarch, because so many bishops were in prison or had seceded to the Synod that a canonical quorum could not be secured. Moreover, the Soviet Government was not disposed to permit the holding of a church council for this purpose. One of Tikhon's intimate associates, Peter, by an informal process of selection was recognized as his successor. Peter was not sufficiently compliant, however, with certain demands of the Soviet authorities in regard to the repudiation and excommunication of representatives of the Church abroad who assumed an anti-Soviet attitude, and eventually he was banished. The present informal head of the former Tikhonite wing of the Orthodox Church, Sergei, has adopted a more conciliatory attitude and has been left unmolested up to the present time, although no leader of the Orthodox Church can hope to lead a very secure and unharassed existence in the Soviet Union to-day.

The Living Church has discarded about 90 per cent of its original proposed changes in doctrine and ritual, and is now severed from the Tikhonites largely as a result of personal differences among the leaders. The continued separation is doubtless regarded with favor by the Soviet Government, which prefers a weakened and divided to a united and strong Church. The nationality policy of the Soviet Government has helped to promote further disunion in the Orthodox ranks by encouraging the emergence of nationalist churches in Ukraina and Georgia, which dispute the field with the Tikhonites and the Living Church alike.

III

For some time after 1923 there were no striking new developments in the Communist policy on the religious question. Abandoning as tactless and fruitless such violent means of anti-religious agitation as the holding of processions in which sacred rites were parodied and the taking over of churches for clubs where this did not correspond with the will of a distinct majority of the local population, the Communists concentrated their attention upon educational antireligious propaganda. A society called the Union of the Godless took over the direction of this propaganda, issuing several magazines and sending organizers and lecturers all over the country to spread the doctrine of atheism.

In 1928, however, symptoms of a more active antireligious policy began

to appear. Had the Communists been obliged to reckon only with the Orthodox Church, they might have been willing to trust their cause to time and propaganda, because, while there are still enough believers to crowd the churches to overflowing on the great Russian holiday of Easter, attendance at church on ordinary Sundays shows a distinct diminution. The hold of the Orthodox Church on the peasantry has been severely shaken. After a fair amount of travel in Russian peasant districts I am convinced that the profound and overwhelming devotion to Orthodoxy attributed to the Russian peasant by some pre-war investigators was either greatly exaggerated or has diminished almost to the vanishing point since the Revolution. Although there is little direct antireligious propaganda among the peasants, I did not find a single peasant priest who did not admit a falling off in church attendance, especially among the youth, and who did not regard the future very pessimistically. True, the old customs of church weddings, burials, and christenings persist, but more from habit than from any accompanying sense of deep religious conviction. I was in a Don Cossack village (the last place where one would find active sympathy with Communist ideas on religion or anything else) on a religious holiday and found most of the male population standing about on the village green and debating the division of the village hay, quite oblivious of the church bells which were calling them to service. It is a curious and yet psychologically not incomprehensible fact that in the cities, where antireligious propaganda is much more widespread, the churches, as a rule, seem to be better attended.

As far back as 1926, Emilian Jaroslavsky, Secretary of the Control Committee of the Communist Party and perhaps the most active atheistic leader in Russia, told me that half the industrial workers had definitely broken with religion. The two million members of the Union of Communist Youth represent a fairly large proportion of the young workers and students and a fair sprinkling of peasant boys and girls. One might not be willing to vouch that no peasant Young Communist is married in a church, but certainly no young man or woman of strong or profound religious convictions would join a society which regards antireligious agitation as one of its most important functions.

But side by side with these evidences of a weakening of religion appeared another tendency, which has been giving more and more concern to the Communists and has finally led to the adoption of a more drastic and active antireligious policy. This was the steady growth of the sectarians, especially of the Baptists and Evangelical Christians.

It is asserted by Communist specialists in the antireligious movement that there are now almost a million registered members of sects, about treble the pre-war number. Counting in families and sympathizers, it is estimated that several million people are in the habit of attending the sectarian services.

There were several reasons for this growth. Having experienced no favor, but only persecution, from the Tsarist State, the sectarians were not adversely affected by its downfall. They were less vulnerable to attack on the ground of identification with the autocratic régime. The war and the Revolution, coming in rapid succession, shook the traditional faith of the Russian people to its base. Many became indifferent or joined the ranks of the convinced atheists; but many more came into the state of wavering and

doubt which is psychologically most favorable to apostles of a new faith. And the sectarians developed a far-flung missionary activity, of which the following note in the *Baptist*, organ of the Federative Baptists of the Soviet Union, is typical: —

> Y. Y. Vins, who was invited to work by the whole Far Eastern brotherhood of Baptists, went enthusiastically about his tasks. All felt and saw with their eyes that the cause was in experienced hands. Brother Vins carried out a complete reorganization of the local department of the All-Russian Union of Baptists, carried out reforms which were very beneficial to the brotherhood and to the Cause of God, and in general correctly organized the evangelization activity.
>
> After stubborn, sometimes very difficult work, with the help of certain brethren, and, most of all, with the help of God, Y. Y. Vins achieved good results. Now in the Far East are counted hundreds of societies and groups and thousands of members.

In the same number of the *Baptist* were printed group pictures of the orchestra of the Baptist society in Blagovyeshchensk, in Siberia, and the Baptist choir in Slavgorod, a remote Siberian town. The sectarians began to develop a network of clubs, recreation circles, mutual aid societies, and artels, or groups for coöperative labor. All this activity did not go unnoticed in the Soviet press, where it was treated as unpleasantly successful competition with the organizing efforts of the Communist Party and the Union of Communist Youth. So a writer in the newspaper, *Trud*, of February 17, 1929, prefacing his article with the observation that 'in a number of workers' regions ripen the poisonous and disgraceful fruits of the activity of priests and ministers in the shape of new churches and prayer houses,' states that in such widely separated towns as Polotsk, on the western frontier, and Vladivostok, the chief Russian port on the Pacific, the Baptists are opening meeting-houses and clubs and developing propaganda among the workers. Even in such a revolutionary proletarian centre as Leningrad, sectarian religious agitation in workers' districts elicited much unfavorable notice.

Several blows fell on the Baptists during the winter of 1928–1929. A group of some sixteen Baptists, Russian emigrants who had been trained in a Baptist seminary in Philadelphia, in America, and had returned to Russia in some irregular fashion in 1920 or 1921, were arrested in White Russia, where they maintained a coöperative farm, and charged with counter-revolutionary agitation. Shortly afterward a man named Shevchuk, alleged to be in the confidence of the Baptist communities in Ukraina, where this sect is especially strong, was arrested on the Soviet-Polish border, accused of espionage and plying a contraband trade. In the spring of 1929 the Baptist training college in Moscow found itself obliged, at least temporarily, to suspend activities, although at the time of writing I do not know whether or not it has been definitely and permanently closed.

More important than these minor episodes was the new law regulating the activities of religious organizations in the Soviet Union, promulgated in the latter part of April, 1929. Two or three provisions of this law strike at the very heart of two main aspects of sectarian activity, the sending out of missionary propagandists from central headquarters and the extension of church activity into educational, recreational, and benevolent fields. Paragraph 19 of the law provides that 'the region of activity of ministers of cults, religious preachers, messengers, and so forth, is limited to the place of residence of the religious unit which they serve and the

place of existence of the corresponding house of worship.' This is pretty definitely aimed at itinerant preachers and missionaries.

Under paragraph 17 of the law, religious organizations are forbidden: '(*a*) to create mutual aid funds, coöperatives, productive societies, and, in general, to use the property in their possession for any ends except the satisfaction of religious needs; (*b*) to render material support to their members; (*c*) to organize special meetings for children, young people, women, and for prayer, and in general to organize meetings, groups, courses, departments, and so forth, for Bible study, literature, manual training, and education in religion, and also to arrange excursions and children's parks, to open libraries and reading rooms, to organize sanatoria and medical aid. . . . In buildings and houses of worship may be kept only books which are necessary for the observance of the given cult.'

The Communist State is a jealous State. It desires to maintain a monopoly of education, social welfare work, literary and recreational training. It does not wish to see sectarian or Orthodox clubs, coöperatives, reading rooms, and similar institutions developing to a point where they may win away souls from the teachings of Marx and Lenin.

IV

Another indication of the new, more active antireligious policy of the Communist Party is the movement to make the schools of the country not only areligious, as they have been ever since the Revolution, but definitely antireligious in teaching. The Commissar for Education, Anatole Lunacharsky, published in *Pravda* of March 26 an article entitled 'The Antireligious Struggle in the School,' the general purport of which is sufficiently visible from the following sentence: —

> Theatres, concerts, moving pictures, radio, visits to museums, richly illustrated scientific and especially antireligious lectures, well-arranged periodical and nonperiodical children's literature — all this must be set in motion, developed, completed, or created for the great objective of most quickly transforming the whole growing generation into an absolutely atheistic one.

Mr. Lunacharsky addresses the following significant warning to religious teachers, whom he estimates at 30 or 40 per cent of the total number of Soviet pedagogues: —

> The believing teacher in the Soviet school is an awkward contradiction, and departments of popular education are bound to use every opportunity to replace such teachers with new ones, of antireligious sentiments.

In conformity with this tendency a number of children's parades and demonstrations against religion have been organized in the larger Russian centres. Such demonstrations usually couple drink and religion as enemies of socialism. In the Communist mind the connection between alcoholism and religion is apparently very close, and the two are usually bracketed together in the speeches of Communist leaders. Orthodox holidays are invariably turned into gigantic drinking bouts, but the sectarians, as a general rule, preach total abstinence. In a textile factory I found that the head of the local Union of the Godless was also the president of the factory Anti-alcohol Society. He seemed to feel that the workers parted with their religious convictions more easily than with their drink, remarking regretfully that in the factory settlement of some seven thousand workers it was difficult to find a president of the Anti-alcohol Society who could be

trusted to remain sober on all occasions.

A number of other evidences of the strengthened antireligious policy may be noted. Articles have appeared in the press urging the printers to boycott religious literature by refusing to print it. (About a score of religious publications are permitted in the Soviet Union. They appear, usually, once a month or less frequently, and are restricted by the Glavlit, the central organ of censorship, to a few thousand copies at the most for each issue.) There is also an agitation against the leasing of municipalized houses to religious bodies for purposes of worship, and I have heard that private people who lease houses to such bodies are sometimes subjected to so much hostile pressure from the authorities that they find it inadvisable to continue the practice. This affects the sectarians much more than it does the Orthodox Church, which is still well provided with houses of worship. The Baptists, for instance, have 400 chapels of their own, 800 which are leased, and 3800 places of worship in private quarters.

The tendency to close churches, usually turning them into clubs, schools, or other public buildings, is gaining in momentum. During 1927, 17 churches, 34 monasteries, 14 synagogues, and 9 mosques were closed; in 1928 the figures were appreciably higher, rising to 359 churches, 48 monasteries, 59 synagogues, and 38 mosques. Only a small fraction of the churches and other houses of worship have been closed, however, since it is estimated that there are 50,000 functioning churches in the Soviet Union. Such closings are not supposed to be carried out by purely administrative authority, but only after the local 'toilers' have expressed their will on the question. It is unlikely, however, that all of these sequestrations correspond with the wishes and feelings of the congregations affected.

V

During the early part of 1929, I attempted to gain some further knowledge of the situation on what the Communists like to call the 'antireligious front,' through a series of visits to the headquarters of the Union of the Godless, the Baptists, and the Living Church wing of the Orthodox Church. The high dignitaries of the Tikhonite wing, for prudential reasons, are not disposed to talk with foreigners.

I had paid a visit to the Union of the Godless in 1926 and was impressed by the evidence of increased activity on the part of this organization. It had moved into new and larger quarters; typewriters were clicking; bundles of the society's publication, *Byezbozhnik*, or *Godless*, were being prepared for the post.

My informant, a tall young man who spoke with the ardor of a convinced Young Communist, summed up his point of view as follows: —

'Our society has more than doubled during the last year and now counts 600,000 members, organized in 12,000 branches, which work in factories, offices, and villages. Our agitation varies, depending upon the form of religion which we are combating and the class of the population among whom we are working. Our most dangerous enemies are the sectarians, because they have done away with the more silly ritualistic practices. However, their growth has been stopped recently.

'Among the peasants we emphasize the laws of natural science, and show that thunder and lightning and hail are not supernatural or mysterious phenomena. Our village branches are supposed to cultivate garden plots, in order to demonstrate that good crops

come not from prayer, but from observing the rules of scientific agriculture. Among the workers we emphasize more the class character of religion as an instrument of capitalist enslavement. We publish a weekly journal, the *Godless*, with a circulation of 170,000, a biweekly magazine with 80,000 readers, and another journal, the *Antireligious Worker*, less popular in character and designed for our agitators, with a circulation of 20,000. We also arrange lectures and have issued twenty anti-religious moving pictures. We have just now opened a central antireligious museum.'

A visit to this museum, which is in the former famous Strastnoi Monastery, in the heart of Moscow, revealed an emphasis on two points: the alleged common origin of religions, illustrated by pictures and illustrations of various ancient myths and legends, and the identification of the Orthodox Church with the Tsarist system, driven home by exhibitions of manuscripts, figures about the wealth that churches and monasteries received from the Imperial family and the nobility, and so forth.

Glancing through a specimen copy of the propagandist magazine, the *Godless*, one first noted an account of the alleged anti-Communist activity of priests, in league with the *kulaks*, or rich peasants, at the Soviet elections. There was a harrowing story about the 'icon of death,' which people persisted in kissing, despite the risk of infection, during the great Moscow plague of 1771. A cartoon pilloried two enormously fat kulaks as 'the support of the Church Council.' As a light touch the magazine included a cross-picture puzzle, a series of pictures which, when fitted together, would point an atheistic moral. Violently hostile articles about the Salvation Army and the Russian sectarian groups in Odessa and portraits of priests participating in the funeral services for the former Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevitch filled out the magazine.

The Baptist headquarters was in the building of their seminary for preachers, which at the time of my visit had not been closed. Sixty-three 'brothers' and nine 'sisters' were studying there. One gained the impression of a religious sect that had grown spontaneously out of the masses of the people; the pictures of pioneer Russian Baptists which hung on the walls represented a collection of typical bearded peasant faces.

The spokesman for the society declared that 95 per cent of the Russian Baptists were peasants and most of the remainder workers, the society having made special progress among the miners of the Donetz Basin. In general the doctrine of the Baptists, like that of another large sect which very much resembles them, the Evangelical Christians, is quite similar to that of conservative evangelical Protestantism, being based on literal acceptance of the Bible. Baptist teaching is against smoking and drinking, against attending moving-picture and theatrical performances, although concerts are regarded as allowable and moving-picture representations of sacred scenes are sometimes given in churches.

The Baptists reckon 200,000 members and about 1,000,000 friends and sympathizers, counting in the families of the members. They are especially strong in the Ukrainian peasant villages. Their monthly magazine, the *Baptist*, was first printed in 7000 copies; now this number has been cut down to 4000. At one time they were granted permission to print 25,000 Bibles; later this number was reduced to 2500, and the carrying out of the whole order seemed to be in doubt. The Baptists maintain mutual aid funds to help their needy members. Their educational and

recreational activities, even before the promulgation of the new law regulating religious organizations, had been stopped by administrative order, and they complained that they experienced great difficulty in leasing buildings for worship and that many of their rank-and-file members, besides their preachers, who are elected by their congregations, had been disfranchised.

Notwithstanding this atmosphere of actual and threatened repression, I carried away from the Baptist headquarters the same impression of fresh young strength that I have acquired in contact with sectarians in the villages. Unspoiled by prosperity, the Russian sectarians have many of the qualities of faith, charitableness, and brotherly good will which one is apt to attribute to the early Christians. I shall not soon forget the impressive reply of a Ukrainian peasant lad who had just returned home from a term in prison for refusing to serve in the Red Army. I asked him whether he had the right to refuse to serve, meaning to inquire whether Baptists in general were freed from the obligation of bearing arms. (A few very small traditionally pacifist sects are exempted from bearing arms under Soviet law, but the Baptists are not one of these groups, I have since found. Probably with a view to averting friction with the authorities, the Baptists, in a national congress, decided to leave the question of bearing arms to the consciences of their individual members. The Baptist with whom I talked in the seminary declared that a considerable number of the younger members of the sect had conceived such an abhorrence for war that they were willing to endure any penalties rather than serve in the Army.)

The lad interpreted my question as a challenge to his action, and replied, with a firm earnestness of conviction, quite equal to what one comes in Russia to associate with the more sincere and devoted Communists: —

'Of course, on the basis of the Word of God, I had the right to refuse to learn how to kill.'

Most probably the Union of the Godless is correct in regarding such people as its most dangerous ideological enemies.

One found little of the eager faith and hope of the Baptists in the magnificent ecclesiastical mansion which somehow escaped nationalization and serves as the headquarters of the Most Holy Synod, as the directing board of the Living Church wing of the Orthodox Church is called. I had been promised an interview with the head of the Synod, Alexander Vedensky, one of the leading intellectuals in the movement against the Patriarch Tikhon, but as Vedensky was suffering from one of his chronic fits of heart trouble I talked instead with a professor of theology. He declared that in dogma and ritual there were practically no differences between the two wings of the Orthodox Church. The Synod has introduced an innovation in permitting bishops to marry (Russian priests have always been allowed to marry) and desires to replace Old Slavonic in the church service with Russian.

'We are in favor of church reunion,' declared the professor, 'but the Tikhonites are stubborn and carrying on an agitation against us, spreading rumors that our icons are not holy and will not work miracles. We hold about 35 per cent of the churches in the country. Our chief strength is in Leningrad and in the Kuban, and we are weakest here in Moscow.'

The professor admitted that there had been a considerable exodus from the Church since the Revolution, some former believers giving up faith altogether, while others joined the ranks of

the sectarians, whose number he estimated at several millions. While the Soviet Government is not inclined as a rule to show special favor to any religion, the Synod enjoys two privileges which are denied to the more conservative Tikhonites: to maintain theological seminaries, of which there are two, one in Leningrad and one in Moscow, and to issue a publication, the *Messenger of the Most Holy Synod*, which is filled with theological articles and polemical attacks on the Tikhonites and the sectarians.

VI

I have devoted most of this article to a consideration of the position of the Christian religion because most Russians adhered to it in pre-revolutionary times and the Communist campaign has naturally been largely concentrated against it. Neither of the two largest non-Christian faiths in the Soviet Union, the Mohammedan and the Jewish, however, has escaped its share of the attack. Mohammedanism is a regulated system of life, rather than an intellectual creed; and anti-religious propaganda in the Mohammedan centres of Central Asia and the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Volga Tartar Republic, is inextricably bound up with the Soviet effort to remould its Asiatic population along more modern lines. Cautious at first about offending the traditional habits of the Mohammedan peoples, the central and local Communist organizations, as the Soviet power has become more firmly established, have taken bolder and bolder steps in this direction. The number of murders of women who have discarded the veil indicates that there is still a strong psychology of resistance in the Soviet East, and that the mullahs, or Mohammedan priests, still retain substantial influence, at least in some places.

While Russian Orthodox Judaism has never been actively counter-revolutionary in the sense that many bishops and priests of the Russian Orthodox Church were counter-revolutionary (the threatening spectre of pogroms was sufficient to keep even the most conservative Jews, as a general rule, from desiring or working for the violent overthrow of the Soviet régime), Judaism is also 'opium for the people' in the eyes of the Communists, and is exposed to much the same forms of hostile agitation and pressure. Almost simultaneously with the closing of the Baptist seminary in Moscow a Jewish rabbinical seminary which had existed semilegally in Vitebsk Province was shut down. Jewish Communists are most active in urging their co-racialists to forsake religious practices, and synagogues, like churches, have been turned into workers' clubs. The general effect of this on Jews and Russian Christians has apparently been very similar: the lukewarm and indifferent fall off, but those who remain loyal are strengthened and deepened in their faith.

How will it end, this first conscious effort to make a large nation atheistic, this struggle for the Russian soul, or, as the Communists deny the existence of either personal or national souls, this struggle for the moulding of Russian thought and character?

In my opinion the issue depends largely upon how far religion is the product of such mechanical influences as habit, authority, tradition, early training, and how far it is a spontaneous psychological and spiritual need of human nature.

Obviously, so long as the Communist policy toward religion remains unchanged (and there is no reason to anticipate any abatement of the fundamental hostility, although there may be alternations of mildness and severity

of method), religion will have no external basis of support. The influences of State, school, and society, which in other countries are generally either favorable to religion or at least neutral, will be cast solidly against it.

But so far as religion is a matter of mature individual faith it will quite probably be strengthened rather than weakened by the period of trial and official disfavor through which it is passing. The Russian philosopher Soloviev described his countrymen as a 'God-seeking people.' And it will not be surprising if among those who turn away from the promised Communist 'paradise in this world' old religious tendencies, both mystical and rationalistic, will be strengthened and new ones will arise.

OLD AGE ON THE BALANCE SHEET

BY M. B. FOLSOM

I

INDUSTRIAL concerns throughout the United States are giving increasing attention to the subject of pensions for employees who have grown old in their service.

A number of theories have been advanced as justification for the employer's granting a retirement annuity. One theory is that a pension is a deferred wage, and that money expended for pensions comes out of funds available for compensation of labor and is, in effect, merely a part of the wages which might have been paid the worker during his productive years. This theory does not hold, for the simple reason that an employer does not have to pay pensions in order to procure and hold a labor force. Neither is the theory sound that a pension is a gratuity or reward for long service. The theory which is being advanced now by most students of the subject, and which seems to be sound, is that a pension plan is a direct aid to the management in keeping up efficiency and in lowering costs, and that it is therefore a legitimate business expense.

That a pension plan is needed is indicated by the fact that a large number of companies that have been in business for twenty or twenty-five years have introduced pension plans. In a recent study made by the Industrial Relations Counselors, Incorporated, record was obtained of 355 companies, exclusive of railroads, which had inaugurated some kind of pension plan.

The principal reason why organizations have adopted pension plans is that many employees reach retirement age without an appreciable amount of independent reliable income. While the proportion of persons reaching old age in poverty has been exaggerated in many statements and advertisements, it is true that many reach retirement age without sufficient income to support themselves. The most reliable statistics available on the subject are the results of an investigation recently made by the National Civic Federation of approximately

14,000 persons sixty-five years of age and older, living in certain industrial cities of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, and of a similar study made of 17,350 persons of like age by the Pension Commission of Massachusetts.

An analysis of the combined results of the two investigations — based upon interviews with approximately 31,000 persons sixty-five years of age and older — showed that 42 per cent of these persons owned property to the value of $5000 or more, 13 per cent owned property worth between $5000 and $2000, 15 per cent owned property worth less than $2000, and 30 per cent owned no property at all. They indicated that 56 per cent either possessed property to the value of $5000 or more or had an annual income of at least $1000. Some of the conclusions of the report of the National Civic Federation are given: —

> This country has furnished the opportunity to persons with individual initiative to care for themselves, and the majority of our aged have succeeded either in accumulating enough or in being able to earn enough not to be dependent.
>
> Labor is not so mobile but that a general adoption of a standard pension system in industry and commerce would produce substantial benefits to a high percentage of employees.
>
> Nearly 40 per cent stated that they had been with the same employer twenty-five years or more. There is hardly a table in the report which does not contribute some point in the argument that a large proportion of those workers who are in danger of becoming dependent could be cared for in the future if industry generally should adopt a definite policy for retirement annuities and for providing light employment for the workers of failing strength.

This report indicates that, although there has been distinct progress toward the elimination of dependency of workers reaching old age, nevertheless industry should adopt some plan to provide for those who would otherwise be dependent in whole or in part upon others for support.

II

Without provision for the retirement of employees, an employer confronted with the discharge of an employee who has given long service and who does not have sufficient means for sustenance does not discharge the employee, but keeps him on the force. As a result, there is a pension cost which is not recognized as such. Large companies are, therefore, considering it better policy to retire such a man and replace him by an abler employee. Removing the older man who is no longer able to produce makes way for younger people and has a stimulating effect upon the whole organization. Employers all feel that, up to the age of declining strength, long-time service on the part of many employees is a business asset. An organization which takes adequate care of its superannuated people appeals to the workers. A well-established pension plan undoubtedly serves to attract employees, even at younger ages, who are of a more stable nature, and to that extent affects turnover and the general character of the working force. The reputation of an employer in a community is enhanced by the fair treatment of the older employees, and this is a definite business advantage.

Many students feel that state pensions are bound to come, while others think that if a pension plan is adopted by industry generally the state-pension plan can be avoided. Six states — Montana, Nevada, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Colorado, and Maryland — have already adopted straight old-age pension laws. There is agitation in a number of states for the passage of a 'Standard Bill' which is advocated by

the American Association for Labor Legislation. This bill is a very modest proposal that a citizen of seventy years or upward who has resided continuously for fifteen years in the state shall, if the value of the applicant's property does not exceed $3000, be entitled to a pension which, when added to other income, shall not exceed a total of one dollar a day. This bill offers a small pension; but, once such pension laws are enacted, the rates will probably increase.

Such a pension by the state, with poverty as a qualification, is really only a substitute for the poorhouses, and would not solve the pension problem of industrial concerns. On the other hand, a compulsory contributory system, such as has been tried in some South American countries, might easily become burdensome to industry. Almost all government schemes are more costly than others because of the inefficiency of operation.

Many companies have started to retire employees without any definite pension plan, handling each individual case on its merits. The experience in such cases has been that, when the number of people retired increased as the company grew in size, a definite pension plan was developed. There is little argument as to the advantages to a company of having a definite plan, from the point of view of both employee and employer. The employee knows what he may expect, and the employer can use the pension plan to retire those employees who have become disabled through age or ill health.

Most pension plans in this country are dealt with as supplementary pay roll, and the pension expenses are charged to operating costs as they are paid. Annual pension expenditures have increased steadily, — in some cases in a startling manner, — and so heavy have these payments become that some nonfunded plans have been either reduced or abandoned. The following table showing the pension expenditures made by the United States Steel Corporation since 1911 illustrates the tendency of pension expenditures to increase: —

1911	$281,000	1924	$1,684,000
1917	712,000	1925	2,069,000
1921	948,000	1926	2,538,000
1922	1,267,000	1927	3,013,000
1923	1,448,000	1928	3,488,000

The Pennsylvania Railroad pension payments increased from $300,000 in 1900 to $6,083,000 in 1928. Wage increases and increases in the force account for part of this rapid growth; but the principal cause of the increased payments is inherent in the pension system itself.

The cause of rapid increase can be easily understood by considering an organization which has shown no growth in number of employees for a long period of years. In such an organization a fairly uniform number of employees might be expected to reach retirement age year by year. It is evident that the payments of pensions granted each year must be added to the amount paid on pensions granted in previous years. Not until the annual amount of pensions discontinued on account of death among the pensioners equals the annual amount of new pensions granted will a maximum annual cost be reached. This will probably take twenty-five years after payment has begun on the first pensions. If, however, the organization is one that has been growing over a long period of years, the number of persons reaching pension age increases more or less steadily, with the result that the annual cost rises more rapidly and the time of maximum cost recedes into the future probably forty or fifty years. In fact, the day may come when the annual pension

expenditures represent a very large percentage of the annual pay roll.

III

Many companies which established pension plans years ago are now facing the problem of how to meet the increasing pension payments. Funds which were set aside to provide for pensions and were originally sufficient are now found to be inadequate. Very few of the pension plans in existence among industrial companies to-day are on a sound actuarial basis, and the companies must begin setting aside an additional amount each year to take care of the accrued liabilities or they will soon face an almost prohibitive increase in the pension costs. The following is quoted from an article appearing in the *Monthly Labor Review* of the Department of Labor: —

> It is evident that the majority of plans dealt with in this discussion (all private industrial pensions) are on a thoroughly unsound basis. They are meeting present liabilities, but making no attempt to provide for the heavy expenses which must eventually be faced.
>
> Most of the employers undoubtedly have every intention of meeting pension claims honorably and fully, but in this matter intentions are a poor substitute for investments. 'As far as the employees are concerned, and from any sound financial and actuarial point of view, these plans are hopelessly insolvent.'

Many of the larger companies have begun to realize the probable increase in their pension payments and have taken steps to put their plans on a funded basis.

There are several ways in which a plan can be funded. A fund may be set up, the income from which will be expected to be sufficient to pay pensions. Instead of setting up a large reserve at once, a definite percentage of the pay roll may be added to the fund each year to accumulate an amount sufficient to carry the pensions over the 'peak' to be reached in the future.

The more scientific method is to take care each year of the pension liabilities accruing during the year on account of employees on the active pay roll. This method is called the 'group annuity plan.' While this plan is of comparatively recent origin, a number of companies have adopted it. Some of those companies are the Western Clock Company, Cleveland Railway Company, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York Stock Exchange, St. Joseph Lead Company. The most recent adherent of the group annuity plan is the Eastman Kodak Company, which had an accrued liability of $6,500,000.

Under the annuity plan the employer puts up during each year of the employee's term of service an amount of money sufficient to provide him with a certain annuity payable at retirement age. This sum is either set aside in a fund administered by trustees appointed by the company or turned over to an insurance company. The company has no recourse to this fund, and a man is entitled to the stated annuity when he reaches retirement age. The next year, and each year following, the employer puts up an additional amount. Although the employer intends to put money into the fund or make payments to the insurance company each year to add to the annuities, he is not legally bound to do so, and he can omit payments in any year. If payments are omitted, he can make them good in later years. Furthermore, he can either increase or decrease the amount which he puts up to provide for the annuities. In any case, despite possible changes in payments, pension-earning employees

are assured of the benefits of all sums that have been paid into the fund.

The principle underlying the group annuity plan is that a certain liability as to pensions accrues each year and that a charge should be made against that year's operating costs to cover this liability. The liability can be set up on the books and payment made later, but the concern which makes its charge and pays for it at the same time is in a better position than the concern which merely makes a charge.

If a company started this plan when it was first organized, liberal retirement annuities could be provided for all employees without a very heavy cost to the employer, owing to the accretions on account of compound interest and savings from mortalities and withdrawals. But if a company has been in existence for some time prior to the initiation of a pension plan, there is an accrued liability, owing to the fact that employees are already reaching retirement age and no reserve has been set up for their past service. The annuity which would be provided for the older employees from year to year would not be enough to give them sufficient retirement benefit because of the short period of employment they have left in which to accumulate an annuity principal.

Hence, in a company which has been organized for some time, it is necessary to take care of the accrued liability. Otherwise, provision would not be made for the very people for whom the plan is inaugurated — the men who are now approaching retirement age. Where a company has been organized for a long time, the accrued liability is quite an appreciable item. This has been the real obstacle to the inauguration of a financially sound retirement plan by many companies; but it can be met by spreading the accrued liability over a period of years.

Many companies which have adopted the annuity plan set aside a sufficient amount each year to provide an annuity of 2 per cent of the annual salary. By the time an employee has reached retirement age, which is usually sixty-five for men and sixty for women, there will have been accumulated for him an annuity equal to 2 per cent of his entire salary during his period of employment. For an employee of, say, thirty-five years' service this would represent an annuity of 70 per cent of his average annual salary. In setting up the accrued liability, it is customary to provide for an annuity equal to 1 per cent of an employee's present annual salary multiplied by his years of past service. Because of the big increase in wages since the war, 1 per cent of the present pay might, in the case of a person of long service, equal $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the average pay during the entire period of employment.

Many of the older pension plans which are in existence base the amount of the pension on a certain percentage of the final salary or the average salary during the last ten years of employment. This feature is not desirable for a pension plan on an actuarial basis, because it is impossible accurately to predict what the final salary or the salary during the last ten years of employment is going to be.

There are many advantages in the annuity plan. The employer knows that he is taking care of his pension problem, and he knows in advance what liability he is assuming. The employer provides each year for the liability accruing in that year. Each year is a closed book. If for any reason the plan should have to be discontinued, the employee would get the benefit from the amount which the employer had already set aside. Later the employer might decide to make up for the years in which payments were

discontinued. Of course, an employer entering upon this plan should be reasonably sure that he will continue to make the payments each year; but it is always stated that the employer is under no legal obligation to continue these payments.

The only uncertain factor is the turnover of employees in the future. If the turnover is conservatively estimated, the employer is sure he has covered his pension liability, and, if the turnover should be higher than estimated, credits would be given on the current payments each year.

So far as the employee is concerned, he has definite knowledge of the annuity which he can expect, and he knows that the amount which has already been paid for cannot be withdrawn. He knows that everyone is put on the same basis, the percentage and the length of service applying to each person in accordance with his salary. It is easy for the employee to calculate what his pension will be.

IV

Most of the plans which are now in existence are noncontributory, with the employer paying all the cost; but there is a distinct tendency now toward the contributory plan. This type of plan has two advantages. More adequate benefits are possible without making the cost too burdensome to the employer; and the participation of the employees ensures their cooperation and active interest.

It has been found in practice that, where an employer provides a certain pension and the option is given to the employees of taking an additional pension, very few of them will come in unless the employer offers some inducement. The older employees are willing to come in, but the amount of the annuity which they can buy with a certain deduction from their pay is much less than what the younger employees could buy. The younger employee is not particularly interested in pensions. In order to encourage contribution by employees, the employer generally gives a certain minimum annuity and will give an additional one if the employee will agree to a deduction from his salary toward the purchase of an annuity for himself. This means, of course, not a reduction in the wages the employer has to pay, but that the wage deduction is paid to the insurance company or the pension fund instead of to the employee.

Another way in which employees have been induced to contribute toward their pension cost is by tying the pension up with other features, such as life insurance, disability insurance, and health insurance, and having the employee contribute a certain percentage of his salary — say 3 or 5 per cent — toward the cost of all these benefits. This plan, called the 'package plan,' has succeeded well in a number of cases where it has been tried, because almost any employee is interested in some one feature. While the younger employees, and girls in particular, might not be interested in the retirement annuity, they would be interested in life insurance or sickness benefit.

Fundamentally a contributory plan seems to be sounder than a noncontributory plan. The contributory plan also takes care of the very difficult problem of the employee who leaves before retirement age. Under this plan the employee will get back with or without interest the amount which he has contributed toward his individual annuity. He could take the refund either in the form of cash or in the form of a paid-up annuity.

In most plans which are not contributory the employee who leaves

before reaching retirement age does not get anything, as the employer pays the entire cost and has instituted the pension plan only for the employees who reach retirement age with the company. Some companies, however, have adopted the policy of giving the pension outright to employees after they have served, say, twenty or twenty-five years, even should they later leave the employment of the company before reaching retirement age.

V

Assuming that a company decides to set up reserves to cover pension liabilities, the question immediately arises as to whether these reserves should be set up on the books of the corporation, placed in a separate trust fund, or given to an insurance company.

One of the principal purposes in setting up reserves for pensions is that the money set aside shall be used for pensions and nothing else. If the reserve is simply set aside on the books of the corporation, there will always be the danger of having the reserve used for other purposes by the management in the future. A pension plan for an average employee thirty-five years of age who retires at sixty-five and lives, say, twelve years on pension involves forty-two years, which is a very long time in business. During this time there will be many changes in business conditions, ownership, management, profits, and so forth. If a sound, safe pension plan is desired, it seems well established that this cannot be achieved by setting up a reserve on the books of the corporation.

The question resolves itself, therefore, into whether it would be better to turn the money over to trustees with the provision that it could be used for no other purpose than the pension, or whether the money should be turned over to an insurance company.

A pension fund would increase rather rapidly during the first few years while the reserves were being built up, and payments into the fund would greatly exceed the amount being paid out to pensioners. The fund would probably increase for fifteen or twenty years and would not become stabilized until the payments to pensioners equaled the liability incurred each year for future pensioners. While the management in the future could not divert any of the money set aside in this fund from the purpose for which it was intended, they could cease to make appropriations annually for it. If this were done, no difficulties would develop right away; but in future years the fund would be on an unsound basis, and it would become necessary either to curtail the pensions or to set aside additional appropriations.

The investment of the assets would require considerable work on the part of someone in close touch with the investment field. If an ultraconservative policy were adopted for the investment of the funds, as would probably be the case, the yield would be low as compared with the yield on the investments of an insurance company.

The arguments generally advanced in favor of a self-insured plan are that the employer would like to keep in touch with the pensioners direct instead of through an outside agency; that the cost of administration is less than that charged by the insurance company; and that the insurance company must make some money from the transaction or it would not be in the business, and this profit to the insurance company is a cost the employer can save.

It is a debatable question whether the cost of administering a self-insured

plan is less than the overhead charged by insurance companies. The overhead expenses of some self-insured plans in England of which we have record are higher than the overhead charged by insurance companies. The insurance companies maintain that they are expert in this field and that, because of the large number of transactions which they handle and the large number of policies in force, they can do the administrative work at a lower cost per item than can an individual company dealing with a relatively small number.

There are other arguments advanced in favor of turning over the money to an insurance company. Only a very large industry would have enough pensioners to obtain the average life expectancy required for annuity rates. The insurance company guarantees the rates for the working lifetime of persons coming under the contract. It also guarantees the safety of the principal sum, a certain minimum return on the principal, and a certain maximum charge for overhead. The employer is further safeguarded by the supervision of the State Insurance Department exercised over the insurance companies. The insurance company, with its skilled investment men, can obtain a higher yield on investments than the average company handling its own pension plan can secure. A plan administered by a large insurance company would probably appeal more strongly to the employees than a self-insured plan.

The cost of pensions consists of three elements under any plan, whether it be handled by an insurance company or a trust fund, or whether no reserve is set up: (1) the amount of benefits actually paid out to employees, plus (2) the cost of administration, and minus (3) the interest on invested funds.

The great majority of pension plans are still self-insured, but practically none of these are on a sound actuarial basis — that is, very few of these companies have actually set aside enough money in their pension funds to take care of their pension liabilities. As these companies already have a number of pensioners on their pay roll, they have to pay part of the pensions out of current income. In a number of companies the income from the fund is still more than sufficient to meet the current payments to pensioners, but will soon be insufficient. The payments to pensioners in practically all these cases are increasing quite rapidly each year. If the companies are not prepared to pay these costs out of current income, the plans will either have to be drastically reduced or discontinued.

Good, humane management will not permit employees of long service to be discharged if they have not adequate means of sustenance. Yet good management cannot keep employees on the force when they are no longer productive. The solution is the inauguration of a sound and adequate pension plan. The longer the solution is delayed by business organizations, the more expensive it becomes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Shall I enter?

I am in the early twenties — a graduate of one of the country's most 'fashionable' preparatory schools and one of the 'big three' universities. I come from a family composed entirely of lawyers or business men. My environment has been as conventional as my talents. I am married and have one child, but I have an income sufficient for our desires provided they are kept within reasonable bounds. My natural course of action, one which my family and my friends would be horrified not to see me take, would be to enter either law or business. Shall I?

I have turned the problem over in my mind vainly for months, unable to arrive at a decision. One side of my nature vehemently urges me to live my life as it conceives it might be led most fully; that is, by turning my back on business and giving myself time to observe, read, think, and develop. It is the side of my nature of which the device is *Savoir vivre*, a glorious motto which it seems to me is almost obsolete in the business America of to-day.

But the other side of me, sprung from and nurtured by the environment in which I have lived, regards such a life as the province of poets, of whom I am not one, or of impractical fools, of whom it shudderingly suspects I am one. When this side of me is uppermost, even a life of teaching, which I am most seriously considering, seems an evasion of the battle of life which every virile man should enter.

So it was with peculiar interest that I read in the Contributors' Club of the July *Atlantic* the article entitled 'Shall I Retire?' I am more fortunate than the gentleman who wrote it, for I may make the right decision earlier than he.

Whereas, however, if his article fairly reflects his whole feeling in the matter, he knows definitely that he wants to get out of the rush of the business world and is only invoking the courage to do so, I am not sure of what I want to do. For while my *savoir vivre* side cheers in sympathy with what he has to say, my 'conventional' side just as enthusiastically rebels at it.

The gentleman mentions that if he clings to his business it is to avoid ridicule, and he feels that it is a shabby reason. But is it not a more valid argument than he assumes it is? No matter how much he may pride himself on his courage, an ordinary man brought up in the gregarious atmosphere of to-day will be unhappy if he sets himself at odds with his friends and his environment. More especially he will be unhappy because of the ridicule he will turn upon himself. Life, as he has conceived it since childhood, will be going on without him and he will sneer at his own inactivity. He will see men about him still 'doing things' and he will see men he despises 'shirking life' like himself. And he will forget that the picture has a reverse side.

We are living in an age of go-getters, however much we may deplore the type, and we are so infected with the spirit of the age that we are not happy if we are different. It may be sad, but it is true. Our control over our psychological reactions is feeble at best; to take them into account as we do more tangible pros and cons is not cowardly.

There is another phase of the prob-

lem, at base psychological also, which it seems to me must be considered. That is the Anglo-Saxon desire for concrete achievement. We are essentially a practical race; pure poets are rare. Even those most sensitive to nature and beauty, the surface Shelleys of our contemporary life, have often far more common sense than they realize. Art for art's sake seems nonsense to the majority of them, though they will not all admit it. So a life devoted exclusively to intangible spiritual ideals, while enticing, might lose its savor in the end.

It must be remembered that I am setting forth only one aspect of one side of the problem. I have neglected entirely the other half of the picture, the seductive call of the *savoir vivre* which the retiring gentleman has already championed much more convincingly than I could. Our personalities are both in conflict with the spirit of our age. The only question is whether, in the end, the greatest happiness will be found in acquiescence or rebellion. There have, however, been nonconformists before, and, in spite of my ingenious argument, I am told that they were happy men.

I SHALL RETIRE

A TRULY remarkable coincidence! For reasons to follow, about the date of issue of the July *Atlantic*, I was seriously considering the possibility of taking things a bit easier. The *Atlantic* arrived and the first article that caught my eye was 'Shall I Retire?' in the Contributors' Club.

I read, and read on, every word, to the end, and over again. There was practically the story of my own life, experiences, ideas, and dreams.

I am in the late fifties. I am married, have three children, a moderate-priced motor car, and a more than comfortable home in the semicountry a few miles from one of the largest cities in North America.

My income, consisting largely of my personal salary, has averaged about $18,000 annually. We have lived not extravagantly but nicely, surrounded by a host of valued friends who live as we do or better, but who may perhaps be better business or professional men, or enjoy an income from investments largely in excess of mine.

Our expenses are the usual ones — taxes, wages, schools, clubs, contributions, amusements, insurance, and the general upkeep of a family of five. We have saved a little. We have educated two boys. They are well launched in business. We still have to complete the education of our third boy, a little chap of twelve.

For thirty-odd years I have caught the 8.02 to town every morning except Sundays and the 5.15 home in the evenings. I have always worked for corporations, never for myself. Pleasant and interesting work with fine associates, while it lasted. But the war, changes in control or management, and consolidations several times rendered my services unnecessary, and I have stepped out with the thanks of my employers and generous evidence of appreciation of results accomplished. All of which meant that I had to dig out new openings that would carry salaries commensurate with my living scale. A fearsome and decidedly hazardous experience for a man over fifty.

I have nothing but gratitude for the blessings life has vouchsafed to me. But now I am going to lay out a simpler plan.

Aided in reaching this decision by your contributor's article, I have retired.

We will sell our home and settle in a beautiful town in the hills of New England, where a simple little home,

with rooms for our boys to live with us or to come to us when they want to, will be maintained by the income from the proceeds of the sale of our present home and from such securities as we now possess.

The man who has an income of $20,000 a year and spends it to live is no better off financially than the man who has an income of $5000 and lives on that.

How can the shift be made?

Well, in the first place you must want to live in a smaller community, and like the country. You must not be dependent upon what the big city offers. You must take your pleasures in the things that are free and that the country gives in abundance. You must be prepared to give up some of the things that you have perhaps thought were necessary to your happiness.

We are going to do just that. We are going to keep our car and together spend many days out in the open along the banks of trout streams or in the woods with a gun and a dog, doing at will the very things that for eleven and a half months of each year I have worked hard to enable me to do in my short two weeks' vacation.

Our wages will be $600 a year instead of $3000. Our taxes will be $150 a year instead of $1000. Our club dues will be $75 a year instead of $400. I have plenty of old clothes, a pet hat perhaps. I'm going where I can wear them and where my friends wear theirs. We are going to get rid of a lot of unnecessary 'things.' (Do you recall the article on 'things' in the *Atlantic* a year or so ago?) But we are going to keep the things we love, which won't cost us anything to continue to own and maintain.

The 8.02 and the 5.15 will see me no more. My books, musical instruments, and nature will see much more of me. I shall start a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I want to work. I shall be free from the fear of 'getting off somebody's pay roll.' We shall live simply and sweetly. My wife, who has stood by me through all the ups and downs of the past, will also take things easier. Side by side we will go down the slope together as long as we are spared to each other. 'Far from the *madding* crowd,' but among sensible fine friends whose needs and resources will be similar to ours.

I am not rich and I don't want to be a loafer. I don't mind dying in the harness, but I shall welcome a smaller collar and a lighter load to pull.

The prospect pleases.

My heartfelt thanks to your contributor. I should like to meet him some day and thank him in person for what he has done for me. We are off on our Adventure in Contentment.

Tragedies of Etiquette

Said Grandma Eldridge to me one rainy day, 'There are some very old books in the woodshed. You can have 'em if you want 'em.' I needed no further invitation to explore, and soon returned with *The American Letter-Writer and Mirror of Polite Behaviour*, a tiny but meaty book of poetry and prose entitled *Wedding Ring* and dealing entirely with the infrequent joys and unlimited sorrows of the married state, and a volume called *Etiquette for Ladies*, combined with *Hints on Female Beauty*. A short time before, my daughter had asked me to buy an etiquette book, 'so I can tell how to behave,' and with some haughtiness I had told her that as long as she lived with me she needed no other guide to behavior. But *Etiquette for Ladies* quickly removed all vanity from my humbled spirit. How should I know I ought to tell my child that 'ladies should never bow hastily, but with

slow and measured dignity'? I did not even know enough to remark on entering my reception room, 'Come off the door and into the fire,' and my mother, whom I had always considered well-bred, had never taught me that a young man should be offered a stuffed chair, an elderly one an armchair, while a lady must always be seated on the sofa.

For the first time, too, I found that I had been guilty of the greatest vulgarity in taking my beloved dog calling with me. 'As for animals, it is a thousand times better not to have them at all.' When it came to table manners, I read, 'Custom allows ladies to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them also to rinse the mouth, using the plate for this purpose — but custom sanctions in vain what is of itself disgusting.'

I pass over the delightful chapters on marriage, servants, dress, 'the management of the person in drawing, reading, &c.,' and touch but lightly on 'Corsets.' In this corsetless age it may be of interest to note that 'corsets are used partly as a warm covering to the chest, and partly to furnish a convenient attachment to other parts of the female dress. They are employed to modify the shape, to render the chest as small below and as broad above as possible, and to increase the elevation, fulness, and prominence of the bosom.' What more could one demand of an article of dress?

One chapter I should like to recommend to our altogether too easily kissing world of to-day. It is headed 'Carriage and Demeanour,' and I am sure no one can read the sad tale of the fair lady who lost her noble count without tears of sympathy. Listen to her sad tale, and keep in mind that we do not mean 'the embrace of vice, but merely that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a *good-natured kiss*. These have often bad effects and can never be permitted without injuring the fine gloss of that exquisite modesty which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty.'

'I remember,' says a traveller, 'the Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsomest young men in Vienna. When I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court; and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for Count M——, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility. He loved her for herself alone — for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings when one night at his intended father-in-law's a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival. Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment till the Count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced to his mistress, retreated, advanced again — and, at last, with a tremour that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his pledge in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry unthinking disposition, was adjudged, by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, — "as his last treat before he hanged himself," she said, — to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows: —

'Lips whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As Love had fanned them freshly with his wing!

'A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh. And the Count had the mortification, the agony, to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised. Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room — and the house; and by that *good-natured kiss* the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more!'

Newest education

Whatever other complaints the younger generation may have to make, it cannot assert that its education has been neglected. And if parents may justly be reproached for their lack of enterprise in other fields, surely they have not lagged behind when Progressive Educators have cried 'Forward!' So docile, indeed, have these parents been — and so easy the conquests of the reformers — that one humble observer cannot resist putting forth the following radical proposal, with the firm conviction that parents will accept it just as soon as pedagogic support can be found.

Only those few rare spirits who have definitely achieved maturity are in a position to understand the importance of adolescence — a period in which all too many of us permanently linger. Toward getting our little ones through this period all the energies of our educators should be bent, and any errors committed in that stage should be rendered as harmless as possible. The increased attendance in our colleges has, of course, hastened a solution, but even now certain academic errors, especially on the football field, have warped entire lives. The younger we are when we commit our indiscretions, the more likely we are to outgrow them.

But the true purpose of adolescent education should be to teach us the limitations, if not the futility, of pleasure. The permanently unbaked cynic, for instance, is a far more familiar figure than the disenchanted football star. For disciples of joy who have drunk the cup of life to the lees, the future holds nothing but a bleak expanse of work, punctuated by occasional hangovers. Their forces are spent and their lives are one third lived. They are truly tragic figures, as all of us who have played the part well know. Gradually, however, the luckier and wiser ones adjust themselves to their apprenticeship of work, which slowly teaches them how to enjoy life, just as their apprenticeship of pleasure taught them why to revile it. The pity is that the process should take so long and that our period of desolation should last well into the twenties, just when we ought to be at the peak of our powers instead of wandering into unhappy marriages and unsanitary saloons. Ask Dad — he knows.

Only a realistic system of education can solve the problem, and it is such a system that is set forth here. Under present conditions, the wildest spree that most children can enjoy, once they have passed the nursing-bottle stage, is a furtive ice-cream cone or a bottle of ginger ale. Pleasure sneaks up on them gradually, without impact. At ten or twelve they begin smoking cigarettes, and many of them must wait until they have entered high school before getting their first taste of hard liquor. Such a slow process makes each fresh discovery a disappointment, and the only pleasure involved consists in doing what is forbidden. By the time they have dared to try a cigarette, their little palates are ripe for gin — and so on *ad infinitum*.

Let us therefore give them their

pleasures with a bang. Let us give them high-powered kiddie-cars, and turn their nurseries into night clubs. Let us equip our little golden-haired daughters with a certain widely advertised brand of lipstick that makes their kisses *worth* stealing. Of course a few pioneers have already made faltering steps in this direction, but they have not gone far enough. That youth will rebel is almost certain, and in that certainty defenders of the old order will take abundant solace — in fact, it is hard to see who can honestly object to a vigorous enforcement of such a plan. Youth moves at a rapid pace, and there is every reason to believe that a year or two of compulsory, high-pressure pleasure will produce a state of disillusionment that few full college courses can offer to-day. By the time the ten-year-old of the future is matriculating for grammar school, he — or she — will have attained a hardened cynicism with the freshness of youth still upon it, a brighter, fresher, more wholesome cynicism than we have ever known before.

Many delightful vistas at once appear. It is, for instance, by no means impossible that the next war will be fought by youngsters between the ages of six and ten. Adventurers of four and five will inevitably emerge, of course, but the average fighting age will be somewhat older, just when the pugnacious instinct is at its height. And how vivid will be the disillusionment of the grizzled veterans of such a conflict!

Thus there can be small doubt that by the time the products of this new system reach voting age they will be equipped with a rare knowledge of the world, and at the same time a vigor that will be in no wise diminished by that abiding *Weltschmerz* which has caused so much recent havoc. Trivial objections naturally arise. Some parents have so utterly forgotten their own youth that they wink at the youthful — nay, childish — insistence on pleasure that their offspring feel. Yet even such palæolithic survivals must recognize that the younger generation is getting younger every day, and is setting out independently on a quest for pleasure that its elders vainly forbid. Indeed, the thirteen- or fourteen-year-older is causing the same anxiety now that the eighteen- or twenty-year-older caused before the war.

The call of the older generation is imperative. Before our children have taken matters into their own hands, let us go them ten years better and insist that as soon as they have passed the teething stage they enter upon a disciplined routine of pleasure similar in motive, if not in detail, to the régime of ancient Sparta. In those days the problem was essentially military, and by catching the future citizen young the Spartans built up a highly efficient State. Now our enemies are cynicism and pleasure, and our youth should be so equipped as to triumph over them at the earliest possible moment. Every tired business man of forty who has discovered the joys of the flesh for the first time in his life pursues them to the grave with an ardor as desperate and unceasing as his despair. The youth of twenty, on the other hand, sometimes recovers with the years. With a child the period of depression will be a matter of months, and recovery is almost certain. Logically, the case is water-tight, and only courage is needed. This quality parents have already shown to a high degree in their unquestioning acceptance of the Montessori method and other halfway measures. Now let the schoolmen do their part. And if anyone fears for the future, let him look about and ask himself if things could possibly be worse than they are.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXV

'You are a most amazing person,' said Ada Leigh.

'I don't see why,' answered Finch. 'Arthur does n't think so, do you, Arthur?'

'I'm not sure that I don't.'

'But why?' Finch, who so hated being under discussion at home, yearned for the analytical interest of the Leighs. 'I think I'm a chap who will never be noticed.'

'Don't deceive yourself,' said Leigh. 'People are always going to stare at you.'

'I know I'm ill-favored, but please don't rub it in.'

For the first time in his life Finch was feeling conceited. It was delicious.

Ada said, 'When we heard that your grandmother had left you her money, we said at once, "How natural! He's bound to have spectacular things happen to him!"'

'You're ragging me!'

'I never could do that. I should be afraid. You're so sensitive.'

'It's a pity my people don't feel that way about me.'

'I suppose it came rather as a surprise to them — your getting all the money,' said Leigh.

'A tremendous surprise.'

'I hope they took it well.' Leigh tried to keep curiosity out of his voice. That family! He could imagine their being pretty formidable, especially the peppery fox-faced fellow from whom he had bought a horse he did n't want.

'Oh, they were very decent about it!' How easy to lie — to picture Jalna as running on oiled wheels — in this rose-and-ivory drawing-room! He expanded more and more in the warmth of their interest. They drew him on to talk of his music, what he had been practising that summer, his experiences in New York, plans for his future. Arthur's interest in Finch was generous and affectionate, but Ada's was mingled with chagrin at the feeling which his presence aroused in her. His awkwardness repelled her to the point of dislike, yet the sadness of his face in repose, the lank fair lock on his forehead, his shapely hands, in contrast to his bony wrists, had a disturbing fascination for her. She knew that he was mystified and attracted by her. It amused her to think that she could play on his sensibilities, yet she had a subtle suspicion that to do so was to risk her own detachment.

Mrs. Leigh joined them, still more like a sister to Ada than a mother, after the exhilaration of their European trip. With her desire to please, she had almost the effect of being younger, or, at any rate, more ingenuous.

They talked of Europe, and Arthur said, 'As soon as you come into your money, Finch, we'll go to Europe together!'

'I shall go, too,' said Ada.

'Never! This is to be a vagabond journey. Little girls,' he included his mother in his glance, 'will be safer at home. Finch, do you remember, when I talked of our going to Europe last spring, you scoffed at the idea? You said you'd never have the money to go abroad. Now look at you!'

'Yes,' agreed Finch serenely, 'there's quite a difference.'

Mrs. Leigh said, 'We did n't know of your grandmother's death until we heard of the legacy. I'm afraid that when Arthur wrote to you he was excited and perhaps

forgot to say how sorry we are to hear of your loss.'

'I'm afraid I did forget,' said Leigh.

'You must miss her. She was extraordinarily vigorous for her age, was n't she?'

'Yes.' . . . The strong old face came before him — blotted out the pretty room, the pretty women. He saw the rust-red eyebrows raised in humorous disdain of such. He saw the toothy grin with which she would have dismissed them. His face lost the animation that had made it attractive and became blank.

'I wish I might have seen her. We must get to know your family, Finch.'

'Y-yes. Thanks. I'm sure they'd like it.'

'Are you really? Then I shall motor out to Jalna one day and call on your aunt, Lady Buckley!'

Finch hastened to say, 'She's going home to England. She is just here on a visit.'

'Does she like England better?'

'Oh, yes, she hates the Colonies.'

Leigh exclaimed, 'Colony! I like that! We're an independent part of the Empire.'

'Of course. But I'm used to hearing us called a colony at home.'

'I should think you younger ones would object,' demurred Leigh.

'I don't see why. If you're a part of anything, how can it matter what you're called?'

Mrs. Leigh said, 'It does n't matter. We all love England — that is what matters.'

'I don't,' said Ada. 'I love Russia. I have a Russian soul.'

'But how can you tell?' asked Finch, wondering if possibly he had one.

'Because it's never satisfied.'

He sighed. 'In that case, I'm afraid it's my stomach that's Russian!'

Mrs. Leigh noticed that he looked as though he had been ill and asked him about his health.

'I'm awfully fit,' he insisted. 'I've never been better. I'm just naturally cadaverous.'

'Perhaps. But more probably you have been growing very fast.' Her mind flew back to his family. 'You have sisters-in-law at home, have n't you? And one of them — the wife of a poet brother — is an American?'

'Yes . . . that is — they live in another house — just a little place. He's been ill.'

'We were *so* intrigued when we were crossing! A young man from Philadelphia was enthusiastic over both books of your brother's poems. The lyrics, and — ' She could not recall the other.

'*The Golden Sturgeon.* It's a narrative poem. I'll tell Eden. He'd like that.'

Mrs. Leigh said eagerly, 'Let me tell him myself! I shall go out and call on him and his wife.'

'They are leaving, too,' said Finch desperately. 'I'm sorry. . . . You see, he has recovered, but he has to go to a warm climate.'

Her pretty face fell. 'I'm doomed not to meet your family! Still — there's another sister-in-law.'

'Young Pheasant. She is scarcely grown up. My uncles would be frightfully pleased if you were to call on them. There's nothing they like better than calls. It would be better to let them know which day you're coming. They'd make you very welcome.' But his tone was a little anxious.

She leaned forward, smiling, her lips drawn back from her teeth. 'Do you think I might just *rush* out for a very few minutes and entreat your brother to autograph his books for me? I bought them both yesterday. Do you think that would be too much to ask him?'

Leigh intervened. 'I'll take them out for you, if Finch thinks he would do it.'

Finch wished that Mrs. Leigh were not so interested. He began to feel that a somewhat ruthless interest was the keynote of her character. He assured her rather glumly that Eden would sign as many of his books as she desired. It was probably the first time he had been asked to autograph his poems, he added — and instantly wished he had not given his brother away.

When he had been two days at the Leighs' he reached the point of moral courage where he could ask Leigh for a loan. It was not so easy to frame the words as he had thought. He was hot all over, and Leigh was not so casual as he had expected.

His bright glance dived into the turgid pool of Finch's soul.

He asked, 'Are you sure that you want this for yourself, old fellow? It's quite a lot of money, you know.'

Finch nodded.

Leigh smiled. 'I'm afraid you're lying, and I love you for it. But it makes me sick to think that someone has perhaps been working on your sympathies. Perhaps trying to get money out of you that he'll never pay back. Upon my soul, I'm afraid to lend it to you for fear you've got some quixotic idea in your head about helping someone who is n't worth it.'

'But he is!' burst out Finch.

'There, you admit it! It is for someone else.'

'I'm borrowing it to please myself, but I admit I'm going to help someone — with some of it.'

'Not all of it?'

Finch said hotly, 'Very well, don't lend it to me!'

'Finch, you're angry with me. But I'm not going to get angry with you. It would be too unreal.' Leigh's voice shook. 'I'll lend you the money. For heaven's sake get some security, if you can, from this friend of yours!'

'I can't take it when you feel like this about it, Arthur.'

'But you must. You know that all that's troubling me is the fear that you'll lose it.'

'You don't give me credit for any common sense, then!'

'I know that your generosity is greater than your common sense. I'm terribly afraid that if you start off like this — lending your money before you're in possession of it — you're going to be an easy mark for unscrupulous people.'

It was easy to lie in the rose-and-ivory drawing-room, but how difficult up in Leigh's study, among his intimate things, and with his clear eyes full of trouble for one's sake.

'Arthur,' he said, 'I can't take it without telling you who it's for, now that you've put things as you have. It's for Eden.'

'Aha, one of the family!'

'Yes, but he did n't ask me for it! I offered it. He's been ill, you know, and he wants to go to the South of France for the winter for his health. And it is n't only that. He has it in his mind to write something perfectly splendid, a tremendous piece of work. I wish I could tell you all about it. Renny's willing to send him to California for the winter, but that won't do at all. There's a special reason why he must go to France and not be bothered by a job or anything for at least a year. Look here, Arthur, you know that Eden's poetry is good. He's had splendid reviews. Alayne gave up her job to come and nurse him because she's so keen about his poetry. She's not very keen about him now, you know. They'd been separated. I think it would be beastly selfish of me if I would n't put out my hand to help my own brother, when he's so clever, and his wife did, and there's no one else!'

Leigh sprang up and came and took him by the shoulder.

'Of course I see it! But why did n't you tell me all this at first? It's splendid of you. And look here, I won't take a cent of interest. I want to help, too. Darling Finch, I want everything to be as clear as crystal between us!'

Even while Finch's soul drew strength and happiness from Arthur's love, it shrank within him at the thought of what Renny and Piers would have said if they could have heard that 'darling Finch.' But it was all right. Arthur was exquisite, and could use exquisite words; Renny and Piers were vigorous, and used vigorous words. And somewhere in between he floundered.

A note went to Eden that day: —

DEAR EDEN, —

Everything is arranged, so don't worry. Shall be home Wednesday and will bring a cheque for the amount mentioned. My friend Leigh is coming out with me. He's anxious to meet you. He knows a great deal more about poetry than I do, so I thought perhaps you would n't mind reading some of your new poems to us both. We'd be pretty safe from interruption on the bridge. Leigh is bringing out your books for you to autograph. They belong to his mother, so perhaps you might think up something clever to write in them as well as your name. I guess you'll be pleased about the money. Some financier, eh?

FINCH

Now that the strain of borrowing the money was over, his promissory note carefully made out and handed to Leigh, Finch began to be almost happy. He began to

realize the new amplitude which the possession of money would give to his life. He not only realized, but greatly magnified its possibilities. He had seen so little money; he had seen Renny and Piers jubilant over a small unexpected gain. Piers would be in a gale of good spirits if he got more than he had hoped for from a consignment of apples, or if one of his Jerseys had healthy twin calves. Renny would raise his voice and shout his winnings at the races. From the time Finch had been in sailor suits he had known that his grandmother's money was the subject of jealous conjecture. He had seen the rivalry for first place in her affections from the point of view of an outsider, never in any flight of fancy picturing himself as her heir. Her decision to leave all her money to one person had always seemed to him cruel and unjust. He secretly believed that she had expressed such an intention with the direct purpose of keeping the family interest in her always at high tide, their nerves at concert pitch. She had succeeded. But now tide had ebbed into darkness, suspense no longer tightened the nerves, and Finch, looking about him, inexperienced and hungry-eyed, believed there was no limit to his power.

It was sweet to help Eden. They were travelers in a region which the rest of the family did not enter, and even though neither could fully understand the experiences of the other in that mysterious region, they knew each other as palmers to the shrine of beauty.

Finch found himself able to play the piano in front of the Leighs. His paralyzing shyness under Ada's eyes was gone. Sitting before the keyboard, more erect than at any other time, with motionless head and flying hands, he looked and felt sure of himself. He seemed, to Leigh's ardent eyes, capable of glorious things.

As Ada sat curled in the corner of a sofa while he played, Finch exulted in the fact that in these moments he was fascinating to her. He could tell that by the look in her eyes as they gazed at him through a veil of cigarette smoke. Yet no matter how balanced, how firm he felt, he could not recapture the amorous energy that had made it possible for him to embrace and kiss her on the evening of the play.

It was not until the night before he left that he had the courage again to approach such intimacy. They had been at a dance. She had been kind to him, dancing with him repeatedly because he was shy of other girls, and now and then throwing him an encouraging look from the arms of another partner while he stood glumly in a doorway. It was a night of sudden, intense chill; the white fur collar of Ada's cloak was turned up against her cheeks during the ride home. Seeing her thus muffled, with only her hair, her white forehead, and her eyes exposed, made Finch feel suddenly inexpressibly tender toward her. She seemed like some flower bud wrapped in a protective sheath from which he longed tenderly to disengage her.

Arthur took the car to the garage, and as the two ran up the steps Finch put his arm about her and pressed her to his side. He put his face against her hair and murmured, 'Darling Ada! You were so good to me to-night.'

'It is n't hard for me to be good to you, Finch.'

'And I used to think you did n't like me!'

'I like you far too well.'

'Ada, will you kiss me?'

She shook her head.

'Then will you let me kiss you?'

'No.'

'But you let me kiss you once.'

'I'm afraid.'

'Of me?'

'No, of myself.'

'You said something like that once before — about being afraid. Are you afraid of life?'

'Not a bit. I'm just afraid of my own feelings.'

To hear that she was afraid made Finch afraid, too. A shiver of sympathy, ecstatic yet terrified, ran through him. There seemed a menace in the bitter nip of the night air, in the large glittering stars. His arm relaxed and dropped to his side. He took off his hat and passed his hand over his hair, looking down at her pathetically.

'It's frightful to be afraid,' he said. 'I'm afraid of myself, too, often. And of my feelings. It takes the strength right out of me.'

She gave him a scornful little smile.

'I don't think I understand your kind of fear.'

'I think I understand the difference,' he said. 'I think yours is a hot fear, and mine is a cold. Yours makes you want to fly away, and mine paralyzes me.' His eyes sought hers, eager for understanding.

She was searching for her key in a brilliant-studded handbag. He saw the shadow of her lashes on her cheek.

'If only you would let me kiss you,' he breathed, 'I think we could understand each other.'

'Too well,' she answered, with a catch in her voice. She fumbled with the key against the lock.

He took it gently from her and opened the door.

The next morning he and Leigh left early for Jalna. Finch would have liked to linger in the hope that he might have a few minutes alone with Ada, but Leigh was impatient to be off. Having it in his mind to meet Eden and hear him read his poetry, he could tolerate no delay in reaching the appointed spot, even though Finch declared that Eden would scarcely be there so early. Leigh left his car near the gate, and, descending into the ravine, they made straight for the rustic bridge across the stream. Eden was not there. Still, Leigh's desire for haste was gratified. He perched on the railing of the bridge and extolled, now the beauty of the sky, now that of his own reflection in the pool below.

Leigh chattered on for a while, but soon the coolness of the ravine penetrated him. 'I wonder,' he said, 'whether your brother should come here this morning. It does n't seem quite the right spot for anyone with lung trouble.'

'He 's over that. At any rate, he looks pretty fit. Our doctor says that he needed rest and good food more than anything. Still,' he looked dubiously at the wet boards of the bridge, 'it does seem rather damp for him.'

'Perhaps we had better go to him.' Leigh would have liked to tell his mother that he had sought the poet in his retreat, perhaps glimpsed the wife about whom an atmosphere of mystery seemed to have gathered.

'I think I hear him coming.'

'Hullo, what 's that?'

'An English pheasant. Renny is stocking the woods with them.'

She whirred heavily out of sight, young ones fluttering after her. A rabbit hopped down the path, but, seeing the two on the bridge, turned, showed a snowy stern in three successive leaps, and disappeared into a thicket.

Eden's legs appeared, descending the path; then his body became visible, and last his head, touched by the flicker of sunlight between leaves. He was carrying some rolled-up papers. 'A poet, and beautiful!' thought Leigh. 'How I wish the girls were here!'

'Hullo!' grinned Finch. 'We thought you had got stage fright.'

Eden stood at the end of the bridge, his eyes on Leigh. Leigh thought, 'He's smiling at me, looking at me, and yet he does n't really seem to see me. I don't think I like him.'

Finch said, 'This is Arthur Leigh, Eden. . . . He has been wondering if it 's too damp for you here.'

'I 'm as seasoned to damp as an oyster,' answered Eden, shaking hands with Leigh so warmly that he obliterated the first impression of inviolable detachment.

Leigh said, 'I hope you are not going to be as reticent as one. I 'm very keen to hear some of your poems, if I may. Did Finch tell you?'

'Yes.' The eyes of the brothers met. Understanding flashed between them. Finch thought, 'I've made him happy. It's glorious, this doing things for others. I can't imagine why other rich people don't try it!'

Eden talked freely to Leigh of his coming trip to France, unconscious that Leigh knew Finch's motive for borrowing the money. Leigh thought, 'Does n't he think me capable of putting two and two together? Perhaps he does n't care. He knows he can make three or five of them whenever he wants.'

The sun rose high, pouring warmth into the ravine, which appeared to stretch itself, languorous and supine, under that delayed caress.

They sat down on the bridge, which was now dry, while Eden, in his deep mellow

voice, read poem after poem. Some had been read before, to Alayne, but not all. They were the essence he had drawn from the past summer, what he had formed into strength and brightness from those shadowed months. As he listened to his own words, and saw the rapt faces of the two boys, he wondered whether the solution of his life might not lie in such moments. Might not the suffering he knew he had caused in the lives nearest him be justified, even be necessary to the creation of his poetry? The evil in him was inseparable from the good; he was like the gods, whose energies were directed first into one channel, then another. So he seemed to himself, and so less coherently he seemed to Finch, who never dared to hope that anything he might create would justify his own clumsiness in life.

There was a third listener to the reading, of whom the others were unaware. This was Minny, who, wandering into the ravine from the direction of Vaughanlands and hearing voices, had stolen from trunk to trunk of the trees till she was within sight as well as hearing. It chanced that this morning she wore a dark dress instead of the usual gay colors, so she was able to conceal herself behind a great clump of honeysuckle within a few yards of the bridge. She crouched there, her feet pressing into the moist earth, the succulent growth all about her exhaling a sweet, sticky odor, and, almost touching her face, a large and meticulously woven spider's web in which two jewel-like flies were caught. She felt no discomfort in her situation, but rather an increased sense of adventure. As a doe might have crept close to watch the browsing of three stags, she observed with ardent interest every detail of their faces, their attitudes and gestures. She absorbed the beauty of Eden's voice, but the words he uttered made no more impression on her than the words of the songs she sang.

She hoped, and tried to will it so, that the two boys would depart first, leaving Eden on the bridge. Contrary to the usual vanity of such hopes, this was what happened. All three got to their feet, but Eden did not accompany the boys when they ascended the path. Instead, he stood motionless, looking in her direction, and, after a few moments in which she was wondering whether or not to reveal herself, he called, 'Come along, come along, Minny! Don't you think you've been hiding long enough?'

She stood up, straightening her dress. She was not at all ashamed, but advanced toward him, laughing.

'How long have you known I was here?'

'All the time. I saw you playing at Indian, creeping from one tree to another. You're a little hussy!'

She liked that. Her laughter became teasing.

'I heard every word you said!'

'No, you did n't!'

'Yes, I did!'

'What was it I told them that made them laugh?'

'Shan't repeat it!'

'Because you did not hear.'

'I don't care! I heard all your poetry.'

'It is n't becoming in a young girl to spy on men.'

'*Men!* Listen to the child!'

'Well, the others are boys, but I suppose you'll admit that I'm a man.'

'*You!* You're the greatest baby of all!'

'Me! I'm a disillusioned profligate.'

'Then you're a profligate baby! Your wife has made a baby of you. Coming all this way to nurse you when she does n't really care a damn for you.'

'I suppose you would n't have done that?'

'Of course I should.'

His laughter joined hers. They sat down on the bridge together.

As he held a match to a cigarette for her, he looked deep into her narrowed, mirthful eyes. 'I wish I understood you!'

'It's a good thing for your peace of mind that you don't.'

An obscure pity moved him to change the subject.

'How did you like my poems?'

'Ever so. Two of them sounded awfully like two songs I sing.'

'It's a wise poem,' he replied gravely, 'that knows its own creator.'

'I suppose they'll make you famous one day.'

'I hope so.'

'What a pity you did n't get any of the money!'

'My naïve young brother saw to that!'

'I should think you'd hate him for it.'

'I don't hate anyone. I only wish people were as tolerant of me as I of them.'

'I hate someone.'

'Not me, I hope.'

'You'd never guess.'

'Tell me, then.'

'Your wife.'

'Do you really? My sister has done that.'

'Not at all. I hate her on my own.'

His gaze slid toward her swiftly, but he made no comment on this. They puffed in silence, each acutely aware of the other. He heard her suck in her breath once as though putting some sudden restraint on herself. Now the sun beat down on them hotly, inducing a mood of dreamy acquiescence.

After an interval, she said, 'I've been to the shore the last three mornings. It seemed lonely there without you.'

He was astonished.

'Have you really? What a shame! And you did n't let me know!'

'I thought you'd expect me. I would n't disappoint you.'

'My dear child!' He took her hand in his.

At his touch her eyes filled with tears, but she laughed through them. She said, 'What a silly I am to care so much!'

XXVI

There followed a succession of perfect September days, so alike in their unclouded sunshine — a sunshine which was without the energy, for all its warmth, to produce additional growth — that it seemed possible they might continue forever without visibly changing the landscape. Michaelmas daisies, loosestrife, with here and there a clump of fringed gentian, continued to cast a bluish veil beside the paths and stream. In the garden nasturtiums, dahlias, campanula, phlox, and snapdragons continued to put forth flowers. The heavy bumblebee agitating these blossoms might well think, 'I shall suck honey here forever.' The cow in the pasture, which this year had never turned brown, might well think, 'There will be no end to this moist grass.' The old people at Jalna might well think, 'We shall not grow older and die but shall live on forever.' Even Alayne, collecting her belongings in Fiddler's Hut, did so as in a dream. It seemed impossible that she should be going away, that life held the potentialities of change for her.

She wondered whether the things with which the Hut had been so overfurnished would be left there. She had grown used to them, and they no longer seemed grotesque in the low-ceilinged rooms. She went about collecting the few things she wished to take away with her, and wondered what were Eden's thoughts as he lay on the sofa reading, now and then giving her a swift look across the page.

An odd embarrassment had arisen between them. He no longer had need of her care; their relationship was meaningless. They were like two travelers, forced by the exigencies of the journey into a juxtaposition from which each would be glad to escape. If he came in tired, he no longer demanded her sympathy, but sought to conceal his weariness. She no longer tried to prevent his doing things which she thought would be bad for his health. His restlessness was a source of irritation to her, while her reserve, and what he thought her stolidity, made her presence weigh upon him.

Yet on this, the second day before her departure, a mood of pensiveness had come upon Eden. He felt a somewhat sentimental desire to leave a memory, not too troubled, of himself with her. He would have liked to justify by some simple, yet how impossible, act their presence together in these last weeks. They avoided each other's eyes.

She went into his room and reappeared carrying his laundry bag. She took it to the kitchen, and he heard her talking to the Scotch maid. She returned and put a slip of paper into his hand.

'Your laundry list,' she said. 'You had better look it over when it comes back. They're very careless.'

He crushed the neatly written list in his hand.

She began to take things from the desk. From her writing folio she turned out some Canadian stamps.

'Here are stamps I shan't need. On the blotter.'

'Oh, all right. Thanks.'

He looked at her half-quizzically, half-

reproachfully, then impulsively got up and went to the desk. He smoothed out the laundry list, then, licking the stamps one by one, he stuck them in a fantastic border round the edge. He discovered a picture tack and pinned the paper to the wall.

'A memorial,' he said, tragically.

She did not hear him. She was gone into her room.

He followed her to the door and stood looking in. She had changed into a thinner dress; her cheeks were flushed.

'Do you know,' he said, 'you are the most matter-of-fact being I have ever known.'

She turned toward him with raised brows. 'Am I? I suppose so, compared to you.'

'No other woman living,' he returned, 'could keep such orderly habits with such a disturbed mind.' And his eyes added, 'For your mind is horribly disturbed, you can't deny it!'

'I guess it was my training. If you could have known my parents and our way of living! Everything in such perfect order. Even our ideas pigeonholed.'

'It's deeper than that. It's in your New England blood. It's a protective spirit guarding you, eh?'

'Possibly. Otherwise I might have gone mad among you.'

'Never! Nothing would send you off your head. In spite of your scholastic forbears, I seem to see in you the spirit of some grim-lipped sea captain. His hands on the wheel, consulting the barometer, making entries in the log, while the blooming tempest raged and the bally mast broke and the ruddy blooder — I mean the bloody rudder — got out of commission. I can hear him saying to the mate, "Have you made out the laundry list?" — while the heavens split! And taking time to stick a stamp on the brow of the cabin boy so that his body might be identified when it was washed ashore.'

Alayne began to laugh.

'How ridiculous you are!' she said.

'Tell me the truth: don't you feel that old fellow's chill blood in your veins?'

'I feel it boiling sometimes. My great-great-grandfather was a Dutch sea captain.'

'Splendid! I knew you had something like that somewhere. Now if only he had been a Spanish sea captain, how we might have got on together!'

She made no response, but began to take things from a bureau drawer and lay them carefully in the tray of her trunk.

'I wish I could help you,' he said, almost plaintively. 'Do something for you.'

'There's nothing you can do.' She checked an impulse to say, 'Except to leave me alone.'

'I wonder if you will be angry with me if I ask you something.'

She gave an unhappy little laugh. 'I don't think so. I feel too tired for temper.'

'Oh, I say!' His tone was contrite. 'I've bothered you all the time you've been packing.'

'It's not that. It always upsets me to go journeys. What did you want to ask?'

'Turn round and face me.'

Alayne turned round. 'Well?'

'Would you have come here to nurse me if Renny had not been here?'

The flush on her cheeks spread to her forehead. But she was not angry. The shock of what he had asked was too deep for that.

'Certainly I should.'

A look, antagonistic but shrewdly understanding, passed between them.

He said, 'I believe you, though I'd rather not. I'd like to think that it was your love for him that dragged you here, against your reason. I hate to think that you did such a tremendous thing for me alone. Yet, in spite of what you say, you can't quite make me believe that you would have come back here if you had never loved Renny. The place itself must have had a fascination for you. I believe places keep some essence of the emotions that have been experienced in them, don't you? Do you think the Hut will ever be the same again after this summer? Alayne, I honestly believe that Jalna drew you back, whether you realize it or not.'

She muttered, 'How can you be sure that Renny and I care for each other? You talk as though we had had an affair!'

'When we came to Jalna after we were married, I saw that Renny had made a disturbing impression on you. Before many months had passed, I saw that you were trying desperately to beat down your

love for him, and that he was trying just as hard to control his feeling for you.'

Under his scrutiny she lost her air of reticence. She pressed her hand to her throat. She had woefully failed, then, in her first effort to conceal her love for Renny. Eden had watched this smouldering passion with an appraising eye from the beginning!

She asked brokenly, 'Did that make a difference to you? Knowing so long ago that I loved Renny? I thought you had only guessed it, later — believed that I had turned to him when I found you did n't care any more —'

He answered mercilessly, 'Yes, it did make a difference. I felt an outsider.'

'Then,' she gasped, 'I am to blame for everything! For Pheasant—'

'No, no. It would have come, sooner or later. It's not in me to be faithful to any woman.'

She persisted doggedly, 'I am to blame for everything.'

He came into the room and touched her with an almost childlike gesture.

'Alayne, don't look like that. You're so — it's stupid of you. You can't help what you are. Any more than I can help what I am. My dear, I suspect that we are much more alike than you would let yourself believe. The great difference between us is that you analyze yourself, while I analyze others. It's better fun. . . . Alayne, look up —'

She looked at him sombrely.

'The whole trouble has been,' he said, 'that you were a thousand times too good for me!'

She turned away from him and returned blindly to the arranging of her trunk.

He said, 'I told old Renny one day that you'd go through hell for a sight of his red head.'

'Oh! And what did he say?' Her voice was without expression. Eden should not bait her again.

'I forget. But of course he liked it.'

She turned and faced him. 'Eden, will you please leave me to pack in peace? You know that I have promised to spend the evening with your aunt and uncles. I have no time to waste. Are you coming?'

'No, you will be happier without me. Give them my love. Will Renny be there?'

'I don't know.' How cruel he was! Why could he not let her be! How she would rejoice to be far away from all this in another twenty-four hours!

When he had returned to the living room, he hung about miserably. He hated himself for having upset her. If he had! Perhaps it was the thought of going away that made her look like that. And he had meant to say something beautiful to her at the last! The whole situation was ludicrous. The sooner this impossible atmosphere was dispelled, the better. . . . Did he hear a sob from the other room? Lord, he hoped not! That would be horrible. He stood and listened. No, it was all right. She was only clearing her throat. He fidgeted about till she came out, ready to go. She looked pale, calm, her hair beautifully cared for, as always. She had a pathetic air of serenity, as though the final word had been said, as though she were now beyond the reach of emotion. He saw that she had indeed been crying.

The sun had sunk below the tree tops and had left them almost instantly in a well of greenish shadow. There was no afterglow, scarcely any twilight. After the rich radiance of the sun came shadow and chill. It was like the passing of their love, he thought, and mocked at himself for being sentimental.

'Alayne — ' he said.

'Yes?'

'Oh, nothing — I forgot what I was going to say.' He followed her to the door. 'You must have someone bring you home. It will be very dark.'

She hesitated on the flat stone before the door. She turned suddenly to him, smiling.

'Home!' she repeated. 'It was rather nice of you to say that.'

He came out, took her hand and raised it to his lips. 'Good-bye, Alayne!'

The crows were returning to their nests from some distant field. She heard their approach beyond the orchards, first as the humming of a vast hive of bees which, as it drew nearer, swelled into a metallic volume that drowned all other sound. The air rocked with their shouts. Separate cries of those in advance became audible, raucous commands, wild shouts, vehement assertions, shrill denials — every brazen, black-

feathered throat gave forth an urgent cry. They passed above the orchard, against the yellowish sky, hundreds of them, seeking the pine wood. Some battled with the air to overtake those ahead; some swam steadily with forceful movements of the wings, while others drifted with a kind of rowdy grace.

As Alayne followed the orchard path beneath them she wondered if it were possible that in a few hours she would have left all this behind and returned to a life so alien.

There was no mistake about the welcome from those at Jalna. Piers and Pheasant were in Montreal. Renny, although the old people said they expected him, did not appear at supper. The summer had gone like a dream, Nicholas said. A strange, sad dream, Ernest added. Augusta tried to persuade Alayne to go to England with her instead of returning to New York. Augusta dreaded traveling alone, she dreaded returning to her lonely house, and Alayne had never seen England! Why could she not come? Alayne felt a momentary impulse to accept the invitation. Why not go across the ocean and see if she could find forgetfulness there? But how could she forget with one of that family beside her, with constant references being made to the others? No, she could not do it. Better cut loose from them entirely, and forever. Finch played for her during the evening, and she was filled with delight by the improvement in him, pride that it had been she who had persuaded Renny to have him taught. The air in the drawing-room, though subdued, was genial. It was full of a melancholy gentleness. Wakefield was allowed to take the jade and ivory curios from their cabinet to show them to Alayne, and afterward arrange them on the floor to his own satisfaction.

Alayne had never spent such an evening at Jalna. Something in it hurt her, made her feel more acutely the impending parting. And yet the old people were cheerful. They had been pleased by a call from Mrs. Leigh. 'A pretty woman, egad!' from Nicholas. 'Very modern, and yet so sweet, so eager to please!' from Ernest. 'She was for going to hunt you out at the Hut, — you and Eden, — but I told her you were out. I thought it best,' from Augusta.

Wakefield curled up beside Alayne on the sofa. He took off her rings and adorned his own small fingers with them. But when he went to replace them she shut her hand against the wedding ring.

'I am not going to wear it any more,' she said, in a low tone.

'But what shall I do with it?'

'I don't know. Ask Aunt Augusta.'

'What shall I do with this, Aunt?' He twirled the ring on his finger.

Augusta replied, with dignity, 'Put it in the cabinet with the curios.'

'The very thing!' He flew to the cabinet. 'Look, everybody! I've put it on the neck of the tiny white elephant. It's a jolly little collar for him.'

Alayne watched him, with a smile half humorous, half bitter. So that was the end of that! A jolly little collar for a white elephant. And the glad thrill that she had felt when it had been placed on her finger! She fidgeted on the sofa. She had waited past her time in the hope that Renny would return. Why was he avoiding her? Was he afraid? But why should he be, when it was her last night at Jalna? All day she had hugged the anticipation of the walk back to the Hut at night. For surely he would take her back through the darkness! What he might say to her on the way had been the subject of fevered speculation all day. She had dressed herself, done her hair, with the thought that as he saw her that night so would she remain in his memory. And he had taken himself away somewhere, rather than spend the evening in the room with her!

Augusta was murmuring something about a horse — Renny — he had been so sorry — his apologies.

'Yes? Oh, it is too bad, of course. Say good-bye to him for me.'

'Oh, he will see you again,' said Ernest. 'He's driving you into town himself tomorrow.'

No peace for her. The feverish speculations, the aching thoughts, would begin all over again.

She said, 'Tell him not to trouble. Finch will drive me in, won't you, Finch?'

'I'd like it awfully.'

'What do you suppose, Alayne?' cried Wake. 'I've never been on a visit.'

'What a shame! Will you visit me sometime? I'd love to have you.' She pressed him to her, on the sofa, and whispered, 'Tell me, where is Renny?'

He whispered back, 'In the stables. I know, because he sent Wright to the kitchen for something, and I was there.'

Finch was to see her back to the Hut. He ran upstairs for his electric torch.

Alayne was enfolded in the arms of Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest.

Ernest said, 'How shall we ever repay you for what you have done for Eden?'

Nicholas growled, 'How shall we ever make up to her for what he has done? Turned her life topsy-turvy.'

Augusta said, holding her close, 'If you change your mind about coming to England with me, just let me know. I'll make you very welcome.'

Finch and Alayne were out in the darkness, the beam from the electric torch thrown before her. Cold, sweet scents rose from the flower beds. The grass was dripping with dew.

'Let us go through the pine wood,' she said. She had thought to return that way with Renny.

They spoke little as they went along the bridle path beneath the pines. Her mind was engaged with its own unhappy thoughts, Finch's was filled with the sadness of life, its reaching out, its gropings in the dark, its partings. It was cold under the trees. From a cluster of hazels came the troubled talking of small birds passing the night there on their migration to the South.

Finch flashed the light among the branches, hoping to discover the small things perching. His attention was diverted to a more distant sound, as of footsteps moving among the pines.

'What are you listening to?' whispered Alayne.

'I thought I heard a twig break. Someone in there Wait a second.' He left her and ran softly padding toward the sound.

She strained her ears to listen, her eyes following the moving beam of the electric torch. The sound of Finch's padding steps ceased. The light was blotted out. She was in black silence except for the infinitesimally delicate song of a single locust on a leaf near her. She was frightened.

She called sharply, 'Finch! What are you doing?'

'Here! It was nothing.'

The torch flashed again; he trotted back to her. 'One of the men hanging about.' He thought, 'Why was Renny hiding in the wood? Why did n't he turn up at the house? If looks could kill, I'd be a dead man! Gosh, he looked like Gran!'

The Hut lay in darkness, save for starlight sifting among the trees. A tenuous mist hung among their trunks, weighted with chill autumnal odors, dying leaves, fungus growths such as wood mushroom and Indian pipe, and the exhalations of deep virgin soil.

Alayne opened the door. Dark and cold inside. Eden had gone to bed early. He might have left the lamp burning and put wood on the fire! Finch flashed the light into the interior. She found a match and lighted two candles on the table. Her face in the candlelight looked white and drawn. A great pity for her welled up in the boy's heart. She seemed to him the loneliest being he knew. He glanced at the closed door of Eden's room. Was Eden awake, he wondered.

Alayne said, 'Wait a minute, Finch. I must get that book I want you to read.' She went into her room. 'Goodness, what a muddle I have here!'

When she returned, after what seemed a long while to Finch, what little color she had had in her face had been drained from it. She laid the book on the table.

'There,' she said in a strained voice, 'I hope you will like it.' She went on, with an odd contraction of her mouth, 'I have just had a note from Eden.' He saw then that she had crumpled a piece of paper in her hand.

'Oh!' he said stupidly, his jaw dropping. 'What's he writing a note about?'

She pushed it into his hand. 'Read it.'

He read: —

Dear Alayne, —

After all your preparations, it is I who am to flit first! And not to flit alone! Minny Ware is coming with me. Are you surprised, or have you suspected something between us? At any rate, it will be a surprise for poor old Meggie. I'm afraid I am never to

have done taking favors from your sex. There is only one thing for you to do now, and that is divorce me. I am giving you good grounds — and not so impossibly scandalous as the first time. My dear child, this is the first really good turn I've ever done you. My withers are wrung when I think what you must have gone through this summer!

If you and Renny don't come together, I'll feel that I have sinned in vain.

We are not going to California, but to France. I shall be writing to Finch from there, so he will be able to inform your lawyer of my exact whereabouts.

Thank you, Alayne, for your magnanimity toward me. I can say thanks on paper.

Yours,

EDEN

Finch read the letter through with so distraught an expression that Alayne burst into hysterical laughter.

'Oh, Finch, don't!' she gasped. 'You look so funny, I can't bear it!'

'I don't see anything funny about it,' he said. 'I think it's terrible.'

'Of course it's terrible. That's what makes it so funny. That, and your expression!' She leaned against the wall, her hand pressed to her side, half laughing, half crying.

He put his arm about her.

'Dear Alayne, don't tremble so! I'm afraid you'll be ill.'

'I'm all right. Only I'm very tired, and Eden's way of doing things is so unexpected!'

'I'll say it is! I'm the one that ought to know. He did n't tell me he was going to take a girl with him when he borrowed the money.'

She was bewildered. 'Borrowed the money! What money?'

'The money for the year in France. I raised it for him. But for heaven's sake don't tell Renny of it, or I'll get into a frightful row!'

She ceased trembling, her face set. 'He borrowed money from *you* — to go to *France?*'

He assented, not without self-importance.

'But, Finch, Renny was paying for a winter in California!'

'I know. But Eden did n't want to go to California. He wanted a year in France. He must have it because of something he's going to write. I can't explain. You understand how it is. You left your work and came here to nurse him because of his poetry. It makes you feel that what he is does n't really matter. You and I feel the same about art, I think. I hope you don't think I'm a fool.' He was very red in the face.

She must not hurt his feelings by deprecating his act. Ah, but Eden would never pay him the money back! She put a hand on each of his cheeks, and kissed him.

'It was a beautiful thing to do, Finch! I'll not tell a soul. . . . Strange how he uses us, and then leaves us standing staring at the spot where he has been.'

He broke out, 'You can't stop here tonight! You must come back with me.'

'I am not afraid.'

'It's not that. It's the gruesomeness. I could n't stick it myself. I'll not leave you.'

'I would rather be here.'

'No. It won't do! Please come. Aunt will like to have you. There's your old room waiting.'

She consented. They returned.

There were lights upstairs now, but a light still burned in the drawing-room, and from it came the sound of the piano. Nicholas was playing.

From the hall they could see his gray leonine head and heavy shoulders bent above the keyboard. Alayne remembered with a pang that she had not asked him to play that evening, though she had urged Finch.

He was playing Mendelssohn's 'Consolation.' When had one heard Mendelssohn! His terrier sat drooping before the fire, waiting for him to come to bed.

Finch whispered, 'Shall you tell him?'

'Yes. Wait till he has finished.'

They stood motionless together. When the last notes had died, Alayne went to his side. He remained looking at his hands for a little, then slowly raised his eyes to her face.

Startled by her reappearance, he exclaimed, 'Alayne, my dear! What is wrong?'

'Don't be alarmed,' she said. 'It's nothing serious. It's only that Eden has

gone away a little sooner than I expected. He left a note at the Hut for me. Finch would n't let me stay there alone — so I'm back, you see.' Her head drooped; she twisted her fingers together. Her voice was scarcely audible as she added, 'He took Minny Ware with him.'

Nicholas's large eyes glared up at her. 'The deuce he did! The scoundrel! He ought to be flogged. My poor little girl—' He heaved himself around on the piano seat and put his arm about her waist. 'This is the return he makes you for all your kindness! He's nothing but a young wastrel! Does Renny know of this?'

'I have n't seen Renny.' She was filled with shame at the thought of Renny. Now she did not want to see him. She would leave this house and never return to it again.

Augusta was calling from upstairs, 'Did I hear Alayne's voice? What is wrong, Nicholas?'

Full of excitement, he limped vigorously to the foot of the stairs.

'Gussie!' He had not given her this diminutive for years. 'Come along down, Gussie! Here's a pretty kettle of fish. Young Eden has run off with that hussy Minny!'

'Nick, you don't mean to tell me!'

Ernest appeared at the top of the stairs in nightshirt and dressing gown, the cat Sasha rubbing herself against his legs.

'What's this new trouble?' he demanded.

Augusta on the stairs, midway between the brothers, answered, 'Some scrape of Eden's. I'm afraid that Ware girl has been leading him into mischief. Nicholas does get so excited.'

Just as they drew together at the bottom of the stairs, and Nicholas was demanding to see Eden's letter, and Augusta was declaring that she had always expected something like this, and Ernest was saying what a blessing it was that Mamma had not lived to see this night, and Nicholas was retorting that no one enjoyed a to-do better than Mamma, quick steps were heard in the porch and the door was opened by Renny.

Before he had seen her, Alayne fled down the hall. She could not face him there before the others. She would escape to her room and not see him before morning.

She heard his question: 'What's up?' She heard Nicholas put the situation pithily before him. He made no audible comment, but she could picture his expression, how the rust-red eyebrows would fly up, the brown eyes blaze. Then she heard Augusta's voice.

'Alayne is here, poor girl. She is staying the night. Why, where has she gone? Alayne, dear, Renny is here!'

She did not answer. The door of Grandmother's room stood open; she stepped inside and drew it to after her. She was startled to find the night light burning. By its faint radiance the room was revealed to her in an atmosphere of sombre melancholy: the tarnished gilt flourishes on the wallpaper, the deep wing chair before the empty grate, the heavy curtains with their fringe and tassels, the old painted bedstead, on the headboard of which perched, above the fantastically pictured flowers and fruit, Boney, his head under his wing.

Alayne stood by the bed, listening. Had they gone upstairs again, or into the drawing-room to talk? She could hear voices, but Renny's voice, which carried so distinctly, was not audible.

He was coming.

Involuntarily she moved toward the door, as though to bar it against him. But he was there before her. He pushed it open and came inside. In the clouded radiance of the night light, against the background of a heavy maroon curtain, she saw the face she loved. The face she called up in the night, the face that haunted her by day. There he stood — she could put out her hand and touch him. He lived in her, and the urge toward him would not be denied. But what did she really know of him? What was really his conception of love and happiness? She did not know. He was an enigma to her to which the only answer was the cry of her heart.

He said, scanning her face, 'Shall you divorce him, now?'

She breathed, 'Yes.'

'And marry me?'

'Yes.'

Her eyes fell; she was afraid of their nearness. Against it she raised the barrier of a question.

'Why did you not come to-night?'

'I could n't,' he answered, 'because I knew they had gone.'

'You knew Eden and Minny had gone?'

'Yes.' He gave a short, strained laugh. 'I was riding. The gates at the crossing dropped as I got there. It was just light enough for me to make out their two figures on the platform. They were carrying bags. And when the train passed I saw him again at a window.' His grimness was dispersed by the sudden arch grin so amazingly like old Adeline's. 'He saw me and waved his hand!'

'And that is why you did n't come in to supper?'

He nodded.

In sudden pain, she asked, 'And you were n't going to tell me? You were going to let me go back to the Hut and find out for myself?'

'I suppose.'

'But how cruel of you!'

He did not answer; his eyes were on the little pearl-white hollow of her throat.

Now her eyes searched the dark depths of his. Was he really cruel, or only shy as a wild animal is shy, afraid of things he does not understand? She remembered the sound of someone moving in the pine wood, Finch's odd look when he returned from searching.

'Were you in the woods? Was it you Finch and I heard, then?'

Again he did not answer, but this time he came and put his head against hers, and whispered, 'Don't ask me questions. Love me.'

She felt the fire of his kiss on her neck. She clung to him, her forehead pressed against his shoulder. They could find no words, but their hearts, pressed close, talked together in the language of the surging tides, the winds that bend the branches to their will, the rain that penetrates the deep warmth of the earth.

XXVII

A month later a party were setting out one morning from Jalna for the wild-duck shooting. They were going by motor to the lakes and marshlands haunted by canvas-back, mallard, and snipe. With Maurice Vaughan were to ride two friends of his, Mr. Vale from Mistwell, and Mr. Antoine Lebraux from Quebec. Piers and Renny were to take the dogs, which, filled with gladness by the sight of the guns, trotted without rest from point to point of interest — the dunnage bag, the provisions, the weapons, and their masters' legs, clad in thick woolen stockings or leather leggings. The sky was gray, broken by small patches of cold blue, while the scattered sunshine seemed deliberately to seek out the burning red of the maple trees. A strong wind was blowing from the southeast, bringing with it the smell of the lake and sound of its thunder on the beach.

Wright came from the house, carrying a heavy canvas-covered hamper, and stowed it in the back of Renny's car.

'The bacon's in this one, sir,' he observed, 'and the small tinned stuff. The bag of dog biscuits is in this corner. And this here's the sperrits.'

'Good.' Renny stuck his head into the car. 'We can start directly. . . . All set, Maurice?'

'Yes, it's time we were off.'

Nicholas and Ernest, Finch, Wakefield, Pheasant, and Mooey were out bareheaded to see the party off. Nicholas wore a heavy red-and-green-plaid dressing gown; his iron-gray mane had not yet been combed, and rose in a crest above his strong features. Ernest stood chatting to the strangers, hands in pockets, looking slender, feeling young again, exhilarated by the bustle. Pheasant, her short brown hair fluttering, was everywhere in pursuit of her son, who, on his feet now, wrapped in a muffler of Piers's, his small nose blue, was in imminent danger from cars, dogs, men, and the excited racings of Wake.

How Finch wished he were going!

He stood curved like the new moon, hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched against the wind, watching with a wistful grin the fascinating activities of the hunters.

Piers was passing him with a pointer on a lead, when he stopped abruptly and stared at him. The grin faded from Finch's face. He stiffened, expecting a sneer. Piers said, 'Why don't you come along?'

Finch returned pleasantly, 'Yes, I see myself!'

'I'm in earnest. It'd do those fool nerves of yours good. Set you up for the winter.' He called to Renny, who was peering suspiciously into the engine of his motor. 'Why don't you let young Finch come? He might be of some use.'

'He'd be more likely to put a shot into one of us! He's never been. Why take him?'

'Why not?' persisted Piers. 'Look at him! He'll never live to enjoy his money if he goes on like this. He's all legs and nose.'

The two surveyed him. Finch giggled distraughtly, feeling himself to be dangling in mid-air.

'Very well,' agreed Renny laconically. 'But don't waste any time getting ready.'

Finch flew toward the house.

'Why, he's as keen as mustard,' said Piers, approvingly.

'Me, too!' clamored Wake. 'I want to go!'

Piers tried to quiet him by standing him on his head, but the moment he was released he got into the car and established himself on the dunnage bag, whence he had to be forcibly ejected.

'Do you know,' he said, tears in his eyes, looking up into Renny's face, 'that I have never been anywhere in my life?'

'You can't come.' Renny took out some silver and put two fifty-cent pieces into the little boy's hand. 'Try to have a good time on this.'

Wake had never had such a magnificent sum given to him before. He was effectually quieted, even made solemn by the responsibility.

In his room Finch was throwing clothes and boots into a suitcase. In a fury of haste he dragged a bottle-green sweater over the dark red one he wore. 'Gosh,' he exclaimed, 'this is fierce!' What he designated as 'fierce' can only be guessed, but he probably referred to the furious speed with which life was moving. There were Eden and Minny Ware mysteriously disappeared, and there were Aunt Augusta and Alayne in England, and here was he off hunting with the other men.

He tore down the stairs, the suitcase bumping against his legs, and appeared wild-eyed before the others. He sprang, bag in hand, into his brother-in-law's car.

'Here,' objected Vaughan, 'you can't ride in this car! You'll have to go in the other.'

'Get in here with the dogs,' said Renny.

He put his suitcase on top of the mound of luggage, and wedged himself in with the two spaniels and the pointer. They were trembling with excitement. They licked his hands and face and cried with glad eagerness to be off.

They were off! Maurice's car was turning into the drive, its three occupants waving and calling out to the group who were left. It was impossible to believe that he was in the car behind Renny and Piers. He put his head out of the window and shouted, 'Good-bye, Uncle Nick! Good-bye, Uncle Ernest! Good-bye, kids!'

They shouted back. Wake was dancing up and down with excitement. Uncle Ernest had Mooey in his arms. Pheasant and Mooey were throwing kisses. The joy, the abandon, of it pained him. He could bear unhappiness, but he had no defenses against joy.

On either side of the road the oaks and the maples stood up showing their scarlet and mahogany-colored leaves, a few of which, with every gust, were swept from them and flew a short way like bright birds before they sank to the roadside. As they neared the church the cedars of the graveyard rose in a dark green cluster against the sky. Renny touched Piers's hand on the wheel. 'Go slow here,' he said.

The car crept past the graveyard. The brothers looked up the steep path, remembering how only a short while ago they had carried a coffin up there. Renny took off his cap. He shot a quick glance at the others, and they too pulled off theirs. Piers held his in his brown hand, glancing out of the corner of his eye at Renny for the signal to replace it. But Renny looked over his shoulder and said to Finch: —

'Finch, do you remember what her last word was?'

'Gammon,' answered Finch.

(*The End*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

GRANDSON of the great protagonist of science in the nineteenth century, **Julian S. Huxley** continues the tradition of making scientific knowledge accessible to people of general understanding. Δ The first paper by **Count Hermann Keyserling** that the *Atlantic* published was entitled 'A Philosopher's View of the War,' and appeared long before his reputation in America was born. Count Keyserling suffered his share of deprivation in the debacle of the Russian Revolution, finding it necessary at one time to hide in moors and woods for weeks. A lecture tour and a succession of prominent books have since made him familiar to American readers. His new series of papers will eventually be included in a volume on America which will appear this winter. **Sir W. Beach Thomas** gives one further instance of the fact that no ethical problem is without paradoxes. **Harriet Connor Brown,** whose life of Grandmother Brown received the *Atlantic's* prize of $5000 for the best biography submitted in our contest, is the wife of Herbert D. Brown, Director of the Bureau of Efficiency in Washington, the last of the 'four little Hawkeyes' mentioned at the close of the present installment of Grandmother Brown's story.

Eleanor Risley introduces us to a man named for a day of the week. Literature provides only one other instance of which we can think. **Eileen Shanahan** writes of a different Satan from Milton's, who proclaimed: —

> All is not lost — the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield. . . .

James Norman Hall is in his tenth year of residence on the island of Tahiti, and celebrates appropriately with the reflections which we print herewith. Δ From South Carolina comes the illuminating incident which **E. T. H. Shaffer** has recorded.

A boat is the mother of adventures and strenuous action, before launching as well as after, as **Alfred F. Loomis,** well-known editor and writer, found in the course of the building of his yacht. **Joseph F. Rock** was born in Vienna, and received much of his education there. The list of his accomplishments as a scientist and explorer is long. He served as botanist to the Hawaiian Board of Agriculture and Forestry, as agricultural explorer with the office of foreign seed and plant introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture. He has been Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. He has directed and accompanied botanical and zoölogical expeditions in China and Tibet, and is the author of numerous books and monographs. **Nancy Byrd Turner** achieved deserved reputation by writing the one poem in celebration of Lindbergh's flight to Paris which was worthy of the event, and of poetry. **Major A. W. Smith,** who served in the British army during the war and later became a member of a trading company in Rangoon, is now in this country.

Elizabeth Glendower Evans pictures a happy association with America's most influential and original philosopher and his family. **William Henry Chamberlin,** as foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* has lived continuously in Russia for nearly a decade, and has acquainted himself intimately with the Soviet régime in city and country. His papers amply justify his words, written to us in a letter from Moscow: 'I aim so far as may be possible to avoid two besetting sins of much of the literature that has appeared about contemporary Russia: partisanship and superficiality.' The *Atlantic* sets serious store by the illuminating group of Russian papers of which this is the first. **M. B. Folsom** made a study of the theory and practice of industrial pensions in connec-

tion with the inauguration recently, by the Eastman Kodak Company, of a comprehensive retirement annuity plan for its employees.

From the editor of *Police '13–13,'* the organ of Chicago's police department.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Homer Henley's experiment with 'Prison Music,' narrated in the July issue of the *Atlantic,* was as interesting as it was revealing. One is convinced that the 90 per cent now have a musical psychology towards life, and that their own souls are much the better for it. Such a result, it would seem, vindicates the logic of the experiment. It ought to be caught up.

Yet one is confounded in trying to apply that logic to the problem of the intelligent or the semi-intelligent criminal, whose name, society should be assured, is legion. He is here in the form of the élite bootlegger and the metropolitan gangster who specializes in extermination for as little as $250 per victim.

It is truth and not legend that many of them are connoisseurs of the 'fine things' of life, being notoriously choosy about the operas they shall attend, the symphonies they shall hear, and the biographies they shall read. One Salvatore 'Samoots' Amatuna was recently famous in Chicago for his almost religious patronage of the local opera. He was an unchallenged critic of that type of music even for the performers themselves, and none other than Tito Schipa wept aloud when he heard that 'Samoots,' who carried a violin case containing a sawed-off shotgun, met the abrupt finish that is gradually eliminating his kind.

Mr. Henley's experiment, I fear, can only be applied to the plastic material and will in no wise affect the wholly disillusioned and blasé type of criminal. Its worth is there.

Meanwhile, what can we devise that will charm this other savage breast?

CHARLES DE LACY

The confidential English.

RUE BELTCHEFF NO. 21
SOPHIA, BULGARIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your June number, which recently appeared in this distant 'neck of the woods,' brings M. André Maurois's interesting suggestions to a young Frenchman 'On Living in England.' In contrast to his story of the Englishman with whom he lived in the same tent for six months without being asked whether he were married, and so forth, let me tell the following.

Some years ago I found myself in a second-class railway compartment going north from Salonica, Macedonia, with a single companion. His appearance led me to address to him the question, 'Do you speak English?' 'I should rawther think I do, bein' a native of Manchester,' was his reply. I had the courage to break M. Maurois's 'golden rule' never to ask questions, and learned that my companion had just ended a three years' contract with a cotton mill in Salonica, as its chief machinist. Without my asking about his family affairs he was eagerly telling me, within ten minutes, that he had a daughter who was born on the twenty-ninth of February and so had a proper birthday only once in four years; that she was to be eighteen on February 29 of this particular year; that he was timing his journey so as to appear in his home on the morning of that momentous day — without having forewarned the family! He pictured to me the sensation this happy event would produce, the astonishment on the Missus's face and how the daughter would run at Daddy, with the same pleasure that any normal human being feels in sharing an anticipated joy with a sympathetic listener. He had a broad, bearded, rather heavy face which lighted up as he developed his theme. When I left the train we shook hands like lifelong friends, and I can't think of him to this day without a 'God bless him' in my soul.

Of course my friend did not belong to English upper-tendom, with which class M. Maurois's contacts evidently have been made. But 'one swallow does n't make a summer' in any case. An English officer with whom I was on a peace mission in Macedonia showed me pictures of his wife and children within two weeks of our becoming acquainted — in exchange for similar confidences on my part. A young English vice consul told me of his engagement and impending marriage with the same frankness and pleasure with which a young French captain of gendarmes told me of his. Despite my humble calling of foreign missionary it has been my privilege to administer 'first aid' of sympathy to a titled English high official wounded in an affair of the heart, although this naturally came about after a friendship of some years.

I am confident that my companion of the railway compartment is typical of Englishmen in general. It is possible that we Americans, standing midway between the English and French in emotionalism and talkativeness, may understand them both better than they understand each other. Therefore I would beg permission of M. Maurois to add a suggestion to those made by him in the June *Atlantic.* It is: Never stand in awe of the English. Treat them like ordinary humans and they will return the compliment.

EDWARD B. HASKELL

The anonymous man of affairs who asked in the Contributors' Club the vital question, 'Shall I Retire?' has received ample advice from our correspondents. In fact, he has made retirement quite the question of the day in the *Atlantic's* mail. We print in this number another Contributors' Club paper by a young man who is so seriously struck by the situation that he proposes to retire before he has well begun. Below are two other points of view. Only a purist will complain that in these letters poetic license has been pushed a little too far and metaphors are not always strictly consistent.

By all means retire. Your wife has enough to live on as she pleases. She may even be more than willing to lose a 'business man' to regain a 'lover.' Your children are minors and, theoretically at least, are still under your control. With more time to devote to them you will be a better father and make of them — I started to say better citizens, but I prefer to say better human beings.

There are two ways of living within one's income. One is to have an income large enough to cover all possible demands. The other is to keep one's needs so simple that one's income, however small, may cover them. I prefer, and try to practise, the latter, though I know that, from the point of view of Business, it is rank heresy.

An English college professor, educated at an American university, remarked that the American college trains men for the science of living, the English for the art of living.

In these days of increasing leisure, let any man who has within him the faintest glimmering of what the art of living means blow hard upon the tiny spark. Heaven knows we need it.

I would like to see founded some sort of MacDowell colony where the square pegs who have succeeded, by hook or by crook, in crawling out of their round holes may — unhampered — carve out square holes for themselves, according to their lights and leanings, where

. . . each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are.

I am supposed to be near the top in my profession. My chief pleasure in this is that it enables me to save money with which to 'make my get-away' before I am a bag of dry bones.

Yes, individually or collectively, I'd say, retire.

J. H. B.

Dear Atlantic, —

The dilemma voiced in 'Shall I Retire' will grow more common as men awake from the horror of industrial nowhitherness. The Robots are dancing on the steel girders and sending radio waves to the sensitive receiver.

Plainly, what are we to do when life automatically invents newly created needs and fails to satisfy them without money payment? The needy solve the problem by finding some corner without necessarily brightening it or wishing to do so. But to him that hath — ah, let him drop the receiver and run to the Maine woods. There, if he has ears, let him listen to the catbird and the splash of water; if he has eyes, let him catch the glint of silvery trout in the stream or watch a feathery cloud spread thin over blue vacancy.

The problem posed can be solved by courage; by a will to live otherwise, in the face of Elks and Rotarians. He who hesitates submits to herd notions of industrial morality that profiteers and their henchmen have made popular.

The Duchess's garden — and a familiar but ever-welcome anecdote.

Pemaquid Point, Maine

Dear Atlantic, —

Miss Arnold's charming 'Reminiscences of Lewis Carroll' in the June *Atlantic* recalls a delightful experience that I had at Oxford last summer. Just as I was leaving Christ Church Cathedral after the morning service on Sunday, a dapper little man, ruddy-cheeked and brown-eyed, whom I recognized as the chief verger, but who had now abandoned his gown and staff and appeared in blue civilian clothes and a derby, was leaving too, and mentioned to me on the walk outside that there would be beautiful music at the six o'clock service. His voluntary friendliness made me ask him whether he could tell me in what part of the college were the rooms of Lewis Carroll. Thereupon he indicated that I might see them just outside the main entrance to the quadrangle, a group of rooms with a bay window on the second floor to the left as one entered. I happened to say that someone had suggested to me to see a Mr. F——, who could tell me much of Lewis Carroll. At that he 'ruffled his feathers,' straightened his chest, and, clearing his throat, acknowledged that F—— was his name.

Mr. F—— had been in a hurry to get off (evidently he had afternoon duties at the Cathedral after luncheon), but he mellowed under the mention of the name of Lewis Carroll. He had known Dr. Dodgson well, and he said, in a courtly manner, that he would take me up to the library, which had been in his care also in Dr. Dodgson's time, and show me where the eminent don used to spend a great part of his days. He pulled from his pocket a massive iron key. We hastened

along. Mr. F—— was brisk for eighty-eight, and later I was told that at eighty-six he had been cycling about the streets of Oxford. Soon the great door swung open. We climbed the staircase, and after unlocking another door were within the library of musty yellow volumes, alive with the touch of centuries. He pointed to a place by the window. 'There is where Dr. Dodgson used to work, miss, and out there is Dean Liddell's garden and the rockery. Many are the times he and little Alice had tea on the green.'

And there, to be sure, was the exact replica of the Duchess's garden — a fair greensward, stiff rose trees, borders of blue delphinium and pink foxglove, a rockery, and last of all a trim little path along which one could see the White Rabbit hurrying with coat tails flying.

Mr. F—— with shining eyes continued to talk of Dr. Dodgson, of *Alice in Wonderland*, and of the writing of the book. 'Many are the times I have skooted Dinah, the Cheshire cat, out of this library,' he declared with a twinkle.

He asked me whether I realized the significance of the name 'Lewis Carroll' — Lewis for Lutwidge, a derivation, he supposed, of the German Ludwig, and Carroll from the Latin Carolus for Charles.

With a winning smile he recalled an incident which took place shortly after the much-talked-of appearance of *Alice in Wonderland*. Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent a royal command to Dr. Dodgson, requesting him to send her a copy of his latest work. Now Dr. Dodgson's latest publication happened to be an abstruse treatise on some branch of higher mathematics. Though he knew perfectly what Her Majesty wanted, he could not resist the opportunity to be both honest and humorous. Mr. F—— had been in the library while the professor with many chuckles carefully tied up a brown paper parcel containing this latest work.

DOROTHY BRUCE

The ambiguous key.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The lovers of Shakespeare's sonnets are assuredly deeply grateful to the *Atlantic* for the article in the July number by Ian Colvin, 'Shakespeare Unlocked His Heart.' Through the author's researches we now have added confirmation of the value of Sir Denys Bray's notable rearrangement of Shakespeare's sonnets.

Even with Sir Denys's rhyme-linked aid to continuity the sonnets as a whole or in single examples are deeply freighted with conjecture. As mental exercises they are unequaled — a single phrase often having the power to possess the mind as may a haunting chord or a spiritual revelation. Shelley called the sonnets the 'whetstone for dull intelligence.' There are others who have not felt the necessity of rearrangement, and also Shakespearean students, notably Thomas Taylor, M. A., who viewed them as a unity and chronologically arranged.

Grant that the sonnets as originally published are in disorder; is not that seemingly the way of life? The individual life resembles the seasons; though the days and months may be unseasonable, still order prevails. Even in nature's haphazard style order and significance may be discovered.

Hence psychic illumination may be experienced by refraining from reading the sonnets episodically, but by reading them instead as symbolical revelations of Shakespeare's inward life. By so doing the reader will be convinced that in line with the Titans of the race Shakespeare experienced a spiritual transformation. With this key there is a dignity in the sonnets otherwise lacking. The noumenal translation substituted for the phenomenal invests the sonnets with the same immensity of range possessed by the plays. Thus perceived, the beautiful high-born youth referred to in the majority of the sonnets symbolizes the mystic's experience of immortal youth and his revelation of beauty as all prevailing — yet haunted still with the revelry of the world, its lusts and thwartings, symbolized by the mysterious lady, 'the woman colour'd ill.'

Thus Wordsworth read the sonnets, not as a mere confession or record of events, but as the unlocking of his heart. Instead of being a trafficker in the episodical sense, Shakespeare became a seer of life's spiritual significance as recorded in the majority of the sonnets. Hence he could proudly say, —

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

T. R. FLEMING

Doctors in fiction.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read with much interest Miss Repplier's charming article entitled 'The Public Looks at Pills,' in the April number. In this paper the author makes the statement that the late Dr. Weir Mitchell once said to her that, in his opinion, neither English nor American fiction had ever produced a satisfactory portrait of a doctor.

In thinking over this statement I was inclined to disagree with the famous specialist and author. Dr. Mitchell himself has given us in Dr. North a very charming picture of a doctor who was also a thoroughly trained scientist.

Two very different but equally distinct figures rise, however, before my mind, portraying with a loving fidelity the faithful family physician.

Who can ever forget Dr. MacLure in *Beside the Bonny Brier Bush* — his unfaltering devotion to his people and to his high standard of duty. Always, as has been said of one of our greatest presidents, 'loyal to his rock-ribbed Presbyterian soul.' How clearly we recall the wonderful scene when, with his faithful old mare, Jess, he swims the Tochty — the swift Highland river — in flood time to save the lives of Annie Mitchell and her baby; and the desperate all-night fight that won the life of Saunders. How vividly then comes to our memory his gentleness with little children — his 'saving common sense,' and his wonderful hold on the hearts of his people. No wonder that the whole community turned out to do him honor when he was laid to rest.

In marked contrast is the portrait given us by Margaret Deland in Willie King, the hard-headed, practical, kind-hearted family physician of Old Chester.

He is the embodiment of common sense, but as we follow him in story after story of the *Old Chester Tales*, where he comes in contact with so many human lives in their times of direst need, ministering to mind and body with the faithful use of all knowledge at his command, and spending his life to the uttermost, ungrudgingly, for these his people — we feel that he is worthy to take his stand by the side of Dr. Lavendar as one of the greatest forces in the welfare of the community.

These last two men are true and graphic portraits of a type that is fast fading from our life — the faithful family physician, who ministered to the members of his community from the time that he brought them into the world until he soothed the last hours of the dying, and comforted the stricken household, as no one else could do. All honor to his memory, and may he come back to us with the changing cycles of social development.

SALLIE M. LACY

'Years to Savannah.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Due to the rapid development of the South, many of the quaint customs and expressions of the Old South are fast disappearing.

The following anecdote relates how the negroes on the plantation recorded a date. Sometimes it was so many years before or after the stars fell or so many years before 'Missus' died; nearly always it was with reference to some important happening the date of which could be easily established.

A few days ago, while sitting at my desk in the City Hall at Mobile, I happened to glance toward the door and there stood an old white-headed negro with his battered hat in his hand and a wonderful smile on his face. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him and he replied, 'Boss, is you the head-tax man?' I answered in the negative and told him that this tax collector did not work after five o'clock in the afternoon. His face took on a worried look and he asked me if I could n't take the money, explaining that he worked until five o'clock each day and by the time he walked the three miles to the city all the offices were closed — he had tried this several times already. I then agreed to take the money, so he placed three dollars on my desk and started out without giving his name, address, or age. I called him back and explained that the tax was five dollars. He answered, 'Well, boss, I jist don't believe I got to pay dat much — I think Ise over age, but I want to give them three dollars to keep them men off of me.' Of course I then asked his age, but he could n't enlighten me, and my next question was the date of his birth. His reply was instantaneous. The words came so fast and so mechanically that I knew that he had repeated them to himself literally thousands of times throughout his life so that the date would not be lost. And this is what he said: 'Two years to Savannah, three weeks before Christmas.' I pondered a few seconds while my memory sped back to the old plantation in the Black Belt of Alabama, and I replied, 'Why, John, you were born the first week in December, 1867, and you are over sixty years old, and you won't have to pay head tax.' He said, 'Yas sir, yas sir — dat's so, boss. You must be from up home' — and his face beamed and my heart softened and I was glad.

I remembered that the expression 'years to Savannah' means years after the Civil War, which ended in 1865.

ANDREW A. COFFIN

Readers of the Contributors' Club will remember the rich fruitage of names recently gathered and presented to the public by a filing clerk.

TECHOW, SHANTUNG, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was gracious of the filing clerk to recognize the injustice that was being done to some of us by not including our names. That apologetic word must have been specially meant for another quartette, namely — Miss Darling, Mrs. Love, Dr. Kissing, and

Yours truly,

M. HUGGINS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1929

THE TRADER'S WIFE

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

HARFORD watched his wife pack her clothes. It was a strange thing, he thought, that he could not modify her industry. All her savings, the fruit of that life of drudgery from which their marriage had withdrawn her, were transmuted into furbelows that were tossed about the room. An open box received her bodice of green velvet, a lemon-colored dolman with fringe, a padded jacket — he fidgeted and gazed moodily at the padded jacket, remembering the West Coast. He sighed with a memory too heavy of its heavy air. He wished he could prepare his wife for Africa; he roused himself to try again, but she walked away from him into the dimmer end of the long room, to tauten the square end of her Paisley shawl, one end of which he found himself, incredibly, to be holding. Her white arms were busy with the many-colored fabric, folding it with large gestures, intent on bringing it into small compass. She had no inner ear for his warning.

'I understand, Mr. Harford, it will be warm. But a lady must maintain her common state; those about her must be done the honor of an effort to please.'

'Those about her!' said Harford. 'Who and where are they? I tell you, Lucy, there are not to be five white men in ten days' journey — no, nor in a month of journeying.' But he checked himself; he was not a man to persist in futile effort, and his wife's eyes, wide at gaze, were empty of apprehension. She would dress, she said, for the five.

He suddenly wished that she were a sea captain's daughter — there were many of these in the town of Newport. Surely a captain's daughter would entertain some faint misgiving as to the isolations and miseries of the wilderness. And might — the idea visited him — be induced to stay at home. And would be, perhaps, likely enough, less romantic. He sighed. His animosities toward her passionate vanities died down, and in the ebb of these there emerged a fundamental misgiving of the circumstance. How came he to have married her? Not for her beauty — though she was good-looking, he thought, dwelling on her now in her vivid animations, white-armed among the velvets and silks of her novel and cherished wardrobe. A fine figure of a woman, pressing out into her future like a ship's head, the figurehead on the *Abundance*, that ship on which he had last served his country — like that, with her skirts surging behind

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her activities like the garments of that eternally wind-blown eager image. Eager, that was the word — how came he to have married an eager woman? And the vast lassitudes of his African experience flowed in upon him. He drowned in that tide.

An hour from then he must dress in the room that was his and Lucy's. He was forty-six years old and had not, until his marriage, occupied a common room. He would not, he thought, in Africa; there, he thought, he would take this matter in hand. 'Before we settle down we will settle that' — and he found himself remembering the bark cabin he had built himself on his last tour, silent in its forest clearing halfway round the world, empty of any civilized convenience; and a good thing, too, he told himself, looking about at the clutter of their quarters. His wife at the dressing table drew out the long sweep of her hair — white arms and black hair, the daffodil blossoms of the candles, and a golden light on her breast. He saw that her gesture was noble. Their eyes meeting in the mirror, hers fastened upon this appreciation, and, turning about, she offered her lips with a smiling assurance. Her innocent abandonment moved him; he proceeded in a lighter mood.

The weather was cold; he felt the comfort of the buffalo robe that covered them in the sleigh, and, with his faculties of appreciation sharpened by his African exile, he appreciated the glowing lights of the house into which they came, shedding their snow at the door. Warmth and warm lights gushed out upon them; they saw the stir of women with sleek hair, their dresses full about them like flowers. His misgiving that he was to suffer the untellable miseries of ennui fell away from his heart; he would be, he promised himself, the ten-day bridegroom that he was, and more truly his wife's husband, taking thought of her pride and the value she put upon her conquest, which she had no art to cover. He swore he would not dwell on this to-night, and forced his attention from her frank display and her dovelike preenings.

He answered with the necessary civility the habitual questions about the West Coast, its climate, its comforts and provender, its peoples; and he watched with his habitual bitterness the uncomprehending laughter at things not humorous and the tentative returns to the aspect of the Negro and his nudity. A black maid was in waiting; she wore a gown of linsey over hoops; she paused in midstream to dwell upon his sayings, something haunted in her eyes. He thought, 'There is a fine figure of a girl,' and he saw her packed in the middle tray of a slaver, brought out to the air at sunrise and at sunset, sluiced down with water daily, and shivering in the advancing cold of the voyage. He felt the irony of her skirt and hoop; his civilized and determined urbanity was on the ebb, and when he had to answer the toast to his marriage, with its larded phrases of romantic anticipation, its allusions to his wife's reputation as a poetess, — a tenth Muse, and now to be the Muse of travel, — he rose to his feet a rebel, disclaiming the romantic aspects of their future and hoping tersely that his wife would have the courage and the good sense to bear her lot in a dull and monotonous round.

Poetry would never help her to do that, and if she felt herself irrevocably dedicated to the romantic she had best, he said, stay at home among her admirers, while he went abroad about his business. And he sat down, pleased neither with himself — knowing well the degree of his self-indulgence — nor

with the company, who were past rallying. Lucy, who was pale, fixed him with a stricken eye, and he looked away from her to meet the gaze of the Negress, wide and fascinated. The glance he gave her was a blow and the very movement of his irritation. She vanished; and so, if he could have had his will, would have vanished the dinner company. But no, they were reviving, and soon he must agree with them that the antislavery activities of Mr. Garrison were unseemly and that the institution of slavery was holy, forecast in the Bible. To his own mind Mr. Garrison had been negligible, an idealist. He had neither read his speeches nor leaned to his reputed opinions, but he felt a present unsuspected repulsion and bitterness of negation of these people, so remote from blood and stench. They were telling, without imagination, of the ladies of Boston who had been but recently stoned for their antislavery pretensions.

II

Later he begged Lucy to stay at home. 'You have n't an idea of what it is like,' he told her; 'it is dreary — unspeakably; the surf is a wall, and the forest is another, about an empty room.' And while he spoke to her of this, African solitudes possessed his heart like an enchantment. But they were not for her, he was sure. As for slavery and slaving — he could not think either she or her friends would survive the scent of a slave ship, let alone the sight of one or the sound. Lucy, looking at him, was startled out of her mood of self-pity. 'It is no more than my duty,' she told him.

Lucy's duty, which he had married with Lucy, was to be, he began to feel, a governing factor in his life. He wondered how much of his panic and rebellion was due to bile — the West Coast life, as he well knew, was a thing of bile and spleen; but Lucy was not to be told when he had a chill, else her duty to nurse him would be more than he could bear.

To church on Sunday, as Lucy's duty, the two of them went, admirable in aspect, as was much observed. A stranger in the pulpit was preaching an abolition sermon — a zealous soul all tortured with his zeal. 'This very day,' he told them, 'while you sit at ease in Zion, a free people in a free country, there are wretched blacks at sea, packed in trays like dried fish, stinking like fish, some of them to die before the sun has set and to be cast into the sea. Who are the murderers of these?'

'The abolitionists do so much exaggerate,' Lucy told him on the way home. 'They could not exaggerate,' he said; and at that she wondered, not knowing how he could speak so, whose business had once been, in his youth, the Trade. She would have questioned him, but his grim look checked her.

'My husband is a stern man,' she told her friends, 'but not with me'; and she contrived for their benefit a melting Harford, tender and yielding. She had really at first supposed this to be true — else why had he married her? She had only to remember the speed of their courtship to be reassured, even now, that he was tender and yielding. They were not three weeks met when they were married. Lucy and her friends thought this romantic. They had met in Captain Shaw's house at a dinner. Lucy, in white with blue ribbons, had been that gay creature whose sorrows are hidden — all her friends knew this of her, and presently one of them told Harford: —

'There is the pluckiest, the most brilliant girl in the city of Newport. To see her, you would never know that it is her fate to be a drudge. She is a

drudge, sir — an orphan; nothing but her own courage and industry lies between her and want.' It was told him further that she was much desired as a reader, and that her poetry, written in her rare leisure, was impassioned, noble, and uplifting.

That she was a pretty woman Harford had observed; but her local fame did not hang, it seemed, upon that. Indeed, her local fame was kept bright by her female friends; her schoolmates, grown up and married, assiduously told their husbands how superior a person Lucy Williams was, and the reports passed on to Harford were verbatim. Harford, meeting her, had them by heart, and in a conversation prematurely intimate he had from herself the sad story of her life. All her gayety omitted, she discovered to him her long struggle, her hours of labor late and early, and her present favorable reputation. Harford had, it seemed, read a long tale of hers in verse; he had thought it fine, and told her so. Tears filled her gray eyes; they brimmed on her curled lashes, and Harford was moved. The evoked image was clear, and it was quite true of him, as Lucy supposed, that he was vulnerable.

But the chink in the armor, if indeed it was over the heart, was not to be pierced by passion. Harford was compassionate to poverty; he knew her to be poor. Newly come from the isolations of Africa, he was more susceptible than was his habit to the appeal of a pretty woman. He was pursued, and he did not shy away. As for Lucy, she knew herself to be incapable of the indelicacies of a pursuit. She was not, she hoped, a woman to love a man unasked — there was that in him, she told her friends, that broke down her reserve. It cannot truly be said that Harford married her from an impulse of pity and in cold blood; it was one of those marriages that are fortuitous — the fruit of a favorable season. It is quite certain that if Harford had been married before he would not have married again.

They sailed upon the *Arrow*. Captain Rogers was in measure a partner in Harford's trading venture, had known him for years, and had shipped more than one cargo for him before the slave trade had ceased to be, for Harford, a legitimate business. The captain had brought the trader to Newport, from which a line of goods was to be had of the sort that was replacing, for a growing demand, the slaver's cargo. Rogers had Harford's little fortune in the hold of the *Arrow;* the beads and calicoes and ironware — above all, the rum — were there. Harford would be trading for ivory, ebony, and palm oil. He had a theoretical passion for his venture; it was the fruit of a slow-grown conviction that the commercial future of Africa was dawning with the decline of the slave trade. He brought to his business a perfected technique of contact with the primitive African, and he felt himself to touch upon the time when his many projects, not realizable in the slave trade, would justify themselves. His designs pressed the more upon his attention because there was none with whom he might share them — not the captain, and certainly not his wife.

Captain Rogers had known Lucy Williams all her life, and for him her presence on his ship was a madness. He could not reconcile it with anything he knew either of the West Coast, which in itself he despised, or of Harford, whom he admired. He gave it up once at least every day. Lucy came aboard drowned in tears — and well, he thought, she did to cry. He gave her the best of his cabins, save his own. Vaguely he hoped, and he strangely expected, that she would be seasick the better part of the voyage. He had

been sixty days at sea on his last return. He was unprepared for her appearance on deck the third day out and on the next day for her appearance at mess with her assembled airs and graces.

Lucy, pale but affable, put him ill at ease in his own saloon. It annoyed him to put his pipe aside when he entered there. It annoyed him to see his chief mate's head sleeked with pomade and to smell it. It fretted him to find her at his elbow when at midday he took his reckonings, and he dreaded her questioning about the ship's run and the morrow's weather and about his personal adventures — in particular, about the slave trade. It was not in his experience to discuss the slave trade except as a business. He was not ashamed of it; he considered that his equipment was of the best and that his methods were as good as might be. He had never thrown a cargo into the sea — he recounted this to his credit, and he told Lucy of the time when he had with his own hands, after the death of his surgeon, dressed the more deadly sores of his poor wretches. But he found a strange complacency in this young lady who was reconciled to the noted miseries of the middle passage. He supposed that she could hardly know the truth of them, and, musing further, he sniffed the air of his cabin, suffering from an odor which it seemed to him had not quite gone off his ship.

'I hate like hell the smell of those niggers,' he told Harford. 'The last lot had been a month in barracoon, and for that, or for some other cause, they smelled the worst of any cargo I ever carried. I had the ship painted in Baltimore, but I smell it even in my sleep.' Harford, looking at the old man's grimace, said he did n't smell it; but he did, the whiff of it bringing back his own contacts with such cargoes in his time. It was curious that Lucy never spoke of this, the more as they were coming into tropical latitudes, when a ship gives up her essential odor of whatever kind.

III

Lucy, who had at first cried out all day upon the novelty of her circumstance, was now crying out upon its monotony, for with an unbroken easy monotony the ship slid into the tropics. It was a voyage without port of call, and without incident but one. Of this incident the captain loved to tell until the day he died; there was no mate to it in his experience. On the fortieth day out from Newport, the ship then being Lat. 9°, Long. 17°, and off the Ivory Coast, the morning being fair and the sea calm, the ship overhauled a man adrift on the flat of a squared log, very large. The log was such as is shipped from the West Coast, of African mahogany. It was the strangeness of that lonely craft, so dark on the wrinkled brilliance of the morning sea, that struck the captain's imagination. The man was black; he lay upon the log asprawl — dead to the eye, or dying. But he did not die; the sailors tended him, and with evening he began to revive. Within a day or two he stood upon his legs that were shackled. Naked in his tattoo and chains, he stood before the captain. He had no word to say; he looked at the sea and the ship with a vacant eye. A rag was put about him, and he sat with his back against a capstan.

In the week after this adventure Lucy had a birthday, and said so; the captain then made her a present of the man.

'He is lost from a slaver, ma'am, either by way of escape or because he was thrown away with others when the ship was overhauled by a cruiser — though that would not be likely; those

that are put over the side in such a time are weighted. Well, we'll never know from him. He has a look of the people of the Niger — he will be a handsome nigger when his sores are healed and he has put a stone or two on his bones. I trust he will do you many years' service. Bring him aft,' he told the steward, 'and see that he comes decent to the lady.'

Lucy thought this a most romantic present. She waited, smiling, in the pool of the cabin light until the Negro was thrust in and stood by the door. He was now recovered from the blight of his privations; the steward had put a red cloth about his loins. His age would be near to thirty; he was of a good black, tall, and elegant with an animal elegance. In his face that was a tragic mask his eyes were shocking in their vitality — they looked about the world in vain. Coming to light upon Lucy, they rested, they were stayed with wonder; wonder then possessed them, and the poor wretch who had long not known ease from rage and fear was eased by a preoccupation.

Lucy was intimidated by the strangeness of that creature breathing presently so close to her, for the captain had the steward bring him forward, and himself with his hand on the nape of the Negro's neck made him kneel. He bent his dark body beside her white skirt.

'This be your big Massa,' the captain told him, and by that word 'Massa,' or by some intimation that hung in the air, the Negro was informed — Harford knew it; he knew too that the Negro was enchanted by his wonder, asking himself if this were a boy or a girl or a woman, looking with an immediate hunger of curiosity into Lucy's face, pale between bands of dark hair.

Harford saw his wife fluttered. She had thought of a slave as she had known slaves — civilized and broken, dressed in linsey-woolsey, and saying, 'Yes, ma'am'; but this man — so striding and so wild, looking at her with such wide eyes — she did not feel to be a slave.

She looked at her husband, and he drew the Negro's eyes. 'Get up!' he told him, and the man rose. Smart fellow, Harford thought, and had him led away.

Thereafter Lucy's slave was pupil to the steward and began to learn the difference between a towel and a pillow case. Harford, who had taught many a black boy to lay the cloth, thought well of this one. He gave him the name Atemba. The possession of Atemba was a burning pride in the heart of his mistress, and she became habituated to it. In the letters she wrote home she exploited this event, and a kind of epic account of it appeared a year from then, in the *Newport News*. Old sea captains read it and grinned at Lucy Williams's account of her nigger.

But Harford saw it as a reconciling element in his wife's introduction to the Coast. His imagination began to be busy with this difficulty; he had no illusions as to the bleakness of the prospect, and the captain, with the best will in the world, did nothing to help him. The customary West Coast gossip recurred; the deaths by fever, the misadventures and extremes of nostalgia, the fatalities by poison, by snake bite, the lonely madnesses — all these familiar makings of African biography were, as ever, common talk at the table. Only there were none of the crew so hardy as to talk of women — for all Lucy heard, the white man in West Africa was a celibate.

The ship's course was set to Gaboon, where the captain would take on his Kru boys, discharge his cargo, and turn his vessel over to the Spaniards, with

whom his agreement was made and who would assume command and ship the slaves that were gathered and waiting in barracoons. Under Spanish colors the *Arrow*, as the *Esperanza*, would make for a South American port. 'But never fear,' the captain told Lucy; 'the *Arrow* will come to anchor off Newport as clean as she left it, for I'll have her painted once she is discharged at Bahia. Any little thing you will be sending your friends for a present I'll put into their hands myself. An ivory tusk, now; or a grass mat made by the Galway people — though my wife complained when I brought her a mat; she said it smelled of mould. And so it did, ma'am — you'll see for yourself there is a smell of mould that hangs about the equator.'

On the forty-seventh day out, the *Arrow* passed within landfall of the lovely small island of Elobi, ringed in its white surf. Every creature on the ship rejoiced to see it shining in an afternoon light on a pale sea. Lucy, holding the captain's glass to an inexpert eye, saw it swing into the empty air, perfectly brilliant. Vines hung down its white cliffs, and on the white sands below dark groups of people gathered and scattered and hailed the ship, their voices lost at sea. The captain told Lucy of a trader who had been killed there, the Benga people claiming that he had robbed them. The captain had rescued the trader's wife, calling a month after the murder; he had found her in a little hut on the west side of the island, where she had kept herself without harm. The women of the island had fed her, but she had come aboard ship all but dead, and she had died at sea. 'It's a hard country for a lady, ma'am,' the captain told Lucy, who said that any country was hard for a dishonest man or woman of a poor spirit. And she watched the embowered island set in its ring of surf. She had no question to ask of that woman whose body, as the captain sometimes unhappily remembered, had been let down into the sea. 'Your lady has a brave spirit,' he told Harford, 'but not an idea of this country.'

With the next morning Lucy woke to the odor of land; past her porthole green trees drifted, and she heard the quartermaster chanting the mark on the lead line. She had slept while the ship came about into the Gaboon estuary. But Harford had hardly slept the night; he saw the daylight come above the low dark land; presently the morning sky was pricked by the crests of the great trees that stood at the water's edge where the eyes of mariners looked to take their bearings. The surf running up the beach broke enormously, and, when the ship made the bar, broke there. With the sight of that surf, so familiar to him in his wandering, he accepted Africa afresh; the feeling of it came to him across the waters; what had seemed so strange to him in his chosen life as he had thought of it in civilized countries returned to inhabit his very soul, not stranger now than his own breath. Only his absence from these circumscribed and familiar things began already to seem strange; and, already almost forgotten, the sights and the sounds of the North began to sink down over the slope of the sea as the ship came about into the still waters of the estuary.

Atemba leaned on the rail; he looked landward with an empty face. Harford judged that he was not a beach man and that he had no hope of a home beside the sea — of an inland tribe, doubtless, and certainly without the tribal marks of these parts. Harford was familiar with the tribes about the Gaboon; he had gone over this country with a fair degree of interest when he was planning his present venture. And

his mind, fresh from his absence, sprang to meet his prospects; he told himself that he had the finest stock of trade goods that had ever been put ashore on these beaches, and the only stock of trade that was not for slaving. He could watch the slave trade perish, as he knew it must, without regret. The day for a legitimate trade had dawned, and he was ready for it.

IV

Two schooners lay at anchor off the settlement of Glass. They carried the Spanish flag and he knew them for slavers, and he wondered whether old mates of his were aboard them. Neither had taken cargo as yet; their captains would wait for the dark to load, and would load, when they did, in one night; their trade was now precarious, and their cargo would be brought down in canoes from some hidden point upriver. A third steamer, a four-master, he made out to be the *Straw;* she was taking lumber over the side. He rejoiced to see her, as he must come to agreements with her master. The sound of her winches, faint across the water, was sweet to him; he would be giving her cargo on her next voyage — pray God it would not be long. From the villages that lay along the north shore, and where the small huts were now visible, he heard the rhythm of drums — or did not hear them, so well he knew that sound. He marked the long wall of Taylor's barracoon and that no smoke of fires rose above the wattled walls — it must be that Taylor no longer kept his slaves there and that it was in disuse since the Patrol had become stricter.

When Lucy brushed in between him and the motionless Atemba, Harford was shocked to see her, so utterly had she perished from his mind. Now she leaned on the rail, her sleek hair unruffled in the slight way of the ship, her cheek brown and red from the long voyage, not yet heated, her white dress spreading over the hoops she had resumed. Atemba looked at her without focus; for him she was not there, while for Harford she was there — strangely present. She began to ask questions; why had he not prepared himself for these?

He answered her with a half-attention. The Kru boys, laughing and shouting, were coming alongside in canoes, climbing the rope with their bundles in their teeth. His two or three friends were coming in their gigs; they would be looking for their rare letters. Taylor was first on deck, pulling at the collar of his shirt when he saw a woman, and, when he saw her to be a lady, entirely confounded. His poor face, so pallid under the eye of Harford, fresh from home, was unshorn; his white cotton suit, entirely clean, was threadbare. He bowed as he had not done these five years, and he told Mrs. Harford, 'I am proud to meet you, ma'am.' He woke with a start when Harford told him they must beg his hospitality for the day or two before they should go up the river. Taylor was then painfully preoccupied, casting about in his mind, as Harford well knew, to remember the state of his quarters. And presently he rushed away.

'I'll not bring her ashore until evening,' Harford told him.

'You damn fool, to bring a lady to this hole!' Taylor hissed as he passed him.

Harford sighed; neither he nor Taylor would have thought it a hole if it had not been for Lucy, and the two of them had a day's business pressing them that would not wait. The captain himself must turn his eyes from his proper concerns because the Mpongwe girls, until to-day so welcome, had begun to clutter the deck. He began to

bully them — what were the little sluts doing aboard a decent ship like his? 'You take them beach girls for slop side,' he told a tall grave Mpongwe youth, who was Taylor's headman, and who had serious business aboard ship.

'Them beach girls be fine too much,' said the youth, and he was indignant; 'what for they no be fit for live for deck?'

'You no see white woman? You take them beach girls for slop side — white woman no be fit for like them beach girls!'

But the captain was wrong. Between the Mpongwe girls and Lucy there was a strong magnetism and a passionate curiosity. Lucy was looking upon the flower of a notable tribe; those heads so smoothly dressed and set with fretted combs of ivory were all turned her way. Those dark faces, emptied by wonder of any lesser feeling, all fed upon her strangeness. They drifted to her softly, they softly knelt beside her, and when she smiled they laughed, clapping their hands. The odor of the dye of their bright cloths and of trade scent was all about her — a strange odor; their healthy bodies, their dark smooth skins, their dark bright eyes, their white teeth between their laughing brown lips, were strangely near her, in a great perfection of vigor and freedom. Her own image shone in their every eye. They were entirely enchanted by her presence and her sex. Only a mulattress, very slim, with tawny hair and a golden skin, leaned against the cabin wall, withdrawn from Lucy's successes. A small boy, very black, approached Lucy with a gift of pawpaws; the fruit, like yellow melons in a basket, he laid at her feet. And presently all the bright fruits that had come aboard for the crew were heaped before Lucy.

Harford, passing by, was struck by the opulent aspect of that group of girls and fruit. Beauty moved him freshly, and he was released from a burden of care. The evening stole over the estuary of Gaboon — how infinitely sweet it was, with a remembered sweetness. With the failure of the sunlight the shore drew near; he saw the settlement beside the water, — that would be Glass, — and behind the plateau he saw the great trees by which mariners had laid their course for generations, as they would do for years to come. Like acorns fallen from great oaks were the little cabins of the settlements of Gaboon. His business with the captain must wait until the morning. He and Atemba gathered up the weary Lucy and her spoils, intimidating with their busy ways the Mpongwe girls. The captain came to wish her farewell (Harford knew his thought — that she would not live the year out: 'And a fine woman too, but has n't an idea of the country'), and Lucy went over the side, laughing at the difficulties of the ladder, and little knowing how she was observed through the captain's glass of the French ship that lay to leeward of the *Straw*. She would like it if she knew, thought Harford, when he was at leisure in the canoe.

The canoe was his own, and a fine one. It had been made for him in the year of his absence. The young captain of the crew of six was his headman — a Fang. Harford had a liking for the forest tribes; his business, he hoped, would come more and more to be with them, and he had himself trained a group of Fang traders. No other had done so, and no other had set himself against the custom of trust that was so smooth a beginning and so inevitable a destruction of friendship. He told the Fang that the canoe was a good one and that he would be paid for it in the morning. They spoke together of the things of trade.

Lucy listened to that strange tongue; the canoers sang and paddled; the

shadow of evening was in the water; her attention, weary with strain, drowsed, and they came to shore. Harford gave her a hand as she left the canoe. He thought to himself suddenly, 'Never again to be the same!' He thought of the change that waits the white man in Africa — Lucy did not know of this change. She left herself there in the canoe and did not know that it must be so. She gave herself to Africa without thought. She passed the little houses by the sea and did not know that these were now her town; she went up the steps to the door of Taylor's house and did not mark that it was a house with a verandah — a deck house. She was met by a desperate Taylor and did not guess that he was sick with excitement, or that he had never thought to see a formidable white woman there.

She accepted the poverty of that poor shelter as exceptional — she did not know that there was no better shelter within a month's journey. She did not see a woman's dress hanging on the rude plank wall of Taylor's bedroom, and she did not miss that dress when it was whisked away by a stricken Taylor. She sat at table on Taylor's verandah without thought of its fine red and white checked cloth; spreading her wide white skirts, she leaned on her hand and looked out to sea, where three vessels hung their lights against the dusk — and she had no knowledge of the ageless intervals when there was no ship there to prick the evening with her lights.

The nostalgias of Taylor, pushed back into brief surcease, did not weigh upon the air. All went well, thought Taylor, and so it did. What an escape! What a day of escape, and a night! How long, he wondered vaguely, with his eyes upon Lucy. But he did not envy Harford — no, it would be too difficult. He thought of his Iwengosono, with her tawny hair and yellow eyes. She was going to have a baby, and perhaps it would be a black baby — he hoped she would keep well out of the way. Iveki, as good a steward as he could put his hand on, was serving at the table, Mpongwe hauteur giving dignity to his crude fashion. There was palm oil and other country chop on the table; wine, too, and fine fruit. Behind Lucy stood Atemba, sunk in his own despair — as lost among the Mpongwe as he had been in the sea. Harford supposed that he must have seen the landfall with some hope of his own tribe and country.

With the hour the land breeze fell, and there was a stillness before the sea breeze should rise at eight o'clock; the hurricane lamp brimmed its circle of light, laving the faces that were half in shadow; the sea sighed; the plumes of the bamboo whispered; and in the dark about them — where there was a murmur of comment and laughter — were the curious who gathered to see the white people fresh from the sea. Harford heard the legato of the Mpongwe and the staccato of the Fang tongues. He wished to be seeing his own Fang, who had come down the river in three canoes — they would be bedded near by in Taylor's compound, where they would be without doubt the butt of the fine Mpongwe. He rose, excusing himself. Taylor, in a panic, rose with him, and Lucy was left to look about that bamboo shelter where the white sand drifted on the gray plank of the floor.

Within a little room a bed was spread for her with a bright country cloth. A mirror, gray in a tarnished frame, gave back her image dimmed. Atemba held the lantern for her self-scrutiny, and he looked at himself without a smile. There was a great earthen basin and a jug of water; these were brightly flowered and bore the name of King Toko. The night came in at the windows,

where there was no glass, only a shutter that Lucy barred and then threw open again, leaning out to feel against her cheek the stir of the sea breeze. And then, from the dark, dark voices spoke to her softly; Iwengosono and her girl friends were watching her from the ground below the window. They admired her, speaking to her in Mpongwe, which certainly she did not understand; but they saw her smiling in the lamplight. They laughed, and would have come in to her, but the voice of an old woman spoke sharply, and they went away.

Lucy sighed with pleasure. She felt herself deliciously free of the ship; she could not be still in that empty room, and she passionately desired to be abroad. Atemba followed her, the lantern swinging at his knee. She smelt the frangipani that blossoms in beach settlements, and the odor of wood fires. Taylor's little house stood in a trodden clearing surrounded by a brush fence. Beyond this there was a camp ground; the sound of laughter and of drumming came from this compound.

Through a breach in the stockade Lucy saw Africa at play — dark bodies leaping to incredibly accurate rhythms, dark voices joining in an unintelligible phrase and recurrent sudden shout. There were a hundred people there, and on the ground the blaze of twenty fires; there was such a freedom as Lucy had not known. A long time she watched those free people eddying in a dance without logic, struck with firelight and with moonlight. Harford, coming back with Taylor, found her there, Atemba beside her; he drew her with him to the house; he was struck by a lack of focus in her dazzled eyes. She had not complained of the heat — Harford was to find her uncomplaining.

Three days later, facing her in the canoe as they pointed upriver, he heard her join the Fang paddlers in their boat song. The Fang shouted with laughter; singing the songs of free men, they shot past the old barracoon. The estuary was clean silver over its whole expanse, and without a sail, the slaves having been loaded in the night and the ships having cleared before dawn. Harford's ten canoes of barter trailed the canoe of the 'Big Massa,' who was richer now, the Fang told each other, by a woman. A fine woman, bought with a great price, surely. And much goods besides, in his many canoes.

(To be continued)

WHAT THE NEGRO MEANS TO AMERICA

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

THE negro influence cannot, of course, be accounted for by the spirit of the American continent. The emotional vacuum within the soul of the colonial, which must inevitably be filled from without, accounts for it to a certain extent, but another reason may be found in the rejuvenation of America — its relapse, or rather lapse, into primitivity. As a primitive, the colored man is naturally superior to his white brother, his expressions are more authentic, more genuine, and this superiority is enhanced by the great emotional endowment and the equally great gift of artistic expression of the negro; perfection of expression makes even those enter into his feelings and emotions who personally lack them altogether. But the chief reason for the influence is the fact that hitherto the black native of America has been, from the point of view of Mother Earth, a more authentic American than the white native, even though there may have been no admixture of alien blood since the days of the *Mayflower*.

I know that my American readers will not like this assertion, but there is no evading the truth. The American negro is a purely American type and much more convincing as such than any living white type. I do not in any way beg the question. His convincing power has asserted itself all over the earth; nothing America has created so far can bear comparison with the convincing power of negro dancing and music — possibly with the one exception of Christian Science.

But is the type of the American negro really native-born? Of course it is. There has never been anything like the American negro in Africa, nor is there anything like him in the West Indies or in South America. The negro dance, the jazz music, those songs which sweep every American audience, are self-expressions of the *emancipated* negro, of what the black man has developed into on American soil since the Civil War. He is, accordingly, an American as opposed to his forbears, as much as any Middle Westerner of old pioneer stock can claim to be. And since the black American happens to have native-born feelings and emotions true to the American soil, which the white man has not as yet developed, he really supplements the latter. This is, in my opinion, the chief reason for the fact that almost all expressions of American emotionalism seem to be of negro origin. They really are of American origin. But since the white man's soul has not yet grown in this respect beyond the stage of receptivity and imitation, it must needs express itself in the black man's way in order to live out its own life.

It is perhaps as well if in this connection I say as much on the subject of the very delicate negro problem as the context allows. The colored man is as true an American as his white brother. The American Constitution does not allow any kind of persecution of citizens, and owing to the extreme con-

servatism of the American temperament there is little likelihood that the Constitution will ever be changed. There will probably continue to be a certain amount of lynching, as a sort of safety valve, for a considerable time to come, but I cannot imagine that a consistent antinegro policy will ever be carried through. The social question is already solved, as far as a solution is possible under the circumstances.

In the South, at any rate, a tacitly acknowledged caste system is in existence, and nothing wiser could have been invented. There is equality before the law, but the white and the black lead separate lives. Such a state of things is always possible; not only do the various species of animals live closely together without mixing, but a similar situation has existed in most countries inhabited by various races — such as India, for instance. The American Constitution, however, takes care that the superiority of one caste does not involve oppression of the others. Thus the negroes need not feel humiliated; they can develop, *as Americans*, a racial pride of their own. And they will perhaps even build up a culture of their own.

Let us remember at this point what we said of the great emotional and artistic endowment of the colored man; the first really far-reaching influence from the New World emanated from him. For only the soul has direct attractive power — not intellect, or technical achievement. For only the soul really is 'man.' If America had nothing more to show than technical invention, then there could be no question at all of a lasting American influence on the world. The printing press was invented in Germany — but the world has not become German because of that; had Germany produced nothing else, its very existence would soon have been forgotten. For technical inventions are soulless and can be appropriated by everybody; they eventually belong to him who gives them a soul.

There is nothing paradoxical, therefore, in my assertion that the greatest achievements of America in the past, from the point of view of human culture, are due to her black sons. But it may easily come to pass that the great achievements of the future will be due to them as well. This is the less improbable since the white man's prejudices will have it that whoever has only a drop of negro blood in his veins is counted among the black. If only the really black were thought of and treated as negroes, then the superiority of the white man would continue in all fields for centuries to come. But there is an immense percentage of really white people in the negro caste. Under these circumstances there is nothing improbable in the expectation, considering the emotional and artistic underendowment of the white American race, that the first original geniuses of the New World will belong to the black. Let us remember that the grandfathers of both Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet, and Alexandre Dumas were colored men.

II

Under all circumstances, there are two varieties of authentic natives of America — a white and a black variety. And we have to face the possibility that time may work for the latter on all lines. Not only is the white colonial type lacking in soul, but he is also lacking in physical vitality. He is undoubtedly less vital on the whole than the European, except for those cases in which the immigrant has really become a son of the new North. His health is not really good; erotically he is less strong than the European; the American man who has passed the

forties with extraordinary frequency looks spinsterlike. He is very active and energetic on one single line, but usually constitutionally unable to concentrate on others at the same time. He is rarely creative. The mere fact that he puts up with such an inordinate amount and degree of routine life proves lack of original vitality. This is sometimes due to degeneration; the pioneers or the other first generations of immigrants have very often had to work so hard that their descendants have to pay for it. It may also be due, in part, to the earth in this respect — that this continent breeds a comparatively unvital type of man; in this connection the red Indians are closely akin to the white Americans I am thinking of.

But the chief reason for the white American's lack of original vitality should be the same as that which accounts for American soullessness. Mother Earth was there before man; she will outlive him. Physical life has its source in the earth, and this means more than that man requires food and shelter. If a race becomes almost entirely a race of town dwellers, to whom the country means nothing but a raw material, the prospects of the race cannot possibly be hopeful. Towns there must be; they may be compared to the brain in the physical organism, where forces are spent for the benefit of the whole. Thus Paris thinks and acts practically for the whole of France. But very few Parisians of importance were born in Paris. As far as we can look back in history, towns were, from the point of view of biology, places of spending and not of earning or saving. If they were not again and again replenished by stolid and sturdy sons of the soil, degeneration and decay would set in. The same will hold good until doomsday. It is true that industrial civilization has created new conditions, but this civilization will become stable only when a new state of balance has been arrived at between man the son of the earth and man the exploiter of the earth. The race of those who belong only to the latter type will inevitably pass away. It is because Europe realizes this that it is giving more and more attention to the establishment of a new life close to nature.

Now in America there is a very real danger that the whole continent — with the exception of a few mountain ranges — will become one single town. It is not easy even to-day to determine where New York ends and Boston begins; owing to the fact that all latter-day town planning and building has been carried out under the assumption that everybody owns a motor car, there is no limit to the extension of suburbs. Chicago even to-day covers a territory which would have sufficed to form a handsome kingdom thirty years ago. The standardization of American life makes it ever so much easier and cheaper to live in town than in the country, all the more so since, or if, farming does not pay. Nor is there any probability of a tradition-bound farmer type developing in the near future, for the only solution of the farmer problem which the Department of Agriculture at Washington seems to visualize is the creation of an exceptionally intelligent and scientifically trained farmer type — and all human history goes to prove that active intellects never found lasting happiness in conforming to the ever-slow processes of nature.

All these circumstances coöperate in producing a general town-dweller psychology. The love of crowds and the extraordinary docility of all Americans in following the suggestions of advertising agents help to complete the picture; the territory of the United States may really some day become one single

town. I spent several weeks at that wonderful place in the Californian desert which bears the name of Palm Springs. It counted hardly a couple of hundred permanent residents, but there were no less than sixty-three real-estate agents. One radiant morning I went up a hill. From the summit of it I saw the whole desert already plotted out with street names and the rest. And then I realized with terror that the whole of the Californian desert may soon grow to be one single town, and that this town may even soon merge into ever-spreading Chicago.

But, all joking apart, the problem is really very serious. For, if the white American continues on his present line of development, then America may end by becoming the black continent of modern days. We know to-day that from palæolithic days onward there have been at least three great civilizations in Africa the original representatives of which were not black. In those early days the negro seems to have played a part similar to that of the gorilla to-day. But the ruling races eventually lost their vitality; they lived too much aloof from Mother Earth. So the negro, notwithstanding his position, has the last word.

THE CONVENTION OF GOING TO COLLEGE

An Appeal to Parents

BY WILLIAM I. NICHOLS

I

Our passion for well-rounded education is such that we are in danger of manufacturing a nation of billiard balls.

The catalogue of any American college gives a fair idea of the final steps in the educational process as it is now applied. The student must first concentrate, or major, in one subject, and take several courses in that; then he must distribute, or minor, in other courses, taken from prescribed combinations of subjects. The first will make him profound; the second will make him broad. In most cases, moreover, he must have studied a certain amount of Latin or Greek, to make him classical, and modern languages in certain combinations to make him erudite.

His body, as well as his mind, must undergo certain treatments at the same time. He cannot matriculate until he has shown a certificate of vaccination. He cannot graduate until he has demonstrated his ability to swim. He must have fulfilled his physical-training requirements by taking part in an approved sport for at least three hours a week, by taking special corrective exercises if his posture is deficient, and by attending a series of lectures on hygiene.

When he emerges from the stages of this process and receives the imprint of a college degree — behold, the Greek ideal, healthy mind in healthy

body, and both as well rounded as can be.

On the whole it is a good thing that he should be well rounded; at least, he will now be able to roll smoothly and comfortably through life. If he was born into the world with normal interests and average abilities, if his main ambition is to obtain a good job, settle down, pay his bills, and in other ways become a respectable member of the community, college will have given him the proper equipment. His concentration will have given him sufficient knowledge and training to hold his job; his distribution will have endowed him with certain stimulating outside interests to serve as retreats from his job; his social and athletic training will have given him friends, and prepared him to spend his leisure time amiably.

But occasionally there appear students with outstanding abilities and independent interests who ought not to be made spherical; who should be left as they are — elliptical, oblong, or triangular.

These are irregular and unusual students, and so it will be hard to speak of them in categories. But, on broad lines and with necessary qualifications, it can be said that there are four classes of college students who suffer most from the mass-production methods which American colleges have necessarily adopted to fit their students for their places in a mass-production world: —

1. The true scholars — those who have a passion to go exploring in the world of ideas, tracing down the lost, mislaid, and undiscovered facts pertaining to some particular subject.

2. The adventurers — those who long to be off to explore the material world, in airplanes, sailboats, and dog sleds, following the four winds, and sitting beside each of the seven seas.

3. The artisans — those who are happiest when they are at work with their hands at tangible things, in farms, forests, laboratories, and workshops.

4. The artists — those who take joy in working with true colors, fragile harmonies, and graceful lines, striving after perfection in the creative arts.

It is to these students that the institutional training furnished by our colleges may be particularly harmful. I would appeal for them, and direct my appeal to their parents, for it is generally as a result of parental influence that they find themselves in college. In practically every case of serious maladjustment which I have discovered among college students, I have come ultimately to the statement, 'I did n't really want to come to college; I just did it to please the family.' It develops that the student has been persuaded into college by his parents and his contemporaries (who have in turn been influenced by their parents), and then found himself in an environment which is totally unsympathetic to him.

With the best intentions in the world, parents coerce their sons into college, just as they coerce them into the dentist's office. Now it is possible to send a boy to the dentist twice a year and assume that his teeth are taken care of. But sending him to school and college is by no means so easy or so certain. Parents must not place too much faith in pedagogues. Rather, they should be constantly on their guard against them. The educators, for all their efforts, have developed no sort of X-ray to diagnose students and discover the inner qualities of their minds and hearts. The institutions which they administer have to be run on 'plans' and 'systems' (most of them very similar to that just summarized) to supply the needs of the majority of the students. The best system in the world can be fatal to

individual students who are not suited to it. It is for this reason that parents must keep constant watch over the education of their children. Scholastic-aptitude tests and intelligence quotients alone will not reveal whether they are adapted to one system or another. There is no substitute for the knowledge which springs from continued discernment, understanding, and deep affection.

A few colleges which have remained loyal to their academic tradition can still help the true scholar. But even the best colleges seldom do good, and often harm, to the artist, the artisan, and the adventurer. The reason for this is not far to seek: the interests and abilities of these boys are not academic; they lie completely beyond college boundaries. Analyze the activities in which they are absorbed, and it becomes apparent that they are activities of the hand as much as of the head. Academic work, unrelated to the concrete and tangible, lacks reality and importance: it is half-existence, life in the head alone, and consequently boring and meaningless to the boys in these three groups.

The liberal college can develop and enrich the interests of its students in many directions. But there are some things which it cannot do: it cannot teach a boy to fly an airplane, or drive a team of husky dogs, or breed sheep, or carve a statue. If a boy's mind is absorbed in one of these things, he will have to fight against the curriculum to find time for it. The result will often be bitter failure, both in his college career and in the private and personal career which he had imagined for himself. There are a great many places where a boy may obtain training outside the colleges. There are aviation schools, agricultural colleges, conservatories of music, training ships, t schools, and, most important of all, that almost-forgotten educational expedient, apprenticeship in the world.

As long as any nonacademic interest occupies first place in a boy's scale of values he should be given 'time out' to investigate it before he is sent to college. It may be that the boy will find that he is totally mistaken. A little actual experience on a farm may convince him that his interest in agriculture is not so deep as it once seemed; some time in a studio may reveal that his talent is not so great as he fancied. In that case, he can always return to college. But, until he has cleared the way for himself, and convinced himself that he belongs in college, he will never approach his college work with that singleness of purpose which brings success and satisfaction.

It is not a waste of time for a boy to spend a year after leaving preparatory school in such experiment. Either he finds that he likes his work and continues in it or he finds that he does not and comes to college without misgivings. In either case, he will have avoided the aimless and meaningless college years which are the real waste — a waste of mind and spirit, as well as time, for many students. There is much talk now of the desirability of sending boys to college earlier, but I have found that some of the best students are those who have spent some time 'knocking about' in the world after leaving preparatory school.

II

It may seem an anomalous thing to say that the true scholar is out of place in our institutions of higher learning, but such is very frequently the case. Ever since the word went out that a college diploma was the only possible pass-key to wealth, wisdom, and social success, the rush of students coming to college for irrelevant reasons has

threatened to swamp the true scholar. In 1895, the enrollment in American colleges was 45,000. At present it is well over 500,000. Some of the new arrivals came to snatch the technical training which would enable them to get good jobs as quickly as possible; others to make those contacts which are believed to be profitable in certain forms of business; others to postpone for four years the period of going to work; others to take part in the hurly-burly of athletics, fraternities, and other undergraduate activities which constitute college life; others, without any motive save that everybody else was doing it.

In the face of this invasion of students who had come to do anything but study, who had no understanding of the old-fashioned scholarly attitude or any sympathy with it, the colleges were obliged to create elaborate systems which would force upon these irresponsibles the required minimum of academic nourishment. They found it necessary to devise innumerable rules as to selection of courses, attendance, tests, and examinations; and to empower squadrons of deans, proctors, and monitors to enforce them. All this was good for the irresponsibles, but bad for the scholars, for whom the colleges were originally intended. Often, it is true, the pedantic and uninspired scholar was able to adapt himself happily and successfully to this scheme of things, but the scholar with roving and adventurous mind found his wings sadly clipped by it. Each time he started off on some new and fascinating line of independent research he found himself pulled back to earth by the necessity of conforming to the requirements.

In many colleges, better days are at hand for the scholar of this type. Some colleges have been able to limit their enrollments and raise their entrance requirements, shutting out the most palpable loafers. This has given the colleges a chance to abandon some of their old methods of forcible feeding. It has enabled them to place a certain amount of confidence in all their students, and especial trust in those who demonstrate themselves exceptionally worthy of it.

In Harvard College, for example, all students after their freshman year are freed from classes and lectures for two three-week 'reading periods' each year. As seniors, the students are excused from classes and certain examinations during the second half of the year, when they are preparing for their general examinations. Exceptional seniors, moreover, are allowed to work at the two- rather than the four-course rate, leaving half their time free for independent work with their tutors. Similar liberty has been granted under certain conditions at Princeton, Swarthmore, and Smith. Some institutions go still further. Dartmouth, and St. John's College, Maryland, give complete freedom to certain carefully selected seniors, in order that they may devote full time to their own work. The Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, and Rollins College, Florida, have abandoned formal lectures and classes altogether in favor of conferences, in which student and teacher may work out their problems in partnership.

III

The time is near, then, when the quiet boy with adventurous, scholarly tastes will be able to enter college and hope to attain that degree of fulfillment to which his abilities entitle him. But what of the others — the artists, the artisans, and the adventurers?

The artisan is the most humble and least understood of the three types of

students, so I shall speak first of him. He is familiar enough in every school, and, alas, in every college. He is the tortoise of the class, who struggles wearily on before the proddings of his parents and his schoolmasters. In the discreet fastness of the faculty room, his masters will tell you that he is a complete moron. His mother, on the other hand, will assure you that he is really quite brilliant, only he is so shy and sensitive that his masters never know it, for he becomes tongue-tied in class and paralyzed in examinations. Often enough, both are wrong. If the boy can be found some afternoon (when he should be studying) engaged in conversation with a neighborhood farmer or chauffeur or shopkeeper, it may be observed that he is neither stupid nor reticent. In fact, he may be very wise about certain things, such as farms, or gasoline engines, or boats, and he can talk to you almost with eloquence about what makes the bees swarm, or what causes that splutter in your motor car, or how to shoot the sun with a sextant. If you take the trouble to ask, he will perhaps reveal to you his shy ambition to become a ranger in the government forestry service, to join the merchant marine, to be a dairy farmer, or to set up in business with his printing press.

Given the proper encouragement and assistance, or even left to his own devices, he might, in his slow, quiet, roundabout way, arrive at a very happy and honorable career in any one of these things. But no! Family pride and the established order of things demand that he should be sent round the academic steeplechase, in the hope that he will arrive at the conventional respectability which consists in membership in the Harvard, Yale, or Princeton club, and a brokerage office downtown.

Often enough, he falls at the first fence. Even if he does not, it is a selfish and rather stupid thing to enter him in a race for which he was not intended. When the boy is hungering in his quiet, inarticulate way for the training which could best be supplied by an agricultural college, or a trade school, or in a factory, or out in the world, he is crowded through school and college by every known method of hook and crook.

Some time ago, I discovered a student of this type who was completely beaten by college. He had failed in all his prescribed subjects, and his attitude toward his work was one of hopeless apathy. After some conversation I found that none of his courses interested him, nor any of the college activities.

'But surely you're interested in *something?*' I asked, in desperation.

'Why, yes,' he said, almost apologetically, 'I'm awfully interested in bird banding.'

We began talking about the subject, and gradually the boy came to life, revealing an interest, an enthusiasm, and a knowledge about birds which were surprising.

Now this boy would not have made his fortune as an ornithologist. On the other hand, he would not have made his fortune in his father's business. Besides, the point is that he was not interested in making fortunes — what he was interested in was birds. For such a boy, a humble job in a museum or a bird reservation would have brought more happiness, and more success, than the college education which he was failing completely to comprehend.

It is a pleasant thing, to be sure, for mother, at her meeting of the Women's Alliance, for father, in the locker room of his club, to refer to 'my boy Henry, you know, a freshman at ——.' But think of Henry, dragooned into college,

crammed in and kept in by tutoring schools; treated to the condescension of his fellows; thrust among activities which bewilder him and scare him; shut off from those which excite and interest him. Small wonder that he begins to lose faith in himself as he observes his failures in the face of more adroit contemporaries who excel him at work he was never designed to undertake.

I do not wish to imply that all boys in this class are unworldly. On the contrary, some of them have very practical ambitions in business and industry; so practical that they rebel against four years or more of theoretical training. If such boys have given evidence of energy, ambition, and business instinct, there is no reason why they should not enter business directly.

Only recently the newspapers carried an account of a small New England mill town, where the factories had been shut down for over three years. The son of one of the owners, while still in school, became interested in the problems of the mill and of the village which depended on it. On graduating from school, he entered a neighboring factory as a mill hand, and served a thorough apprenticeship. He then took over his father's mills on his own initiative and reorganized them. This summer the mills reopened, and the abandoned village came to life again.

Whether their interests lie in practical matters, such as the textile industry, or in impractical ones, such as ornithology, the artisans are concerned primarily with concrete things — with solving actual and not theoretical problems. Shut up in college, away from the world, they are like Hudibras's 'trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,' which

> For want of fighting was grown rusty,
> And ate into itself, for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.

There would be far less tragic work for college psychiatrists if boys of this type were set to hewing and hacking before their enthusiasms had been allowed to evaporate and their minds to turn inward, in the course of four unreal years in the thin air of college.

IV

The problem of the adventurer is very much akin to this problem of the artisan. Ulysses is the prototype of our adventurer, and Ulysses, however 'crafty,' was not a scholar. Ever since the days of the *Iliad*, his followers have been striving, seeking, finding, in every generation, but they have not been studying very much. After all, why should they? The activities in which they are engaged call for brave hearts and ready wits, but not necessarily for academic minds.

On some subject which fires his imagination and arouses his energies the adventurer can work intensively and well. But he does not need the quietness and continuity of mind which would make him a successful scholar.

Styles in adventure have changed in the last century. In the 1800's the young men of good families with adventurous hearts and independent minds ran away to sea, and sailed around the Horn; in the 1850's and 1890's they joined the gold rushes to California and the Klondike. In the times of our nation's wars, they furnished the bravest leaders in the armies and navies.

At present, for the most part, they become explorers, vagabonds, and aviators. Or would become, if, again, they had not been subjected to pressure from parents, schoolmasters, and friends to conform to the accepted notions of education. They, too, are crammed into college by tutoring-

school methods. Once in, they clutch their pens and stumble through their French exercises and English compositions, but their thoughts are with the wind and the sea. They are crossing the Atlantic in a forty-footer, riding brake beams, or guiding a plane through difficult nose spins and sideslips.

One of the greatest problems confronting the deans of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton is that of undergraduate aviators. At Princeton, the students are no longer allowed to have airplanes. At Yale and Harvard, undergraduate flying clubs flourish under very lukewarm official approval. In both communities, the clubs have become exceedingly popular. Their members are adroit and expert aviators, but, for the most part, lamentable scholars. The academic mortality of members of the flying clubs far outruns that of the pedestrian students; and naturally enough, for the members spend so much of their time at the airports that they soon leave their studies far in arrears. It is a far more challenging thing to a boy of this temperament to obtain his pilot's license than to labor all year for three dull C's and a D in his college courses. That being the case, would he not, more logically, be a student at an aviation school than at Harvard or Yale? In the end, he might decide that a college diploma is even more desirable than the pilot's license. If he did, he could then dismiss aviation from his mind, enter college, and settle down to work without any of the conflicts which now disturb him.

Aviation is not the only activity which appeals to boys of this type. Expeditions of all sorts recruit largely from them. On medical expeditions up the Congo and Amazon, on geological surveys in the Alps, on game hunts in Alaska and Indo-China, on polar expeditions, and on the less pretentious trips of those vagabonds who are following the royal road to romance, some of the most able and stalwart wanderers are rebels escaped from collegiate routine. Of the four Harvard men with Commander Byrd in the antarctic, for example, only one has a Harvard degree. The remaining three left college prematurely after various sorts of difficulty with their work.

It is not tactless to mention this fact, for it casts no reflection on these particular boys, and it does serve to illustrate again the moral that college does not offer training for certain very legitimate forms of human activity. There is no connection between the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht and flying an airplane; or between the French Romanticists and driving a team of husky dogs. A boy cannot become all things, and it is important to help him to become that thing which seems to him to have more reality than any other.

V

I turn to the last group with a certain amount of hesitation. The artist must not be confused with the æsthete, the amateur, or the student of art. For these last, the colleges offer many opportunities in their activities and their courses on the history and the appreciation of music, literature, fine arts, the drama, and so forth. But for those boys who have a desire to use one of these forms of art as a creative medium the college can do very little. It is in this respect that mass methods of education fail most conspicuously, for in the creative arts the student must do much of his work alone, and the rest under individual instruction.

A boy whose main interest is in striving after perfection in one of the creative arts finds himself in a hopeless dilemma if he enters college. If he

devotes himself whole-heartedly to his artistic interests, he must withdraw almost completely from the social and intellectual life of the college and work by himself, in which case he will ever be in danger of discipline from the college office. If, on the other hand, he puts his work to one side for the sake of complying with the college requirements, he is in danger of mislaying his talent permanently: four years are a long time in the life of a young artist, and he cannot transfer his interest from his art to his college work for four years without suffering the consequences. It would be far better if such a boy were to omit college altogether and study under individual instruction, or at an art school or a conservatory of music.

In the past year, I met two boys whose histories may well be compared in this respect. At school they showed equal promise as concert violinists. One came to college. There he attempted to keep up to his very high standard of musical performance. In addition to practising, taking lessons, and attending concerts, he attempted to participate in the activities of one of the college orchestras. Naturally he soon dropped behind in his work. The dean's office, in accordance with its rules, could do nothing but place him on probation. Parental pressure was brought to bear, and he was forced to forgo his beloved concerts, drop his lessons, and give up his orchestra, in order to devote himself to a round of requirements which had little significance for him. Meanwhile the other boy, living what might seem to his preparatory-school classmates a solitary life, had been able to devote all his time to his music under a single instructor and advance far down the road toward perfection in an art which was more important to him than anything else.

In spite of the many exceptions which can instantly be produced to take the glitter off this generality, it is, I think, fair to say that the colleges have trained very few creative artists in any field of art, with the possible exception of literature. Even in that department it is interesting to recall Barrett Wendell's complaint that, during his twenty-five years as a teacher of English composition, he had produced not a single great writer.

College often mars creative artists; it seldom makes them. It appears to be true that artists develop more quickly and more completely in Grub Street than in the classroom. It was on the basis of these considerations, I think, that Harvard University allowed its school of drama to die, at the same time that it created a school of business administration. However unhappy a fact it may be, it is none the less a fact that business administration is a subject which can be taught to large groups more successfully than playwriting or any other creative art.

VI

Why should boys of these three types ever appear in this college environment, for which they are so manifestly unsuited? Generally they come as a result of parental pressure, which derives its strength from several current misconceptions about college.

It is still generally believed, for one thing, that a college education brings a dignified position in the world, and economic security. The notion persists that a college degree carries with it a white-collar job, and that a white-collar job brings prestige and prosperity. Possibly it did in grandfather's day, when the college graduates comprised a very small and select group of young men, destined, for the most part, for the learned professions. But since

the huge increase in college enrollment some of the humblest laws of economics have come into play. The supply of college graduates has outrun the demand; and the cash value of a diploma, like the cash value of any currency which has been inflated beyond reason, has depreciated to a fraction of its previous worth.

This development has been commented on so often that it needs no emphasis here. Journals are filled with rather hysterical articles on the subject. One says that of the 500,000 college students only a quarter can hope to earn more than $5000 a year; another that there are less than 200,000 positions in the United States requiring first-class minds. The figures vary, but the fact seems to remain the same: even assuming that success consists in having one's name engraved on a business letterhead and printed in the income-tax lists, it becomes obvious that a college degree will not automatically bring such success, even to those who put their whole souls and hearts into obtaining it, and far less to those men whose interest in such work must be acquired and secondary.

It is also commonly believed that four years in college aid in social and personal development. In a more ingenuous age, I imagine that college played an important part in tempering young men for the world. But schools and colleges, like everything else, have speeded up to keep pace with the twentieth century. At present many of the large preparatory schools, with their fraternities, teams, student councils, newspapers, debating teams, and all the interscholastic contests and conferences that these involve, supply nearly as much as can the college toward this form of development. The 'activity man' is gradually dying out in the colleges, simply because he is discovering that college activities are only a rather stale continuation of those at school. A sixth-former in any large school is often as self-reliant as the college student of a generation ago; and, thanks to prohibition, motor cars, and the vacation travel which is now possible, he is nearly as worldly-wise. Socially, he is ready for the world, and there is no reason why he should not go to it direct, unless he sees clearly the necessity of further intellectual training of the sort that the colleges can offer him.

The social and financial motives I have just described are equally strong among parents who were and parents who were not college graduates. Among those who were, there is the additional motive of college loyalty. The strength of this loyalty, especially among the graduates of certain Eastern colleges, is truly surprising. In the class of 1932 at Harvard, two hundred and twenty-one students were the sons of Harvard graduates, as compared with five sons of Yale graduates and three of Princeton graduates. At Yale and Princeton, I understand that similar proportions are to be found. I have seen a mother with tears in her eyes because her son had chosen to betray a long line of Yale ancestors and come to Harvard. It would have been less of a family tragedy had the boy robbed a bank or eloped with a chorus girl.

Loyalty is an admirable emotion, but it can often lead thinking astray, as has been demonstrated many times in the case of patriotism, or national loyalty. It is always well to confine loyalties to those fields where they can do most good and least mischief.

As concerns the present problem, loyalty could far better be transferred from the colleges to the preparatory schools. For schools, on the whole, teach the same subjects in the same way, but colleges vary greatly in

scope and method, and from generation to generation. Where colleges of the same type are concerned, loyalty does no harm. But there are colleges of all types: large and small; rural, urban, and suburban; Modernist and Fundamentalist; rich and poor. Moreover, there are the other institutions previously referred to — military and naval academies, aviation schools, art schools, agricultural schools, technical colleges. It should be obvious that a student's fitness for one or the other is not to be governed by the laws of heredity alone. Yet it is on this basis that many loyal alumni found the educational plans which they make for their sons.

VII

Although this paper has been called an appeal to parents, it seems, at times, to have taken on the tone of angry remonstrance rather than polite appeal. If this is so, the situation has been distorted. Parents are not heartless tyrants. Nor could they be, even if they wanted to. In this day, and with this generation, children are not *forced* into college, but they are very often persuaded in, and, as far as the children are concerned, the effect is the same. Ever since they can remember, they have been told that college is the only 'correct' place for young gentlemen to go, and given to understand that any other ambition is a little bit 'queer.' After years of this peaceful penetration, any boy who has any vestige of honor for his father and mother will succumb, feeling that he must be doing the right thing in going to college, simply because his parents have told him so so many times. He tucks away, and tries to forget, those personal interests which contain his real promise, thinking them not quite respectable, when he should have been given every encouragement in the world to take them and attempt to develop them.

And so another boy goes to college 'just to please the family.' Of course the family were governed by the best of motives. The only error was that they failed to consider their son as an individual with peculiar needs and problems, and contented themselves with applying the prevailing methods of mass education. Because these methods had been successful with other people's sons, they had applied them to their son, stage after stage, — country day school, boarding school, college, — blindly confident that, in the long run, these expedients would prove equally successful with him. In seven cases out of ten the family would be right, for to the average boy college is undeniably an enriching experience; but if he is one of the three, college may turn into a near tragedy for him.

The system now in vogue at most colleges trains average people to do useful and honorable work along standard lines. But it does not encourage individuality. It helps and encourages students to follow the broad cement roads to quick and apparent forms of success, but it does not guide them along the side roads and bypaths which often lead to great and unexpected discoveries.

Most of us belong on the main road. The scholars, the artists, the artisans, and the adventurers do not. They are a small minority, but they are a very important minority. It is to them that we must look for many of our greatest achievements. I appeal for them, because it is more important to our civilization that one potential artist like Shelley, one scholar like Gibbon, one artisan like Edison, one adventurer like Lindbergh, be kept out of college than that a thousand more incipient junior executives, Ph.D. candidates, and museum curators be let in.

A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY MAMIE HALL PORRITT

I AM one of those individuals who gained by marriage, in addition to a husband, another nationality. Under the present law of the United States of America I am still an American citizen and am duly registered in the Consul-General's office in Shanghai under the name of 'Mamie Fraser Hall Porritt.' I am registered in His Britannic Majesty's Consulate-General under the name of 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, wife of James C. Porritt.' To be perfectly British I have to drop that good English name 'Hall,' retaining the Scotch 'Fraser' and American 'Mamie.'

This dual nationality is not without interest or incident. Its perplexities began before marriage and its privileges last even longer. It required three marriage certificates, each issued in duplicate, to make the marriage legal and me law-abiding. I arrived in Shanghai three days before I was to be married, to find that my husband-to-be had arranged everything, from the first cherub on the wedding cake to the last bottle of champagne, except to find out our bearings in the matrimonial sea of entangling alliances. From the dock we went to the American Consulate, filled in numerous forms, and satisfied the powers that be that I really was an American citizen. Technically we followed the law, but they knew I was an American before I finished asking for the certificate, since I was born and lived twenty-five good years in Georgia, and the only possible way I can keep that a secret from the world is to keep my mouth forever closed, for I have a pure and undefiled Southern drawl and a United Daughters of the Confederacy medal, of both of which I am very proud.

Having satisfied the American Consul, been assured that he would send a representative to the Cathedral to witness the ceremony and that he would write a letter to the British Consul certifying to my American nationality, and that I should still remain American after I was married, we went to the Dean of the English Cathedral and there filled out various forms, thus fulfilling the religious requirements of the British law. Three days later we were married in the English Cathedral. The American Consul, true to his word, witnessed the ceremony and issued us two certificates. The Dean of the Cathedral likewise gave us two, properly signed and witnessed, which looked as if they would be good for alimony in any court in the world.

But we were not through. There was the British civil ceremony. I had lived in Shanghai for two years previously and established proper residence according to American law. But under the British requirements I had to reside here three weeks immediately preceding the posting of the marital banns in the British Consulate. Armed with four marriage certificates, we spent a two weeks' honeymoon in Hongkong, returning to Shanghai like any properly married couple. Three weeks after our

return, and five weeks after we had been married in the English Cathedral, we went to the British Consulate, applied for marriage forms, filled in many and various questions, and our wedding banns were posted. And the joke here is that the British Consulate had to recognize the Cathedral ceremony, and the banns were posted in my married name. They read like this: 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, formerly Hall, to James Charlesworth Porritt.' After the banns had been up for ten days we arranged to be married again, got our bridesmaid and best man for witnesses, and went through another ceremony. By that time I was beginning to wonder if I was ever going to be properly married.

It was very difficult for me to remember the correct way to sign my name. First I signed it 'Mamie Fraser Hall, formerly Porritt,' which was all wrong and had to be done over, and the second time I signed it 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, formerly Porritt,' to the disgust of the official, who thought I was getting old enough to know my own name.

Now, according to British law, I am a British subject and can claim its privileges and protection. According to American law, I am still American. Formerly I should have lost my nationality and gained British citizenship; but the present law allows me to keep my own American nationality if I so desire. Alien women marrying American citizens, however, do not gain American citizenship. Consequently, a British woman who marries an American citizen loses her own and does not gain any nationality. She is literally 'a woman without a country.' Not long after we were married I received a notice from the American Consulate to register myself there as a citizen, and at the same time I had my American passport amended to show my married name. Unfortunately an Italian visa had been put in the space reserved for amendments, and my amended married name had to go forward several pages. While this brought on no serious consequences, it was the cause of more than one amusing incident. I want to keep my American citizenship, and to do so I must register regularly every year and must make periodical visits to America. Otherwise, I become an alien, and cannot reside there at any future time for longer than six months.

In the summer of 1928 we were traveling to England from China via Siberia. We were advised by our respective consuls to travel on separate passports. If I traveled on my husband's British passport it would complicate my standing as an American citizen when we visited the United States on our return trip to China. On our way from Shanghai to the Siberian border we had to stay two days in Harbin, a very interesting Chinese-Russian city full of the backwash and salvage of two nations. At the hotel where we stayed we had to give in our passports for identification. Later that day we came into the lobby of the hotel and our sense of propriety was shocked to read on the published guests' list: 'Room 216 — Jas. C. Porritt, Esq., and Miss M. F. Hall.' The clerk at the desk had failed to notice the amendment to my passport. The Soviet official on the trans-Siberian train looked dubiously at our two passports, and, with an extra-officious and searching look at me, asked in brusque Russian, 'Who is this dame?' The same thing happened in Poland, Germany, and France, where the officials were unaccustomed to married couples traveling on separate passports. At Dover, England, I came through the gate with my husband as a British

subject and had to go out and come in through another gate as an alien with an American passport.

In the event of my husband's death I am still a British subject and can claim citizenship privileges anywhere within the Empire. If I fail to keep registered at the American Consulate, or if I fail to return to America for periodical visits, I automatically lose my rights as a citizen of the United States of America. It is easy to register, but rather difficult to make periodical visits from this distance. What shall I do? Shall I give up my American citizenship? Under the present law, if I give it up I can never reside there again for longer than six months at a time, unless I take out papers and become naturalized. Imagine going through the process of naturalization when one of my grandfathers rode horseback from Georgia to Philadelphia to sign the Declaration of Independence!

In the making of laws the good to the greatest number must be kept in mind, and any inconvenience the present law causes to the few of us who have dual citizenship is n't important. We are doubtless twice blessed. The unfortunate ones are those who, whether for the good of the majority or not, lose their own nationality and rights of citizenship and do not gain another by marriage.

HIGH WAGES AND SHORT JOBS

BY DEAN CHAMBERLIN

I

Four graduates sat on the porch of the fraternity house in the post-Commencement tranquillity, exchanging addresses and plans. One, just created a civil engineer, was bound for Cuba and the sugar plantations. The second had been accepted by a New York bank as a 'runner.' The third, in the fall, was to teach high-school algebra in Massachusetts. And I, because I had learned a trade between high school and college and so had acquired a union card, intended to supplement my college degree by working as a journeyman carpenter.

Unanimously my three friends proclaimed me lucky. 'Twelve dollars a day,' one of them remarked enviously to the ivied walls, 'and beginning a week after graduation! What a roll you'll have in a year!' It seemed that I might, in comparison with what they might expect to save from their salaries, ranging between twelve and eighteen hundred dollars.

Just three years later, the same four friends had dinner together and informally audited their experience. The civil engineer had been shifted to the home office as a cost expert at $3500; the bank runner was in 'the cage' handling securities at $2500; the third, still teaching, but profiting by two advances of salary, had just been married on $2400. All had bank accounts, good prospects, and delightful associations. I had forty dollars in the world, a fair chance for a job in another

week, and three bandaged fingers. I think it cheered them somewhat to learn that my hands had not been able to keep pace with their heads, commercially. Still, to them it was all very strange.

They had read of fabulous amounts paid to workers in the building trades: bonuses, double time for overtime, three times the salaries of college professors. I too had read the same deceptive reports. But direct experience had put an altogether new aspect on the life and rewards of the construction worker.

II

Two days after Commencement, with a union card and a tool box, I arrived at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Carpenters had been called for a rush job, mainly characterized by graft and careless workmanship. It was forbidden to use level, square, or line, so that little satisfaction could be found in the work. But at least it meant ample money. I served as a 'pusher,' with forty carpenters under me. We were building a toy lagoon; the work lasted three weeks and gave me wages of $310. Then came the depression.

Philadelphia was full of itinerant building tradesmen. Ironworkers from the Florida building boom, carpenters who had been knocking together sets at Hollywood, masons from the New York skyscrapers, laborers from the depressed textile towns of New England, all had swarmed into the city hoping to profit by the Exposition. We were too highly concentrated; some of us would have to recognize that we were supernumeraries, and look elsewhere.

I chose to stay and take my chances, and a month later, through luck, secured work with a local company which was building a sugar refinery. It was necessary to replace sixty old boilers with five modern ones which would do the same work. We carpenters used two tools: a machinist's hammer and a Stillson wrench. The unions began to mutter. Were n't we taking work away from boilermakers, or ironworkers or millwrights or steam fitters? Not that it mattered which category we were depriving of the opportunity to labor, but why should we ourselves have the work? How did carpenters come to be dealing with wind boxes, burners, gaskets, and steam lines? We got ready to leave. Exasperated, the builders replied that all the other trades had been given a trial and had proved incompetent. In desperation carpenters had been brought in and were somehow doing the job well. So we won our point and the hatred of the other trades. It is remarkable how deadly a millwright can be with a half-inch nut when a carpenter is his target! It was intolerably dirty work, and the boilers were agonizingly hot to work in half an hour after the fire was pulled; but it was a steady job which lasted two months.

Philadelphia was overcrowded. A friend wrote me of a large power-house development starting 'down somewhere near Boston,' and I set out for the North. Two weeks later I was punching the clock as #2620, at the hourly wage rate of $1.25. I was engaged as a timberman, a post which came under the jurisdiction of carpentry. We were a heterogeneous crew, made up largely of Canadian French, Prince Edward Islanders, and Cape Cod fishermen who had lost their dories rum-running. The greater part of the men were members of the Legion, unmarried and about thirty-five years old, hard-bitten, hard drinkers, fighters, and workers.

The plant we were helping to build was situated on tidewater. We worked

for six months in hip boots, mud, and cold. Our only tools were cross-cut saws, electric and air drills, twelve-pound sledges, adzes, and cant dogs. We drove piles, fitted and placed 'cribbing,' usually of Georgia pine timbers, sixteen inches square; we built towers and trestles for the locomotive cranes. Pneumonia had its way with three of us, and we all counted on losing about four days a month by minor accidents such as infected cuts, falls, rope burns, and the like. We all went overboard at different times, an experience which in hip boots is not, as someone said, 'like bathing at Nantasket.'

We worked steadily, except when it rained, and it rained copiously that fall, usually about two days a week. For a time we worked under all conditions, until an epidemic of flu, bringing stiff muscles and reducing the amount we could accomplish, convinced the boss that we were 'only working for the doctor.' I suppose our average wages were about forty dollars a week in a twenty-five-dollar town. Yet Micky, my helper, remarked one rainy day as we played seven-card stud in the tool shanty and watched the nor'easter whip across Dorchester Bay, 'When ye git that wind with *snow* on it, boys, ye'll wish ye'd saved yer summer's wages.'

We finished foundations and began the superstructure just as the first snow found us. From that time the job became madness, and the previous months seemed like a remote island of peace and ease. There was rush and shouting everywhere in the frenzied effort to get the roof on before the big storms came. The ironworkers drove the steel up in three weeks. The scaffolds of the masons climbed higher and higher, and the hot hoists whined constantly to give them brick and mortar. The pipers and electricians ran miles of pipe and cable. The lathes in the machine shops and the planers in the sawmill buzzed interminably through long three-shift days, knocking out fittings for the men aloft. The maintenance gang ran lines of temporary steam, water, air, and electricity everywhere they might be needed. The tool sheds bulged with extra equipment. Endless streams of trucks thumped through with cement, sand, stone, for the hungry mixers that never stopped spitting out concrete to the forms.

Above the din of it all, everybody yelled at once for 'wood butchers.' For once we became important. Our pusher was worn down to nerves and futile blasphemy. The master mechanic needed bolt boxes, and needed them to-day! 'Give me six men to build a hundred-'n'-fifty-foot concrete tower,' demanded the superintendent. The engineers needed more office room. The 'wire jerkers' needed scaffolds, the ironworkers an A-frame. Everywhere went up the shout: 'Where in hell are those carpenters?' We used every tool in our kits and some that had to be imported, from pinch bars to micrometers, to keep them all happy. We made money during that stretch — and earned it.

Meanwhile, of course, the accident list mounted. A rigger fell from somewhere aloft, a jack hammer ran wild and killed a carpenter, an electrician lost an arm. Safety signs appeared, and everyone seemed to be swabbed with mercurochrome or swathed in adhesive. I lost a week by stepping on an eightpenny nail, point up through a plank. Then I had to buy thirty dollars' worth of winter working clothes and replace some 'borrowed' tools. I lost thirty dollars in a crap game and gave ten for sick collections. Then the union delegate threatened to tie up the job because we were not working a five-day week. The local union refused

to let us vote at its meetings because we had not spent a year in its jurisdiction. Just what did the term 'journeyman' mean?

Finally the roof took its place in the completed structure. Abruptly the madhouse came to an end as suddenly as it had started. Half of us were at once laid off, suspended until material for turbine foundations should be received.

The turbine foundation was a sixty-foot concrete hill in the middle of the building, on which would be mounted the steam turbines, spinning at thirty thousand revolutions a minute. That meant extra-heavy concrete, well reenforced to resist vibration. A great deal of form work by the carpenters would be necessary. Fifty more men were hired to make up for lost time; in the end we had enough men to eat the work, and we finished altogether too quickly to please us.

I was the victim of a splinter in the thumb. We handled so much lumber that I never could tell how or when I received it. But sepsis and blood poisoning followed. I spent two months out of work trying to save my arm, and I found that twenty dollars a week workmen's compensation was hardly adequate to my predicament.

On my first day back at work we set to building ten tremendous manholes which would enable new transformers to go into service. The main power plant of Greater Boston was in imminent danger of breakdown. It was imperative that these transformers go into action at once, or Boston might be without lights. We started Thursday morning to rush the work to a finish and worked until Saturday noon, when the circuits clicked through. On that fifty-two-hour stretch we ate every six hours, but we never slept. We started sixty men and ended twelve, eyes reddened, lips chapped, dirty, nervous, exhausted, and one or two singing hysterically. Those of us who stuck made a total week's pay of $160, but we were n't allowed to come back to work for a week (they said we needed rest), and none of us felt right for a month.

Then the job petered out altogether, except for the pipe fitters, who were putting the boiler house in shape. I began a new branch of experience by going to sea as a 'chips.' Two voyages in the banana navy as a ship's carpenter at eighty dollars a month, with ports of call such as Havana and Panama, did not prove lucrative. But ship routine of sounding the tanks, running the anchor winches, and building banana gratings or a radio table for the captain was restful after the madhouse of big-time construction. We met one hurricane, but, as we were snugged down in preparation, it was much less exciting than an eight-hour pour with the concrete gang on chutes and runways.

III

Returning from the sea, I found vagrant jobs here and there of a few weeks' duration. Duct lines in Springfield, a concrete reservoir in Greenwich, a spell of house building, kept me at least partly occupied. I never knew when the pink discharge slip would be handed to me. I wanted another madhouse, greater permanence.

I took my way to a dam that my former employers were building on the Susquehanna River. Five thousand men were housed in a big construction camp: ironworkers; Cherokee Indians; French Canadian rivermen, three hundred strong, from the drives of the Allagash; carpenters; concrete men; Italians; common labor; blacks; general mechanics. The undertaking promised to be colorful, and it was, but some of the zest departed when we learned that

we were working ten hours a day at considerably less than union wages elsewhere. And hard work, never out of overalls. The camp was miles from a city, desolate and grim.

It enjoyed a fringe called Death Valley. Here was every variety of 'gin mill,' 'hop joint,' brothel, and gambling den that such an army of men would demand. Croupiers with green visors watched spinning roulette wheels from high stools. Craps captains, with one hand constantly in a back pocket, uttered their stock patter in smoke-filled shanties where greasy riveters elbowed immaculate timekeepers for a chance at the dice. 'Roll down, boys. Pay the line. Pay the race horse and take the field. Seven to four odds in the house game, boys.' Occasional gun play took place. Ten deputized ex-marines were assigned to keep order. Otherwise it was nothing but eat, sleep, work, and damn the job.

This madhouse, too, came to an end and I started for the skyscraper country where the money is supposed to live.

I helped build apartment houses on Long Island. My function was to run a circular saw and cut floor joists. Then opportunity came to move into the city itself, where the 'big ones,' the many-story office buildings and hotels, exemplify modern construction at its most towering aspect. I started building footings for a forty-floor hotel and working with the dynamite gang. Very quickly I learned that there is nowhere less work for a carpenter than on a skyscraper. The use of wood has been reduced to a minimum. Such work as exists is intricately specialized and subdivided. There are shorers, wall builders, arch men, protection men, door hangers, floor layers, lathers, stair builders, scaffold men, fireproofers, trimmers, shop men, and a variety of others. And each performs a highly specialized task. The New York City trade laborer is not the all-around mechanic that is found in the provinces.

The carpenter installs practically nothing which is permanent except the fast-disappearing wooden window frames. His part is the temporary work; he supplies forms, outside waste chutes, protections, and stagings. As an example of the degree of specialization which prevails, four distinct kinds of carpenters are used in building the arch forms for a concrete floor of a skyscraper. One hangs the joists, another the beam bottoms, another the beam sides, and the last man nails on the 'decking' for the concrete slab. All these workers must and do work at top speed.

It is an exceptional skyscraper job which provides the mechanic work for more than six weeks. Two weeks is probably nearer the average. Then comes an indeterminate (longer rather than shorter) interval in which he has to find another job. He simply knocks about from job to job unless he is one of the very few exceptional men who have some sort of direct contact with their employer. Labor is simply a commodity, like brick and stone, with the difference that, on account of its high hourly wage, it is hired as late as possible and dispensed with as soon as feasible.

The skyscraper, from the workman's point of view, is the most prosaic and least interesting type of structure to build. From its third sub-basement, chiseled from the granite of Manhattan, to the roof of the pent house fifty-odd floors above, it is all 'typical': that is to say, every floor is like every other floor. The worker hardly learns the name of his partner (mechanics work in pairs). I suppose I have had forty partners in the last three years, so rapidly does the mechanic shift from job to job. A sky-

scraper, as the workman knows it, is altogether like a factory job in its sameness and monotony. It lacks the variety of a bridge or dam job.

In other kinds of employment, there is always news at the noon hour. Kelly is running a job in Beaumont, Texas. T—— and L—— have just landed a three-year contract in the Azores. McGuire's wife is making good beer these days. Gus is getting a new Nash. But the sole noon-hour topic in the shacks that nestle on the second floor of the skyscrapers is 'When do we get it?' And by 'it' is meant the lay-off, the 'crash,' the 'walk.'

IV

Old age, accident, and unemployment are, of course, the chief terrors of itinerant labor. It has been said that the first of these never affects the ironworkers, because an ironworker is always killed before he grows old. Colonel W. A. Starrett, in his *Skyscrapers and the Men Who Build Them*, has this comment:—

> The game itself is a killer. One passing a large metropolitan building during construction is apt to notice the young, virile men, with nonchalant manner, who so confidently go about their tasks. Few people stop to consider these same men after twenty-five or thirty years of this rigorous, exposed life. They are hearty eaters and gulp their food, frequently carried to the job cold; or, if bought at the ubiquitous hot-dog stand, it is generally of the fried variety with little thought of the science of dietetics. Their inordinate use of tobacco and small attention to dental hygiene, nowadays recognized as of such importance to middle-aged good health, leave them susceptible to the occupational ailments which their work sometimes engenders. . . . The admiring spectator sees young men, but little realizes the shadow that an uncertain future is casting. The experienced builder, however, sees the prematurely aged building mechanic, sometimes a pathetic figure, standing on the sidewalk week after week, in the furtive hope that a job commensurate with his now narrowed abilities is available for him.

The unions have done and have been able to do but little toward the solution of this problem. Their benefits are inadequate, but that is not their fault.

Naturally the occupation of any workman about a building in process of construction is hazardous. Some occupations are more hazardous than others. It is significant that in New York the insurance rate for steel erectors was, in 1928, $24.93 per hundred dollars of pay roll. Carpenters were rated at $17.11. The greatest amount of compensation is $25 per week.

But the average workman worries little about old age and accident; in fact, he is too complacent about them. Intermittency is the chief spectre. Lost time due to weather, tardy delivery of material, and completion of the job are factors beyond the control of either the worker or the employer. The problem of finding a new job, which is based on *whom* and not *what* the worker knows, is more acute in the building trades than in most industries, on account of the entire dissociation of employer and workman.

The reason for intermittent employment is the fault of no one group in the organization of the building trade, perhaps not the fault of all the groups. The fault is inherent in the nature of the work itself. Its very driving power is uncertainty. This zest of gambling with men, materials, and the elements can make for nothing but instability.

That is why I am not perhaps as well off as my three friends who entered safer levels of employment. Through training and education I am more fortunate than most of my fellow construction workers; other fields are open

to me, now that I have demonstrated to myself that skilled labor to-day simply does not pay. They, however, are in a situation which is greatly misunderstood.

It is difficult to equate these 'high wages' to a yearly stipend. The proper scale of remuneration, as mentioned above, is in terms of hours. In an occupation which pays eighty dollars one week, twenty the next, and nothing for the next two, it is hard to save money systematically.

This instability fosters a sort of false economy. I have known mechanics who have made first payments on a new car after two or three weeks heavy with overtime, apparently with no thought for the lean weeks which inevitably must follow a period of rush.

Not a few of them confess that they never saved a penny until they were married, although it is difficult to see just how this estate bettered their situation, for a man with ties is in no position to follow the big jobs from place to place. It is true, however, that no one is more prodigal with his money, when he has it, than a young man engaged in physical and dangerous work.

Nearly every carpenter, at one time or another, has been in the contracting business for himself, but insufficient business or backing usually forces him back to using tools very quickly.

Unionism has, of course, greatly improved the position of labor. The individual trade-unionist, however, sees his local primarily as an agency that furnishes him with an opportunity to pay dues. Rightly or not, the union is generally regarded as an organization dominated by small cliques. Its members distrust its efficiency as an employment bureau.

The function of the local is largely social. It gives the worker something to talk about on and off the job. Then, too, it has a tremendous welding power. Its members are, if its severest critics, also its most loyal supporters, and they back its policies resolutely, if not enthusiastically.

V

My experience has been pretty typical. There has been little of the collegiate in it, little thinking about economic theory, for it has been my living. I no longer speak of making twelve dollars a day, but rather a dollar and a half an hour — *when you can get it.* When my three friends asked me, 'Good experience, was n't it?' I said, 'Splendid. I would n't swap with any of you.' 'High wages?' But at this I grew just a little exasperated, and told them: 'A million dollars a year is good wages, but if you 're laid off at the end of the first minute it does n't mean much.'

I offer no suggestion toward the solution of the problem, beyond, perhaps, a restriction of the apprentice quota temporarily and a greater insistence on unionism, which after all does produce competent craftsmen, and ameliorates, to some extent, the madhouse life of high wages and short jobs.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NOVEL

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

WHO wrote the first American novel? Who launched the first of the innumerable and various craft of that fleet of fiction which American novelists have sent forth into the world?

The book was well named for such a venture: *The Emigrants, or the History of an Expatriated Family — Being a Delineation of English manners, drawn from Real Characters, written in America by G. Imlay.* Though Captain Gilbert Imlay, the author of this tale in three volumes published in England in 1793, has been destined to be known to the world rather as the recipient of Mary Wollstonecraft's famous love letters than as a writer of fiction, there is no doubt that he was our first American novelist.

The rarity[1] of *The Emigrants* must account for its omission from our histories of American literature. The book is of remarkable historical interest for every reader who chances to have been fascinated by the great and picaresque story of the struggle of the Kentucky, Ohio, and Mississippi River border for the Western land of North America, after the American Revolution.

In his preface Imlay says: 'In this history I have scrupulously attended to natural circumstances and the manners of the day; and in every particular I have had a real character for my model. The principal part of the story is founded upon facts, and I was only induced to give the work in the style of a novel, from believing it would prove more acceptable to the generality of readers.'

While these words concerning the reality of the narrative must not be taken too literally, still everyone who has read the wild and heterogeneous tales of the Western border settlement, commerce, and warfare of the day will recognize in the social picture presented by *The Emigrants* many familiar outlines and traces of some of the most vivid figures of the period — Boone, Richard Henderson, Sinclair, General Wilkinson, Crèvecœur, George Rogers Clark.

Aside from its historical interest, this novel may claim the distinction of being our first piece of fiction consciously concerned with a social problem. The author's intent, as stated in his preface, is no less than that of exposing the evils of the state of the marriage laws of England.

Though Imlay's views of marriage laws and of the position of women are progressive and enlightened, again his social picture must not be taken too literally. For the picture is subdued to the dye of the eighteenth-century novel. It belongs to the age of 'sensibility,' and of Jane Austen's acute mockery of sensibility; and one observes with amusement and curiosity

[1]The five copies of *The Emigrants* which research has so far discovered are severally owned by Brown University, the University of Illinois, the New York Public Library, the British Museum (only the first of the three volumes), and the University of Chicago. — AUTHOR

that Captain Imlay, obviously familiar with all the roughness and rawness of border settlement and Indian warfare, revels in the excessive 'delicacy and refinement' of the literary fashion of the day.

One has not read far in his eloquent pages before discovering that this mixture of lively imbecility and shrewd common sense, *The Emigrants*, is buoyed up by what may be called the greater silliness — the silliness floating hundreds of novels of to-day and of the last hundred years, and perhaps of a thousand years to come.

The novel tells the story of the fortunes of the T——n family of London — Mr. and Mrs. T——n, with their unlovely son, the torpid George, and their two lovely daughters, Mary and Caroline, the heroine, with 'long blue eyes,' 'fair complexion,' 'a peculiar elegance of manners,' and 'a blandishment which accompanies every word she utters that goes directly to the heart.' Mrs. T——n has ruined the character of George by her snobbishness in obtaining a commission for him in the Horse Guards. 'The idea of trade shocked her delicacy.'

They come to Philadelphia to repair their fortunes, leaving the remnant of their money in a bank, and start out on a pack trip across Pennsylvania to their friends Major and Mrs. W—— in Pittsburgh. And after this the novel is all pack trips and mountains and rocks and laurel, and streams with umbrageous chestnut and 'sugar' trees, and Indians and Indian prisoners, and squirrels and quail and camping and cooking outdoors, and 'chasing the antelope over the plains.'

The story is told in the form of letters, the correspondence of the T——n family and of their friends — many of the letters from Caroline. Most of the letters, however, pass between a Mr. Il——ray and a Captain Arl——ton, both natives of the neighborhood of Baltimore, constantly journeying about on horseback or on river rafts in different directions in North America.

Il——ray and Arl——ton are both smart, upstanding men made of 'sensibility' and public spirit, and in the very van of progress; haters of superstition, contemners of dueling; consumedly literary; quoters of Voltaire, Tasso, Montesquieu, La Rochefoucauld, and Pope; and evincing a strong familiarity with the writings and ideas of Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin, and Tom Paine.

Il——ray chances to meet the T——n family on their arrival in Philadelphia, and commends them to the good offices of Arl——ton, who is riding up from Baltimore to Pittsburgh and manages to overtake them on the road and to walk most of the way with Caroline. The novel is pervaded by the meditative presence of an elderly philosopher who 'possesses so much the manner of a gentleman you would immediately conclude he had been a man of fashion, though he dresses in the plain garb of the country.' Caroline and Arl——ton meet him on their walk: Mr. P—— P——, the recluse of 'Laurel Mount.'

Among the many incidents of Mr. P—— P——'s life, one of startling activity for a recluse, is the episode of his military service in Braddock's Defeat many years before, when he had been left for dead. It is very soon seen that he is a long-lost brother of Mrs. T——n. Caroline instantly becomes his favorite niece, and his wide knowledge of the world and of philosophy are the means of finally thwarting the machinations of her ambitious sister Mary, who contrives to part Caroline and Arl——ton and to keep them in a miserable state of despondency through most of the story.

Indeed, in spite of the exhilarating nature of their occupations, all the

finer natures of the novel are saddened by the low motives they frequently observe in others. Perhaps this high mood among them may be best indicated by a letter to Arl——ton from Il——ray in Philadelphia concerning the debased George, who had been sent back to procure and convey to his family the remnant of their fortune left in the bank.

'I wish that it was in my power to alleviate the suffering of those charming girls . . . for at this moment, I blush at the depravity to which the human heart may be reduced and feel the utmost indignation at the baseness of their unworthy brother. . . . Wicked and atrocious as it may appear, it is however certain, he has left the place with a phaeton and pair and a servant mounted upon a third horse, for New York; and is thus wantonly dissipating that small pittance which was the only prop to his reduced family,— and whose destruction his former dissipation had been one of the material causes.

'This is one of those circumstances that requires no exaggeration to confound the imagination, or to be related with embellishment and pathos, to shock every sentiment of humanity, gratitude, generosity and honor.'

Yet at the close, by the mysterious processes of 'perfectability,' even George is awakened to better things under the refining influence of the scenes at 'the falls of the Ohio' at Louisville, and the helpful proximity of Caroline and Arl——ton, now united after Caroline's exciting captivity among the Indians of 'the country of the Illinois.'

But what has all this to do with English divorce laws? Nothing. *The Emigrants*, like Puff's play in *The Critic*, has an underplot — indeed, many underplots, all about exquisite young women with disagreeable husbands. Much the most desperate of these underplots is the affair of the quiet, impressive Mr. P—— P——. On his return to England after Braddock's Defeat, he fell in with a designing and coarsened Lord B——, who wished to obtain a divorce from his refined wife. Lady B——'s literary tastes and Mr. P—— P——'s were congenial, and Lord B——, a violent enemy of all the literary, sets a footman to spy upon them. The unsuspecting Mr. P—— P—— reads *Othello* aloud to his imaginative hostess.

'She became so absorbed in the story, that when Othello said "put out the light" and "then—put out the light" she fainted as compleatly as though the circumstance had been real and present to her view. . . . I had caught her in my arms when a footman started upon us, and said that my Lord had sent his compliments to me, and wished I would take an airing with him in his curricle. I desired him in answer to tell his Lordship that I was reading with Lady B—— and begged that he would excuse me; for it would not only have been a breach of politeness to have broken a prior engagement, but it would have been inhuman to have left her even when she had recovered.'

I quote this delightful passage as an instance of Imlay's skill and flow both in the lesser silliness peculiar to his day and in the greater silliness. The reader will hardly be surprised to learn that, through the evidence secured by the suborned footman, Lord B—— gets all Lady B——'s fortune; and drives her and Mr. P—— P—— into the direst poverty; and hounds them out of England to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, where we will not follow their striking and picturesque fortunes — a little like those of Crèvecœur's family, a little like Sinclair's history.

Imlay has such rich resources of

human history to draw on, and is so extremely resourceful with the larger silliness, that one experiences no wonder in his solution of all the complicated marital difficulties of the underplots — partly by the convenient natural deaths of overbearing husbands, but mainly by the sufferers' settling on land in Kentucky. A remarkable and bracing feature of the book is that, though the happiness of the final union of Caroline and Arl——ton is mentioned, yet this happiness is entirely secondary to their absorbed interest in what may be called their new subdivision across the river from Louisville.

Here they have possession of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, which they dispense among land-hungry friends, soldiers and officers of the American Revolution, as well as the sufferers from the English divorce laws; and here 'perfectability' is pursued, and a democratic government is established, and Mr. P—— P—— in his redoubtable quietude comes to live as a species of perpetual president —recalling the vanished forest-state of Transylvania and Richard Henderson, and the grant allotted to George Rogers Clark and the 'Officers' Lands,' after the Revolution.

Indeed, in spite of the silliness of *The Emigrants*, the beauty of a genuine love of freedom, the fascination of the air of virgin country, breathe from its pages. Caroline, Il——ray, divorce in England, and all the rest of it, are dominated by the author's passion for the wild land, its streams, valleys, mountain forests, and wide-spreading high prairies.

The book has the poetry of this passion. It has genuine charm — the charm of spaciousness, of spontaneity. When Caroline and Il——ray cross the river on the raft, after her captivity in 'the country of the Illinois,' the reader lives with them in a fine and novel sense of mankind's free heritage of the beauty of earth.

One has, too, a feeling which Caroline and Il——ray could not have known — a feeling that one is looking on scenes existing in the past of the great forest and prairie history of this country, but now vanished forever from human experience. No one had ever presented scenes quite like these before. No one can ever present them again from the same consciousness of American life as Imlay's.

II

Who was this man who wrote *The Emigrants?* Our annals of him are scattered and few. 'Never say you know the last word of any human heart,' says Henry James in 'Louisa Pallant'; and the motto is excellent counsel for those who seek to understand Gilbert Imlay.

Our information of him has been enriched in the last six years by two monographs which we owe to the valuable studies of Mr. Ralph Leslie Rusk and Mr. Oliver Farrar Emerson. According to these researches, Imlay was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, at some time in the 1750's, probably 1754.

He was the son of Peter Imlay, and belonged to a family of some distinction and importance, according to the minute books of the local court. He appears in the Revolution as wounded at the Battle of Monmouth, which occurred at his birthplace, and as negotiating the release of prisoners in Philadelphia.

Later he is mentioned in England and in France, in French official documents and on the title-pages of his publications, as 'Captain,' which we may assume to be his authentic rank.

After the war, in 1783, Imlay purchased land in Kentucky, and in 1784 we find him in that region, where he had been appointed Deputy Surveyor and 'Commissioner for laying out land in the back settlements.'

Within the following three years he bought more and more Kentucky land. He entered into a project for the establishment of ironworks, and signed no less than three bonds; and was pursued in the courts by three creditors. The ironworks project failed. By the sale of some of his acres he paid a portion of his debts. Others he never paid. But, according to one of the latest American records of him we possess, this fact did not deter him from receiving patents in Virginia for a large tract of land, late in the year 1786; and then he left the country, and we hear nothing more of him for six years.

Imlay had left his tangled legal affairs in the hands of General James Wilkinson — brave, shifty, bombastic, devoted to army intrigue, one of the most curious figures in our history of the West. Like Captain Arl——ton, Wilkinson was a native of the region of Baltimore who had gone up to Philadelphia, and thence to Kentucky in the year of Imlay's arrival. Like Arl——ton and Il——ray, General Wilkinson was a lover of the art of letters, and, as his memoirs tell us, had cultivated sensibility and 'refined enjoyment.'

At about the time when Imlay disappeared from the United States, General Wilkinson indulged his taste for refined enjoyment in an original manner. He boldly loaded several flatboats with a contraband freight of tobacco, flour, bacon, and butter, and steered down the Kentucky River to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. In *The Emigrants*, Il——ray makes this voyage; and the novel certainly gives some color to the theory that Imlay may have accompanied Wilkinson.

In New Orleans, although Wilkinson's goods were contraband, he managed to avoid arrest by seeking an interview with the Spanish authorities, Miro and Navarro. Always an adroit liar, Wilkinson rapidly convinced them that his arrival with his cargo was only a ruse, to mask a larger project of immense benefit to Spanish America. Wilkinson's larger project was no less than the separation of the region of Kentucky from the United States, and its confederation with Spain.

Till the close of the century and during Wilkinson's Northwest campaigns as an officer of the United States army, he was receiving a pension of eighteen hundred dollars a year from New Orleans and the Spanish Crown for his alleged industry in fomenting his vast scheme for the revolt of Kentucky to the government of Spain. What was even more advantageous to him was the secret monopoly of trade on the Mississippi, a further privilege he received from New Orleans.

Such was the 'Spanish Plot.' In other words, General Wilkinson was the Spanish Plot, through a bold and singular career running now outside our story — a career to which only the gifts of the late Frank R. Stockton could do justice.

How far was Imlay involved in all this? Did he act as Wilkinson's representative later perhaps in Spain? Did he ship European cargoes for Wilkinson's Mississippi trade monopoly? It seems significant that in *The Emigrants* Il——ray embarks from New Orleans for Spain, and after crossing the Pyrenees visits France and England, where we next find traces of Gilbert Imlay's presence.

III

In the year 1792 Imlay published in London *A Topographical History of the Western Territory of North America.*

For me, as with *The Emigrants*, this attractive old book has an endless fascination in its power of evoking the past of forest and prairie, with its panoramic tale of the great timber, catalpa, and red-flowering maple, hickory and pine, hemlock and live oak and fir; the flight of wild ducks, mallards, heron and bittern; the full-flowering prairie, columbine and mint and wild rose and rue; the Homeric enumerations of varieties of trees, of wild flowers, of wild game and Indian tribes now tragically vanished.

'Having been brought up in the interior parts of America, he is the most natural, unaffected creature,' Mary Wollstonecraft wrote a few years later of Imlay to her sister Everina. And the spontaneity and naturalness of the *Topographical History* are not the least of its merits.

The book abounds in advanced opinions. But this is too light a dismissal of Imlay's genuine loathing of snobbishness, his warm-hearted hatred of race prejudice, his wise and humane plan for the abolition of slavery, and his enlightened contempt for superstition.

Two later editions presented to an international public the text of two documents of momentous importance in the Western history of the United States — Washington's great Treaty with Spain, opening the Mississippi to navigation for the commerce of the border settlers; and the record of the Piankishaw Council and Treaty, which served with increasing effect to free the border of the horror of Indian attack and massacre.

These later editions also give fuller accounts of the Western regions, and of even better ways of making maple sugar; and reprint Filson's *Discovery and Settlement of Kentucky* and *Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone* — the last a masterpiece.

To digress for a moment: in connection with this capital old piece of Filson's, we possess, through W. H. Bogart, a tradition of the pleasure of one admirer of Filson's biography which ought to be true if it is not. Though it is well known that Daniel Boone had an imperfect literary education, and read and wrote at best with difficulty, yet the style of Filson's Life, written ostensibly from the Long Hunter's dictation, is highly literary, flowing and ornate, opening with the sentence: —

'Curiosity is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections.'

It is said that in his last years Daniel Boone, sitting in his coonskin cap with his rifle across his knees in the grassy yard of the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, in the Osage region of Missouri, would derive a peculiarly rich enjoyment from listening while a friend read aloud to him the rolling periods attributed to him by the art of John Filson. 'I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty and the bounties of Providence with my once fellow-sufferers.'

Though the *Topographical History* is better known than Imlay's novel, it is all too little known. For Imlay's ability as an editor, as well as the charm and historical interest of his own contribution, this book deserves to be reprinted. Both *The Emigrants* and the *Topographical History* should be made accessible to a wider circle of readers.

IV

Moncure Conway's biography of Tom Paine tells us that late in the

year 1792 an intimate international group of men and women used to gather in the evenings at the house of the author of *Common Sense* in the Faubourg Saint-Denis; among these men and women, Roland and Madame Roland, the editor Bonneville, the English merchant Christie and his wife, Madame Brissot, Brissot, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Gilbert Imlay.

Brissot had been active in forming the Genêt project for the French conquest of Spanish territory in North America. Through Brissot at this period, in the winter of 1792–93, Imlay sent two memorials on Louisiana to the Committee of Safety — documents purporting to give authentic information of the trans-Alleghany region, and portraying this sparsely settled and poverty-stricken country as ready to muster forty thousand well-equipped troops and large sums of money for the benefit of France. Certainly in these manifestoes the author seems a mere untrustworthy informant of France, and quite unconcerned in risking the lives and hard-won livelihoods of his countrymen.

If one knew Imlay only by the voice of the Louisiana memorials of his own authorship, one might regard him as hardly better than an unscrupulous land booster. But though a writer, and a writer of importance in his own day, it has been his curious destiny to possess a world-wide fame from the sound of voices not his own — the passionate, lyrical voice of Mary Wollstonecraft, the quiet philosophic voice of William Godwin.

It was in 1793 that he met Mary Wollstonecraft, with the circle of people surrounding Tom Paine. She was writing a history of the French Revolution. But this had not been her purpose in coming to France. She had come in the hope of escaping from a passion of hers which has been thrust too hastily into the background by many of those who have been interested in her life, myself among them. To those following the biographies of Kegan Paul and of Mrs. Pennell this is natural. But a little closer reading of Godwin and the biography of G. R. Stirling Taylor will convince one of one's error.

A few months before her arrival in France, Mary Wollstonecraft had fallen deeply in love with the painter Fuseli. Though she said to him, 'If I thought my passion criminal I would conquer it, or die in the attempt,' she was too perturbed to be able to follow the even tenor of her days as a reader, translator, and writer for her friend the publisher Johnson. She was obsessed by her inner vision of Fuseli. She besought his wife to permit her to come to live with them, a request which she says arises 'from the sincere affection which I have for your husband, for I find that I cannot live without the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with him daily.'

Mrs. Fuseli thought it unwise to grant Mary Wollstonecraft's candid request, though throughout Mary's life they remained friends. Before Mary's feeling for Fuseli had risen to these proportions, the three had planned to go to France together, and now Mary went alone.

'Her personal and ardent affection,' Godwin tells us, 'was a source of perpetual torment to her. She conceived it necessary to snap the chain,' and in her voyage 'the single object she had in view was that of an endeavor to heal her distempered mind.'

All the emotion Mary Wollstonecraft had repressed on leaving Fuseli now rose for Imlay. Everyone knows the story: how they loved each other, and lived together in Paris, while the Terror and the might of Robespierre

overwhelmed the city, and Paine was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, and Brissot was guillotined; how Imlay came and went on unknown and doubtful business, and her ardent letters, spontaneous, humorous, brave, bewildered, followed him in his comings and goings; how they lived together in Havre from February till autumn, and a child of theirs, Fanny Imlay, was born there in May in 1794, and seven months later Imlay went to London and became fascinated by 'a young strolling actress'; and how after that, with many changes and eddies, and endless, inconsistent claimings, and two hopeless trials of living with him in London, Mary Wollstonecraft's passion for him plunged down a final chasm of despair.

The candor of the Letters to Imlay has fascinated the world. Their free movement is so strong that one is carried away by the tide of their emotion. It is hard to look at Mary Wollstonecraft's or at Imlay's life before or after the striking episodes the Letters narrate; and though people have known of Mary's feeling for Fuseli, they have been slow in realizing fully that she had been deeply in love only a few months before she knew Imlay, and that she was involved in a third passionate attachment — to Godwin — only a few months after her last parting from Imlay in the spring of 1796, three years after their first meeting.

In the Letters we see Imlay as cold-hearted and trivial, and preoccupied with business undertakings of which she knows little, though she mistrusts and disapproves of them. After their parting she wrote of the American settlers of the West in a reference which may well point to Imlay:—

'The resolution that led them in pursuit of independence to search for unknown shores, and to sleep under the hovering mists of endless forests, whose baleful damps agued their limbs, was now turned into commercial speculations, till the national character exhibited a phenomenon in the history of the human mind — a head enthusiastically enterprising, with cold selfishness of heart.'

At the time of their union she writes to him with contempt of 'this crooked business.' Was it his offices for Wilkinson in the Spanish Plot for the Western Territory? Was it his offices against Spain in the French Plot for the Western Territory? Was it something connected with the well-known New Orleans talent of the time for privateering? Whatever she knew, or Godwin knew later, they were rather careful not to tell. Even when Mary goes to Norway and Sweden to collect Imlay's monies for him, she gives no hint of the nature of his commercial transactions in the north.

He seems not to have been poor in Europe or in England. He obtains and furnishes a house for Mary in London. He desires to continue to send her money, and to support his daughter. Or at least he says he desires to, but perhaps his profession is no more to be credited than his memorial on Louisiana.

Whatever he professed, throughout the tragedy of her short life and long after her mother's death Fanny Imlay was cared for and protected by her stepfather Godwin. In his account of Imlay which prefaces the Letters and the Memoir of Mary Wollstonecraft, Godwin speaks with generous deference of his predecessor. He says, too, that his wife would never permit anything despiteful to be spoken of Imlay in her presence.

Paradoxically enough, both he and Mary Wollstonecraft, the very persons who have presented Imlay to posterity as a mere light-o'-love and craven

deserter, have also magnanimously said for him about all that can be said from their knowledge of him.

V

Theirs was for many years the last word about Imlay. Nothing more was known of him until 1903, when Mr. Richard Garnett in the London *Athenæum* published an article mentioning that he had recently learned that in 1828 a Gilbert Imlay had been buried in St. Brelade's Parish in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. The inscription has disappeared from the churchyard, but Mr. Emerson has obtained a copy of the entry in the parish register: —

M. Gilbert Imlay fut enterré, le vingt quatrième jour de Novembre mil huit cent vingt huit, âgé de 74 ans.

This may have been a different individual from the captain in the American Revolution. But no other person of this Christian name appears in the records of the Imlays. There is no further record of him in Jersey of the Channel Islands.

This absence of record may show that he was there unoccupied — maybe as a health seeker; or it may show that he engaged in an occupation which avoided record. It is of interest that we hear of Imlay at Hamburg (in the Letters from Norway), that his hero journeys to New Orleans, and that his memorial and the 1797 edition of the *Topographical History* show a considerable knowledge of the latter city as a port — both New Orleans and Hamburg being harbors for illegitimate international traffic of the time; and that then we learn of the death of a Gilbert Imlay in Jersey, an island which had been, in the period of Captain Gilbert Imlay's life, a notorious resort of the privateers, pirates, and smugglers of Spain, and a rendezvous for Napoleonic refugees and plotters.

The historical background of Imlay's life after the American Revolution is that of the great struggle of the border for the Western land of North America. Though only a guess, one has a certain large basis for guessing that throughout his life after the Revolution Imlay may have been interested and active in the commercial and political traffic of the international plots and counterplots for the Western Territory. In the many-sided and dramatic story of the struggle for the land of North America west of the Alleghanies in the half-century after 1770, he has a vital part in giving us a stirring and authentic picture of the borderland itself.

He was a man of the border. He is always giving his bridle rein a shake and saying adieu forevermore. We find him frequently with people who are lying in ambush. Yet in some respects his is a figure of more familiar and pedestrian outline — that of a person who cares too much about money and not enough about human understanding. But the man we see in our scattered record of Imlay's life, the man we see in his writings, is not to be dismissed by a formula.

We see him as unscrupulous, independent, courageous, a dodger of debts to the poor, a deserter, a protector of the helpless, a revolutionist, a man of enlightenment beyond his age, a greedy and treacherous land booster. You will hardly have made up your mind that he is a mere border ruffian and shirker of obligation on both continents when he will say something so generously conceived as to charm you out of your opinion.

Though a flare of loyalty to the ideas of those he admires glimmers through his writings, this too, like everything else about him, is flickering and uncertain. He casts a strange passing light on some of the most curious and striking figures about him;

and yet one feels that he did not understand them very well himself. Certainly he did not understand Mary Wollstonecraft.

In his associates, his correspondents, and the ideas and principles of his acquaintances which he presents in his books, what an assemblage of human beings appears — Wilkinson, Henderson, the ruler of the border state of Transylvania, Daniel Boone, Mary Wollstonecraft, Tom Paine, Brissot! If you had known them, if you had known Imlay among them, could you have understood them, no matter how often you saw them, no matter what they said in your presence? Probably not.

To understand these people you would have had to know what it meant to fight typhus and the Miamis and to trick Spanish grandees, as Wilkinson did; what it meant to rule in a blockhouse in the wilderness, as Henderson did; to be desperate with the defeat and hunger of a misprized passion and to try to drown yourself in a dark city river, like Mary Wollstonecraft; to go half-naked and cold, as a painted Indian captive alone with the Indians on the open prairie, like Daniel Boone; to sicken to unconsciousness in a filthy prison in Paris, like Tom Paine; to ride in a tumbril to a guillotine for your love of freedom, like Brissot.

Like Gilbert Imlay, the men and women of his acquaintance were all in their several kinds people of the border. To appreciate him and them you would have to understand things not dreamed of in the philosophy of Goethe or Shakespeare or of any of the Regulars — nor in the philosophy of the Regulars of the other side, either, like Byron, the Regulars of Sinning and Wild Living in capital letters. Yet, diverse as they are in the scenes and aims of their lives, — these people of the border over the world, associated with Gilbert Imlay, — one is struck with certain qualities standing out clearly enough in them and in him. All have courage. All have speed. All have the love of freedom.

Even as we see him now, with the worst of his faults and feeblenesses on his head, Imlay has the love of freedom. He has speed and courage. We cannot pluck out the heart of his mystery. But we could not, as I hope, if we had lived on earth with him. In the course of learning to know any human being, the curious reader of history, the curious reader of life, will prefer the experience of a thousand corrected impressions to any formulistic judgment.

To understand Imlay at all, and to enjoy his various narratives, it is necessary not to regard him or them in the hope of obtaining a conclusive and unified impression of his character. It is better to remember that 'curiosity is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections.'

TWO SONNETS

I

Let us be quiet for a little space.
If I should lay my hand upon your hair
The world might seem a less conclusive place
Than this I dwell assured of. Love may dare
All things save this — to strike before the hour.
We who have held our purpose consecrate
To truth know well the immitigable power
She wields ere yet the soul and body mate.

We have outgrown the Thracian mysteries
Whose joy was of the earth. We may not raise
Glad hearts as theirs who sought each other's eyes
Only to hymn the Virgin's holy praise.
Greece and Assisi perish; there remain
Love, and a new integrity of pain.

II

Now we are come unto the shore who strove
Against the wind and tide to no avail.
Let others speak vain words in praise of love
Who have not read to the ending of the tale.
We love as eyes might see that long had lost
Vision; we walk, whose limbs have ceased to writhe;
We stand, who watched the Lord's embattled host
Go down like wheat before the leveling scythe.

No more we'll seek a place among the stars
To seal our joy's abiding; we are come
Red with the passion of a hundred wars'
Long siege of crystal cities far from home
To pledge in tears the life that has its birth
When the first man stands forth on granite earth.

HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

GROWING UP WITH IOWA[1]

Episodes in a Life of a Hundred Years

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

(ALTHOUGH Ames Township rather boasts of having led Athens County in the matter of establishing libraries and schools, the educational advantages of the community in the early fifties were not such as to have greatly impressed Grandmother Brown's small sons, when they reached school age. 'When Charlie came home from his first day at school,' said she, 'I asked him what he thought of it. "I like it," he answered, "but I would n't be a teacher for anything." "Why not?" "My temper'd fly up and I'd kill some of them and then I'd have to be hung," he answered.'

The Harvard influence so strong in the Ames schools of early day — praised by Judge Cutler for their 'elevated character' — seems to have waned a bit by this time. Also, the customs of the people would seem to have become somewhat less decorous during their half century of struggle with the wilderness. According to Judge Cutler, the early settlers had 'entered into an agreement not to use ardent spirits at elections, or the fourth of July, at social parties, raisings, logging-bees, or any public occasion, and to this engagement they strictly adhered for many years.' But by the time Daniel and Maria Brown took up their residence in Amesville, this self-denying ordinance against 'ardent spirits' had been forgotten. Whiskey was freely dispensed in every village store. According to Walker, even the clergy were active in transporting it, indeed in profiting by it. The lower settlement in Ames Township enjoyed, indeed, the services of a circuit-riding Free Will Baptist, one Elder Asa Stearns, who preached to the people once a month and received in pay three barrels of whiskey.

In the meantime, Maria Brown was attending to her home and family, and the firm of Brown and Dickey was pursuing industriously the difficult and delicate art of merchandising.)

I

When Dan'l went into business with Austin Dickey at Ames (said Grandmother Brown), they dealt in all kinds of food and grain, dry goods and hardware. Their store occupied the lower floor of a corner on Amesville's one street. Gradually they built on additions, until finally it covered a whole block. Their most important addition was a big smokehouse. Raising hogs proved profitable. While hogs, unlike horses and cattle, could n't be driven a long distance to market, they could be fattened at home on soaked wheat and sold as pork and bacon to the Southern plantations. Then Dan'l had lofts and barns where wool and hides could be stored, so he used to buy

[1] Earlier chapters of these reminiscences were published in August and September. — EDITOR

sheep, shear them, pack the wool into sacks, tan the hides and hang them up in his barns, feeding the carcasses to the hogs.

In the fall, Dan'l and his partner used to go into the tall timber, about a mile from the store, cut down logs, and have the carpenters build them in Federal Creek a scow or flatboat. This they stored with grain, bacon, wool, tobacco, dried fruits. They'd have oxen to load the boat, pulling their goods through the mire. Then they waited for the spring freshets to raise the creek and float them into the Hocking River. Sometimes the waters would come with a rush before Dan'l was ready to go, before the boat was fully outfitted. I can remember the tense excitement of such days.

Dan'l could never sleep when he was waiting for the spring flood. In the meantime, Kate and I would be making biscuits and doughnuts all night long, expecting any moment to hear the rush of waters.

Since the timbers have been cut, that old creek does n't rise any more at all. But in those days it was a thrilling thing to see the boat swing off down the creek, knowing it would be carried into the stream of the Hocking, next into the flow of the Ohio, and finally into the channel of the Mississippi. Propelled by oars and poles, swinging and turning, it swept on its way, irresistibly, to far-away New Orleans.

At points along the way, Dan'l and his partner stopped to trade off their wares. At Cincinnati they got rid of some grain and tobacco. At plantations along the lower Mississippi they exchanged bacon for molasses. The negroes used to come to their boat to barter with them. At New Orleans they exchanged that plantation molasses for refined sugar.

That New Orleans sugar was shipped in hogsheads up to the mouth of the Hocking River. Dan'l then hauled it sixteen miles to the store. It was white and in sugar-loaf form, covered first with white paper and then with purple. We'd save the purple paper for coloring. I remember that I dyed white silk gloves with it.

At New Orleans Dan'l always sold the boat, took the cash returns of the enterprise in the form of Mexican silver, put the money into axe-head boxes, packed those into a small black horsehair trunk, — one does n't see such trunks any more, — and brought the trunk into the stateroom of the steamboat on which he took passage for home. They always tried to act as though the trunk was light; and one person always lay around the stateroom guarding the trunk when the other wandered about the boat.

The profits of this venture were usually about $2000. With this money in their possession, they would go to Pittsburgh to invest in hardware or push on to Philadelphia to buy general merchandise, — dry goods and household furniture and farming implements, — all of which was later brought over the mountains to them by freighters. This was the long and laborious process by which the products of the Northern soil were collected and bartered through the South for money which was spent in the East for merchandise needed by the farmers of the Northwest Territory. The merchandising of goods was a complicated thing in those days — most of it done directly without the help of the banker.

I remember how exciting it used to be when the freighters drove in with their big wagons of goods. 'Pennsylvania schooners' we called them — immense wagons, each with six horses, each with a canvas top hooped and drawn in with ropes. The driver used to ride on the horse at the right next to the wagon. He carried a long whip, and

with a whirl of it could hit the front horse. They did n't undertake to move fast, but it was an exciting business just the same — seeing things opened at the store when the boxes of muslins and delaines were brought in. At the end of the first year we had lost a good deal of money, but Dan'l borrowed some more and went ahead, and after that 'the gilt began to stick to our fingers,' as he used to say.

II

We lived in Amesville eleven years. Then we sold out and joined the Western migration. We bought a farm in Iowa and moved there in the summer of 1856.

Dan'l had got the Western fever, and I was willing to go to any place where I thought we might better our fortunes. A cousin of Dan'l's who had been in California, going out by land and returning around the Horn, visited us in '55 and told interesting tales of his experience. Dan'l himself had made two trips to the West, looking for land. He thought of settling in Geneseo, Illinois, where cousins had established themselves. But he went on into Iowa, where another cousin named Oliver Brown was living, and came back saying he had bought a farm across the road from Oliver's.

Brown and Dickey sold their business for $10,000, each getting $5000 in cash. The price of our Iowa farm was $3500 in gold. The rest of our money went to buy a fine team of mares, a new wagon, and a new carriage, all of which had taken prizes at the county fair. We sold the bulk of our household goods, but I managed to have the cherry dresser packed for transportation; also a big roll of Brussels carpet.

It was a considerable undertaking, in those days, to move one's family from Ohio to Iowa. There were no railroads to carry us across country, and we had to go by steamboat down the Hocking River to the Ohio, down the Ohio to St. Louis, and then up the Mississippi River to Keokuk, and overland the rest of the way by carriage. We were twenty days on the journey. But compared with what our grandparents had had to overcome in moving from Massachusetts to New York and Vermont, and from those places on to Ohio, it was nothing. And then I never thought about its being hard. I was used to things being hard.

I was very busy, those last days in Amesville, getting myself and the children ready for the journey. You may be sure that I fixed my children up so they looked nice. Will and Charlie were nine and seven years old by this time, Lizzie past four, and Gus two. Gus was old enough to be weaned, but, knowing that we were likely to move, I had kept on nursing him, anxious not to change his food before we got to our journey's end. So they were all rosy and in fine condition. Will and Charlie had such pretty little suits — long trousers with little roundabout coats and hats with visors. I made them ruffled linen collars that were very becoming with their suits, and I did those collars up on the boat, so that the boys looked fresh and clean all the way.

Whenever I stopped to think, my heart was heavy at the thought of leaving Ohio and going to such a far, strange country. But I did n't have much time for thinking. And one thing made it easier — my mother was going along. Mr. Hatch had died not long after he came home from the Mexican War, and my mother was going West to visit Brother John, who had settled in Minnesota, where his father-in-law was a land agent for the Government. Dan'l's father, Grandpa Brown, also joined us, and a cousin, Will

Foster, so we were a company of nine people when gathered at the mouth of the Hocking, looking for a steamboat to carry us towards our new home in the West.

Our journey West began with three days of tedious waiting at the mouth of the Hocking River. One boat after another refused to carry us, because we were too many in numbers or our freight too bulky for accommodation. But the Lord was watching over us, because one of those steamers that refused us was wrecked soon after it left us and all lives on board were lost.

We spent those three days at the Hoyt Williams House. What interested our children most at that place was two parrots. One of them could only say, 'Oh, Hoyt!' but the other was quite conversational. This parrot ate at the second table with the children, pecking away at a plate of things very politely. One morning after breakfast, coming out on the porch with Gus in my arms and the other children following along, I found that this smart parrot was very sick. He was vomiting at the railing and kept screaming, 'Polly drank too much! Polly drank too much!' Willie regarded him with considerable awe. 'Seems to me, Mother,' he said, 'a bird that can talk like that just *ought* to have a soul.'

Finally we were off. The boats of those days were interesting places, carrying all kinds of human beings, black and white. The rough work was done by colored roustabouts. Some of the passengers were quite fashionable. There was dancing every night to music furnished by a band made up of colored waiters. There was card playing, too. Indeed, the boat was infested with blackleg gamblers. Every evening after dinner the card tables were set out. There was a bar, too, where you could get anything you'd a mind to pay for.

Our boat was a side-wheeler, and was loaded to the guards with freight. It moved very slowly. I got *so* tired before the journey was ended. I had my children's clothes to wash and iron every day, but I did n't have much anxiety about the children themselves. All of them kept well. I felt so sorry for a lady who had a baby about the age of Gus. She had weaned him, and said it was *such* a mistake. The baby cried and she walked the deck with him night after night. Will and Charlie were obedient little boys and never wandered far from my sight. Naturally they were all eyes.

They never saw a railroad train until we came near Cairo, Illinois. To most of the passengers it was a curiosity. The people rushed to that side of the boat to watch it go by. Look at the difference now, seventy years after. I've heard Dan'l tell about some of those first railroads in the East, that they were just stone abutments with timbers laid on top and spiked down. Travel over them had a tendency to loosen the timbers, and sometimes the ends actually ran up into the car and endangered the people there. What an advance has been made in railroad travel! Just look now at the smooth performances of the Santa Fe! When first I heard people talking about railroads, I thought they meant roads made of fence rails laid across the mud to keep the wheels from sinking into the soft ground! Well, to continue: when we got to St. Louis there was a half mile of boats headed in at the wharf, and we had to wait a long time before we could land. We stopped in St. Louis long enough to buy some dishes and a cookstove. It was a good stove; there never was a better. Made by Bridge, Beech and Company and called the 'Golden Era.' Those were the years of the California gold excitement, and every door of the stove

had the picture of a gold piece on it.

Finally we reached Keokuk, 'the head of navigation' in those days. We could n't go above the rapids in the river, there being no canal as yet. So we landed at Keokuk, and Ma and I with baby and Lizzie were put into our fine new carriage, with Grandpa Brown and Cousin Will Foster to drive us to our farm. That was eight miles from Fort Madison, and twelve miles from Burlington, which were towns of considerable size. Dan'l stayed behind in Keokuk with the little boys to look after the landing of our goods.

After several hours' driving we arrived at Oliver Brown's house. We were welcomed with great excitement, for Oliver had begun to be awfully uneasy, fearing that Dan'l had been robbed and murdered for his money. The care of that money had been our main concern all through the trip. Dan'l had the paper money in a belt around his waist — I have that old belt yet, that and Dan'l's tuning fork (it's a C). The gold for the farm was left with me. The gold pieces were wrapped separately in paper and put in a sack of linen bird's-eye which had been woven by Dan'l's mother (I gave that little sack to Lizzie, not long ago, thinking that she might like to have a piece of her Grandmother Brown's weaving). This sack of gold I kept in a carpetbag where I had the children's soiled clothes. We did not, of course, want to give the impression that we had any quantity of money with us. I felt deeply the responsibility of looking after it.

As we were leaving Keokuk, Dan'l brought the carpetbag and, depositing it at my feet, said cheerfully, 'There, Mother! There's your farm!' Then off we drove.

There were so many of us that we could not all be accommodated, that first night, at Oliver Brown's. Ma and I went up the road with the little ones to sleep at the home of a cousin named Tom Stephenson. 'Where shall I leave the carpetbag?' I asked Oliver Brown's wife. 'Why, put it in the room where Oliver and Will will sleep. Put it behind the door,' she said. And so I went peacefully to bed.

But the next morning, when I looked for my gold in the carpetbag, it was *gone*. Oh, I shall *never* forget the horror of the next few hours. I thought I should lose my mind. The gold simply was n't there. Oliver and Will had risen early and started with a wagon and team back to Keokuk to help Dan'l move our things. Of course we thought that they might have moved the gold, which was, in fact, what they had done, having taken it out of the carpetbag and locked it in Oliver's desk before they set out that morning. But they neglected to tell anyone that they had moved it. I kept remembering how Dan'l had called out at Keokuk, when he put the gold at my feet, 'There, Mother! There's your farm!' And I imagined that some thief, hanging about, had overheard, followed us, and robbed us in the night. Tom Stephenson got out his horse and rode off in haste to meet the party coming from Keokuk to announce to them the misfortune that had befallen us. In the meantime I walked the floor. The fruits of ten years' work and saving entrusted to my care and lost in a single night! Oh, why had I, at the very last, let that carpetbag from my sight? My hair turned gray early; I think it must have started to turn that day when I thought that our farm had been lost, and lost through me.

In the meantime the folks coming up the road from Keokuk were having a little excitement of their own. Oliver Brown and Will Foster had joined them with a team of farm horses, but one of the horses took a notion to balk,

They could n't move him. There they stuck. And then, just in the nick of time, came Tom Stephenson pounding down the road, his horse all lathered, waving his arms and shouting: 'The gold's gone!' But Oliver Brown and Will Foster knew where the gold was and naturally could n't be excited about it. 'Oh, the gold's safe,' was all they said. 'It's in Oliver's desk. Get off your horse, Tom.' And they took Tom's horse, all covered with foam as it was, put him in harness in place of the balky one, and they all moved forward again. It seemed very exciting and dramatic to the small boys, and they would have called it a drama of 'The Balky Horse,' I suppose, whereas to me it was a tragedy of 'The Lost Gold.'

III

And so it was that the Brown family came to Iowa.

When I got over my excitement about the gold and looked around me, my heart sank. 'Don't let's unpack our goods,' I said to Dan'l. 'It looks so wild here. Let's go home.' But we had bought the farm and there we were.

We lived there fourteen years, and I was never reconciled to it. I had never lived in the country before. The drudgery was unending. The isolation was worse. In time, we knew a few families with whom we had friendly relations, but they were very few. At first we had the Oliver Browns across the way. They were always great readers, were educated, and sent their children away to school. But they were frontiersmen by nature, always moving west, and a couple of years after we came to Iowa they sold their farm and moved on.

We had a good farm of rich black soil. But it is people that really make a country, not soil. Those who had settled in that neighborhood were of American stock, but it was poor in quality. I like to be with people who know something, who want something. One of our neighbors let three years go by before she came to see us. 'I woulda come before,' she said, 'but I heard you had Brussels carpet on the floor!' Why, she should have come to see what it was like!

The nearest town to us was Augusta. It was about two miles away on Skunk River, a narrow winding little stream not entirely without beauty.

There was a bridge across the river, a bridge that Dan'l helped pay for. The old flour mills that stood there once and the miller in his white suit are gone.

Oh, Augusta once showed some signs of life, though not a very cultivated life. It had two mills and two blacksmith shops, several stores. Things don't look as prosperous out that way now as they did fifty years ago.

The road past our farm, which was once a main highway, is now a bypath only. Where a double row of shade trees ran along the road a half century ago, one sees now only rows of stumps. We had three bearing orchards when we left and a fourth coming on. Where are they now? To be sure, we knew nothing then of the pests that prey on fruit trees now. But nowadays one sees few flowers and gardens about the houses. And the fields seem deserted. Of course, with all the new machines not so many men are needed to work the fields. But it does seem as if all people care for out here now is to get the crop. There is less pride in the way things look. Perhaps the bad Iowa roads have something to do with it. But the road that runs past Denmark — which the railroads have missed all these years — is part of the system of permanent State roads, and perhaps in time this part of the world may look like something again.

Denmark was a pretty village, a really charming town in some respects. It had an air of refinement. It had been settled by educated people from the East. They had a fine academy and a good church there. But it was five miles from us, and five miles in days of bad roads was a real barrier. We could not often spare the time or use the horses to drive so far to church. The first Sunday we were at the farm we drove to the poor little church on Lost Creek.

It used to have two front doors; men went in one and women in the other. When a man and wife from town came in and sat beside each other, the children giggled.

And what a woodsy congregation it was! Lizzie kept whispering that first Sunday: 'Oh, Mother, I'd rather be in Ohio. I'd rather hear Aunt Ann sing!' It brought tears to my eyes and a homesick lump to my throat to hear her carry on so. It was just the way I felt.

From our immediate community around Lost Creek and Skunk River so little inspiration was to be drawn that it took constant assertion of character to keep from going backward. When Ma took leave of me after seeing us settled on the farm, she said to me, rather solemnly, 'Now, Maria, you'll be tempted to grow careless, living off here away from everybody. People who live in the country seldom change their dress in the afternoon, as you've been brought up to do. Now keep on doing the way you've done all your life. After dinner, take a bath and clean up and keep yourself nice, even if there's no one to see you.' And so I always did. Coming in, Oliver Brown would say: 'Going some place?' 'No.' 'Company coming?' 'No.' They learned, after a while, that it was my way. I could sew and I could wash and iron, and so I was independent always in the matter of wardrobe. I always had plenty of clean white wrappers and fresh cuffs and collars. I can't help but think that children have more respect for a tidy mother than for a 'clatty' one. Webster says a 'slut' is a careless, dirty woman, or a female dog.

And it took the same sort of watchfulness to keep from sliding backward in other ways. The work of the farm interfered with regular family worship, but Dan'l always asked the blessing. I had been brought up to keep the Sabbath Day holy, and it seemed to me that my children should be taught to do so also. On our farm were many acres of hazel nuts. The boys gathered them and laid them out on top of the woodhouse to dry. Charlie wanted to climb up there and shell them out on Sunday. 'Can't I shell them out on Sunday, Mother, if I sing a hymn all the while?' he teased. 'Seems to me I'd have let him do it,' Sister Libbie said. But I would n't. I'll not compromise when I think a thing is wrong.

Our land was virgin soil. Much of it had never been broken, but the farm was twenty years old when we bought it. Dan'l paid $17.50 an acre for that farm. There were 202 acres, which was about the average size of the farms in the neighborhood. The two acres were thrown in extra. Eighty of the 202 acres were timber land, a grove of walnut trees on Skunk River. The timber had been used most wastefully. The best logs had been cut. There was an old log house on the place that had a siding of walnut boards and a roofing an inch thick made out of walnut logs. The granary and barn were also made of wide walnut boards. Such wastefulness!

Just think, if Dan'l had only been a financier, those eighty acres of walnut trees would have enabled him to die a rich man. But then, what's the use

of fretting about it now? We lived and worked and had our being, and burned that nice walnut wood in our stoves and kept our house warm and comfortable. Otherwise, there was no wastefulness in that house of ours. Four rooms with cellar and attic were all we got. It was a well-built, good house, painted white, but without a single extra thing. No shutters; no porch; no closets. Not even a nail to hang a dish rag on! Just house!

All about the house, at first, was a tangle of hazel brush. It grew so close about us that the cows could n't get between it and the house.

Yes, it was wild enough when we first came there. But when we left, after fourteen years, it was pretty much all under cultivation. All our stock was under shelter. At first we had only a log barn, but later we built two new barns, one with a fine stone basement with room for our carriage and with five stalls for horses. Once we had reached the farm we had very little use for our carriage and for our silver-mounted harness — a rarity in Iowa. One of the first things that Dan'l did was to get me some muslin in Fort Madison, and I made a cover for that beautiful carriage. We set it away on the threshing floor and kept it clean and bright until we had a chance to sell it in later years.

IV

In time the place came to look rather nice. No amount of cultivation could make it beautiful in the sense that the hills around Athens are beautiful. It was doomed to be flat and uninteresting by comparison. On the farm one could see a mile in every direction. The first morning there Lizzie looked about her and exclaimed, 'Oh, Mother, is n't this a wide town!'

Our road drove in past an orchard which was half grown when we came there. Later we planted others and had a nice selection of fruit. At the left of the barn grew a clump of jack oaks — they have one smooth leaf, you know, not the leaf with scalloped edges like the big oak. There we had a box for the martins. And there was a rather pretty tree near the house, a silver poplar with white leaves that were always shaking. In the hazel brush the wild violets were as thick as could be. How Gus loved to gather them! He would come with his fat little hands full of the blossoms, and Ma would put them in water for him; he was so fond of her, and Lizzie would be jealous, because she was fond of Grandma, too, and wanted her attentions.

We had so many more birds then than we have now. One time I shall never forget. I was washing outdoors on the shady side of the house and I heard a bird with an unfamiliar note. I left my washing and followed it into the orchard, where I saw it quite plainly. I rushed into the house and consulted the Bird Book I had bought for my children. A Baltimore oriole! They build their nests of thread. Is n't it wonderful how a bird can do that — take thread and weave a nest for its babies and line it soft and nice with feathers from its own breast?

At night it used to make me so lonesome, sitting at the front door in the dusk, — we had supper at five o'clock, — to hear the prairie chickens calling over the meadow, 'Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!' Charlie could make a noise exactly like their three calls.

'T was sufficiently settled up in Iowa by the time we got there so that there were no prairie wolves about. It was n't like Chicago when my cousin, Mary Harper, went to live there — she was Aunt Lucinda's daughter. I have heard her tell how one time, when

Mr. Harper lay very sick, the wolves howled about the house all night. But I did see three wolves go past our house once — just once — on the lope. They went the length of our farm as far as I could see. I don't know where they were going and I guess they did n't know, either.

We were too late for the Indians also. They too had gone before we came. But once, driving home from Fort Madison, Dan'l did overtake two braves. He asked them to ride. When he reached home they sat down under a tree in the yard. I fixed up a big trayful of good things to eat and sent it out to them. There they squatted in paint and feathers, showing their whole nakedness as they ate. They were the first Indians I ever saw.

Outside, in the fields, the men folks had their full share of trials before our farm was well under cultivation. To begin with, soon after we arrived Dan'l began shaking with fever and ague, having got infected on the river as we came here. I myself never had a chill in my life, but Dan'l suffered one season terribly. He always claimed that he cured himself eating wild plums.

Then the weather was very trying during our first years on the farm. The summer of '57 was terribly wet. Soon after came a summer that was just as terribly dry. The grass actually crackled when we walked over it and the corn shriveled and dried up in the stalk. Then the winters of '58 and '59 were unheard of in their severity. For months the snow was knee-deep between the house and the outhouses. To cultivate and develop a farm in a new country when the weather is unfavorable is no easy task.

The first piece of ground Dan'l undertook to break was a twenty-acre piece that proved to be full of bumblebees. One boy always had to follow along behind the team with a shovel, smothering the bees with earth wherever the plough turned them up. The horses used to get panicky. Old Sal wanted to run off, and our sober Bob was so scared by the bees that he jumped and cut his foot on the plough. Grandpa advised us to buy a yoke of oxen. We did so, but they'd twist their tails when the bumblebees flew out about them and run almost as fast as the horses did. People used to say that clover would n't grow unless there were bumblebees about to carry the pollen.

Dan'l was looking out for any kind of help he could get, to do the farming. He bought the first mowing machine I ever saw, one of the first lot ever shipped west of the Mississippi. It was made by Walter A. Wood and Company and cost about sixty-five dollars. The first hay put up in Iowa was cut with a scythe. We did n't have much meadowland on our farm — not more than about three acres — because of the difficulty of cutting it with a scythe. A traveling man who had met the agent for the mowing machine told Dan'l about it. 'If there's a machine like that, I'm going to have one,' said Dan'l. It only cut four feet wide. The mowers nowadays cut six or seven feet.

In Ohio, where the soil is very stumpy, we had used cast-iron ploughs. In Iowa, steel ploughs made in Moline were considered the best. But they were not polished — were made of raw black steel. We had to polish them ourselves — go into the road and drag them up and down. It used to take a week to get them so they'd work.

The first farmers of our Middle West ploughed the land too much. They loosened the ground so thoroughly that it would n't hold the moisture. When the rains came, the good deep soil ran off and left the clay banks. And then, they had no idea at that time of rotation of crops.

We did n't have any reapers until a year or two before Charlie married. The first was a Buckeye reaper and mower combined. McCormick put out a harvester about the same time, but it was no good for mowing.

The Atkinson self-raker we had when we came to Iowa. That raked, but did not bind. We had to bind by hand.

In Ohio, folks used a threshing machine that was a 'chaff piler' — that is, it ran the grain through the machine all together, scattering the wheat and oats about. After the machine was gone, it was necessary to take a fanning mill and run the grain through it to get it clean. For threshing buckwheat they used a hickory flail. In Iowa, we first tried to thresh with a treadmill. It did n't work very well, because Jule and Sal, the horses, got rebellious. I don't blame 'em!

We finally attached the horses to poles and drove them round and round. That was threshing by so-called 'horse power.' Of course no motors were dreamed of in those days.

We had a good deal of stock at times. We kept sheep for a while. Always we had hogs which we butchered ourselves and sold. We always saved enough hogs for our own use. Fine hams and shoulders came out of our smokehouses — not hams like the soft white things these present-day ones are. Dan'l used to drive a wagonload of his hams and shoulders up to Burlington. Or perhaps he would drive the hogs up there on foot.

In the fifties, there were no railroads in Iowa. It was some years after we came to Iowa before there was a bridge across the Mississippi or even a railway between Fort Madison and Burlington. In disposing of farm products we were not much beyond the period of barter and exchange that we had known at Amesville. Dan'l was more of a trader than he was a farmer. When our boys had raised things, he could drive a bargain with them.

V

Schooling! That was the great mistake in our moving West. There were no educational facilities on Skunk River that could compare with those in Athens or Amesville, and even such as there were my children could not take full advantage of.

There was a little white schoolhouse a mile up the road from us where children could receive instruction three months of the year. I remember only once when there was a four-months term. Our children went to school there, when Dan'l did n't have something on the farm for them to do. If there was any work going on in the fields or orchards at which the children could help, Dan'l seemed to have no scruples about keeping them out of school to do it. It is a very poor way to educate children. The work of the farm always seemed to Dan'l more important than that of the schools. Nothing I said could change him. I never could understand why he was so blind on this one subject. Generally speaking, too, the Browns were a bookish lot and set great store by education. That was one thing I liked about Oliver Brown. He sent his children away to school.

Yes, Dan'l believed in education, but he had the idea that if a person had it in him to profit by any particular kind of training he'd reach for it himself.

He thought it was not necessary to force on a child anything beyond the ability to read and write and cipher. The rest he could get for himself if he wanted it badly enough, and if he did n't want it why waste education on him anyway? The pioneering, self-

made man was the hero of Dan'l's day, the typical American of that time. Dan'l himself had a logical, active mind and a natural faculty for reasoning out a problem. He used to say that he could solve any mathematical problem he ever heard of by the Rule of Three. Fact was, he could think straight, straighter than most of the young men around Athens or Ames whom he had to cope with, including those who had been to college, and I think he knew it, modest as he was. He could write a better letter than any of them, and he was an easy talker, too, and could beat them in an argument if he set about it. He was interested in public questions and that was one reason he liked to keep a store. The general store in those days was the village club. And yet Dan'l never belonged to lodges or societies or organizations. Nothing but the Republican Party and the Baptist or Presbyterian Church. He was a good mixer, Dan'l was, and enjoyed drawing people together under his roof in a group for sociability's sake. He felt equipped to meet the life of his time. He honestly thought he did his children a service by forcing them to stand on their own feet at an early age. He did n't realize that times were changing and his children would have to meet competition in a very different world from the pioneer society he had helped to make — a new world where technical information would be at a premium.

He did n't realize it, and I could n't make him. But I must say this for Dan'l: he felt differently late in life — after his own children were grown up and gone. He was eager to do for Lizzie's children what he never thought necessary for his own. He saw, too, that his own boys were resentful of the way he had let them scramble for an education or go without, and it hurt him. He grieved over it a good bit at the last, especially over Herbert, who was having a hard struggle about the time Dan'l died.

I know, too, that Dan'l did n't feel things just the way some of the children did and so he could n't understand, because when he was a boy he had n't wanted the *kind* of things some of them wanted. But *I* knew that Willie wanted to make music the way I had wanted to make pictures when I was a little girl. And I knew that he loved birds and bugs too the way I did, and would have liked to study about them. And Herbie was crazy over machinery of all kinds and should have had an engineer's education. All my sons are better mechanics than Dan'l was. They got that faculty from me. I always liked to invent ways of simplifying my work. For instance, long before I ever saw an egg beater for sale in a store I had made one for myself. I took heavy wire and bent it into the shape of a spoon, and bound it together with lighter wire. If there was any tinkering to be done about the house, 't was I who did it. Dan'l was n't so much interested in finding out ways to make things run slick and smooth. But my boys were. Charlie always contrived to have everything conveniently arranged where *he* was working. While selling sewing machines, Will invented a ruffler that another man patented and made a fortune out of. In the paper mill Gus invented a machine for putting up paper in rolls instead of packages. He got a patent on it and made a good many thousand dollars out of it until someone invented a better machine. At another time he invented a machine for working over leather scraps. Frank has experimented with numerous devices to facilitate the work around the ice plant, and Herbie began when he was just a child to work out mechanical short cuts of one kind and another. Why, I remember, when he

was n't more than ten years old, how he rigged up a piece of old board with some burlap and wire and hitched it to the back of the lawn mower to save himself the trouble of raking the lawn. A few years later he built himself a snowplough. To this he hitched his pony, and so he saved himself the work of shoveling off the walks. And when he began to use a typewriter he worked out a touch system of his own — a new thing then — that made him very proficient. Oh, my children all had special talents that nowadays parents would delight to develop.

The Denmark Academy was probably as good as any school in Ohio, but we were not so situated as to be able to take advantage of it. Mr. H. K. Edson, the man who was principal of the Academy, was a remarkable person, and some well-known men came from that Academy. At one time they had an enrollment of several hundred, the children of Illinois and Iowa farmers. The people of Denmark were unusual, too, known far and wide as abolitionists. Denmark was famous as a station on the underground railway in the days before the war. Unfortunately we did n't live in Denmark, but five miles from it, and the roads of those days were often almost impassable.

VI

Oh, those were busy days! Besides the everyday routine of cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and baby tending, there were many things to be done that nowadays women might consider extras. I never did any gardening — that was thought to be men's work in our house — and I never milked any cows or made the cheese. But I looked after the chickens and eggs and butter.

I often did the washing, with and without help. There was no running water in the house in those days. Still, we women had it pretty convenient with a well on the porch and a good cistern. In summer we washed under the cherry trees.

There was always enough cooking to be done, and at threshing time we had to lay in unusual quantities of food to feed the extra hands. The men of the countryside helped each other in their harvesting, and the neighbor women took turns helping each other feed the men. Often, at those times, Dan'l would let Charlie come in the house to help me. Until Lizzie was twelve years old, Charlie was my chief assistant in ironing and making pies. He would take the moulding board down cellar where it was cool and where flies did n't bother him, and would roll out as fine a batch of pies as threshers ever ate.

And the sewing we had to do! We could get almost nothing ready-made, and sewing machines had not been invented. Men's shirts and underwear, as well as women's clothes, had to be made at home by hand. I think I had more faculty for that sort of thing than most women have, but, goodness knows, it was hard enough for the most skillful of us. Probably it was I who made the first knit underwear for babies. At least I used to feel very proud of the beautiful gauzelike shirts I'd make for my babies out of the tops of my old white cotton stockings, and I never knew any other woman who thought of doing it.

I even made the men's clothes at times. Dan'l came home from Fort Madison, one day, bringing cloth for a suit. 'Why, Dan'l, I never cut out a man's coat,' I told him. 'Well, if you can cut a coat for the boys, why not for me?' he asked. Emma Farnsworth was to come and help me; her mother had been a tailoress. She was amazed. 'You don't mean to tell me you cut out this coat!' she exclaimed. 'Are all these chalk marks yours? Why, *he'd*

have sold a cow before he would have done that himself.' I suppose I *was* a big simpleton to do such work. Oh, no — I guess it was right. It did n't hurt me and it saved money. We got ahead.

Such a way of living is hard, *hard*, HARD. The only thing that can make it endurable for a woman is love and plenty of it. I remember one day on the farm when Dan'l was going up to Burlington. I remember that before he left he kissed me, kissed me and my little sick baby lying so white on her pillow. I had many things to do that day. But my, how the work flew under my hands! What a difference a kiss can make!

When everything else was disposed of, we women always had knitting to do. Everybody's stockings had to be knitted by hand, and so a ball of wool with the knitting needles stuck through it was carried around in one's apron pocket or set up on the kitchen window sill ready to be taken up when one had a moment free from more pressing duties. Mrs. Glazier in Amesville told me that in Ireland it was the men who did the knitting, the women the sewing. That seems to me like a fair division of labor. Of course the men were pretty tired in the evening after a day in the field, but the women were just as tired after a day of cooking and ironing.

Our work had to go on after dark by light that was none too good. We had only candles on the farm at first. I had an iron candlestick with a hook on it that I hung on the back of my chair, so I could get light on my work. The wicks of those candles were as thick as your little finger.

Making the candles was part of our work too — winter's work, for candles must be made in cold weather. I remember that once we dipped four hundred candles in four hours. We brought our candle rods with us from Ohio. First, we laid down paper to keep the drips off the floor. Then we brought in the scantling and set it up in rows. Next the wash boiler, with hot water in the bottom and hot tallow on top. We took up a candle rod with wick hanging from it, dipped it once, straightened the wick, dipped again, and laid on the scantling. After a while the tallow grew thin. Then we poured in beeswax and moulded the candles in candle moulds. A dozen at a time. We laid them away in the coldest part of the cellar.

The first lamp I ever saw Will brought home from Denmark when he was a young man. It was made of glass, and it exploded. Dan'l and I had gone to bed when Lizzie came downstairs into the sitting room carrying the lamp in her hand. I heard a pop and an exclamation. I rushed to the door and saw her still holding the lamp in her hand. The wick had blown out over the top and half the oil was gone, but scattered in so fine a spray that we could n't see any shadow of oil in the room.

Just think what I have seen in my lifetime in the way of development in illumination! When I was a child, the only kind of lantern known was the tin can with holes punched in it to allow the checkered candlelight to shine through. Lanterns, candles, oil lamps, electric incandescents — I have seen them all.

(The concluding chapters of Grandmother Brown's life story will appear in the November issue)

NOT WITHOUT DUST AND HEAT

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'Do you think he will show himself to-day?' The voice came from a row of white-clad figures squatting in the thread of shade under the eaves.

'This is the fifth day,' murmured another. The heads of the speakers did not turn, but their low whispers ran clearly along the wall.

'The visitors are all annoyed because they cannot see him.'

'No one else ever comes here now. It is six months since he has had a new disciple.'

'You were the last, Abib.' Avendi's voice was slightly mocking. 'We all thought when you came it would be the beginning of a new time.'

The man at the end of the line did not reply, and the others lapsed into silence. The hot wind whipped up a little column of reddish dust which danced dervish-like on the beaten earth floor of the courtyard. Their eyes followed it through nearly closed lids.

Presently one of them broke the silence again. 'When I came it was like a court. Do you remember how gay it was?' He sighed reminiscently. 'So many people were camped here you might have thought you were in a city, and there was a bazaar where you could buy almost anything you wanted.' Chundra's voice trailed off into silence, and his head dropped lower over his fat knees.

'Mottee, the rug maker, is still here,' remarked Pertab with a slight chuckle. 'Did you hear him at the gateway this morning demanding a charm? I thought I should have to stuff his turban down his throat to silence him. He swears that no one but the master can cure his headaches.'

'Old Nada, now,' interrupted Chundra, 'says his charms have lost their power. His calf died last week.'

'Why does the master let them trouble him?' demanded Avendi impatiently. 'He listens to stupid women and babbling old men as though they were sages.'

'The angel Fazil on his visit to earth found Truth on a dungheap,' said Chota oracularly, after a short pause.

Abib rose abruptly from his station under the wall and, pushing aside a cotton hanging which covered the arched doorway, went inside. He could feel the surprised glances of the others, but he shrugged his shoulders and continued along the bare passageway past a series of low doors until he reached his own cubicle. It was a narrow dark space not more than three feet wide. The only illumination came from four small openings through which the light filtered and lay like the fallen petals of a flower. Abib picked up a watering pot and sprinkled the floor and walls. A faint pleasant scent came from the trodden earth. He unrolled a thin mattress and stretched himself full length upon it, his hands under his head. The cool dusk was very soothing after the piercing white heat of the courtyard, and he lay with wide eyes staring up at the shadowed ceiling.

The silence was broken by a faint dry scratching as a lizard ran up the side of the tall water jar and came to rest under its broad lip. Abib watched it idly, his mind soothed by the beauty of its green body on the sombre jar. 'How easy to be a saint when one is alone,' he thought.

The consciousness of a frail brown figure sitting motionless in half darkness, every sense sealed, its spirit far away gathering light, oppressed him, and in some subtle sense left him drained of strength. They all felt it. Even the children in the school seemed absent-minded and listless, as though the master had absorbed something of them, too, and taken it with him on this far journey. 'We are like fish stranded by the tide, lying gasping till it reaches us again,' he thought.

To-morrow, or to-day perhaps, he would come forth with his mild face beaming, and his disciples would be filled with enthusiasm once more. The looms would weave faster, the spinning wheels whirl busily, and everyone would be full of talk and confidence.

Abib tossed restlessly on his mattress, startling the lizard, who scurried away out of sight. How absurd to think that all this was significant and important, that in this group of buildings a nation was being forged and a people welded together. Like children they played at ploughing and spinning and weaving, and sang songs, and fasted, while outside men and women were being killed.

He took a letter from the folds of his robe. It was from his father, and had come only that morning. It mentioned that two cousins with whom he had played as a child in the old compound had been arrested and thrown into prison as agitators. 'There is unrest everywhere,' his father wrote. 'Processions are fired upon, people are imprisoned. On our side there are divided councils, some saying one thing and some another, and no one speaks with a clear voice.'

'No one speaks with a clear voice.' How different it had all been two years ago — a year ago, even. Freedom had seemed within their grasp. A word, surely, and it would have been theirs. Why had it not been spoken?

Abib thought of his coming to this place. Hot from the councils of students, he had been sent to urge the master to take up the leadership he seemed to have laid down. 'Wake him, Abib,' they said.

How strange it had all been. None of the pictures he had seen, or the descriptions of his friends, had quite prepared him for the tiny figure squatting on the floor. 'It's a child,' was his first astonished thought. Then he saw that the face lifted to his own was lined and worn, and the mouth sunken. Only the brown eyes still shone with the candor and innocence of childhood. The man smiled, showing dark, toothless gums.

'Come and sit with me while we pick over these lentils for to-morrow's meal,' he said in a high, cracked voice.

The young man sat down. His tongue trembled with the exhortation he had prepared, his hands were cold. Suddenly the shrill voice demanded, 'Can you tell me why the lizard is like the crow?'

Abib stammered in confusion that he could not. The master laughed, and it seemed to the youth that there was something impish in his mirth. 'I always ask my followers that when they come to me. No one has yet been able to tell me.'

'And what is the answer?' said Abib at last.

'Ah, if I told you it would no longer be a riddle.' He laughed again, and they worked a little in silence. Then he asked: —

'Can you sing songs?'

'No,' replied Abib.

'That is a pity. A man who cannot sing is more apt to fall into despair than one who can. You must learn. I will sing you a song I made to-day while I was spinning.'

He began to chant in a high, windy voice as tuneless as the drone of the cicada. Abib felt ashamed for the childish doggerel of the verses. The little brown man babbled on, laughing at his own sayings, while the boy's spirit grew sick. He would have liked to cover his face with his hands and creep away. Was this really the one to whom they all looked as their leader? When they had finished their task he rose awkwardly to go. His message would mean nothing to this man. They had been mistaken.

Suddenly the brown eyes became wells of light and the cracked voice full of tenderness and love.

'You are disappointed,' he said with gentle raillery. 'You expected to see wonderful things.' Abib bowed his head. 'You thought I should set to work at once on great plans.'

He looked away and sighed before he went on. 'Because you are young, my way will be hard for you. It will not be easy for you to see that it is by ploughing and spinning and not by speech or the sword that we become strong.'

He pointed to a pot in one corner where a bean sprout was pushing through the earth. 'I keep this to remind me of the mystery and power of the seed, which, buried out of sight, springs up, and by no will of ours bears fruit and becomes food for the hungry. The peasant does not rise and call on his fields to bring forth the harvest. He plants his seed and waits. If it is good seed and the gods are kind, it will bring forth a good harvest. You and I are to be that patient peasant.'

He paused and sifted the lentils through his fingers, and Abib thought he had finished. His eyes were far away, and he seemed to have forgotten his visitor, but presently he spoke again. 'It is hard to be so patient. When I was young I dreamed of becoming a great leader. Now I am content to be the poor husbandman. I look at my bean sprout, and I am comforted.'

The boy had thrown himself at the feet of the little man. 'Master, teach me,' he had cried; and he had stayed.

How wonderful the days had been: the hours behind the plough, when after the first days, his muscles grown strong, he had trodden the moist furrows, and smelled the deep scent of the earth; quiet hours at the spinning wheel, when all life seemed to be caught and twisted into the thread he was spinning; mornings, when they hurried out like eager pilgrims to greet the sun's rising with song.

The wheel, the song, and the loom — the master's three symbols of salvation. They had acquired an almost godlike significance. In them lay a strange magic virtue. They were a mirror into which a people might look and see themselves and become strong. They were . . .

Abib sat up abruptly. They were poetry, not life. He looked at his father's letter again. 'No one speaks with a clear voice. It will be tragic if the noble spirit of freedom, like a sword in its sheath, rusts because there is no hand to draw it.'

II

The sound of a gong interrupted his reflections, and the young man rose reluctantly. He settled his robe about his hips, and took a long drink from the earthenware jar in the corner. The courtyard was deserted now except for one figure keeping watch outside the master's door. Abib paused in the arch-

way, looking out. In the hard afternoon light the place looked poor and mean. Nothing screened the low buildings from the glare of the sun, and there was about them an air of neglect and desertion. The fields which they cultivated were patchy and dry, and some of them showed traces still of the thriving little colony which at one time surrounded the master. Beyond the school were a number of huts, and encircling them all like a sea was the great plain which the master called Our Mother's Breast, because the whole country drew nourishment from it. Field and village, village and field, red clay, gray dust and yellow, it stretched for hundreds of miles. Abib, who had been born in the moist jungle lands, could never get used to its openness, or to the sense of being unable to hide which had overwhelmed him when he first came.

Voices in shrill dispute assailed his ears. One of them he recognized as Mottee's. He could not distinguish any words, but it was doubtless the daily argument over charms. He shrugged his shoulders and went on to the school. In the big main room a dozen men and women were seated at the clumsy hand looms weaving, singing as they worked. They made little effort at harmony, but above the clacking of the looms the singing had a pleasant sound like that of a running stream. Usually it pleased Abib, but to-day he was irritated by its lifelessness, and turned away without acknowledging the greeting of Chota.

He moved on to another room. Two women were squatting on the floor painting a great water jar, while a man shaped an earthenware lamp, and a girl bent over a bowl. Abib seated himself at one end of the room and took a fresh lump of clay from the mass under the wet sacking. The cool, yielding firmness of the material soothed him, and he sank his fingers deep into it. The others glanced at him expectantly. Abib taught them history, but no one ever taught or listened with idle hands. Even the master stitched on canvas bags when he talked.

The young man was giving them a brief history of the Western world. To-day he had meant to talk to them about the Industrial Revolution; yet, looking at these placid faces, at the crude wheel, the slightly misshapen pots, it seemed impossible to make them understand. Not so impossible, perhaps, he thought abruptly. There were two empty spaces in the room which earlier in the month had been occupied. Those young men had been placid-eyed, too, but Avendi, who heard everything, said they had found work in Nala Longa's big pottery works, which employed over eight hundred men and women. Abib looked sharply at his fellow workers. Their smooth, bent faces told him nothing.

The two women commenced to whisper as they painted on the design of an eye and a feather which was older than the oldest building in the country, a design which had been found again and again in remote and unrelated parts of the world. Abib noticed it for the first time and, leaning forward, spoke to one of the women. 'What is the meaning of that design you are painting?'

She seemed surprised by his question, and after a moment's thought shook her head. 'I don't know.'

The other woman looked up. 'My mother always put it round the neck of water jars to keep away evil.'

'But it did n't prevent her from dying of typhoid,' growled the man beside her.

'My mother is still living, as you know well,' retorted the woman with spirit. 'Typhoid never visited us.'

'Perhaps not,' answered the man. 'But it did thousands of others.' He pressed the clay handle of the lamp into

place, and then looked up from his work. 'What I meant,' he explained, 'is, what is the use of our doing all these things that have been done for ten thousand years, and saying it will make a nation of us? We did them, having no choice, and see where it has brought us. Why should it be any better if we go on now and choose to do them? There should be new designs and new decorations and new ways.'

He looked at Abib defiantly, and then at the others. Abib's face was stern and thoughtful, and the women looked at him sorrowfully. No one argued with him, and the girl said, 'I suppose you will be following Rama and his brother to Nala Longa's.'

'Perhaps,' replied the man. 'Eight of us here can hardly make more than a few pots a day. At Nala Longa's we should be working on hundreds. Why should we limp when we can run?'

'The master . . .' began one of the women timidly.

'The master is a saint,' he answered.

They were all silent under the spell of the name. Their eyes grew wistful and gentle, and Abib thought that something childlike crept into their faces.

The song of the weavers came to them clearly through the stillness, and the women hummed softly. Now and then they glanced at Abib, but they were used to his silences, and they talked quietly among themselves.

'They are no surer than I,' he thought. Pity for the lonely figure of the master overwhelmed him. So many followers and disciples had left. Some of them he knew had even become enemies. Only a few foolish ones like Chundra remained faithful. Strange to think that two years ago the whole country hung on his words.

The tormenting questions that had lain so long in the background rushed upon him in their full force. Had the master really faltered? Had he been afraid of his own power and hesitated to speak the freeing words? Was his part not played now, and something new needed to carry them on to the final goal? He thought of his father's words: 'A great many fires will have to be lighted and burn down before there is one hot enough to smelt this ore.' Would the new way be found here in this withdrawn spot, or must it not be fought for in the midst of the restlessness, and indecision, and turmoil outside?

As the young man pondered, the bell for evening preparation sounded. The women put aside their brushes, and Ramchandra covered the lamp on which he had been working. He looked at Abib as he passed, and seemed about to speak, but after a moment's hesitation followed the others out of the room. Abib frowned at his ruined cup and, crushing it back into a lump of clay again, put it under the wet sacking.

III

It was the hour of meditation; groups of twos and threes were walking up and down the courtyard with bent heads, and when they spoke it was in whispers. Abib joined them, though he longed to be striding across the open country. Here his thoughts were thrown back to him like echoes from the walls, and he felt himself imprisoned. Chundra fell into step beside him, and they paced slowly up and down.

'You are looking ill,' whispered Chundra at length. 'The food here does not agree with you.'

When his companion did not answer, he added with a sigh, 'I confess that today I went down into the village and bought some cakes and ate them as I came home through the fields. Saints must be born without stomachs.' He

patted his own round one ruefully.

Abib turned on him suddenly. 'Your father is very rich, Chundra?'

'Oh, yes,' responded the other indifferently. 'Very. He owns three mills. He is very angry with me.'

'You could go back to him and be comfortable and eat as much as you pleased?'

'Oh, yes — I could do that.'

'Then why don't you?'

Chundra stopped in his tracks. His little eyes grew round, and his fat cheeks puffed out.

'The master,' he said simply.

Abib felt a pang of mingled irritation and envy of this clear faith, but he smiled a little at the consternation on his companion's face and added lightly, 'In another life doubtless you will be born without a stomach.'

Suddenly the watcher outside the master's tent prostrated himself. The curtain was drawn back. The tiny familiar figure in its white cotton robe emerged, and, swaying a little, walked slowly to the middle of the court. Two arms no stouter than ropes were raised to the sky, and the high, windy voice intoned a prayer. The disciples knelt and bowed till their foreheads touched the ground, and as the invocation ceased a long sigh seemed to rise from the whole company. When they rose again their faces were eager and alive.

'When he is here,' said Chundra enthusiastically into Abib's ear, 'I feel as though I could do anything.'

The master moved about among them, stopping to speak to the little groups that gathered expectantly. His shrill laughter echoed from the walls, and Abib could hear him asking a new riddle. Under his gaze the men became talkative and animated, and the brooding inertia of the past days was cast off. When the first awe of his return had worn off, they crowded childishly to tell him all that had happened. With many chuckles Pertab repeated the tale of Mottee's demands for charms, and Chota recited a new rhyme he had made. Then the huge steaming bowl of rice for their supper was brought in and set down on a stone slab in the centre.

'Rice,' cried Chundra, stooping to inhale the steam, 'and every grain like a little white egg.' He helped himself liberally and filled another bowl for Abib, who stood motionless in the shadow of the wall. During these days men and women had been brutally assaulted and killed, and they spoke of a rug maker's charms! He took the food which Chundra held out, and, sitting down, ate mechanically. For a moment an impulse rose in him to spring up and denounce them all, to tear away the mantle of leadership from the master and show them the figure that shivered behind it. But he put it away, with a hysterical desire to laugh as he thought of their stricken faces.

'Alone, my brother?' said a voice, and he looked up to find the master standing beside him. The others had finished their meal and were already laughing and talking together again. Before Abib could reply the other went on: 'Come and walk with us in the fields. It is five days since I have seen them.'

They streamed through the narrow archway on to the plain. Word had already gone forth that the master's fast was over, and a number of the villagers were gathered outside the walls and crowded as close as they dared to his side. Many of them had their children with them, and these skipped about among the dry furrows, shrieking and laughing. It was nearing sundown, and the cattle were being driven home to the villages. The dust raised by their plodding hoofs lay like a golden veil over the harvested fields. The powdery earth was still warm under their bare feet, and the master

picked up a handful, letting it drift through his fingers. 'What poet,' he said at last, addressing the grains that still clung to his palms, 'is great enough to sing the love between thee and me?'

As they walked their long shadows striped the fields, and the birds flew chattering toward the stream. The sun dropped lower through the golden mist, and the little company raised the chant, 'Farewell to Day.'

'The evening fields are bright carpets under thy feet, departing sun,' they sang, their voices rising shrill and sweet. A momentary peace descended on Abib. 'So it must have been in the first green days of the world,' he thought, and he wished dreamily that they might walk on forever in the sunset glory.

At the three trees on the stream's bank they paused to watch the last fiery spark of the sun burn out on the earth's rim, and to dabble their feet in the sluggish water. When they turned to go back the fields were already gray around them, and the little white moths rose like ghosts from the dry stalks.

At the gateway the master spoke to Abib. 'Come and sit with me tonight after the prayer.'

IV

Abib stood outside the master's door. He had been standing there some minutes, but he did not knock. He listened intently to the night noises. The insects chorused loudly from the fields, and from the village came the insistent barking of a dog. In the building he could hear indistinct murmurs and the slapping of sandals on the earth floors. How familiar they were, and yet he did not remember that he had ever noticed them before. He lifted the curtain and went in. The soft flames from the little oil lamps burned like golden leaves against the whitewashed wall. The master sat sewing with a coarse needle on a pile of sacks. Abib seated himself opposite; taking up another needle, he threaded it carefully and began to stitch. The rough feel of the stuff against his fingers seemed to ease the pain in his throat a little.

'Master,' he said at last, 'I must go away.'

The other might not have heard. He sewed steadily, and did not lift his eyes.

Abib could bear it no longer and, throwing down his work, cried, 'Forgive me, master! I cannot stay. Outside, people are crying for help. There are riots and unrest everywhere, and wrongs. And you are silent. Surely the time is ripe and overripe for leadership, and you refuse it. Men come to you and say, "What shall we do?" and you tell them to return to their ploughs and spinning wheels, and to keep themselves free from evil thoughts.'

Still the man opposite did not look up, and the flying fingers held the needle firmly.

'Master,' pleaded Abib in anguish, 'forgive me if I cannot see. We believed you could lead us out of our degradation and make us a people again. We would have given our lives for you. We were ready for the word of power, and you withheld it. You laid aside your leadership when we most needed it.

'Oh,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'it is pleasant to live here and pass our days simply, like children. But the crying beyond the walls troubles my dreams.'

The brown eyes lifted suddenly and gazed into his with such blazing intensity that Abib drew back.

'It is pain and suffering and penance to me,' said the master in a low voice. 'I have come on torn knees to this place.'

He fell silent again. Presently he resumed in a low monotone, so faint that

Abib had to bend forward to catch the words.

'Two years ago this room was like a king's council chamber. Our people were being persecuted, and it seemed to me that it would be evil for them to submit any longer. I would have had them throw off the badge of slavery. It was because I saw that under this bondage they were losing their souls and becoming false to their destiny. But I saw that in rebellion also there was danger that the soul might be destroyed, for it is only to pure souls that rebellion is salvation. It might be that, in lighting the fire which would destroy this one evil thing, we should destroy the whole house. Therefore I called on our people for sacrifice and purification. I was lifted up by the spirit I thought I saw. I told myself that one people should attain the heights without descending into the shambles.

'You know what I did. When the time seemed ready I bade the people fast so that in love and gentleness they should assume their birthright. You know what happened. Before the first hour of consecration had passed, some of our people rose up and massacred their oppressors. Then I knew that the time was not ripe. I had spoken too soon. It was my sin. I withheld the command. I bade them wait and cleanse their minds of all stain of that deed of blood. There were many words of bitterness because of what I had done. My friends were faithful, but I saw their doubts. I tried to purify my own mind by fasting and prayer. I remained nine days alone without food in contemplation here, but it seemed as though the voices of all the world were beating round my ears. Nowhere could I find a tiny place of silence to hide myself. Every turn of my thoughts seemed weighted with the destiny of millions. At last, in doubt and uncertainty, I bade the people fast and prepare themselves again. I set a day of deliverance. . . .'

He was silent for a space, and his words when they came again dropped slowly and heavily. 'Before that day came, others who called themselves my followers resisted provocation with bloodshed, and the evil thing became a devouring flame. Then I knew that the word which would free them was not yet born. I called back my own words. . . .

'I was arrested and thrown into prison. I welcomed it, though my sin was one no court could punish.'

He paused again. The curtain stirred softly in the night breeze.

'In the prison, where one is much alone, one by one the weights dropped from my thoughts, the voices receded, and I found the place of silence. I lay there quivering like the hare which has been pursued by dogs, even when they have passed.

'Presently the voice of wisdom, which is not heard in the bazaar or the council chamber, spoke to me in my cell. I understood at last the nature of my sin. It was that I had tried to lift myself above our people, and had tried to mould them into one pattern with myself. For a time they were wax in my fingers. In the end they were less than I and greater than I, and they would not take my stamp. I had been caught in the snare of time. I could not wait, and the whole people suffered. . . .'

'But, master!' Abib cried.

'When I came out from prison I had learned my lesson — the lesson of the seed, which all great teachers have known.'

His head dropped lower on his chest, and the needle fell from his fingers.

'In the still place of silence, where time is but the even pulse of eternity, I saw the beauty of ordered working; I saw all who seek to lead as winds that

blow upon fields of grain, bending it this way and that. But the wind passes and the grain is not changed. I saw that that which is to last must come out of the ground itself.'

His voice trailed into silence, and Abib sat mute and shaken; but across his mind passed images of the wrongs and sufferings he had seen, memories of his comrades and the hours of conflict they had shared, and the thought of that strong spirit of freedom like a restive horse waiting for the rider. His breath quickened.

'Master,' he said at last, sorrowfully, 'your words come from too far away to reach us.'

The master picked up the needle again, and pushed it swiftly through the coarse cloth. 'I saw your spirit fretting, my brother, but I longed to keep you at my side. It was to gather light for you that I fasted.'

Abib knelt and touched the brown feet with his forehead. He would have spoken, but the master raised his hand.

'Go now,' he said, smiling a little wistfully. 'Whose hand can stay the lightning when it is ready to leap forth?'

V

The rosy east flamed to orange, and the gray plain woke to warmth and life. From the village came the sound of cattle, the tinkling of many small bells, and the exultant crow of a cock. As the light increased, the pale dust became golden, and the dry stalks of the weeds shone like silver. Birds chattered noisily in the few trees beside the water.

The solitary figure hurrying along the road toward the village turned and looked back. From the low cluster of buildings he had left, a procession of white-clad figures was just emerging. They moved slowly toward the east, and in another minute their voices reached him, sounding sweet and thin across the fields. 'The shadows of the night fly like birds before thy coming, O lord of light.' He sang the words softly under his breath, and his eyes grew misty as he watched the little group fall on its knees as the sun's rim rose above the edge of the plain. So it might be in some golden to-morrow of freedom. . . .

In the distance the whistle of a train blew shrilly, and Abib broke into a run.

THE HISTORIAN

It seemed a simple thing to write
'Died, such or such a date';
But not so simple, not so trite,
Himself to lie and wait.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT

When Washington Closed Our Vatican Ministry

In 1867 Pope Pius IX, proscribing American Protestant worship on strictly Roman soil, ordered its removal to a point outside the Roman walls. According to the pontifical conviction, Rome was the consecrated centre of a single universal Church and an exclusively Catholic city. To the mind of the average non-Catholic American this proscription and exile reflected ancient Rome's refusal to enfranchise the 'barbarians' of Tivoli. The order fired the indignation of President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of State William H. Seward, and the Congress of the United States. Our ministry to the Holy See was closed summarily, and our representative practically withdrawn. Official Washington's independence was shown further by her rather unprecedented failure to proffer any explanation to the Supreme Pontiff.

Now, Secretary of State Stimson intimates that the Hoover administration will not send a minister to the present Papal Court, as reëstablished by the Gasparri-Mussolini accords. The late spring intimation, made to the press, carried with it the reminder that the 1848 Congress was divided upon the advisability of opening the original ministry. However, Mr. Stimson declared that the Government probably would recognize the new Vatican State.

The first American minister to the Holy See journeyed Romeward against a heavy tide of opposition. There were many Americans, in office and out, who recalled John Adams and his sentiments. The latter's counsels were underlined in a report made to an early American Congress and dated Braintree, August 4, 1779. The document, submitted upon the close of a European investigation, dealt with 'the general state of affairs in Europe so far as they relate to the interests of the United States.' In the findings of Mr. Adams, 'the Court of Rome, attached to ancient customs, would be one of the last to acknowledge our independence, if we were to solicit for it. But Congress will probably never send a Minister to His Holiness who can do them no service, upon condition of receiving a Catholic legate or nuncio in return; or, in other words, an ecclesiastical tyrant which, it is to be hoped, the U. S. will be too wise ever to admit into their territories.'

No less a president than Abraham Lincoln helped to map the diplomatic road which led once from Washington to Rome. But he, indications are, merely redrew old lines and emphasized old boundaries. Acting through his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, he wrote thus to Richard M. Blatchford, Esq., American Minister to the Holy See in 1862: —

Sir: This government has not now, it seldom has had, any special transaction, either commercial or political, to engage the attention of a minister at Rome. Indeed, until a very late period the United States were without any representation at that ancient

and interesting capital. The first colonists in this country were chiefly Protestants, who had not merely recognized no ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, but were very jealous lest he might exert some ecclesiastical influence here which would be followed by an assumption of political power unfavorable to freedom and self-government on this continent. It was not seen that the political power of the Catholic church was a purely foreign affair, constituting an important part of the political system of the European continent. The opening of our country as an asylum to men of all religions, as well as of all races, and an extension of the trade of the Union, in a short time brought with them large masses of the faithful members of that church of various births and derivation, and these masses are continually augmenting. Our country has not been slow to learn that while religion is with these masses, as it is with others, a matter of conscience, and while the spiritual authority of the head of their church is a cardinal article of their faith, which must be tolerated on the soundest principles of civil liberties, yet that this faith in no way necessarily interferes with the equal rights of the citizen, or affects unfavorably his loyalty to the Republic. It is believed that ever since the tide of emigration set in upon this continent the head of the Roman Church and States has freely recognized and favored the development of this principle of political freedom on the part of the Catholics in this country, while he has never lost an opportunity to express his satisfaction with the growth, prosperity and progress of the American people. It was under these circumstances that this Government, in 1848, wisely determined that while it maintained representatives in the capitals of every other civilized state, and even at the capitals of many semi-civilized states which reject the whole Christian religion, it was neither wise nor necessary to exclude Rome from the circle of our diplomatic intercourse. Thus far the new relation then established has proved pleasant and beneficient [*sic*].

Just now Rome is the seat of profound ecclesiastical and political anxieties, which, more or less, affect all the nations of Europe. The Holy Father claims immunity for the temporal power he exercises, as a right incident to an ecclesiastical authority which is generally respected by the European states.

On the other hand, some of those states, with large masses in other states, assert that this temporal power is without any religious sanction, is unnecessary and pernicious. I have stated the question merely for the purpose of enabling myself to give you the President's [Lincoln's] views of what will be your duty with regard to it. That duty is to forbear altogether from taking any part in the controversy. The reasons for this forbearance are three: First, that so far as spiritual or ecclesiastical matters enter into the question they are beyond your province, for you are a political representative only. Second, so far as it is a question affecting the Roman states it is a domestic one, and we are a foreign nation. Third, so far as it is a political question merely, it is at the same time purely a European one, and you are an American Minister, bound to avoid all entangling connexion with the politics of that continent.

This line of conduct will nevertheless allow you to express, and you are therefore instructed to express, to His Holiness the assurances of the best wishes of the Government, and of the people of the United States for His

health and happiness, and for the safety and prosperity and happiness of the Roman people. And you will further assure him that the United States constantly preserves a lively remembrance of the many generous and liberal manifestations they have received of His good will and friendship, and that he may confidently rely upon them for the practice of all the duties which grow out of the relations of the two countries as independent members of the family of nations.

You will find Rome a resort and temporary residence of intellectual persons from all parts of the world. Among them are many who, in various degrees, exercise an influence upon the opinions, and, perhaps in some cases, upon the policies of nations. It will be a pleasing duty for you at this moment, when our unhappy domestic conflict [Civil War] is a subject of universal discussion, to vindicate the justice, the wisdom and the moderation of the Government and loyal people of the United States against those who, from interest, prejudice, or passion, are directing their efforts to the overthrow of a Republic, which, we must continue to think, still holds in its keeping the best hopes of the human race.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM SEWARD.

RICHARD M. BLATCHFORD, ESQ.

In the initial days of diplomatic relations, when the papacy's territory was both extensive and important, Washington had 'commercial interests' tying her to Rome. Later, during the Civil War, when a great part of Europe secretly espoused the cause of the South and when even the papacy became a Janus-like temple, looking in opposite directions, the Union had national life itself at stake. But the relationship was always one-sided; not once through the 1848–1867 diplomatic cycle — and never since — did the Government accept a duly accredited nuncio from the Holy See. Not that pontifical diplomacy, aided at times by hierarchical elements in Catholic America, has never tried to bring about mutual official contact.

As a friendly emissary of Pius IX, Monsignor Gaetano Bedini visited President Pierce at the White House during 1853, presumably for the sole purpose of paying his respects. The prelate was on a Vatican mission to South America, but there is sufficient reason for believing that he was thinking in terms of a nunciature at Washington with himself as nuncio. In fact the same Monsignor Bedini, some time afterward, asked Archbishop Hughes of New York to acquaint him with Washington's attitude toward this proposed nunciature.

The Pope's delegate met with considerable unpleasantness in the course of his private travel and public appearance in the United States. William L. Marcy, Secretary of State at the time, was forced to take cognizance of certain individual cases of bitterness and violence. Writing to Lewis Cass, Jr., American representative at the Papal Court, he apologized in diplomatic wise for such annoyances, 'which have been discountenanced by the Government and very generally reprobated by our citizens.' Mr. Cass was instructed to assure Cardinal Antonelli, the Vatican Secretary of State, of the 'friendly reception given Bedini by the President and his regret that in moments of excitement some people should have forgotten what is due a distinguished functionary.'

As far back as 1830, James Fenimore Cooper detected currents at Rome having their source in the papacy's desire for official representation in the United States. In Cooper's *Gleanings*

in Europe, published during 1838, we read: 'I have ascertained that strong hopes exist here of advancing the religion of this Government [Rome] in America. If this can be done, let it, for I am for giving all sects fair play; but as such expectations certainly exist, it may be well for those who think differently to know it. . . .

'You will be surprised also to learn that there is less religious bigotry in Rome itself than in many of the distant provinces subject to her canonical sway. The Government being in the hands of ecclesiastics as a matter of course, no open irreligion is tolerated; but beyond this, and the great number of churches and of the ecclesiastics themselves, a stranger would scarcely suspect that he was living purely under an ecclesiastical Government. The Popes are not the men they once were . . . most of the abuses incident to excessive temporal influence are done away with, and as the motive for ambition ceases, better men have been raised to the papal chair.'

For nineteen years this single-track arrangement between the Papal State and the American Government continued. Throughout this period there was no interruption in the carriage of diplomacy. Then came the incident of 'American Protestant worship at Rome' and the severance of the official bond. In the wings of Secretary of State Stimson's recent announcement is the shadowy ghost of this little-known event. Although from 1848 to 1867 the United States had a duly accredited minister near the Papal Court, in June of 1929 there is no plan looking toward the selection of an American diplomatist for 'the Vatican City.' Is a precedent about to be broken? Or was the American ministry to the pre-1870 Holy See a 'temporary expediency' in the first place — something entirely foreign to the authentic American tradition? Is that second question squarely answered by the *affaire diplomatique* of 1867, when American Protestant services were ostracized from the Holy City? The world-wide Catholic influence of the Pope and the importance of the new Vatican State, as a wanted or unwanted member in the family of nations, make the whole story of the closing of the American ministry worthy of public record. The average American, whether Catholic or Protestant or Jew, is ignorant of this chapter in our national biography. On this account is appended the revealing correspondence passing between Secretary of State Seward and Rufus King, the last American minister in papal Rome: —

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT ROME,
February 11, 1867

SIR: In the *New York* [semiweekly] *Times*, of January 25, received this day, I observe the following item of intelligence among the proceedings of Congress: —

> Protestant church at Rome. — On motion of Mr. Dodge, the President was requested to communicate information in reference to the removal of the Protestant church meeting at the American Embassy in Rome.

Other papers of the same date contain statements to the effect that the American chapel had been removed, by direction of the papal authorities, outside the walls of Rome; and that the American minister, assenting to the arrangement, had hired a villa, where the services were henceforth to be held. I beg to say that there is no truth in either statement. The American Protestant church in Rome remains where it was located at the commencement of the season, and will not, I think, be interfered with, for the present, at any rate.

As the matter seems to have excited much interest in the United States, I will endeavor, by next mail, to prepare and transmit a full history of the case, for the information of the department and the satisfaction of the people.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT ROME,
February 18, 1867

SIR: In the brief despatch which I had the honor to address to the Secretary of State, under date of February 11th, referring to the action taken by the House of Representatives on the rumored closing or removal of 'the Protestant church meeting at the American Embassy in Rome,' I contented myself with a simple denial of the alleged fact, reserving for a future communication a fuller history of the case. I now submit a detailed statement of the matter, for the information of the department and of the public.

In Wheaton's *Elements of International Law*, sixth edition, Page 304, the existing rule as to freedom of religious worship is thus laid down: 'A minister residing in a foreign country is entitled to the privilege of religious worship in his own private chapel, according to the peculiar forms of his national faith, although it may not be generally tolerated by the laws of the state where he resides.' The laws of Rome do not tolerate any other form of public religious worship than such as conform to the teachings of the Roman Catholic church; but the right of any foreign minister at the Papal court to hold religious services under his own roof, and in accordance with the forms of his national or individual faith, has never been questioned or interfered with. Thus the Russian, the Prussian, the American, and other representatives of foreign powers in Rome, have always exercised and still enjoy unmolested the freedom of religious worship in the several chapels connected with their respective legations. These chapels, of course, are open to all compatriots of the different ministers desirous of joining in their religious services.

So long as the number of Americans visiting Rome was comparatively limited, it was not difficult for the minister, in securing apartments for himself and family, to make suitable provision as well for a chapel. But of late years with the very great increase of travel, this has been no easy matter. It has not infrequently occurred that the congregation worshipping under the minister's roof has reached the number of 250 or 300, and more than once has been much larger than could be accommodated in the apartments provided. These, of course, once set apart and suitably furnished for religious worship, could be used for no other purpose, and hence it has followed that the largest and best rooms in the minister's residence were practically inaccessible to him except on Sundays and holy days.

In 1859, I think, while Mr. Stockton was minister resident here, Grace church in Rome, was regularly organized and placed under the jurisdiction of the presiding bishop of the American Episcopal church. It is under the auspices of this organization that religious worship has since been conducted, in connection with the American legation in Rome. In the spring of 1865, the Rev. Dr. T. B. Lyman, formerly of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was regularly elected by the wardens

and vestry of Grace church as their rector. He accepted the charge, entered upon his trust in the fall of the same year, and has since continued to discharge its duties to the general acceptation of all who united in the services.

During the winter of 1865 and 1866 the residence of the American minister was in Salviati palace, and there the congregation of Grace church, as well as all American Protestants desirous of uniting with them, met regularly for purposes of religious worship. At times the number attending was in excess of the accommodation provided, comparatively ample though it was, and attracted a good deal of attention. The holding of Protestant worship under Duke Salviati's roof, and the crowd thereby gathered, were not agreeable to the proprietor, and he declined to renew the lease of the minister's apartments for another year, except upon the express condition that there should be no chapel connected therewith. Repeated efforts to obtain other quarters suitable for the minister's residence, and free from the restriction attached to the Salviati palace, proved unavailing. It was under these circumstances that Dr. Lyman and the vestry of Grace church decided to hire an apartment themselves, separate from the legation, where they could hold religious services; confident in the belief that they would not be interfered with by the local authorities. Rooms were accordingly procured, fitted and furnished, in the Vicolo d'Alibert, a central and convenient locality, and there, since early in November, our American fellow-citizens have assembled for public worship, and still continue to assemble without let or hindrance.

The English who annually flock to Rome in large numbers have been accustomed these 40 years past to hold religious services, in accordance with the forms of their national church, in a large building just outside the Porta del Popolo. They have never been interfered with by the authorities. During the last five or six years the Scotch Presbyterians, perhaps 30 or 40 in number, have met for purposes of religious worship in a private house within the walls of Rome. A few months since a second Scotch Presbyterian congregation was formed, the line of separation between the two being the same that divides the Established from the Free Kirk of Scotland. This division, and the presence and participation of the Duke of Argyle, who chanced to be here, attracted the notice and led to the interference of the local authorities. It was intimated to the ministers of the two Scotch congregations that their services were contrary to law, and must be held outside the walls. They have transferred them, accordingly, to the building immediately opposite to the one so long occupied by the English Protestants. There, I presume, they will be allowed to meet and worship unquestioned and unmolested.

It was supposed by many that the closing of the American chapel, being apart from the residence of the minister, would necessarily follow that of the Scotch places of worship. To prevent, if possible, a step which I knew would create a great deal of excitement at home, and subject our countrymen here to much annoyance and inconvenience, and at the same time, to give ourselves at least the color of right to assemble where we did for religious worship, I directed the arms of the American legation to be placed over the building in which the American chapel is located. This seems to have satisfied the requirements or scruples of the authorities, and thus far no one has interfered

with us; nor do I believe that we shall be disturbed during the present season.

Thus stands the case at present; but it is not easy to see what future provision is made for the American church in Rome. The authorities may, possibly, hereafter insist upon the rule that it shall be held under the minister's roof. On the other hand, the minister will always find increasing difficulty in securing apartments that will accommodate his family and himself, and at the same time include suitable provision for a chapel. Very good rooms can be obtained in the same building in which the English church is located, and I have the assurance of the cardinal secretary of state himself that no interference would be attempted with Americans choosing to assemble there for religious worship, even though separate and apart from the legation, but the locality is objected to on the ground that it is outside (though just outside) the walls. One solution, indeed, of the difficulty has been suggested, but I am by no means sanguine that it will find favor in the eyes of Congress. This is to purchase or hire for a term of years a building for legation purposes, including ample accommodation for a chapel. Under such an arrangement there would be no further question as to the right of American Protestants to assemble for public worship within the walls of Rome, while an official residence might be provided suitable to the position of the American representative at the Papal court, and not unworthy the character, dignity, and influence of the American government and people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, *March* 1, 1867

SIR: Recent mails from the United States have brought the rather unlooked for intelligence that the American mission at Rome was about to be closed by Congress; mainly, it would appear, in consequence of the rumored removal of the American chapel from the minister's residence, within the walls of Rome, to a villa outside. In my despatch (No. 83) of February 18th, I transmitted for the information of the department a detailed account of the proceedings had here, in connection with this subject of Protestant worship in Rome; and I have nothing at present to add on that score. There are, however, some considerations which I feel it my duty to submit, and which seem to me conclusive against the policy or expedience of withdrawing the American representative at the Papal court in the present juncture of affairs. I feel the less hesitation in doing this, since I have asked to be transferred from Rome, and do not, therefore, speak from interested motives.

There probably has never been a time when the number of American travellers sojourning in Rome, and of American artists resident here, was so great as it is now, and it may be doubted whether there is a capital in Europe, with the single exception of Paris, where the proportion of Americans, resident and transient, especially during the fall and winter months, is so large as in this imperial city. The presence of an American minister is important to them, since there are numerous occasions and various ways in which he can be of very great service.

I am not, I think, mistaken in the belief that the Papal court is more than ever disposed to cultivate friendly and intimate relations with the United States. I might, in proof of this,

instance not only studied and unvarying courtesy and kindness which I myself have always met with, personally and officially, at the hands of the Papal authorities, but the treatment experienced by all of my countrymen who have chanced to visit Rome during the past few years. Perhaps a still more striking evidence of this friendly disposition is to be found in the action of the Papal authorities at the time of the arrest of John H. Surratt [a Papal Zouave soldier and alleged Lincoln conspirator]. It will be in the recollection of the honorable Secretary of State, that when, in obedience to his instructions of October 16th, 1866, I inquired of Cardinal Antonelli (November 2) whether upon proper indictment, or the usual preliminary proof, Surratt would be delivered up at the request of the State Department, the answer was promptly in the affirmative; and that without waiting for any formal demand on my part, as well as in the absence of an extradition treaty between the governments for the surrender of the fugitives from justice, orders were given for the immediate arrest of Surratt, and his being placed in close confinement. This was done with the single purpose of showing the ready disposition of the Papal authorities to comply with the anticipated request of the American government. At the very same time the Italian government, applied to by our minister at Florence, the honorable George P. Marsh, declined to give any assurance for the surrender of Surratt should he be arrested within their jurisdiction, except upon conditions, which, as Mr. Marsh wrote to me, he greatly doubted whether our government would accept. The Papal government, on the contrary, attached no conditions whatsoever to their promised surrender of the fugitive upon my expected demand. The sudden withdrawal of our representative now, when, as many believe, the hours of the Papal government are numbered, seems scarcely a generous return for this friendly conduct on their part towards the American government and people.

The present aspect of European affairs is especially threatening. In the east the old quarrel between the crescent and the cross has recently revived, and is daily gaining larger proportions. France, while proclaiming peace, is calling under her eagle a million and a half of men. The King of Prussia, in the speech just delivered to his new Parliament, assumes the character, though not yet wearing the title, of Emperor of Germany. Austria, by fresh concessions to Hungary, is preparing as in the days of Maria Theresa, to rally that gallant people to the defence of her territory and throne. Italy is in a ferment and the revolution threatens Rome. It is hardly possible that six months should elapse without a violent, perhaps, a general convulsion. Is this the time to withdraw from Rome the American minister? Is it magnanimous in us to abandon the sovereign Pontiff in this hour of his waning fortunes? Shall we be the first among civilized and Christian nations to strike this blow at the Holy See? Are we to leave hundreds of our fellow citizens to the possible chance of encountering the revolution face to face, and without a representative to vindicate their rights and protect their interests, and it may be their property and persons?

It has been intimated in some quarters that the closing of the American legation here, though ostensibly caused by the rumored suppression of Protestant worship in Rome, was really designed as an indirect recognition of the right and title of Victor Emanuel to the whole of Italy. But I am un-

willing to believe that Congress would attempt to accomplish by indirection what it hesitates to do directly. The United States has no need to resort to subterfuge. If the time has come for formally recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, as one and indivisible, with Victor Emanuel for its sovereign and Rome for its capital and centre, there can be no necessity of founding upon a false pretext an act which we have the right, if we deem it politic and proper, to perform openly and in the eyes of all the world. If we are to withdraw our recognition of the temporal power of the Pope and to recall the American representative at the Papal court, at the moment when it stands most in need of our friendly sympathy, I trust, as indeed I do not doubt, that it will be done upon grounds and in a manner that will reflect no discredit upon our own country and leave no just cause of complaint to the governments of Europe.

I am reminded by the date of this despatch that the term of the present Congress will expire within four days. Long, therefore, before it can reach Washington, the question as to the suppression or continuance of the Roman mission will have been definitely settled. It is not, therefore, with any expectation of influencing the result that I have ventured to submit the foregoing considerations, but solely to place on record some of the reasons why in my humble judgment this is not the time for recalling the American representative from the Papal court, and withdrawing to that extent our recognition of the Holy Father's temporal authority.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, *March* 26, 1867

SIR: In my despatch No. 83, of February 18th, I mentioned the circumstances under which the Scotch Presbyterians had been requested to close their places of worship within the walls of Rome, and transfer their religious services to a designated locality outside.

I learned, two or three days since, that Mr. Oldo Russell, diplomatic agent of the British government at the Papal court, who had reported the case to the authorities at home, had in reply received instructions to thank the Papal government for not having entirely deprived the Scotch Presbyterians of the right to meet for purposes of religious worship, and that it still permitted them so to assemble in a building adjacent to the one occupied for the past forty years by the English Protestants. The British government appeared to think that the Scotch, by knowingly violating the Roman law on the subject, had justly incurred the penalty prescribed, and that the Papal authorities in the course which they pursued had acted with commendable forbearance. Mr. Russell duly communicated to Cardinal Antonelli these thanks of the British government, and inferred from what transpired in the course of the subsequent conversation that his Eminence expected that the American Protestants also, if continuing to hold their religious services apart from the residence of the minister, would make use of the building already appropriated for English Protestant worship, in the immediate vicinity of the Porta del Popolo. For the present, nevertheless, the American chapel is in the Vicolo d'Alibert, and no change seems likely to be made during the current season.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, *May* 7, 1867

SIR: Several weeks have elapsed since the receipt of despatch No. 55 from the State Department, apprising me that Congress had declined to make any further appropriation for the support of the American legation at Rome, from and after the close of the present fiscal year.

In the daily expectation that I would receive instructions as to the course to be pursued under the circumstances, I have refrained from calling on Cardinal Antonelli, for I was somewhat at a loss how to explain to his Eminence the sudden and unlooked-for withdrawal of the American minister from the Papal court; or on what terms to take my leave of the Holy Father himself and his accomplished secretary of state. I am still without the desired instructions, and earnestly request that if not already despatched, they may be transmitted to me at the earliest convenient opportunity.

The intelligence of the closing of the American mission has of course become public, and has elicited very strong expressions of regret from the American artists resident in Rome and transient American visitors here, as well as from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps and various functionaries of the Papal court. I am given to understand that the Pope himself feels hurt by this hasty and apparently groundless action of Congress, and thinks it an unkind and ungenerous return for the good will he has always manifested towards the American government and people.

On Friday last, Mr. J. C. Hooker, acting secretary of legation, having occasion to call on Monsignor Pacca, at the Vatican, on some matters of business, availed himself of the opportunity to pay his respects to Cardinal Antonelli. His Eminence at once introduced the subject of American Protestant worship in Rome. The season, he remarked, was nearly over, and the time at hand for closing the American chapel. Should it be reopened in the autumn, it could only be under the roof of the American minister or else in the building assigned many years ago for Protestant worship, immediately outside the Porta del Popolo. The Scotch, the Cardinal added, had been holding their religious services in a building opposite the one just mentioned, but complaints had been made in regard to it, and he should inform Mr. Oldo Russell that the Scotch must remove to the building occupied by the other Protestants. Baron Arnim, the Prussian minister, the Cardinal said, had applied to him to know if other religious services than their own would be permitted in the chapel connected with the Prussian legation, and the reply was that they might hold as many and what services they pleased; the Papal government did not enter into that question; it was enough for them to know that the services were under Prussian protection. In other words, the rule laid down and intended to be enforced by the Papal government in regard to Protestant worship in Rome is briefly this: that no questions are asked and no interference attempted as to such worship, provided that it be celebrated under the roof of a minister duly accredited to the Papal court. If there be no minister or no chapel connected with the mission, the Ameri-

can Protestants desirous of holding religious services according to the forms prescribed by their own church must do so in the building heretofore set apart for Protestant worship, outside the gates of Rome. This building, it seems proper to add, has been thus occupied by the English since 1823; adjoins the Porta del Popolo, and faces the entrance to the Villa Borghese; is large, convenient, easy of access, and can accommodate a numerous congregation, and is within five or ten minutes' walk of the principal hotels, lodging houses, and quarters of the city most frequented by American visitors. I have given the substance of the Cardinal's conversation, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the views of the Papal government relative to the toleration of Protestant worship within their jurisdiction. The rule is simple and obvious. It results therefrom that it is not his Holiness the Pope, but the American Congress who by closing the mission here, have driven American Protestant worship outside the gates of Rome. So long as the United States had a representative at the Papal court, and a chapel connected with the United States legation, no interference whatever was thought of or attempted with American Protestant worship in this Catholic city. It owes its suppression in Rome to the suppression of the American legation, to Congress and not to the Pope. It is this fact which renders it all the more difficult for me to announce to his Holiness that the United States withdraws its representative at the Papal court and breaks off all diplomatic intercourse with the Papal government on the alleged but erroneous grounds that the Pope refuses to permit Protestant worship within the walls of Rome.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Seward to Mr. King

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *March* 11, 1867

SIR: I have to inform you that in the 'act making appropriations for the consular and diplomatic expenses of the government, for the year, ending 30th June, 1868, and for other purposes,' approved February 28th, 1867, it is provided that 'no money hereby or otherwise appropriated shall be paid for the support of an American legation at Rome, and from and after the thirtieth day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.'

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

RUFUS KING, ESQ., etc., etc., etc.

Unrepresented near the crumbling court of the Pope, Washington watched, during the 1867–1870 interim, the last stage of the fall of the Holy Roman Empire. The magic whirligig of time has again changed the Chair of Peter into a throne. Although the stalwart shoulders of Mussolini frequently support this throne, the same Washington announces that no American minister will diplomatically gild it. Using Secretary of State Stimson as his mouthpiece, President Herbert Hoover simply says the American ministry remains closed.

WHAT PRICE HARMONY?

BY LELAND HALL

I

TRAVEL and sojourn in strange lands teach us more about ourselves than about those lands and the people living in them. They give us a view of ourselves from a new angle, and standards of measurement which bring out our traits in curious and previously unperceived proportions. I found this especially so as regards music.

Being fond of music and somewhat trained in it, for many years I felt my keenest joy in listening to it. Certain great musical experiences of the past lose none of their vividness even in memory. But after months with the negroes along the Niger River, after a year with the Moors, I find myself reluctant to touch my piano and averse to going to concerts.

My education had been usual enough. My piano instructors had preached Bach to me. I accepted him, lived by him musically. The day came when I went to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to hear the B-minor Mass. All that the world of learned musicians had said about the greatness of Bach then seemed true, and more. The Haydn quartettes, the Mozart symphonies, filled me with joy, which not even the history books and the professors, which not even my own professing, could temper. Then there was Beethoven. He too was one of the great composers. Him, like the others, I accepted and worshiped. Once in Paris, shortly after the war, I heard an inspired performance of the Fifth Symphony under Gaubert in the Salle du Conservatoire. On coming away from the concert I chanced to catch the remark of an American behind me in the street. 'I have heard only one performance to equal this,' he said. Though he was a stranger to me I knew he meant a performance under Karl Muck in Boston some years before; and he told me he did mean that one. The coincidence seems proof of the objective reality of certain musical experiences.

There was Schubert, who unfortunately could not master the larger forms, but whose songs were divine; there was Schumann, whose fantasy soared beyond his skill, yet who was almost the perfect Romantic in music; and there was the stern Brahms, with his admired bleakness. I accepted them all; they were the world's great composers. The world's, mind you!

They were Germanic; but we are all more or less Germanic. Of course, we had our snacks of other races. There was Chopin, with his Polish rhythms and his sick soul; but he wrote only for the piano. Liszt thundered a dozen rhapsodies and more from Middle Europe. *Carmen* could not be the greatest opera because a Frenchman had written it, and with borrowed color. Grieg brought us a bit of Scandinavia, charming, but not suited to the exalted forms. The gorgeous Russians came upon us, and we scratched them to find musical Tartars. Verdi was generally spurned by the upper musical classes. He was an Italian, and Wagner

had spoken slightingly of *bel canto*.

Opinion has changed, somewhat, with the times. But for me all has changed. I have lived for a short period among the negroes of West Africa and among the Moors, whom no education — and it was for a long time my business to educate American youth in music — could ever persuade into accepting Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, not as great musicians, but as musicians at all. These three, whom we have set up as the world's greatest! Other races of the world outnumber us, and they have music. We say it is not music; and they say that ours is not. Two Hindu musicians, after they had given over showing me how much they knew about our music, which was a great deal, avowed that they still considered it noise, though admirably complex.

We have, then, composers great only in our music. Beside their masterpieces I now put other music: against the Bach Mass, the Beethoven symphonies, *Parsifal*, I put a little Spanish fisherman singing along the Moroccan coast, an oboe from a mosque tower in Fez during the month of Ramadan, and a great negro who came out of the gloom into the light of the fire round which our boatmen sat skinning a goat they had stolen from a Tuareg shepherd. He played a flute to them and to us, music that welled up from the deepest heart of Africa. There were three virtuosi of the lute vying with each other in a Moroccan café; there was a drunken guitarist in Teneriffe. Each of these represents for me an experience in music as real and as deeply moving as any I had previously within the confines of the great European masters.

II

It is well-nigh impossible to describe the effect of music without recourse to terms of other than auditory experience. If I should try to describe the effect of the music I have heard in Africa, I could do little more than describe the setting in which I heard it and the suggestions it carried of a life new and strange to me. So I should give the impression that the music itself was a small element in the pleasure I received, that the color and the surroundings were all.

Certainly, if I should take the oboe player from the mosque tower in Fez, whence his rapturous music poured down into streets all full of moonlight, and set him to playing on the stage of Carnegie Hall, a great deal of the magic would vanish from his art. But, if I set the mightiest of our orchestras to playing on the roof of a mosque in Fez, its music would ridiculously lose both grandeur and authority. I would not venture to say which music would suffer more by transportation out of its native surroundings. Both belong in a certain setting.

We have taken ours in from out-of-doors. Along with this we have enfeebled and sweetened our instruments and studied sonorities which lose their resonance elsewhere than in the concert hall. That setting has more color and more meaning than we usually reckon. The empty hall filling, the concert-goers meeting and gossiping, the men of the orchestra coming unattached upon the stage and tuning their instruments, the hush, the arrival of the conductor, his gestures, the applause — all these contribute to create an 'atmosphere' as proper and perhaps as indispensable to our music as the firelight in the jungle to my negro playing his wild flute. Indeed, the atmosphere of the concert hall is a connotation of our racial spirit and the development of our art which should not be disregarded.

We have, to be sure, other settings:

the cathedral for religious music, the chamber for string quartettes, and the theatre for opera. In the theatre we sometimes make a setting of the outdoor world and use music to enhance the suggestion which is before our eyes; but still we have our sonorities, which would dissipate in the open they are fancied to realize. We are so addicted to the concert hall that we feel little impropriety in bringing our Masses and our operas into it for a hearing; our emotional deeds and our religion have become abstractions. The radio and the phonograph now bring us music to the home and free us from the discomforts of public places. This still seems a reduced music; but it is too early to say whether because of imperfections in transmission or because thereby music loses the aura which vibrates round it in the auditorium for which it was conceived.

My description of the effect of a strange music must include not only its setting, but also the suggestions, in which it was so potent, of the life of the people from which it sprang. When in the African night a little band of negro drummers plays for me, and other drummers come from round about till there are eighteen, beating rhythms beyond our experience, I feel some moving sympathy with what lies in the centuries behind them. If I hazard a description of this I am accused of enriching the music. It was not, I am told, the music itself which stirred me so deeply, but all it spoke of.

This is surely true; but what is no less true is that our music moves us similarly through suggestion. What is the orchestra itself but a combination of instruments with each one of which is associated a definite tone color — that is, an almost explicit suggestion? The trumpets are martial, the trombones solemn; the oboe is pastoral, the flute pure. Bassoons make jolly and the organ is majestic. Besides, we have our drums and cymbals, our celesta and our chimes. It is a collection of voices speaking directly out of the past and out of all the various life which has made us.

Even could we strip every instrument and every voice of the poignant suggestions with which they are fraught, our music must still call to us out of the feelings which are ours, and which moreover, in being ours, are defined. Our whole response is but a recognition. The music of Bach is as unmistakably imbued with the nostalgic self-pity of Protestant mysticism as is that of the negro with longing and superstitious fear. For us the music of the Moors is uncouth; for them Beethoven is bombast. Each lacks the cue to the other, that is all. And this goes to show how little we realize that the beauty and the emotional meaning of our music are no less affected by place and suggestion than are the beauty and the emotional meaning of exotic music.

III

What modified my feeling about our own music, then, was not, essentially, the 'atmosphere' of Africa, but my experience there with a musical stuff different from that of which we have chosen to build our masterpieces. How far our temperament made that choice inevitable, one cannot say; but it is plain to see that as time went on we Europeans, out of a melodic heritage from Byzantium, from Greece, from Southern Rome, — who knows? — selected for our art only what was adaptable to an interweaving of several musical strains at once, which the musician calls harmony. The rest we cast aside. It is worthy of note that harmonic development seems even peculiar to Northern Europe. The Italians and the Spaniards have rarely

surrendered the single melody wholly to it. If some day the testimony of music is taken into the councils of the anthropologists, we may hear of melodic and contrapuntal races as well as Mediterraneans and Nordics. For music, elusive as it is, is astonishingly faithful to all the diversities of temperament.

From two or three centuries before Dante to the present day, the history of musical art in Europe is that of the development of a harmonic science, through several stages known technically as polyphonic, contrapuntal, and so forth. Always the end is the same: the interweaving of melodic strands or parts into a manifold texture of sound. The exactions of such interweaving determine our selection of musical stuff; by them we set our ideas of tone and pitch, of what is consonant and what dissonant. From the study of such interweaving emerge rules, long held as positive laws, on which the structure of our musical composition rests. Our whole system of music, from the very notation of its 'measurable' parts to its recondite theory, coheres and completes itself round the logic of harmony. But this has been a process of both development and restriction.

We have reared up an art which is imposing and sometimes sublime. We hold it up, like our other achievements, as a standard of civilization, by which other music is judged exotic or barbarous. Therefore here, as in all our perspectives, we fail to value, not only the amount, but the fine quality of musical material which the requirements of our own art forced us to discard.

A man needs no sojourn among strange peoples to see the limitations which our sense of art imposes upon expressive sound, within which limitations, moreover, our masterpieces are fixed. Quite of ourselves we have come recently to a day of reckoning. The terms 'consonant' and 'dissonant,' which might seem to be of fundamental significance, have lost all but a technical meaning.

There has come to us a stupendous doubt of what sounds well and what does not, a realization of the folly of trying to fix such values within a theory. And with these has come a sense of the restrictions we have placed upon music; irreparably, perhaps, upon melody, which we not only cramped within the gamut of two scales for the sake of harmony, but to which we gave rather a bad name. The melodic forms of music were the lesser forms. We worked with themes and motives, which alone were adaptable to the system. Within a few years we have begun to wonder if a transcendent melody of Verdi is not perhaps more truly music than a symphonic texture elaborated by Wagner.

Of the multiplicity of rhythms in life we chose two very simple ones, a rise and fall of two beats and a rise and fall of three. Perhaps we were doomed to that by our blood. Symmetry of phrase and regularity of cadence held our structures rigid. For the benefit of the system we compromised on pitch. The resonance of concert halls demanded a continual refinement of tone in instruments. Little by little, while we seemed to grow in intricacy and magnificence, we were cutting away from ourselves rich and supple substance in music; and the ever-increasing volume of sound, which year by year flattered our security and our luxury, deafened us to our loss.

Of ourselves we have come to realize the relatively narrow limits of our art, and from that sense of limitation to suspect the vastness of musical material lying outside it. But a sojourn among strange people gives us an actual experience of music never fet-

tered by harmony, of melody in which harmony is not even implied, and therefore free in pitch and rhythm, infinitely various and flexible. This is the musical line without our squares and angles, but curving, rising and falling, soaring, fluttering, tracing the immaterial swell of emotion. A single harmonic chord would weigh upon it like a block of stone; for a chord is dimensionable, and this is of the air.

IV

All the strange people among whom I lived had an art of music. Art implies a fixation, and the melodies I heard were fixed by an artistic tradition natural to their singers. Some had been written down; but none would be even thus so fixed that it could not twine and hover in the feeling of the moment. The singer never sang his tune twice the same, but gave in each singing lengths of phrase, alterations of tone, pauses, lingerings, suddenly eloquent departures from the line to drop or float back to it, often slight, but intensely expressive, all inspired by present feeling which passed even in utterance. Not only the lark sang in unpremeditated strains; man sang so once, still sings so in Africa, still may sing so in every art of music save ours. For in all but our system freedom is left for the gush of music from the heart without premeditation — for what, naming it and condemning it, we call improvisation.

To this our art is now firmly closed by its complexities and its proportions. Conservatories give courses in improvising. It is the final proof of our enslavement to organization that we school people in spontaneity. The gradual disappearance of such freedom is interesting to trace, and the shrinking of the space allowed for it in growing musical forms. The public was fond of it; and only slowly did the art of structure and the tradition of composing every detail in a piece and writing it down, not to be departed from in performance, attain to despotism. As late as Bach, composers noted down in many types of music only a series of chords, on which the performer was free to improvise his own adornments. Fantasias and toccatas were played with the utmost freedom, blooming on the stage. Yet soon the freedom died out of it, and the performer, who made you music while you waited, must make music according to laws, following his head, keeping his wits about him.

For generations after Bach composers still conceded to the virtuoso a place in many of their compositions where he might play or sing a few moments following his own fancy. According to reports of the time, performers profited to the full by this break in the dikes, and much rapturous music must have poured forth. But it became a conventionalized test in virtuosity, and the composers fought it for the sake of proportion. It is plain to see what happened. Display and unruly emotion were damned as meretricious; the logic of form triumphed.

Here and there in the masterpieces one comes across a bit of improvisation, fossilized, as it were, in the form. For instance, the little solo phrase for oboe in the first movement of the Beethoven Fifth. The powerful advance of the orchestra suddenly halts; and, hung aloft in the deep emptiness like a star, a lone note of the oboe holds a moment, then slips down through a little phrase into silence. But if the note from which that phrase descends, the inkling of all the fluid substance of music out of which the symphony has been moulded, if that note were held the fraction of a second too long, for the sensitive musician the whole work

would sag. The proper length is in relation, not to the intensity of the emotion which inspired it, but to all the other phrases and sections which compose the symphony.

But purely melodic music is free of such rigid relationships. Every tone is elastic, so that there is variation of rhythm and subtlety of expression to follow the finest shade of human feeling while it lasts.

It is by contrast with such flexibility, heard in the singing of the negroes and the Moors, that our music now sounds angular and pompous to me. I am convinced that the melodic systems, by destroying which we have built our own, are capable of a finer music than ours.

But to appreciate it we must be finer listeners than we have become. We must restore to ourselves a sensitiveness of hearing and response now deadened in us by our admired volume of sound.

In my opinion the most significant piece of modern music — the greatest, to use a word I cannot define — is Stravinsky's ballet, 'Le Sacre du Printemps.' In its break with the old tradition it has flung far the boundaries of the art, and it has restored to our music the fundamental emotionalism of which our masterpieces now seem more or less formal paraphrases.

In Africa one night I heard from a hotel the distant sound of drums beating continually, and I went out to follow the sound. Across the plain outside the village I came to a festal celebration in a native compound. There was hazy moonlight. Some thirty guests were assembled in the compound, chiefly in white robes, the men and women in separate groups. There were three musicians, professional artists: two drummers and one who played the big xylophone of the country, which is not unlike what we call a marimba. The music was almost too complex for my ears, which grasped only a continual repetition, yet I felt somehow that the repetitions were full of variety.

At intervals the men or the women stamped in a circle round the enclosure, with bent shoulders, and singing long phrases. The curve of the sung phrases, their accent, their loudness and their softness, were as fluid and unrestrained as the night breeze blowing and dying throughout the whole evening. The musical effect, recalling that of Stravinsky's ballet, was yet more deeply moving. But here were three musicians and a few melancholy voices, whereas Stravinsky's music had used an orchestra of a hundred pieces and heaven knows what variety of instruments.

Thus the proportions of our music stand out to me after living for a while with other music. I hear in it the logic which has destroyed melody; the restriction of an almost infinite variety of rhythm and pitch into conformity with a harmonic system, essentially massive, intricate without subtlety; the perfection of tone qualities which vibrate to their full meaning only indoors; and principles of form which have ultimately debarred rapture. I hear its noisiness: extremes which are only acoustically extreme, clashes and conflicts which have their significance by what we attribute to them. Let one lose for a moment the scale of importances fitting these attributions, and in the bewilderment of such loss the mighty abstractions of our world seem distorted. At a concert one has the sense of being hoaxed. One wonders what it is all about; until, settling back into the old habit, one forgets it is merely about ourselves and not about the world, not at all about the universe, in the echoless space of which its clamors sigh instantly away even as the song of a Niger boatman in the night.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ENDOWMENTS

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

I

No question was more vigorously debated by the economists of the eighteenth century than the distribution of private accumulated wealth in the form of continuing trusts or endowments. To appreciate the significance of this discussion one needs to keep in mind the background of history which gave rise to the discussions, and to remember as well two facts. First, that the establishment of charitable trusts can only take place in a nation where great accumulations of wealth go hand in hand with a widespread spirit of public service. Great charitable trusts do not arise in poverty-stricken countries, or in countries where the people are trained by long political experience to look to government for the support of all charitable causes, including religion and education. The problem of the charitable trust is not acute in a rich country like France or in a poor country like Rumania. It comes to be significant only in countries where great accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals are united with a distinct sense of responsibility to the public good. It is a by-product of individualism.

In the second place, one needs to remember that, while we speak of a science of economics, there is no science of economics in the exact sense in which we think of the physical sciences. The economist is in somewhat the same situation as the psychologist. He seeks to deal, according to the methods of inductive science, with a complicated mass of facts and tendencies, all of them affected by imponderable human forces. The psychologist can never eliminate his own psychology from his thinking, nor can the economist eliminate his own social and political outlook from his conclusions and predictions. The question of the wisdom or unwisdom of endowments must in the long run be settled by the verdict of experience. It is not possible to dogmatize as to the future.

Among the early economists who sought to deal with the problem was Turgot (1727–1781): —

> But of whatever utility a Foundation might be at its conception [he writes], it bears within itself an irremediable defect which belongs to its very nature — the impossibility of maintaining its fulfillment. Founders deceive themselves vastly if they imagine that their zeal can be communicated from age to age to persons employed to perpetuate its effects. There is no body that has not in the long run lost the spirit of its first origin.

France is perhaps the most striking example of the fact that the creation of such trusts or endowments in any nation is directly related to the individualistic tendencies in its citizenship. In France the Revolution put an end to individualism, and since that day the supervision of the State has been so minute and detailed as to discourage charitable endowments. Present-day French writers on economic subjects deplore this fact.

Adam Smith, the contemporary of

Turgot, was no less emphatic in condemnation of the perpetual endowment. While he admitted the advantages of a school foundation for elementary education, he argued that higher education and religion would develop more wisely if left to make their way in accordance with the demands and desires of those composing the social order: —

> Were there no public [endowed] institutions for education, no system, no science, would be taught for which there was not some demand or which the circumstances of the times did not render it either necessary or convenient or at least fashionable to learn. A private teacher could never find his account in teaching either an exploded and antiquated system of a science acknowledged to be useful, or a science universally believed to be a mere useless and pedantic heap of sophistry and nonsense. Such systems, such sciences, can subsist nowhere but in those incorporated societies for education whose prosperity and revenue are in a great measure independent of their reputation and altogether independent of their industry.

Adam Smith's argument against the subsidizing of education and religion called forth energetic replies on the opposite side of the question. One of the most noted of these was that of the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, under the title, *The Use and Abuse of Endowments*. His argument dealt wholly with literary and ecclesiastical endowments, and particularly with the latter. In presenting his arguments for an established church, he found it unnecessary to consider the case of the United States, the only large country which had no such establishment. The experience of the United States, he remarked, was at best doubtful (he wrote in 1827), and in any case the United States was 'a dim and distant region.' At the end of a century this 'dim and distant region' has become the field for the establishment of the most generous endowments for intellectual, social, and moral causes that the world has ever seen.

II

The only country whose experience sheds light upon the history of charitable trusts is England, for only in England has the necessary wealth to create such trusts been unhampered by government and at the same time stimulated by a sense of responsibility to the public good on the part of private owners of wealth.

A 'charitable trust' in the legal sense in England is one that exists for some eleemosynary, educational, religious, or governmental purpose; that has an undefined beneficiary; and that constitutes a perpetuity. All endowments existing for purposes similar to those of the philanthropic foundations in the United States would therefore come under this description. Up to the earlier years of the nineteenth century the charitable trusts in England had existed without governmental or other scrutiny, but between the years 1816 and 1837 a parliamentary commission investigated the conditions and activities of the charitable trusts in all parts of England and Wales. The following charitable trusts were exempt from investigation: —

1. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the colleges of Westminster, Eton, and Winchester; the schools of Harrow and Rugby; and the Corporation of Trinity House.

2. All charities having special visitors, governors, or officers appointed by the founder. (Such charities were, however, included in 1831, and among them were found some of the worst cases of abuse.)

3. Charities instituted wholly or principally for the benefit of Jews or Quakers, as well as those wholly or principally supported by voluntary subscriptions.

The detailed reports of these commissions respecting the widely diverse charitable trusts brought out, as may well have been expected, numerous weaknesses and some breaches of trust. For example, nearly all of the charitable funds in London were, in 1828, under the control and management of some ninety-one city companies, and their annual income amounted to £138,583. One of these charities, St. Paul's School, London, was founded by John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and came into the hands of the Mercers' Company after his death in 1519. At that time the members of the Mercers' Company were mercers. In 1828 they were mostly merchants, bankers, and insurance brokers. In 1524 the endowment produced an annual income of £122. In 1820 it produced an income of £5252. The examination of the administration of the Mercers' Company in 1828 showed that in 1804 the company had spent £34,600 of the surplus revenue of the school in speculations, loans, and other ways having no bearing on the institution. In 1828 this was being repaid at the rate of £1000 annually and invested in public funds. The management of the school estate, as carried out by the Mercers' Company, was in the hands of two annually elected officers called the surveyor-accountant and assistant surveyor. Salaries to the four masters of the school were respectively £600, £300, £220, and £200, making with emoluments a total cost for instruction of £1513. The officers representing the Mercers' Company were paying a late 'highmaster' a pension of £1000 annually, an amount bearing an unusual relation to the salary of £600 paid to the active highmaster. In spite of the increase in the endowment, under the administration of the Mercers' Company, the attendance at the school had been allowed to stand at the number fixed in Colet's time, 153, adopted because of the number of fish taken in Saint Peter's famous catch!

Following the report of these various commissions, a permanent board of commissioners was created. It had, at first, only protective and remedial powers, but judicial powers were given it in 1860. Certain charitable trusts, however, have always been exempt from the authority of the Board, except as they voluntarily sought its advice. Roman Catholic charities were brought under its jurisdiction in 1859, and endowed secondary schools in 1874. In 1899, the educational charities were assigned to the Board of Education.

As a matter of fact, the abuses which this investigation of English charitable trusts brought to light were far from being universal. The absence of any strict oversight and the presence in the management of trust funds of trustees not chosen for their fitness had resulted in a far less equitable and effective administration of some trusts than ought to have been secured.

In pursuance of the conclusions of the charity commissioners who are charged with a supervision of the permanent trusts, such trusts in England to-day are under a sharp scrutiny. Even the investments are under the control of the commissioners. The oversight of the commissioners does not extend to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and to colleges like Westminster, Eton, and Winchester, or to schools like Harrow and Rugby.

III

In the United States the past thirty years have seen an extraordinary devo-

tion of private fortunes to the establishment of permanent endowments. The great bulk of such endowments are held by the colleges and universities, sometimes for stated causes, but in large measure for the general purposes of the institutions. During the same period a number of endowed foundations have been created, notably those established by Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller and, more recently, by Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. Sage, and Mr. Rosenwald. Perhaps over a thousand millions of dollars are to-day held in trust by these foundations.

Their number and magnitude have served to raise the question whether endowments are being provided in cases where the agencies so endowed should depend upon the support of a constituency for their life and usefulness. This question is most opportune. Few would be found to question the statement that too many causes in the United States have been buttressed by endowments. It seems axiomatic that religious congregations, political parties, and social clubs are not fitting agencies to receive endowments. Their very reason for existence lies in their ability to enlist the coöperation of those who make up their constituencies.

It is perfectly clear also that, human nature being what it is, the thirst for endowments will grow out of proportion to any reasonable justification. There is no injunction in the Scripture which has been so thoroughly accepted by the promoters of good, as well as of mediocre, causes as that which sets forth the fact that they who seek find; to them who ask shall be given; and to those who knock the door shall be opened. Knocking on the doors of the charitably minded has become a business.

This process has by no means been confined to individuals. The demands of an enormously expanded educational programme, backed by energetic propaganda, are taking from the treasuries of states and of communities sums of money never dreamed of in any other country. In a certain prosperous city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, over 60 per cent of the total municipal income is expended on the school system. If the present régime continues, its plans will absorb all the income of the municipality in another score of years unless the patient taxpayer rebels or the conception of what constitutes education is modified.

It is true that endowments in our generous easy-going citizenship are being unwisely sought and unwisely given, just as the tax funds of the community are drawn upon in the name of charitable (generally educational) causes. But this does not touch the question, Is the perpetual endowment, whether entrusted to a university or to a special board of trustees, likely to prove a wise and fruitful agency in civilization?

IV

The perpetual charitable trusts, as they exist in the United States, whether in the hands of a university board or of a special board of trustees, fall into two classes. They are endowments whose incomes are intended for the support of a stated cause, or they are endowments whose incomes are to be used, in the discretion of their trustees, for the support of agencies that are considered to promise well in their respective fields. The first form of trust uses its income as an operating agency in a designated field; the second form of trust is a giving agency distributing its income to such institutions, societies, or individuals as are judged to be capable of effective work in human advancement.

To illustrate. The Carnegie Institution of Washington is devoted to re-

search in pure and applied science. It expends the income of its endowment in conducting, through its own members and laboratories, researches in astronomy, geophysics, nutrition, terrestrial magnetism, and other fields of research. It does expend part of its income in subsidies to research associates working in their own universities in the scientific fields in which the Institution is active, but it is essentially an operating agency in the wide field of scientific research.

On the other hand, the Carnegie Corporation of New York is, by the terms of Mr. Carnegie's deed of gift, to apply its income 'to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States by aiding . . . institutions of higher learning . . . and by such other agencies and means as shall from time to time be found appropriate therefor.' In other words, this endowment is primarily a giving agency whose purpose is to stimulate and strengthen the agencies already engaged in the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, or to create new agencies if they are thought desirable. It is a giving rather than an operating organization.

As a matter of fact, to one who examines the various types of charitable trusts that have been established in the United States in the last three decades, it is clear that in the establishment of the second type of charitable trust just referred to the founders of such agencies were seeking to develop a science of giving. Knowing from their own experience the difficulty of discriminating between the multitude of appeals, they undertook by the establishment of these large trusts, devoted not to one cause but to many, to develop an agency, continuous for generation after generation, that would be able to discriminate between causes that were significant and those that were transitory, and would year by year and century by century make its contribution to those agencies in the social order that experience and study had shown to be fruitful. Perhaps unconsciously, but none the less truly, notable givers like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller were feeling after a science of giving to be exemplified in an agency which should itself be continuous and which should compare and study the numberless causes that appealed for aid from the standpoint of an impersonal scientific view of human efforts for betterment. Whether a science of giving is attainable is another question. It would naturally be a division of the science of economics!

V

The *a priori* argument of the economists against the creation of endowments is virtually an argument against all continuing organized agencies in the social order. Every such agency — governmental, educational, social — carries in itself not only the seeds of possible decay, but also the tendency to exalt the machinery of organization above the original purpose for which the organization was created. Particularly is this true of organizations that seek to promote intellectual and moral causes (I omit the word 'spiritual,' which has been so overworked in recent years that it deserves a rest). The organized Christian Church converted in the fourth century a Roman emperor, and proceeded to develop the machinery of civil government which completely transformed its spirit and ideals. Our American colleges have certainly gone far in the last three decades toward a form of organized activities that has obscured the primary intellectual purpose for which they were instituted.

Business organizations are subject to exactly the same tendencies, as any man knows who sits on boards of directors. But in a business organization there is a sharp test of efficiency lacking in those organizations that deal with intellectual and social products. A business enterprise is intended primarily to earn money. When dividends are no longer forthcoming, something is fundamentally wrong with the organization, and a sharp, sometimes drastic, reorganization takes place. The machinery of organization is once more readapted to the work it is intended to do, or else it is scrapped.

There is no such sharp criterion by which to test social organizations. It is so difficult to know whether a government, or a university, or a religious organization, is really paying dividends or not. Intelligent judges will differ in their judgment of the work of any designated social agency. We know that tendencies toward deterioration and toward a substitution of machinery for ideals are always present. But we cannot scrap our organized governments, churches, universities, and school systems every quarter century and start new ones. These agencies are in their nature continuous. So long as the social order itself continues and grows and deals with the wants and aspirations of one generation after another, it adapts its machinery as best it can to new conditions and new demands.

The perpetual charitable trust is precisely in the same situation, provided it is sufficiently flexible to be adapted to the changing demands of human development. It has no counsel of perfection, but it has a distinct opportunity for service of great significance. Its possibilities of misuse are precisely the same as those of other agencies intended for the advancement of society.

The weaknesses of the English trusts as disclosed by the long parliamentary study were: (1) the devotion of a permanent endowment to a temporary or insignificant cause; (2) the choice of trustees ill qualified to direct the trust, and who were in some cases interested in its benefits; (3) the lack of public scrutiny and responsibility; (4) the lack of any authority in the trustees to modify the methods and the objects of the trust with the changing demands of the time, while still seeking to serve the general cause the founder of the trust had in view.

The charitable trusts founded in recent years in the United States have been planned with a view to avoid these weaknesses. They are in the first place public institutions, chartered by the Congress or by a state legislature. They are not only subject to the scrutiny and control of the public, but they have adopted a policy of open publicity as to the expenditure of their funds. Finally, the trustees hold their trust under conditions which enable them to adapt it to the changing needs of a new generation. They are continuing trusts, but they are serving continuing causes, and there is exactly the same reason to expect that they will adapt themselves to new conditions that exists in all other social organisms.

There is reason to hope that the perpetual charitable trust will serve a notable rôle in dealing with the problems of the future. It will gather knowledge from its own experience. It is hampered by no constituency. It has sufficient freedom to adventure in the cause of human progress. In this day of intellectual and social inflation the presence of some social forces binding together the past and the present may prove invaluable to the cause of human progress. A continuing endowment in Alexandria or Athens or Rome in the first century could not have survived the violent political

changes of the next ten centuries. But we can well believe that such a trust devoted to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among men might have advanced the cause of human progress a half millennium beyond its present stage!

VI

Mr. Carnegie was a keen student of Adam Smith, but he parted company with him on the question of the perpetual trust. He was influenced in large measure by two beliefs, which became so large a part of his thinking that they were the foundations of his social creed.

The first was a profound faith in mankind. To the end of his life Mr. Carnegie was an optimist in his view of human nature. He let no personal disappointment, and he had many, shake his faith in men and in the future of human progress. He created permanent endowments in the promotion of various great causes not because he believed these agencies would always function at the maximum efficiency; all human organisms, he was wont to say, have their periods of activity and of commonplace performance. But taking the long view, looking to generation after generation, he had confidence that successive groups of trustees would deal wisely and justly with their responsibilities.

Secondly, he counted on the freedom given to his various boards of trustees to enable them to meet the varying needs of future generations while preserving the great underlying purpose for which the trusts had been created. He had faith in men and in their common sense if given reasonable freedom of action.

In one of the last of the great perpetual trusts that he established these two articles of faith were strikingly shown. In establishing the Endowment for International Peace he looked forward to a time when international peace would be a *fait accompli*. He accordingly left to his trustees the following message: 'When . . . war is discarded as disgraceful to civilized men . . . the trustees will please then consider what is the next most degrading remaining evil or evils whose banishment . . . would most advance the progress, elevation, and happiness of man, and so on from century to century without end. . . .' It was a long look ahead by an indomitable believer in his race.

This faith that the great endowments, designed to live forever, might render notable service in the emergencies of civilization had a striking illustration when our nation swept into the World War. Under the freedom of action given them, the trustees of the Carnegie Corporation were able to pour great sums of money into the support of the suffering millions whom the war had devastated. The perpetual trust is an act of faith in mankind itself. Of this faith Mr. Carnegie was the great exemplar.

VII

This paper has been written in the endeavor to point out that the present-day endowed charitable trust has a place in the social order, and that it has sufficient elasticity to adapt itself to changing needs so that it will continue to fill a real want in the future.

The alternative to the permanent endowment is a sum of money to be spent, principal and interest, at the discretion of the trustees at the time. It is being urged by some of the most generous givers that all public giving shall be in this form. An endowment of a university, for example, may be spent, principal and income, by the trustees at their discretion; or a chari-

table trust shall be founded on the condition that the principal shall be distributed by the trustees in a stated term of years.

Such gifts may be of great value as supplements to endowments, but the objection to making all public gifts in this form are serious and lie in the qualities of human nature itself. To illustrate. A university has an endowment to carry on a certain work in education or research. It is ambitious to extend and enlarge its activities. Sometimes this urge to expand is wise; not infrequently it is the result of a temporary ambition, or of competitive zeal. If the rate of spending is suddenly raised by dipping into principal, the probable outcome is an inflated programme which in a few years leaves the work in straits. Such a procedure may in particular instances be wise; as a general policy it spells extravagance and subsequent deflation. Human nature being what it is, it is wiser to retain a certain steady support and get other money for expansion. Our universities to-day are ready to adventure in any field. The responsibility of conserving an endowment is more often a reasonable restraint than a detriment. The same thing is true of a charitable trust to be liquidated in a fixed term. Twenty-five years has been named as a fitting period.

It is not difficult to see what would happen to a large trust under such conditions. Those responsible for it would go carefully about their task in the endeavor to find fruitful and significant causes. With the best intentions in the world they would find themselves approaching their limit of time with a large part of the endowment still in their hands. They would then be compelled to distribute this in huge grants. There is no wisdom in this process.

The truth is, there is no formula of public giving that will fit all cases. Both the permanent endowment and the gift that must be liquidated in a fixed term have their places. The real problem in the administration of great public gifts, whether of one sort or another, is to find some man (or some group of men) who will give himself with his gift, who will get down from the chair of the giver and obtain a first-hand knowledge of the circumstances, the motives, and the imaginings of those whom he seeks to aid or to stimulate. Such a man when he refuses aid often renders his greatest service by making clear the true perspective of the work that seeks a grant. If humanity could be saved by handing out the cash, the generosity of good men would have saved it long ago. To make great public gifts fruitful and not harmful in the ministry of human needs somebody has to sweat blood in the giving.

That the great endowments will come under a sharper public scrutiny and control we may well expect. Whether the endowed universities will be made subject to such scrutiny and control, or be made exempt, as is the case with the great English universities and public schools, is a question that only the future can answer. These foundations have become a distinct feature of American social endeavor. They are distinctive of American citizenship. Whether Mr. Carnegie's faith shall be vindicated will depend on the wisdom and devotion of those who administer these noble endowments. Of one thing we may be reasonably sure — the problem cannot be solved by surrendering the capital of a great trust to the real, or imaginary, demands of the present moment. Some causes hang on the long result of time. Their contribution to human progress is cumulative. In the service of such causes the continuing trust will find its justification.

FEATHERS TO BURN

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

You who have stood in the fresh air of morning out in the middle of some vast golfing course; who have seen and felt and smelled all that can be conveyed to the soul by a perfect patch of putting green, every blade barbered, and doused with dew, and breathing the heady fragrance of fertility; who have seen Washington bent grass woven into a smooth green rug the size of a farm, and have promised yourself that some day, regardless of expense, you would sow a piece of this same sort of carpeting — you will know what I mean when I say that what I wished to achieve around my house was *grass*. Not anything ostentatious or extravagantly turfy, to be handed down from eldest son to eldest son, but something that I could cut, and clip, and refer to casually as 'the grass' without seeming to exaggerate.

'What this place needs is nitrogen,' I declared to Amelia one fine spring morning. 'That will not only stimulate the grass, but it will help solve the dandelion question.' And she agreed with me that, if anything would do that, we ought to get some.

I had looked into the dandelion question at odd times, after spending several seasons in the vain delusion that I could fight the weeds one at a time, and I had found that the most accredited line of attack is to make the grass so live and lusty that it simply crowds the dandelions out. That looked like good doctrine; it proceeds on a formula that Shakespeare himself frequently speaks of: 'One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail.' And again, 'One nail by strength drives out another.' This is one solution of the weed question in general, and it is the whole secret, I verily believe, by which the English have been enabled to build up and establish such wonderful surfaces of turf. It is not that they have fought the weeds so incessantly in time past, as their head gardeners will tell you, but that they have known how to make use of the powers of nature.

For something less than a century the sea craft of England — brigs, barks, and barkentines — have plied back and forth to Chile and Peru, and they have come back loaded with guano from the islands off the coast, and with saltpetre from the mainland. It is a strange thought that the principal ingredients of success in both war and peace — the main elements of gunpowder and of fertilizer — are the products of birds. To birds we have been indebted for any great access of free force by which one nation gets ahead of another. At least it *was* the product of birds up to the time when we managed, by such superpower as we have at Niagara Falls, and such a plant as we built at Muscle Shoals, to get our nitrogen direct from the atmosphere.

And all this guano the English have put on their soil — in addition to what they conserved by their raising of live stock. They have, indeed, 'surveyed mankind from China to Peru'; and in Peru they found mines of manure greater in true value than all that Pizarro ever dreamed of. At one time

they even brought shiploads of mummies from Egypt and turned them into the fertilizer account, it being a simple scientific fact that all flesh is grass. As our own Emerson says, 'The German and Irish millions, like the Negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a green spot of grass on the prairie.'

There are many facts like these that are strictly to the point — namely, nitrogen; and the way I came to know them all is that I left no leaf unturned in my efforts to get grass and start a garden.

It was while I was in this general state of mind that I made my great discovery in a henhouse. An aged farmer of the neighborhood, who had been slowly and surely declining in vitality until finally the sources of ambition had almost ceased to tick, had recently left his place and gone to the city to live. Upon opening the door of the deserted henhouse one day shortly after, I was amazed to find what a legacy of fertility his long negligence had been piling up. Guano! Unleached nitrogen of a quality that would have been worth transporting all the way from Callao to Liverpool. For five or ten years, I should say, it had been accreting under conditions identical with those of the Peruvian coast; by which I mean that the roof was in perfect condition and had not leaked a drop. It is this condition of rainlessness that distinguishes the coast of Peru; and especially those outlying islands where the unnumbered greedy sea birds, casting about over the ocean and feeding on fish, come in to find a footing and spend a crowded night. The guano, even where it has gathered for centuries and filled up the valleys a hundred feet in depth, has not lost an atom of its nitrogen by leaching.

The business transaction that now lay before me proved an easy one. It was not hard to get the owners to accept money for a commodity so little valued by them, especially as I was to get a man and pay the charge of hauling. This latter I attended to without delay, and that afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing the whole rich cargo unloading here and there and spreading a magic carpet on the ground. And now all that was needed was rain.

This too arrived with no great delay — a gentle, warm, deliquescing rain that entered right into the chemistry of the situation, melting the guano down and carrying it slowly into the earth. That night I lay awake through several pleasant periods, entering in imagination into the stirring forces of nature. I was not so inexperienced as to expect any great results in a day or two, much less in one night. But on the following morning, when the sun came out with new power after the rain, I was astonished at the whole new scene about me. Every part of the yard was now covered, not with grass, but with feathers.

The scintillating R. G. Ingersoll once said of an oversanguine and visionary man, 'Show him an egg and at once the air is full of feathers.' This saying came to mind as I gazed upon the scene; and it seemed as if all the optimists on earth had been using my place for a camp ground.

There is something very inappropriate, and hence unsatisfying, about having your lawn covered with feathers. People have a way of asking questions, and you are always telling the same story over and over — to their evident amusement. The grocer's delivery man, coming out with some supplies, immediately took occasion to remark that the place looked 'as if

there had been an explosion in a feather foundry.' A neighbor, whom we had usually found helpful and considerate, studied the problem for a while and then merely said, 'I see you folks have been feathering your nest.' Our American sense of humor, which too often consists in taking other people's troubles lightly, needs but a situation like this to feather the barbed shaft of wit or rig up a ridiculous little flight of fancy.

For these reasons I would have got rid of the feathers at once had the thing been possible. But, after giving the subject considerable attention, I was unable to think of a way to do it. When you consider that chicken feathers pass right through a rake, and that a broom only causes each little quill to dig into the dirt or weave its way more intricately into the short grass, the matter becomes no small problem. I should hate to have to pluck even one chicken by the process of picking one feather at a time; and when you consider how these feathers were scattered about the place, how was a man to pick two or more at once?

Of the several varieties of Herculean labors, the most baffling are not those that have to do with weight, or size, or hardness, but those that cope with numerosity. That is how we came to have African slavery in this country. It was not because we had great burdens to lift — a thing that jacks and rollers and pulleys will easily do; or because we had any powerful pushing or pulling to be done — a matter of small concern in an age of steam and coal. It was because we had cotton to pick. Tons and tons of textile material to be gathered in, one light little tuft at a time!

I do not know how long those feathers would have lain there, gradually mixing with the soil, had I not had a new and original idea.

It so happened that at this time I had been greatly annoyed by some English sparrows that had decided to build somewhere about the house and kept finding some new place to set to work in as fast as I routed them out of the old. I had learned a great deal about sparrows during my years of residence in old Chicago — and by old Chicago I mean the Chicago of pre-automobile days. There are human beings living in the big cities to-day who hardly know what a sparrow or a fly is, so great has been the biological revolution effected by the automobile; but in those days the millions of dirty little sparrows mingled on the sidewalks with the metropolitan crowds, and so used to city life were they that they never stepped aside farther than the curbstone or the gutter. The sparrow was the only bird that I had had an opportunity to study to any extent; and there were two things that I had learned about the species. One is that an English sparrow will not, under any circumstances, go off and build a nest in a tree like other birds. He has no use for nature, and insists on attaching himself to mankind. The other is that a sparrow has no mechanical notion of constructing a nest; he simply gathers a great quantity of rubbish and lays it down as a sort of loose mattress. No time is lost in building; it is all going and coming.

I had learned to dislike sparrows as being too persistent. And when I moved out into the country expecting to see nothing but the birds of nature, I was decidedly displeased to find that the sparrows had now moved out where the horses were. They were about everywhere, defying the farmer's shotgun; and, being driven from one place to another, they had decided to come and live with me.

I routed them out of one place after another, closing all nooks and openings till finally I had a house that proved to

be sparrowproof. But later I built a combination laundry and garage in which an enterprising pair soon discovered an opportunity. In building the bottom of an overhanging cornice, the last board to go in proved to be a foot short of the required length. As the hole was not conspicuous, nor very vital in its effects, I let the matter go until a more convenient time. But it was hardly two days before a couple of sparrows found this entrance to a beautiful covered hallway, and began to fill it with trash. I at once went to town and bought a square foot of lumber. And I came home and closed that hole and carefully painted over it.

It was shortly after this incident that I was confronted with the problem arising out of my effort to improve the grass. Lying in bed one night and thinking upon the general subject of feathers, I had an idea. While it might seem bizarre, I felt it would prove practical.

Intent upon trying it out, I arose early the next morning; and, having equipped myself with claw hammer, cold chisel, and a small wrecking bar, I set to work opening up the hole in the cornice — not without splitting the new board and making many splinters. So that Amelia, noting my strange doings, came out to inquire why I was tearing down the garage.

'I am going,' said I, 'to let that pair of sparrows come back here again. You know sparrows are very fond of chicken feathers. All the trash that I tore out of those tile ventilators, before I closed them up, had a large proportion of feathers in it. The sparrows had to go half a mile for those feathers. Now I am going to let this couple come back and use these feathers right on the place.'

'But do you suppose they could *ever* use all the feathers we have here?'

'Why not?' I said. 'A pair of sparrows can do a lot between daylight and dark. And if I take what they have collected every evening and burn it up, they will naturally set to work and gather more. You can't stop a sparrow. They are persistent. And, that being the case, I am going to let them work for me by the day.'

As I do not wish to waste any of the reader's time analyzing and explaining my own pleasant reaction during the days that followed, let me state at once that the scheme worked. It was perfectly practical. I had at last found some use for a sparrow. All I had to do was to sit in my study, engaged in my usual work; and whenever a sparrow flew past with a feather I would reflect upon the beauties and benefits of the study of nature. The sociable little chipping sparrow, our native species, always lines its neat nest with horsehair. The goldfinch uses thistledown. The shrike values a certain proportion of soft little feathers in building. The pewee and the ruby-throated humming bird construct their nests outwardly of lichens. If you come across a nest lined with nothing but discarded snake skins, and occasionally a piece of onion skin, you may know that it is the work of the great-crested flycatcher. As for the English sparrow, one may say that he is a glutton for chicken feathers, as well as almost any sort of trash. I even knew of an English sparrow picking up a nice soft cigarette that had been cast aside; and as the cigarette was not fully extinguished when it reached the nest, the fire department had to cope with a conflagration that had got a beautiful start.

Professional naturalists say that English sparrows 'line' their nests with feathers; but as a sparrow does not really shape anything that could be properly lined, I consider this a poor use of English. The sparrow piles on chicken feathers — the more he can get the better; and I do not doubt that he would prefer a feather bed.

At the regular evening rite of burning the feathers, Amelia would hover about, on the windward side of the incense, and express her sympathy for the hard-working little couple for whose efforts to raise a family I had so little feeling. But I kept on burning — though one cannot say in strict truth that feathers burn. They shrink and shrivel and curl and writhe as if they felt the fire; one may say that he burns them at the stake. But still I kept on burning.

I got about two quarts at a crop. When all were gone from the whole surrounding lawn, except a few wing feathers that I had to pick up myself, I got another board at the lumber yard and carefully closed the hole and painted over it. And from that day to this I have not had an English sparrow around the place.

INSECTS AND MEN

BY JAMES E. BOYLE

I

THE world's history needs to be rewritten once more. It has already been told in terms of politics, economics, geography, climate, sea power, war, race, sex, and of great men and heroes. It should next be written in terms of insects. This is not the age of man; this is the age of insects. What the yellow fever mosquito, for instance, or the cattle tick, or the tsetse fly has done to the human race is still largely unrecorded.

France has erected in the Midi three battle monuments to commemorate her victory over a single plant louse. This little insect, the phylloxera, was swiftly and surely destroying the grape industry of that grape-famous country. This bug, an American immigrant, was finally defeated by means of help from the United States. Roots of our wild grapevines, immune to this little plant louse, were taken to France, and French grapevines grafted on them. Since the insects attacked only the root, this meant defeat and death to this pest.

There are estimated to be over four million kinds of insects in the world, and all of them are of significance to mankind. Most of them are frankly and openly either our friends or our enemies; few are neutral. They are all our competitors — we are all bidders for the world's limited food supply. Who shall finally inherit this earth, man or bug, will depend in the last analysis on which creature is most efficient in securing his daily ration.

When we remember the bug's appetite for food, particularly for the green and growing plant, and the bug's capacity to reproduce and multiply, we begin to feel uncertain about our own future survival. Consider, for instance, that little tiny green bug, the cabbage aphid. Under favorable conditions, there are thirty generations of these bugs in one year. Under somewhat unfavorable conditions in New York State, from a single pair will come twelve generations in one summer. Twelve or thirteen days are needed for one generation. The mother aphid

who lays her eggs the first of April becomes the progenitor of twelve generations by the middle of August. She produces forty-one young in one generation. Therefore, by the middle of August, if all the mother-aphid descendants should live, there would be alive at one time some five hundred and sixty-four quadrillion aphids! Or to state it more exactly, we should have the astronomical number 564,087,257,509,154,652 aphids. A minute calculation of the weight of these aphids by Professor Glenn Herrick shows that they would weigh eight hundred and twenty-two million tons — that is, almost exactly eight times the weight of all the human inhabitants of this globe.

This shows rather strikingly what one mother aphid can do in four and one-half months, if she has plenty of food and no enemies. In a warmer climate, such as Texas, she would do much better than this. In this connection we must also remember the size of the insect's appetite — especially when it is in the larva stage. Familiar examples of the larva are the maggots — children of the common house fly — and the unsightly caterpillars, grub worms, tomato worms, tobacco worms, and so on, children of the butterflies and moths which play like fairies in the sunlight or moonlight. In fact, most of our common ugly worms are the larvæ of these dainty winged creatures. For many of our insects go through the complete metamorphosis — the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the adult stage. The larva stage is devoted to growth, the sole business of a larva being to eat and grow.

We can get some idea of the appetite of the larva when we note the food consumption of the caterpillar of the common Polyphemus moth. When this worm is fully grown, that is, in about fifty-six days, he has actually consumed 86,000 times his original weight. This is rather a terrifying fact, on the face of it, but we are able to reflect that thus far, at least, we have held our own against these greedy competitors for our food. That is the situation; the balance has been maintained thus far, between man and bug, so that the bug has not yet deprived his human competitors of too much of their food supply except in those few cases of insect plagues. Obviously, it would be very easy to disturb this 'balance of nature.'

Will man or bug inherit the earth? If it is a question of the survival of the fittest, then the argument is all in favor of the bug. The cockroach, for instance, was here a million years before man came; therefore, he will likely be here a million years after man has joined the dinosaur and the dodo. The cockroach came with the coal age. He is versatile enough to adjust himself to his environment. Living first in Asia, he traveled by ship to Holland, and later became at home all over Europe. While he prefers the warm climate, he is found in numbers among the Laplanders of the far north. He even destroys in some years great quantities of the dried fish put away for the winter by these northern settlers. More famous, however, are the cockroaches of Brazil. One traveler reports spending some time in a private home on the Upper Paraguay. Here were a dozen children, each with his eyelashes more or less eaten off by cockroaches. The eyelashes were bitten off irregularly, and in some places quite close to the eyelid. Since Brazilian children naturally have the beautiful drooping lashes of the Latin race, their appearance as defaced by the cockroaches was indeed strange. These same cockroaches also bite off bits of the toenails. Apparently they confine their depredations to children.

As the cockroach has migrated all

over the world, so, too, many other insects are doing. Man's scientific means of insect control, which is his main argument in favor of ultimate survival, is offset by the modern means of travel which the insect now uses. Sailing ships have given place to steamships; horse carts to automobiles; and finally comes the airplane. When Lindbergh finished his 46,000-mile flight in 1928, touching three continents and dozens of countries, think of the scores of new insects he picked up and brought back to the United States! One female insect — even one insect egg — is enough to start a new insect pest in the United States which may have most serious economic consequences. Polyembryony, they term it, when one female insect lays a single egg which hatches out into a large number of maggots.

II

Whence came our present insect pests? Most of them came from foreign countries. The cotton boll weevil is from Mexico; she came, the theory is, in the egg stage, in a dirty cotton mattress of a Mexican laborer. The corn borer is from Europe, the gypsy moth from Japan, the cottony scale from Australia; the Mediterranean fruit fly was landed in Florida by some bootleggers from the West Indies; and so on. And far more serious, they come here without their natural enemies. In this way the balance is disturbed, the disturbance being wholly in favor of the insect. An insect in his home land is often so harmless and obscure that his presence is not even noted. This is because his natural enemies keep him in his place. But transplant this little bug to America, give him plenty of rich food and no enemies, and he will show what the biological laws of reproduction mean, and what the mathematical formula of geometric progression looks like when put into practice.

We have had many examples of this kind. The best one is perhaps the white fluted or cottony scale which once threatened the complete, speedy, and absolute extinction of the orange- and lemon-growing industry of California. The adult female of this beautiful and dangerous insect has a body which is scalelike and dark orange-red in color.

It was in the seventies when this insect came by ship from Australia to California, and made its first appearance on some acacia trees in Menlo Park. The insect attacked apple trees, fig, quince, pomegranate, roses, and it soon developed a preference for orange and lemon trees. The trees attacked were ruined. Since this insect left all its enemies behind in Australia, it had a free field for action, until the counterattack by man himself began. Few jobs ever done by the United States Department of Agriculture in the field of entomology or elsewhere have been so spectacular and so immediately beneficial as was this fight on the cottony scale. Victory was secured by the introduction from Australia of a particular ladybug whose diet is this cottony scale, and whose appetite is for this insect only.

But to win this battle was not the work of one year, for it was not so simple as it looks in retrospect. First of all, the Department sent two men to California to study the life history of the scales. These entomologists spent one year in this study and came to the correct conclusion that the insect was a native of Australia, but was not a pest there because natural enemies were keeping it down. One of the more seasoned bug hunters of the Department was accordingly sent to Australia to spy out these insects, and to collect specimens of its enemies.

This entomologist, Mr. Albert Koebele, was a skilled collector. He found a small fly laying its eggs on the cottony scale; these eggs hatched and the little maggots devoured the scale. But this was not the final solution. He also found a little ladybug, small, reddish-brown, with a voracious appetite for this one insect. His next job was to transport a number of these ladybugs alive from Australia to California, a very difficult feat, for ladybugs do not have the habit of crossing the equator and going on ten-thousand-mile voyages.

Koebele selected a large number of the ladybugs. He put them in tin boxes, with food. These he placed in the ice box of the steamer at Sydney. Upon arrival in California they were found to be alive and well. A test was immediately made in Los Angeles to determine whether or not the scientist had correctly reasoned out his problem. An infested orange tree was surrounded with a tent of gauze. It was a glorious triumph for the scientist. The Australian ladybugs fell upon the American cottony scales with avidity; indeed, their appetites seemed whetted by the long sea voyage. The results more than justified the most sanguine expectations. It was the 'most perfect experiment ever made by the Department,' said the Chief of the Bureau of Entomology.

There are distinct and peculiar reasons why this experiment was such an unqualified success. First, there is the rate of increase of the ladybugs. Each female lays on the average three hundred eggs, and each of these eggs hatches into a hungry larva. If we assume that one half of these larvæ produce female bugs, and maximum reproduction goes on for the summer, a simple calculation shows that in five months a single ladybug becomes the ancestor of seventy-five billions of other ladybugs, each capable of destroying many cottony scales. The ladybug breeds twice as fast as the cottony scale. The ladybug feeds upon the eggs of the cottony scale. And this particular type of ladybug has no enemies of its own, although our American ladybugs have many parasite enemies. Finally there is the very important military advantage in favor of the ladybug in its attack on the scale — the ladybug is a quick mover, while the scale is still. For these reasons the ladybug is almost a perfect remedy for the fluted cottony scale. There have been no failures in its introduction into any of the different countries to which it has been carried. No other insect tried in international work has had such perfect success. California's greatest agricultural industry was thus saved from a complete destruction and one of our greatest and most delicious health foods rescued to us by introducing from a foreign country one small insect which restored the 'balance of nature.'

Next to this achievement stands our success in saving the dominating industry of the Hawaiian Islands — cane sugar — from annihilation at the hands of another Australian insect. In this case it was the cane-leaf hopper. Its depredations ran up into many millions of dollars. The rise and decline of this insect may be sharply pictured by the statistics of sugar production on one big plantation: —

1904	10,954 tons
1905	1,620 "
1906	826 "
1907	11,630 "

This diminuendo and crescendo marks the fight put on by the Department of Agriculture. The entomologist sent to Australia succeeded, finally, in finding and carrying to Hawaii the parasite which is the natural enemy of the cane-leaf hopper. The parasite

multiplied rapidly. His rise marked the decline of the leaf hopper. *C'est la guerre!* There is no pity, no mercy, in this war. Like the battle of Kipling's mongoose and the cobra, it ends only when one of the combatants is dead. When Chief L. O. Howard of the Bureau of Entomology visited Hawaii in 1915 he pronounced the situation with regard to the sugar-cane-leaf hopper as 'almost perfect.'

These two brilliant successes in overcoming our insect enemies had one undesirable effect, and that was, they created a sense of false security in the minds of the general public. The feeling became general that for our defense in the war against the insect hordes we may look with confidence to the highly proficient professional entomologists in the Department of Agriculture and in the State colleges and experiment stations. The fact remains that in only a few conspicuous cases have we won the battle against the bug. With most of the harmful insects in the United States, either the bug has definitely won the war or the fighting is still going on. We have already surrendered to the chestnut blight and these noble and useful trees are fast becoming extinct. Congress last year spent ten million dollars in the corn-borer campaign, and the total effect was to mitigate very slightly the ravages of this insect pest. Scientists on the job report that the slow westward march of the corn borer will not stop with Ohio and Michigan, but will inevitably continue until the whole corn belt is covered. We shall have to sign a truce with this bug and give him perpetual tribute in the form of a few million or a few hundred million bushels of corn a year. This pest has never been stopped yet in any country.

In this manner we have learned to live with the Hessian fly, who came over from Europe with the mercenary troops of the British army during the Revolutionary War. We have already paid him tribute to the extent of hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, and shall keep on doing so indefinitely.

The Mediterranean fruit fly, one of the most dangerous insects known in the citrus industry, was discovered in Florida early in 1929. In a few months it had traveled westward as far as Dallas, Texas. It now definitely threatens the citrus industry of California.

The cotton boll weevil arrived at Brownsville, Texas, in 1892 from Mexico. By the year 1924 it had traversed the cotton belt and reached Virginia. Its original home is the plateau region of Central America and Mexico. Its only food is the cotton plant. This insect has definitely established himself in every cotton state except California. He is with us as a permanent boarder. The fight will continue against him, as against the corn borer, not to exterminate him, but to keep him within bounds. It would take several pages of this magazine just to list the harmful insects now definitely and permanently established in the United States, all of which are in real competition for our food supply, and all of which are capable of rapid reproduction.

III

We multiply our scientific means of overcoming these harmful insects. But as fast as one bug is destroyed we discover two new ones to take his place. Hence our worst pests to-day are bugs which our grandfathers never heard of. We may venture the prophecy, therefore, that our grandchildren will be struggling with new and more harmful insects than we now know. Even at the present moment entomologists estimate that we are acquainted with only one kind of insect out of eight or ten actually in existence.

The biological methods of fighting insects — those which maintain the balance of nature — are far the most effective. By this we mean the work done by the birds, by insects themselves, and by those most tiny of all insects, the predacious parasites.

First of all, we ought to encourage the birds to come, and we ought to protect them in every way. This may involve getting rid of a large portion of the cats, particularly those night prowlers which destroy birds on their nests. The nuthatch, or the downy woodpecker which works up and down the limbs of trees in the wintertime, inspecting each nook and cranny with meticulous care, destroys the eggs of insects. We can calculate how large a quantity of insects would come from the eggs destroyed in a single day by a single bird if these eggs were left to hatch. Studies made of the food of birds show that from three hundred to five hundred insects are sometimes found in the stomach of one bird. Insects constitute 65 per cent of the food of the downy woodpecker, 95 per cent of the food of the house wren, and 96 per cent of the food of the flycatcher. Birds have their own peculiar habits in catching insects. The phœbe, the flycatcher, and swallows live upon flying insects; robins and meadow larks feed upon ground insects and grubs; cuckoos, orioles, warblers, and vireos catch leaf-eating insects; titmice, creepers, woodpeckers, nuthatches, and chickadees explore tree trunks and limbs for small insects and insect eggs.

It is when we turn to our insect friends, however, that we find the most efficacious means of fighting our insect enemies. Shakespeare makes Touchstone say, 'I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.' But when it comes to various and sundry methods of killing, the insects have Touchstone beaten. In our boyhood days we became familiar with the thread-waisted wasp, known as mud dauber. This wasp is not merely a skilled engineer and mechanic, but she also has uncanny skill in the use of anæsthetics. At any rate, she lays by a stock of food for her unhatched larvæ, the food consisting of tender, juicy spiders put to sleep by an injection of the wasp's powerful narcotic in exactly the right nerve centre. The relation of the spider to the fly is so well known that it has become a proverb; but the relation of certain flies to the spider is not appreciated. There is a group of hunchbacked, small-headed flies which feed entirely on spiders. These carnivorous flies in the maggot or larva stage live within the bodies of the spiders or in their egg cases.

Some insects attack others openly, as do the dragon flies, and the praying mantid. The praying mantid is the only bug with a religious name, — *Mantis religiosa*, — and he gets this name because he folds his hands as if in prayer. At such moments he is ready to prey on the first insect that comes within his clutches.

Some insects catch other insects in snares, like the spider web, or in pits of ingenious construction, like the ant lion's trap. These predacious insects, as they are called, account for a great many victims. But the great majority of insect-eating insects, when young, live within the bodies of their victims and eat their way out, or within their eggs. These are the true parasites; they are the real farmer's friends. It is not an uncommon thing, especially in vineyards, to find a feeble caterpillar with its back covered with little white oblong bodies, which the casual observer usually takes for its own eggs. These are the cocoons of a little fly parasite known as the braconid parasite. Its larvæ eat and grow within the body of the caterpillar. Just before the caterpillar dies they leave it, and

spin their silken cocoons upon its back.

Most of the caterpillars you see are already marked for an untimely death, for they have a sort of glorified form of tuberculosis. Within their own bodies are the maggots of these parasites, which must eat their way out.

One of the most interesting of these small braconid flies is called the aphidius, and she deposits her egg within the body of that troublesome plant louse, the aphid. The aphid is then doomed to a death more horrible than that of tuberculosis; the parasite in emerging from his host cuts a very regular circular lid in the top of his host's abdomen. You can sometimes catch the mother aphidius in the act of depositing her eggs; she selects the plant louse, and stands with her head toward it. Bending her abdomen under her thorax, she darts her ovipositor forward into the body of the aphis. The dreadful end of the aphis is then a matter of a few days.

The tachinid fly, which looks like a house fly, is an enemy of many insects. Some tachinids lay their eggs on the back of the caterpillar so that the maggot can bore in and live a life of ease and gluttony as long as the caterpillar can carry on. When life departs from the caterpillar the maggot is ready to do likewise. Other tachinid flies deposit eggs on leaves of plants infested with caterpillars. The caterpillar devours the egg with the leaf, but without chewing or injuring the egg. In due season the egg hatches, and the maggot sets up housekeeping within his host. He feeds upon the body of the caterpillar till he destroys it. Still other flies have other means of attacking the nonresisting caterpillar; some deposit living maggots on the leaves, and these maggots attach themselves firmly to the first caterpillar that comes along, and complete their growth within the body of the luckless caterpillar; other flies deposit living maggots within the body of the caterpillar, which is, of course, then marked for death.

Predacious parasites have even more refined ways of killing. Some of the small flies, the parasitic Hymenoptera, lay their eggs within the eggs of other insects. Here the tiny parasites come to maturity. Dr. Grace Griswold has succeeded in finding parasite eggs within the parasite eggs within the insect eggs.

> Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

Our scientific and practical progress in entomology during the last fifty years has been enormous. To two people much of this success is due — Professor John Henry Comstock of Cornell, and his wife, Anna Botsford Comstock. Almost exactly fifty years ago (1879–1881) Professor Comstock was in charge of the work in entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. He had three and a half workers under him. Forty years later there were 545 workers in the Bureau of Entomology. Another outstanding piece of pioneering done by Professor Comstock was the establishment of the first insectary in the world. Indeed, he coined the word himself, applying it to a building on the Cornell campus erected in the early eighties. 'There should be a place,' he said, 'where living plants can be kept with insects upon them, and all the conditions of growth of both plants and insects should be under control.' So a building, named an insectary, was erected. After many years this building gave place to a modern structure. Breeding cages are used for insects. Subterranean insects are observed by means of root cages — boxes with glass sides. Now there are many such insectaries scattered over the world.

RAMSAY MACDONALD

The Portrait of a Man

BY ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

I

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD is a figure of romance as well as of political significance. He was born in what was then a primitive village named Lossiemouth, in Morayshire, to the far north of Scotland, from parents of peasant stock. His mother was a woman of profound piety and of sterling character, and during the years that the little Ramsay grew and eagerly assimilated the learning available in the village school she became known as the saint of the village; in every house where there was trouble, there Jeanette Ramsay was called on as friend and helper.

Ramsay's abilities were recognized by the village dominie, who carried him along as far as he was able and who encouraged him as he grew toward manhood to strike out for London. There he starved in a garret, doing any work he could pick up. Presently we find him writing for a newspaper and acting as secretary for a Liberal M.P. Already a stir was in the air which was soon to brew a big storm. He was beginning to speak on many street corners and in monster meetings at Trafalgar Square, and John Burns and Keir Hardie were elected to Parliament, the latter wearing his miner's cap when he joined that aristocratic assembly. Ramsay MacDonald threw in his lot with these insurgent forces and accepted a nomination as candidate for Parliament.

A first fruit of MacDonald's sparse living and of his ardent agitations came in the form of an illness which laid him low in St. Thomas's Hospital, across the Thames and facing the Houses of Parliament and Westminster. There was brought to him a check for his campaign under the signature of M. E. Gladstone. This was but a name to him, whether male or female he knew not. His formal acknowledgment followed. And in a small diary of Margaret Ethel Gladstone's under date of May 29, 1895, one reads: 'First letter from J. R. MacDonald'; while a little later came a second note: 'First saw him Pioneer Club, June 13, 1895,' on which date he took part in a debate on Socialism, with Margaret Gladstone, unknown to him, in the audience. It was not until the following summer that MacDonald saw her. A year later they became engaged, and in November 1896 they were married.

Ramsay MacDonald's wife has been so potent a part of her husband's life that although she died years ago I can never think of him and her as apart. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. John Hall Gladstone, a distinguished chemist and the successor of Faraday at the Royal Institute. Margaret's mother was a niece of the Thomson brothers, famous physicists, one of

whom became Lord Kelvin. Her parents had ample private means. For many years Margaret's father devoted himself to school-board work at a time when this was a truly liberal undertaking. He was gentle and wise in character; 'a quiet and reverent man,' is Ramsay MacDonald's tender description, 'whose wealth, intellectual distinction, and liberality of thought reigned over all.' Religion and charity were the dominating atmosphere of the household; and as Margaret grew and her experiences ripened, religion and charity claimed her more and more. But gradually the forms of expression changed. In her Sunday School class and in her Charity Organization Society visiting, she faced the wrongs of the downtrodden. The ferment of social duty was stirring the depths of her being. Charity was not enough. Her own life was running over with blessings. How could she share them? Thus by 1895 she had groped her way, as her husband described it, from 'the human pity, which was her inheritance, to the reforming faith, which was her conquest.'

For fifteen years Ramsay MacDonald and his wife lived and worked together, and in the first weeks after her death he wrote, as she had bidden him, a little Memoir of her. It is surely one of the most poignant books ever written. In it he reveals her heart, as well as his own. Very different is it from the larger biography which he wrote later for the public. In the small privately circulated volume he tells of his first visit to her in her home in Pembridge Square. The house stands with broad steps and massive front doors and separated by a yard from neighboring houses, 'frugally narrow, but enough to give the detached air of independence,' and shut off by a little distance from 'the bustle which fills the neighboring Bayswater Road.'

When MacDonald told Margaret Gladstone of his love, he spoke of his mother, of her poverty in this world's goods, of her remarkable character, and of her brave struggle for her son. He would wish that the woman who was to share his life should share his love and his reverence for her. The bond which came to bind the two women together was a very rare one. 'I always hoped that, if I ever married, my husband's mother would be living and would like me,' she had written, in her first letter. And in a later letter she wrote: '"My dear Mother!" I am so glad to be able to write those three words together.' Her own mother had died when she was born, and the love of older sisters and devoted aunts and a doting grandmother seems to have left a place vacant in her heart.

MacDonald took his wife up to Lossiemouth to see his mother and his childhood's home almost as soon as they were made man and wife. There they took their children for their vacations. And there they used to leave them when they went on their many journeyings — for Mr. MacDonald is an inveterate traveler, and wherever he went his wife went too. This was not merely the Englishwoman's habit of cleaving unto her mate. It was the passionate desire for another and yet another honeymoon. 'We are going away once more into liberty to be together,' MacDonald described their starting upon one of these journeys. The children they were sure would be well and more than happy with his mother. Thus they visited Canada and the United States, Australia, South Africa, and lastly India, besides making many journeys to near-by places; and each time they returned to welcoming friends and duties and found their immediate family circle unbroken.

II

MacDonald records that his wife was an inveterate worker for the downtrodden and the unenfranchised classes. The endless committees on which she served as the chairman or the secretary were 'but the means through which her untiring and aspiring spirit sought to bring justice and beauty into the lives of working women' — such are the words with which he sums up her activities. And always she wanted the facts; these she gathered for herself from bluebooks or from her own investigations. Even at the dead of night she was often out and abroad, as when she investigated the night employment of women. Her findings were recorded carefully in endless notebooks and memoranda. 'She was the daughter of science as well as of religion, the descendant of a long line of D.D.'s and of LL.D.'s, and F.R.S.'s.'

MacDonald tells of one incident (of which I also heard from friends) which is full of character and likewise of humor. It appears that on one occasion when his wife was to head a delegation her clothes were playfully derided by her comrades. 'You will disgrace us all,' they said. So, for the sake of the Cause, she bought a fine new blouse in which the next day she arrayed herself, and, neglecting to look in the glass, she fastened it back part before! Judge the dismay of the group when she presented herself—the strangest figure, they declared, that had ever met human eyes. It was what her husband called her 'blind eye' toward externals of all kinds. Never did mediæval saint pay less attention to the 'flesh and its decorations.'

Their most precious hours, he says, were in the evenings when he was at home and they sat together, she sewing and darning in the narrow circumference of lamplight, and he reading aloud.

'As I write this, there lie by me Francke's *Social Forces in German Literature*, a bookmark halfway through it showing at the edges, and Browning's *Ring and the Book*, also marked about three parts through. They will never be finished now. With them it is as with other things; the plough has been left in the middle of the furrow.'

There were times, however, when his wife withdrew from companionship even with him whom she loved best. She 'had within her being,' MacDonald writes, 'a Holy of Holies where she sat alone and where the presence of her dearest was forbidden. In the long, dark nights at Lossiemouth in late autumn and winter, with the moan of the sea passing over the land like the cry of toiling creation, the call of the night bird overhead and the mass of stars shining above her, she would retire within herself and go out silently to the shore or the moors in quest of something which haunts life like a dim vision of a strange beauty, or a confused echo of a far-away melody.'

The MacDonalds made their home in an ample apartment at 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which provided the social centre hitherto lacking in the Labor Movement. Here comrades came from near and far. It was often said that they established a 'political salon.' But the fact was far different. They opened their home to their friends, and all comrades were friends, representatives of every race and every clime, who were welcomed in a spirit of amplest hospitality. To the two of them Socialism was a religion, binding its converts together, as in a church. Amid their guests they moved, their quick sympathy and unerring memory

of names and faces making them an ideal host and hostess. 'I was lonely until that night, but five minutes in her home were enough to banish my bad mood' — so wrote one who in the early years had come to London a stranger from Canada.

A picturesque incident is told of another visitor, an obscure member of a colonial parliament. 'You must come to us of an evening, and we will introduce you to our friends,' Mrs. MacDonald had said. 'Oh, no!' he exclaimed, abashed. 'I am the merest nobody.' 'But my husband and I are worse than nobodies in most people's eyes,' she answered. Some ten years later, when this former 'nobody' had become Labor Premier in his own land, MacDonald and his wife went thither. They were met by the government launch; every high honor was lavished upon them; and they were laughingly told how the Premier had often related in cabinet meetings what they had done for him when he had gone, a 'nobody,' to London.

Thus they became the centre of a great companionship of men and women doing work in every corner of the earth. The little group of fellow workers widened until at last it stretched around the world. So Mr. MacDonald described the 'political salon' and its ramifications which grew up at 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

III

I first met the MacDonalds in 1909. 'If you are lonely in England,' a young friend had said to me, when I was about to set sail, 'find out Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald and hold on to her hand. She has the biggest heart in the whole world. And she has the most adorable children.' Thus it was that when H. G. Wells asked me whom I wanted to meet I answered, 'Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald.'

I sent my introductory note, and it brought an invitation to luncheon. Lincoln's Inn Fields is a big square lying to the north of the Strand, and not far from the Law Courts. Whatever it may have been when the MacDonalds first made their home there, I found it a business section, and the brass plate bearing MacDonald's name among those of lawyers and other such would have suggested his office had I not held in my hand the assurance that it was his home.

Two long flights of stairs and a long dark entry ushered me into a very large room lighted by four windows, reaching from ceiling to floor, which looked out on to the tops of the trees, and into which filtered pale rays of the winter sun — the first sunshine I had seen since arriving in London. The room, to judge from the toys, mixed with books and pamphlets and papers, piled on tables and overflowing on to chairs, served as study, living room, and nursery combined. And on the sofa sat Mrs. MacDonald with the kindest look I have ever seen in human eyes, and with her fifth child, little Joan, then perhaps a year old, upon her knee. Ishbel and David, then perhaps six and four, were playing in the room. And later, the elder children, Alister and Malcolm, came in from school. Sheila was born a year later. And some months before her birth little David — 'our boy,' they called him — died; the one sorrow that clouded their married life.

Mrs. MacDonald made me feel at home at once. Presently Mr. MacDonald came in, wearing the red tie of the Socialists habitual with him in those days, when he was called the handsomest man in the House of Commons; and still more is this true

to-day, although his hair and moustache have changed from dark to silver gray. His talk was as direct and as informal as his wife's. And he seemed as detached as did his wife from the somewhat bare lunch that was served at a table toward the end of the living room.

They arranged that I should go with them in the special car for the delegates to attend the Labor Conference which was about to be held at Portsmouth. 'I shall be much engaged there,' said Mr. MacDonald (which indeed proved to be the case, he being the storm centre of every contest), 'but my wife will keep with you.' She it was who introduced me to all the comrades, and they gave me the passwords which let me into the world within the world, the Labor Movement of Great Britain. Thereafter, wherever I went, I was sent with an introduction to comrades, who met me at the trains and took me in charge, and usually kissed me at meeting and at parting, and gave me an introduction to the next town.

Thus it was that I got behind 'the stately façade, which is all that most people see of England,' and I saw what a very wise friend in the United States to whom I later told my experiences called 'the saddest sight in all Europe — the English people.' At the factory gates of provincial towns I saw the workers, narrow-chested, bent of shoulders, knock-kneed, and dwarfed in stature — the sorriest specimens of humankind I had ever looked upon. But likewise I saw the seeds of the new world which is in the making — the little bands of men and women all over the land who meet together week by week all through the year, as Christians used to meet together in a far-off time, declaring that the capitalist order is in process of dissolution and that it is for the workers to reorganize the Commonwealth so as to afford a chance for a good life to all.

When the MacDonalds took me over to the House of Commons there was an incident which typifies the material to which the Independent Labor Party has to look for recruits. Mrs. MacDonald and I were awaiting the coming of her husband in the lobby outside of the House called St. Stephen's Hall, and from among the several groups likewise waiting there came one to claim Mrs. MacDonald's acquaintance and to introduce her to the delegation of the unemployed who had come there to tell their representatives that they were starving. I followed across the hall and was introduced to a woman who in answer to my questions told me her miserable story. And then, her face brightening, she had said, 'But God has been wonderfully good to me.' I asked, 'Will you tell me how He has showed His goodness?' 'He has given me wonderful courage,' was her simple answer. It is this courage which burns in the hearts both of the Independent Labor Party leaders and of the rank and file.

IV

Soon after this visit to the House of Commons I went to live at a settlement in Bermondsey, and there I got an impression of a very different element to which Labor must look for its recruits, and likewise I got MacDonald's explanation. Being in England for the specific purpose of seeing the Socialism of which we in the United States were just beginning to hear, I naturally attended all the Socialist meetings that I knew about. Philip Snowden was booked to speak at the Bermondsey Town Hall, and I volunteered to canvass with the fliers. I would ring the bell of the mean little houses and the door would be opened a

few inches, allowing me a view of a slatternly woman whose hair was always done up in crimping pins. I would start to explain about the meeting, but the door would be slammed in my face. I spoke to Mr. MacDonald about these degraded-looking women, and he answered: 'Yes, what you see is the third generation of industrialism. The working women of Great Britain have lost the home-making arts.'

He made the same comment on the dwarflike men and women whom we saw in the cotton-mill district in Lancashire where I went to trail him for a series of meetings for which he was advertised; but there was this difference in the Lancashire folk — that though their bodies were stunted, and no doubt likewise their minds, they had been trained in trade-unionism for several generations, and they have thus retained standards of living and habits of self-help. Thus Lancashire has been the backbone of the Labor Movement.

I got a real feeling of intimacy with Mr. MacDonald during this Lancashire trip, as we stayed in the same hotel at Rochdale, from which he went by train or by trolley to the near-by towns; and one afternoon he asked me to walk with him about the historic town.

MacDonald is a great speaker; he has a rich voice, and his strong Scotch accent gives a new beauty to the English tongue. I have heard numberless speeches from him, first and last, and I never heard the same speech twice. He is likewise a prolific writer, both of bound books and of contributions to a Socialist weekly and monthly. Thus it is easy to see how vast has been his part in shaping the Socialist mind of Great Britain.

MacDonald was first elected to the House of Commons in 1906, when the Taff Vale decision roused the workers to defend what they conceived to be their rights. That election brought the nation to recognize them as a power to be reckoned with. Mrs. MacDonald was often in the House gallery, and, whether or no, she was up when her husband got home, to give him his supper; and they counseled together over every move that was made.

The last time I saw MacDonald's wife was at a by-election at Croydon, where she appeared one morning and sat among the other helpers as if she were completely one of themselves. My last word was a little message on a post card carrying her picture with little Joan in her arms, as she and her husband were starting for India. They were summoned back by an unexpected general election, to be met by the news that a leading Socialist and most dear friend named Mary Middleton was dying. Almost immediately after the election little David, the most beautiful and gifted of their children, sickened and died, followed eight days later by MacDonald's mother, always a mother to his wife and children. Mr. MacDonald sent me the little pamphlet giving the funeral service held for David. In a few months came Sheila's birth. Meanwhile, Mary Middleton's life was drawing to a close; and when the end came 'the will to live,' said MacDonald, 'seemed to go out of my wife.' She died on September 8, 1911, holding her husband's hand until her hand should be clasped by those who had gone before her. Her husband sent me the pamphlet giving the funeral services at which friends and intimates said their farewell to a dearly beloved comrade.

MacDonald did not dare to speak, so he said, of his wife's tenderness for their children. But he did tell of her realization that they were personali-

ties, due to play their part in the world, and that it was her duty to leave them free and even to drive them back upon themselves, lest she do violence to the life that was their hidden spring. Her work for them was spiritual. 'It would be so easy to spoil them!' she said. And on the last sad day when she had been told that her own hours were numbered she said to her husband, 'Oh, put romance into the lives of the children! Teach them to know the things of the spirit.'

As one sees MacDonald to-day with his children, now grown men and women, about him, one feels sure that he has carried out his wife's behest. Their baby Sheila, always appealing to me because of her romantic name and the tragedy that overshadowed her birth, is a bonny girl, studying at the University of London. Joan is studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh. Ishbel, the oldest of the daughters, left the University of London when her father was first made Prime Minister to do the social functions of Downing Street. She seems to take life very seriously. In 1926, when I was in London, her father was planning a flying trip to the United States, and I asked Ishbel if she would accompany him. She said in an almost frightened tone, 'Oh, no; I could not leave the Committee'; to which her father responded playfully, 'She is the honorary secretary of the School Committee, and she thinks it is her part to do all the work.' She campaigned for her brother Malcolm in 1923, when a general election came on unexpectedly while he was on a debating tour in the United States, and she campaigned for him again in the last election, in which he was victorious. She is now a member of the London County Council.

Ishbel and her father are obviously great friends. She seems untouched by the prominence of her position. A friend wrote me recently from London: 'I saw Ishbel in the Tube lift a day or two ago; she is a nice-looking child and absolutely unspoiled.' She is alleged to have remarked when she and her father first returned from Buckingham Palace: 'The Queen and I were the only women there whom I consider were properly dressed.'

Of the boys, the younger, Malcolm, won a seat in Parliament in the last election. How MacDonald will enjoy his comradeship! The older son, Alister, is an architect. I got a glimpse of his public mind when I read his protest, several years ago, against the destruction of the Wren bridge across the Thames. He is married and has two children. And their grandfather has little attention for anyone else when they are present!

And little David? I noticed a bust of the child when I was at the MacDonalds' house a couple of years ago. That made me inadvertently use his name, when I meant to ask for Malcolm. 'Where is David!' exclaimed MacDonald with blanched face and in a tone that seemed fit to raise the dead. David evidently lives for his father among his other children.

V

During the war, MacDonald underwent what seemed to be a total eclipse, for he stood for a negotiated peace when all Great Britain would hear no word except more war. In the general election of 1919 he was flung out of Parliament, and he was defeated repeatedly as he stood for one and another constituency. How did he bear his life during those years? Had his wife been with him, one could have understood. But to have closed the doors in his own face when he would have been welcomed into the Liberal

Cabinet and later into the Coalition Cabinet, and to find himself hooted when he took the platform, and then to go to his desolate home — oh, those must have been bitter years! I wonder, was it the Scotch in him that pulled him through?

Finally, however, the tide turned. In 1923, the Tories made a bid for a new lease of power on the basis of what they call tariff reform and we in this country call protection, and MacDonald spoke to crowds at last eager to hear him, all across the country. He was returned to Parliament from Aberavon in South Wales. While falling short of an absolute majority, Labor had the largest block of votes in Parliament, and the King sent for MacDonald to form the first Labor Government in Great Britain.

Labor held office then, as it does to-day, by grace of support from Liberal votes. In 1924, after only nine months in office, it was thrown out of power. Whether the Liberals played fair or played foul may be a matter of dispute. But two big things were accomplished by MacDonald's brief term of office.

First, he demonstrated that Labor is fit to rule, with its own well-trained trade-union leaders and an adequate support from the best of the former Liberal Party; and second, his outspoken stand for peace at the Geneva Conference when he was in office made a profound impression on the temper of Europe. These facts sank into the public mind during the years that he led the Opposition, and in the general election last May his party rose from 162 seats to 288, while the Tories fell from 400 seats to 255, and the Liberals, despite their great campaign fund, increased their seats only from 46 to 57. The Communists lost their solitary seat.

The continued dependence of Labor upon the Liberal votes is a vast disappointment to ardent spirits. But it seems to me, an outsider, it may become an asset. If Labor were supreme, how could it not attempt to take radical steps to right the wrongs which afflict society? And how could it be hoped that the country would stand behind attempts at rapid transformation?

Ramsay MacDonald is a Socialist in his thought through and through. But he is likewise an evolutionist; he understands that social customs must grow. The goal is always in his mind; but a slow accomplishment is equally present with him. Thus the necessity, which even the most impatient must understand, of attracting and holding Liberal votes may prove a condition which will give to Labor a long lease of power.

Beneath the windows of the apartment in Lincoln's Inn Fields where MacDonald made his home for so many years is a long semicircular bench, and above it a statue of his wife with her arms stretched wide over groups of children — a beautiful and fitting memorial. But Lincoln's Inn Fields is obviously an unsuitable location in which to bring up children, and not long after his wife's death Mr. MacDonald moved up to 9 Howitt Road, in the neighborhood of Hampstead. He has recently bought a stately house in Hampstead called Upper Frognal Lodge, which has a big garden and from which he can look across London. The Queen asked him, — and this is authentic, — 'Mr. MacDonald, may I ask you why you bought your home?' To which he made answer: 'Madam, I bought it because I fell in love with it!' I confess I felt like asking him the Queen's question. But not so the Labor Party of Great Britain. Without a doubt, they love the stately old English ways. They call

him Ramsay or Mac or J. R. as in the old days. He is the man who stood with them when they were but a mere handful, who was humbly born and hardly reared, and who understands them and their ways. But all the same he is the Prime Minister, and they like to see him housed as befits the first man in the nation.

Ramsay MacDonald stands to-day with no rift in the ranks behind him. Even the Tories agree that his cabinet is an exceptionally strong one. And they, and all the world, are awaiting expectantly what his government will bring forth, to repair and to revise the shattered fortunes of Great Britain.

LIBERTY IN THE SOVIET STATE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

SEVERAL years ago an American came to Moscow for the purpose of studying the state of civil liberty under the Soviets. This evoked an outburst of uncontrolled amusement from a Russian acquaintance, a former Social Democrat, who had suffered the not uncommon fate of being a political prisoner both under the Tsarist régime and under the Soviet Government.

'Civil liberty in the Soviet Union!' he laughed. 'Soon some historian will begin to investigate the status of civil liberty under Ivan the Terrible. He will find just as much there as your American student will discover here.'

Certainly the things which the average Western European or American associates with the phrase 'civil liberties' — freedom of speech and press for all citizens, freedom of political organization, guaranties against arbitrary search and arrest — are completely nonexistent in Russia to-day.

Not only is there no opposition press in Russia, but every newspaper or periodical dealing with political questions is under Communist control, and voices in news and editorials alike only the orthodox Communist point of view. There are no privately owned newspapers in Russia; every organ of the press is issued either by a Soviet, by a local or national Committee of the Communist Party, by a trade-union, or by some other public institution or organization; and in every case the direction of the newspaper's policies by a responsible Communist is ensured.

The writ of habeas corpus does not run in Russia. Anyone suspected of a political or economic offense may be arrested, held in prison for an indefinite period, and finally exiled, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, or even, in rare and extreme cases, executed, simply by the fiat of the all-powerful Gay-Pay-Oo, or political police. The full formal title of this institution is United State Political Administration, usually shortened in Russia to Gay-Pay-Oo, which is a combination of the first three letters of the Russian words for State Political Administration. No

one has ever been able to secure any official statistics regarding the number of persons who are in prison or in exile for political offenses in the Soviet Union; but the free use which the Gay-Pay-Oo makes of its sweeping powers of arrest makes it certain that this figure is one of the highest in the world. There was a huge round-up of political suspects after the breach of diplomatic relations with England and the murder of Volkov, the Soviet Ambassador in Warsaw, in the spring of 1927. Most of the persons arrested were released after a period of interrogation, but a number credibly estimated at little less than a thousand were exiled or imprisoned. A laconic note in the Soviet press last January announced the arrest of one hundred and fifty members of the underground Trotzkyist organization. The vast majority of political arrests in Russia are never reported in the press.

No meeting may be held in Russia without a permit; and such permits are practically never given for gatherings where even the most indirect forms of political criticism might be voiced. I can recall only two exceptions which tend to prove this general rule. The anarchists held a meeting to honor the memory of the pioneer figure in Russian anarchism, Mikhail Bakunin, in the summer of 1926; and some of the speakers here uttered more or less veiled attacks on Communist theory and practice, from the anarchist standpoint. In the autumn of 1928, during the celebration of the Tolstoy centenary, a Tolstoyan suggested the disbandment of the Red Army, the abolition of capital punishment and of the sale of vodka. Such episodes, however, are extremely infrequent.

During the civil war a few Mensheviki contrived to get themselves elected to Soviet Congresses, but the last of these feeble voices of political opposition were stilled in 1920 or 1921. Any non-Communist political parties and groups are regarded as counter-revolutionary organizations, liable to summary suppression by the Gay-Pay-Oo. While the Soviets include a certain number of non-party members, they do not provide any forum for the expression of views at variance with the official Communist programme.

Academic freedom also does not exist in Russia. Any professor who lets drop any unguarded word critical of the existing régime or who holds in history or economics, philosophy or science, non-Marxian or idealistic views at variance with the prevalent dogma of materialism is likely to be dismissed.

The severe regimentation of political thought and activity is by no means confined to individuals and groups committed to a capitalist outlook or to the non-Communist interpretations of socialism held by the Mensheviki and Social Revolutionists. Beginning with the autumn of 1927, when arrests of Trotzkyist adherents began, the Gay-Pay-Oo has directed more and more of its activity against the Trotzkyists and other dissident Communists. Membership in the Communist Party has never been a guaranty against arrest for views and activities which are regarded as subversive in relation to the Soviet State. So in 1923 two secret groups, the Workers' Truth and the Workers' Group, both consisting mainly, if not entirely, of Communist Party members, were broken up by the Gay-Pay-Oo. It is an amusing and suggestive fact, illustrative of the varying conceptions of political liberty which prevail in Russia and in Western Europe, that German, French, and British Communists, avowedly aiming at the revolutionary overthrow of the governments of those countries, have been free to publish daily newspapers and books advocating their views, whereas

no Russian Communist group which disagrees with the party leadership is permitted to make its views known to the party masses through similar means.

II

The Gay-Pay-Oo, the chief agency for maintaining this system of rigorous controls, is probably the most powerful and extensive secret police system existing anywhere in the world. It is the direct lineal successor of the Cheka, the grim secret police that struck such terror into the enemies of the Revolution during the period of civil war. The Gay-Pay-Oo really enjoys most of the rights of the Cheka, including that of inflicting death sentences. The right of the Gay-Pay-Oo to function in the triple rôle of policeman, judge, and executioner is clearly brought out in Premier Rykov's reply to the protest of some British Labor Party leaders against the prompt execution of twenty alleged counter-revolutionists in reprisal for the murder of the Soviet Ambassador, Volkov, in the spring of 1927. Rykov stated in this connection: 'The sentence of the Gay-Pay-Oo is characterized in your telegram as "executions without legal trial." This is not the case. According to the law of our state the collegium of the Gay-Pay-Oo is competent in all cases when it is necessary to take energetic action against the counter-revolution; in these cases it then has all the rights of a revolutionary tribunal.' In practice, however, the Gay-Pay-Oo makes much more sparing use of the right of inflicting death sentences than did the Cheka. Whereas the executions by the Cheka during the years of desperate civil war ran well into thousands, the annual lists of persons shot by order of the Gay-Pay-Oo could probably be reckoned in scores, or, at most, in hundreds.

A veil of impenetrable secrecy is drawn over the precise number of Gay-Pay-Oo executions during the last few years, since no official statistics have been published, and there is no rule that executions must be reported in the press. Mr. Roger Baldwin, in his book, *Liberty under the Soviets*, declares that Menzhinsky in conversation with members of an American Labor Delegation which visited Russia in 1927 gave the figure of 1500 for executions ordered by the Gay-Pay-Oo between 1922 and 1927. I have nothing to add in proof or disproof of this second- or third-hand testimony. The largest number of executions on any one occasion in the Soviet Union during recent years took place after the short-lived uprising of the Georgian Mensheviki in August 1924. Two correspondents who visited Georgia after the uprising, Herr Paul Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and Mr. Louis Fischer of the New York *Nation*, were told by responsible Soviet Georgian officials that several hundred of the participants in this uprising were executed, and popular rumor set the figure still higher. It is not clear whether these Georgian executions were included in Menzhinsky's total figure.

The Gay-Pay-Oo has its own regiments, reserved for employment in special emergencies when it might be inexpedient to employ regular troops. Its original head was Felix Dzerzhinsky, organizer of the Cheka and one of the strongest personalities of the Revolution; his successor is another Pole, Menzhinsky. Although it is not formally a Commissariat, its head has the right to attend sessions of the Soviet Cabinet. It has six sections, or departments: the operative, which exercises general supervision over the workings of the organization and directs the troops' movements; the foreign, designed to ferret out cases of

counter-revolution and economic espionage originating abroad; the economic, which keeps an eye on state industry and trade and punishes such offenses as smuggling and counterfeiting; the transport section, which maintains order on the railroads and inspects travelers' passports; the military, which watches out for symptoms of disaffection in the army; and the secret service, which deals with counter-revolutionary activities and tendencies in Russia. It is this last section that inspires most fear in the classes which are chiefly exposed to the supervision of the Gay-Pay-Oo. A survey of the special prisons and places of exile maintained by the Gay-Pay-Oo would doubtless reveal an extraordinary collection of types who had landed in its far-flung net from the greatest variety of causes. There would be priests and sectarian leaders whom the priests themselves would have been quick to denounce in pre-war days; kulaks and speculators and Trotzkyists who thought the party was not sufficiently ruthless in dealing with kulaks and speculators; Mensheviki, Social Revolutionists, Georgian Nationalists, and old Tsarist officers and officials.

The Gay-Pay-Oo makes most of its arrests by night and heightens the terror which surrounds it by operating with a maximum degree of secrecy. Its chiefs almost never give interviews; one would scarcely know of the existence of the organization by reading the Soviet press. Ordinary criminals arrested by the Gay-Pay-Oo are often handed over to the regular courts; political offenders are almost always dealt with by the secret administrative process of imprisonment, banishment to some remote part of the Soviet Union (the northern regions of Siberia are often used for this purpose, as was the case under the Tsar), or a milder form of exile, which consists of prohibition to live in the six largest cities of the Soviet Union. One of the most dreaded places of confinement under charge of the Gay-Pay-Oo is an old monastery on Solovyetzky Island, in the White Sea. Several years ago some disorder among the political prisoners there led to the killing and wounding of a number of them by the prison guards; and in 1925, possibly as a result of the intensive agitation which was carried on in the foreign *émigré* press, it was decided that all political prisoners should be removed to places of confinement on the mainland. The term 'political prisoner' is rather restricted in its application, however; it apparently does not cover ecclesiastics, for instance, although many of them are certainly confined on political and semipolitical charges; and it appears that some Georgian Nationalists were left on the island. Most of the inmates of Solovyetzky Island now, however, are criminals of the hardened type and persons charged with speculation and other economic offenses.

Inasmuch as no foreign observer has been able to visit Solovyetzky Island it is impossible with any assurance to strike the balance of factual truth between the stories of overcrowding, ill treatment, bad labor conditions, and high death rate which are told by persons who have been confined there and the reassuring denials of the Soviet Commissariat for Justice. It is certainly a place from which the average Russian very strongly desires to keep away.

III

How many of the persons who fall into the hands of the Gay-Pay-Oo are really guilty of offenses against the Soviet State, and how many are victims of suspicion or false denuncia-

tion? In view of the complete secrecy which shrouds the proceedings of the organization it would be as impossible to give an authoritative answer to this question as to state with any certainty how many of the people consigned to the Bastille under the *lettres de cachet* system practised in France under the Bourbons were enemies of the existing régime and how many were imprisoned by accident or mistake.

With its army of spies, agents, and informers and its sweeping powers of arrest, the Gay-Pay-Oo has every reason to be a well-informed secret police; and it has unquestionably broken up many plots and unearthed many economic offenses. One of its most brilliant feats of detective work was the luring into Russia in 1926 of the Monarchist émigré, V. V. Shulgin, and the escorting him about the country on a sort of Gay-Pay-Oo personally conducted tour, introducing him to many 'Monarchists' who were really its own secret agents.

But any arbitrary police system is bound to make mistakes, especially when, as in Russia, the welfare of the State is considered infinitely more important than the security of the individual. A wide shadow of fear and unjust suspicion is cast by the Gay-Pay-Oo and its methods.

The fear of meeting foreigners is very prevalent among the old bourgeoisie and old intelligentsia, and one cannot say in the light of existing conditions that it is unfounded. Foreign residents in Russia are kept under fairly close surveillance by the Gay-Pay-Oo; but, aside from the handicap of being socially isolated from many Russians of the classes which are most exposed to suspicion and the minor annoyance of occasionally receiving letters which have obviously been opened in transit, they have no harsh treatment to complain of. The Gay-Pay-Oo method of summary arrest on suspicion is for domestic application only. Looking back over seven years of fairly constant residence in Russia, I can recall few cases of arrests of foreigners and still fewer where these arrests were followed by serious consequences in the shape of banishment or long-term prison sentences. Even the right to expel 'undesirable aliens,' asserted by every government, is sparingly exercised in the Soviet Union.

The two cases of arrests of foreigners which aroused the greatest stir both, curiously enough, affected citizens of Germany, the country which has been most consistently friendly in its official relations with the Soviet Union. In the summer of 1925 three German students in Moscow — Kindermann, Wolscht, and Von Dittmar — were arrested and placed on trial before the Supreme Court of the Union, charged with a rather fantastic plot to assassinate Stalin and other Soviet leaders. The chief witness for the State was Von Dittmar, who was hotly denounced in Germany as a 'pathological liar.' Death sentences were passed on the students, but were promptly commuted; and shortly afterward these three young men, along with several other German citizens, were exchanged for a mysterious Russian who went by the name of Skobelevsky and was under sentence of death in Germany for alleged participation in the Communist disturbances in the autumn of 1923.

The other case was the arrest of several German engineers and mechanics in the Shachti sabotage case in the spring of 1928. The engineer and two mechanics who were actually brought to trial were all acquitted; but the whole episode created a bad impression in Germany and is not likely to be repeated.

IV

The amount of freedom enjoyed by foreign press correspondents, while it affects a very small number of persons directly, is obviously of some importance in determining the value of information sent out from Russia. Technically the situation in this field has not changed for a number of years. All news telegrams must be stamped in advance by an official in the Press Department of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. There is no preliminary examination of articles sent by post; but a correspondent who endeavored to evade the censorship by sending through the mails items of information which did not pass the telegraphic censorship would most probably find his permission to stay in Russia speedily terminated.

The news censorship is not severe, as censorships go, and shows a slow but steady tendency toward giving the foreign journalist increasing latitude in conveying impressions as well as facts. One rule of the censorship is that anything may be telegraphed which has appeared in the press; and, while this might seem a hollow concession in view of the fact that the newspapers are all under Communist control and are sent abroad anyway, so much unfavorable material is printed in them, especially in connection with the campaign of 'self-criticism,' which will be described later on, that many of the uncompromisingly hostile correspondents who send their Russian news from Riga and other foreign centres find much of their ammunition in the Soviet press.

In normal times the censorship is little more than a routine process incidental to sending a telegram; it tends to become tighter in periods of severe economic or international stress or acute internal party dissension. Sometimes it is not the substance of a dispatch but the manner of phrasing it which excites critical attention; and friendly philological discussions as to the precise meaning and implications of certain adjectives and phrases between the correspondents and the censor are not uncommon.

No journalist likes to work under a censorship; but, given the peculiar combination in Russia of a government that controls every line of its own press and a foreign press that is not, to put it mildly, overfriendly to the Soviet régime, some arrangement for the control of outgoing news is probably inevitable, and it is better under the circumstances that this control should be open than that it should exist in secret form. I can recall very few important pieces of news which have been completely suppressed by the Soviet censorship during the last few years, although some items have undoubtedly got out in delayed and weakened form. I think a comparison of the news dispatches from Moscow and those sent about Russia from Riga, Helsingfors, Berlin, and other places outside the country would demonstrate beyond any doubt that, despite the handicaps which are implicit even in the mildest censorship, Russia can be reported more reliably, more accurately, and more intelligently from Moscow than from any foreign city.

The assertion is often made that correspondents and foreigners in general in Russia are so subjected to official supervision that they are unable to make any independent investigation or to form any correct idea of actual conditions. I am convinced from personal experience that this assertion is baseless. Of course, under a dictatorship there are always difficulties in correctly gauging popular sentiment which do not exist in countries where people of all shades of opinion feel

free to express their views openly. Many of the old propertied and educated classes make a point of avoiding foreigners, although a very few contacts with these classes are sufficient to give an adequate idea of their views and feelings.

But for the correspondent who wishes to take the time and trouble working-class and peasant Russia, the Russia of 90 per cent of the population, lies open to explore as he wishes. Except for Soviet Central Asia (which was also a restricted zone for foreign travelers before the war, on account of the proximity to India and the fear of British spies), one can travel anywhere in the Soviet Union. I have repeatedly struck off the main lines of communication to visit factory settlements and peasant villages and talked freely with the people without encountering any evidences of official espionage or obstruction; in fact it is a general rule that the farther one goes away from Moscow the less one sees and hears of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

It is true that some individuals and delegations have turned in reports about the Soviet Union which suggest not so much what an impartial outsider might think of the workings of the Soviet system as what the Soviet Government thinks about itself. But I think this is due, not to the existence of any insuperable barriers placed in the way of free investigation, but to the fact that the individuals and delegations in question either were naïve and credulous in their approach to the problem or came to Russia with preconceived ideas which they were glad to have confirmed. I should not wish to suggest that all the superficial and incompetent observation is through favorable spectacles; the visitor who comes to Moscow with a strongly unfavorable bias can pick up enough hostile gossip, most of it exaggerated and much of it quite untrue, to fill up a book in record time.

V

Passing through a Russian provincial town, I recently saw a Soviet election placard which cited Lenin as the authority for the statement that 'the Soviet State is a million times more democratic than the most democratic bourgeois republic.' Against the background of political repression which is incarnated in the Gay-Pay-Oo this claim may seem so strange as to be almost ironical. Yet there can be no doubt that Lenin was perfectly serious when he made it and that Russian Communists are convinced that their system provides more liberty than exists in other countries.

Their first argument in this connection is that the private capitalist system itself involves the oppression and economic exploitation of a wage-earning majority by a propertied minority. Therefore, by abolishing or greatly limiting private capitalism through the nationalization of industry and transport, banking and the land, the Communists, in their own judgment, have taken a stride in the direction of fundamental economic liberty which enormously outweighs the limitation of individual liberties involved in the present system.

A second line of argument is to the effect that these restrictions are class restrictions, directed against numerically small classes which will vanish altogether in the future Communist society. It is further argued that every great social revolution involves a period of ruthless suppression of the sympathizers with the order which has been overthrown.

Finally it is contended that the so-called civil liberties of democratic countries are fallacious and unreal, because the possession of superior re-

sources of wealth enables the richer classes to control the press and the schools, to influence, directly or indirectly, the procedure of the courts and the issue of elections.

Whatever one may think of these arguments it is only fair to note that the Russian Revolution, while sweeping away even the poor crumbs of civil liberty which existed under the Tsar (a pale and almost powerless parliament, elected on a narrow franchise, a few newspapers which might very cautiously criticize the official point of view, and so forth), has brought certain social liberties which to the uneducated or scantily educated masses of the people are probably more valuable than the right to vote for rival parties in elections or to write theoretical critical articles. In judging the effect of the absence of civil liberties on the mood of the Russian people it should never be forgotten that the vast majority of these people have not the slightest conception of what these liberties are; that they are not so far removed from the insurgent soldiers who followed the Dekabristi, shouting, 'Constantine and Constitutsia!' ('Constantine and a Constitution!') under the impression that 'Constitutsia' was Constantine's wife.

What are the social liberties which are associated with the Revolution? First of all, the disappearance of 'superior' social classes, based on wealth and birth. The worker does not have to cringe before the 'Red director' of the Soviet factory as, in pre-war times, he cringed before the private owner of the factory. He can write letters to the press complaining of conditions in the factory and suggesting changes, something which a worker would scarcely do with impunity even in democratic capitalist countries, where factories are private and not public concerns.

A peasant once remarked to me: 'After the Revolution there was more freedom; I got land.' To him freedom meant, not the opportunity to vote for a parliamentary Peasant Party, but the possession of a slice of the landlord's estate. And this identification of land with liberty is a very traditional attitude of mind with the Russian peasantry. It was no accident that one of the revolutionary societies of the nineteenth century called itself 'Land and Liberty.' It is true that most peasants have not been singing any very loud hymns to liberty since the Communist Party went over to its more radical agrarian policy in the winter of 1927–1928. To the peasant the pressure exerted to make him sell his grain at low fixed prices seems quite as definite an infringement of liberty as the extortion of high rent by the grasping landlord of pre-revolutionary days. But the big landlords have gone forever; it is rather unlikely that the semi-requisitioning methods which have been used in purchasing the peasants' grain during the last two years will last very long.

In general the common man in Russia to-day has the sense of release, of social liberty, that comes with the disappearance of classes which are visibly above him in wealth and opportunity, culture and social status. When I called on the Soviet governor of an important industrial province, a man who had held high office in the trade-union movement and accompanied a diplomatic delegation to England, I found him in his office wearing the high boots and collarless blouse that constitute part of the distinctive costume of the Russian worker. Walking on the streets or riding on a train, he would have been indistinguishable from the textile workers of the province. He certainly represented a different type of official from the deco-

rated 'high excellency' who would most probably have held the corresponding post under the Tsar.

Whether the plebeian leveling which characterizes so many fields of Russian social and cultural life is an unmixed blessing is highly debatable. But that it gives to the masses, at least to those of them who have absorbed some of the revolutionary propaganda, a sense of liberty which they did not possess in former times is, I think, undeniable. Other liberties which have come with the new social order are greater freedom for women, more humane treatment of the soldier in the Red Army, recognition of the right of racial minorities to use freely their own languages, greater liberty for children in the schools — although this last form of freedom, it must be said, is less in evidence where teachers and professors are not in hearty sympathy with the new régime.

One must also note the practice of 'self-criticism,' very widely developed in some spheres of Soviet life, sharply limited or nonexistent in others. Following the Shachti trial and the detection of some scandals in local party organizations, the Communist Party Central Committee in 1928 issued an appeal urging the party and trade-union members to subject to merciless criticism abuses in the state administration and management of industry. The result of this was a veritable flood of letters and articles in the press, revealing real or alleged abuses. For a vivid first-hand picture of the defects of the Soviet civil service and the socialist management of industry one has only to turn to the columns of the Soviet press. In some cases, with the Russian tendency toward exaggeration, the criticism was really overdone, and one had the curious spectacle of a press, published under the strictest control of a ruling party, representing some conditions as worse than they actually were.

Of course, there are important and substantial limitations on this practice of 'self-criticism.' It never touches the activities of the Gay-Pay-Oo, for instance. The basic policies of the Communist Party are never subjected to critical discussion; and one can scarcely imagine a Soviet publishing house issuing a book entitled *The Man Who Knew Stalin* and animated by the same spirit of satire that characterized Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*. A shrewd Ukrainian peasant once gave me what I should consider a fair appraisal of the amount and character of popular criticism permissible under Soviet rule. He said in substance: —

'If our local Soviet president is a drunkard and a grafter, we have more opportunity to complain and more chance of getting him removed than we should have had in putting out a bad official under the Tsar. But suppose we think the whole Communist agrarian policy is wrong — that they ought to stop forcing us into collective farms and give us the right to develop as individual farmers. We have n't much chance to express thoughts of that kind.'

VI

Liberty is always a relative and personal conception; and in the wake of a great social upheaval it is inevitable that what is one man's freedom should be another man's tyranny. The outlook of two personal acquaintances helps to illustrate this point.

Vladimir Nikolaevitch was the son of an educated family of moderate means. From his student days he was a revolutionary, a member of the Social Democratic Party. The Tsarist Government sent him into exile. His reaction

to 1917 was that of the typical radical intellectual. The cruel and destructive sides of the Revolution bulked largest in his mind; he expressed his ideas rather freely and was clapped into jail. He was released after a comparatively short detention because of old friendships with influential Communists, and during the last few years he has led a fairly unmolested life. But to him the Soviet régime is slavery of the worst kind, slavery of the mind as well as of the body. He can only do some kind of mechanical clerical work. He cannot publish a book or article, even on a nonpolitical subject, without the risk of having the censor stop it for some heterodox expression. He cannot even state his ideas in conversation, except to a small circle of trusted friends.

Ivan Ivanovitch before the war was a worker in one of the large Moscow metal factories. He joined the Bolshevist Party in the big revolutionary upswing of 1917, took part in the fighting in the streets of Moscow in November, and was one of the first volunteers to join the Red Army. He fought on one front after another, was captured by the White Army of General Yudenitch, and had his teeth knocked out by a brutal jailer, but thought himself lucky to escape with his life. After the civil war he went back to work in the factory, where he is now the secretary of the Communist local branch. This activity keeps him busy, but he still finds time to attend courses at an evening *rabfac*, or workers' high school, where, besides a firmer grounding in the tenets of Leninism, he gets his first acquaintance with Russian literature and some of the elementary facts of science. To him the Revolution has been a great liberating experience and he would simply regard it as axiomatic that the Soviet State, being a workers' state, is the freest in the world.

One could vary the human types and multiply the evidence on both sides indefinitely. I should rather think that the number of people in Russia who consciously feel liberated as a result of the Revolution probably exceeds the number who feel more oppressed than they were under Tsarism. Therefore, while there is a strong and justified sense of repression among the former propertied and educated classes, it would, I think, be a mistake to assume that the whole Russian people feels itself repressed.

It would scarcely seem that there is any likelihood of serious modification or relaxation of the system of political control exemplified in the Gay-Pay-Oo and its methods. In the latter part of 1927, Stalin, in the course of an interview granted to an American labor delegation, likened the Gay-Pay-Oo to the Committee of Public Safety in the French Revolution and declared: 'The Revolution needs the Gay-Pay-Oo, and the Gay-Pay-Oo will live with us to the terror of the enemies of the proletariat.'

This stringent police system grew up during the period of civil war and intervention; and its maintenance for a time was habitually defended by Communists on the ground that the security of the newly established Soviet State must be protected at all costs against plots and uprisings. Now, since the security of the State is taken for granted, the line of argument has changed to the effect that forces of discontent in Russia, however feeble, always have international connections and support from outside, and that the Gay-Pay-Oo is needed for defense against this alleged external danger. Inasmuch as this danger will presumably only be removed when there are Communist revolutions all over the world, or at least all over Europe, the Gay-Pay-Oo seems to be about as

permanently entrenched as any Soviet State organization.

The Russian and Communist attitude toward civil liberty cannot be fully appreciated and understood unless one constantly bears in mind the fact that Russia lay almost entirely outside the influence of three movements which probably contributed most to implant the ideal of respect for individual consciousness, thought, and judgment in the Western mind—namely, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. Unless he be a Communist of the most stalwart brand of faith, a Westerner, the more or less conscious cultural heir of Milton and Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, will never feel quite at home under the proletarian dictatorship. It is significant that Western-educated Communists are most apt to become implicated in Trotzkyist and similar heresies and to kick over the traces of party discipline.

But it would be a grave mistake to assume that Western psychology coincides with Russian in this matter of the importance of individual liberty. Just as Bolshevist Russia has attempted to leap from a rather early and undeveloped form of capitalism into socialism, so it is attempting to realize social and economic liberty without any preliminary background of individual liberty. The experiment is full of interest and contradictions.

Assuming that Russia for some time enjoys a peaceful and normal course of development, there are, I think, two factors which may tend to extend the sphere of liberty and democracy and to reduce the consciousness of repression. The spread of popular education will tend almost inevitably to make the Soviet and party and trade-union elections more real and to give the masses a larger effective voice in the management of everyday affairs.

Then the generations which grow up reading Soviet newspapers, attending Soviet schools, deriving their ideas from Soviet books, will most probably contain fewer active and passive rebels and dissidents to invite the attentions of the Gay-Pay-Oo. Will this gradual making over of the people into the Communist and Soviet mould be the final flowering of the social and economic liberty which Communists hold up as their final goal? Or will it be simply an amazing triumph of regimentation of the ideas and habits of a large passive majority by a small active minority? I shall leave this question for the metaphysicians.

THE FALL OF AUSTRIA

BY SIR JAMES HEADLAM-MORLEY

THE tenth of September marked the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Saint-Germain by which the Hapsburg Monarchy was formally dissolved. At the time the world took little notice; attention had for too long been concentrated on the overthrow of Germany, and, with the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, the great period of the Peace Conference had terminated. President Wilson had returned to America; Mr. Lloyd George had gone back to England; all that happened afterward seemed merely an epilogue, an aftermath; the liquidation of Austria and the future arrangements were left to the Foreign Ministers and to the officials.

But to the historian of the future the dethronement of the Hapsburgs and the dissolution of their Monarchy might well seem to be a greater event than the defeat of Germany. Even then it could be foreseen, and now it is well understood, that the Treaty of Versailles would appear simply as an episode in the history of the German nation; if the Hohenzollerns have disappeared, the Reich remains. Territorially it has indeed been cut down here and there, but Germany has come out of the war without losing the essential achievements of 1866 and 1871. The unity of the nation has been preserved, — in fact, it has been cemented by defeat and distress, — and already we are watching the slow and careful process by which Germany is setting about to regain her old position in Europe.

The fall of Austria is an event quite different in character: one of the oldest, the proudest, the most powerful states in Europe has been dissolved and shattered into fragments, and exists no more. For four centuries the history of Europe seemed to turn on the fortunes of the House of Austria; now the state and the army so long the bulwark of Europe against the Turks, which had imposed peace, order, and the elements of civilized government on those wide regions of Halb-Asien extending from the Black Sea to the Alps, have ceased to exist.

To many in England and in America this appeared to be an illogical, an unnatural, an unnecessary conclusion to the war. In the popular mind the war was one against the military predominance of Germany; Austria was of interest only as an ally, and a subordinate ally, of Germany; she was not a principal of the conflict and there seemed no particular reason why she should be the principal victim. We had no special quarrel with Austria; she was the one Power on the continent of Europe that appeared to have no political or military aims which could be inconvenient or dangerous to England, much less to America. Such intercourse as there had been was, as a rule, of a friendly nature.

I

The main criticism of the Austrian settlement is that the Conference, by the dissolution and dismemberment of

the Monarchy, brought about what is called the 'Balkanization' of Europe; that is, it substituted for the military and civil control of Vienna and Budapest a number of smaller states which were naturally at rivalry with one another, in each of which the excesses of nationalism quickly became apparent, and which in their internal affairs fell far short of the administrative capacity, the honesty, and the comparative humanity which the Austrian bureaucracy, with all its faults, had maintained. Whether this change was desirable or not, it must from the beginning be emphatically recorded that the Peace Conference itself had no responsibility for it. Austria-Hungary had fallen to pieces two months before the Conference met, and all that the Conference had to do was to ratify and confirm what had already taken place and to make the necessary arrangements for dealing with the situation which it found in existence.

But we must go back still further. For all that happened during the war, and the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy with which the war concluded, were implicit in the political situation before the war began. The future of Austria was in truth the main problem with which Europe was confronted in the year 1914. It was the direct and immediate cause of the outbreak of war; the fact that the war ended with the destruction of the Monarchy was no accidental or unexpected result. Least of all was it the result of deliberate purpose on the part of the Allies. Before the war began everything that has since happened had been foreseen by acute observers who had recognized that, by appealing to the sword, the Hapsburg Monarchy would be bringing about its own fall. It was doubtful whether Austria-Hungary could survive a victory; it was impossible that she should survive a defeat. We must therefore begin our investigation with an inquiry into the situation of Austria in 1914 and a consideration of the acts by which the Austrian Government brought about the war.

In order, then, to understand the end of the war it is necessary to go back to the beginning and inquire into the causes which led to it. There was at the time much misconception as to the part played by Austria. It was generally believed that she had been overpersuaded, if not actually coerced, by Germany into acts which made war inevitable, and that even at the last moment she had attempted to free herself from the consequences of these acts. This was all completely wrong. We now know that it was Austria which took the initiative throughout, that the action of Austria against Serbia was proposed entirely on her own responsibility, that the Austrian Government had deliberately come to the conclusion that a war with Serbia was justifiable and necessary, and even that it was better to risk a war with Russia than to desist from the intended attack against Serbia. During the last critical days it was the German Chancellor who was making futile and belated efforts to free himself from the entanglement in which he was involved, but all these efforts were frustrated by the obstinacy of Berchtold and his colleagues.

But even when we recognize the full measure of Austrian responsibility there is a further point which requires elucidation — the motives of Austrian action. It was easy to regard it as a concerted scheme of Austrian and German aggression in the East, as one more stage in the long rivalry between Austria and Russia for control over the Balkans. The quarrel between Austria and Serbia is then placed in the category of a Balkan question. But

this is a very incomplete and misleading point of view. We can now see that the ultimate motive for Austrian offensive action against Serbia was not merely her Balkan ambitions; to her there was something at stake infinitely more intimate and important — the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy itself. The war against Serbia was deliberately undertaken because it seemed to the soldiers and statesmen at Vienna that strong aggressive action was the only means of checking the decay and the disorganization which were rapidly destroying the fabric of the Monarchy. The world, in fact, was not confronted by the Turkish question, which for fifty years had so often threatened the peace of Europe; for the first time it was brought face to face with something much more serious — the Austrian question. M. Sorel concludes his book on the Eastern question, written in 1878, with the words: —

> For a hundred years we have been working to solve the question of the Orient. But the day we think we have settled that, Europe will be brought face to face with the question of Austria.

The Balkan Wars had solved the Turkish question, and the day which M. Sorel foresaw had arrived. M. Poincaré recognizes this. He says, in *L'Union Sacrée, 1914*: 'Inevitably the death of the Archduke, before that of the old Emperor, served not only to reopen the Balkan question, but to emphasize the Austrian.'

II

But if the problem of Austria was the true cause of the war, it was by the war that the future of Austria was to be determined. The history of Austria during the war falls into two chapters. During the first period she came completely under the control of the German and the military elements in the Empire itself. The real control of the civil power was transferred to the military authorities; it was a time when civil liberty in Austria, to a far greater extent than with any other of the European belligerents, was destroyed, military tribunals took the place of the regular courts, and in particular the Slavonic races of the Monarchy, the Czechs and the Croatians, were subjected to the closest control. But if the government at home was transferred to the military, at the same time the course of the military operations brought it about that the Austrian army itself was gradually being put into a position of subordination to the German High Command. It was a time when, in consequence, Naumann, in his well-known book, *Mitteleuropa*, could look forward to a future constitution of Europe in which a subordinate Austria would take its part among the other client states centred round the great institutions by which the victorious German army established its sway over the whole of Europe. At the end of 1916 a great change took place, a change inaugurated by the death of the old Emperor, which was quickly followed by the complete alteration in the political aspect of the war caused by the Russian Revolution and the coming in of America.

The assassination in October 1916 of Stürgkh by Friedrich Adler, the son of Victor Adler, the ablest and most respected of Socialist leaders, was a symptom of the general dissatisfaction with the military and bureaucratic dictatorship with which the country was being governed. One of the first acts of the young Emperor was to relax the strain; an amnesty was proclaimed and the prisons emptied. Moreover, the Austrian Parliament, which had not met since 1913, was now sum-

moned. It was indeed impossible for the government not to be affected by the general change in the political atmosphere which was brought about by the Russian Revolution. Everywhere on the Continent the voice of criticism began to be raised; it was no longer possible to maintain the embargo on discussions as to war aims, and in every such discussion increasing attention was given to the principles of which President Wilson was beginning to make himself the advocate. In July 1917, the majority in the German Reichstag declared for peace, without annexations and indemnities, but in Austria similar principles could only lead to a demand for freedom for the subject races from domination by the Germans and the Magyars. This freedom could take one of two forms, the reform and federalization of the Empire, so as to give full autonomy to each of the constituent races, or the dissolution of the Empire and complete independence.

There were still many who hoped and believed that the former alternative would be possible. The young Emperor had neither the ability nor the character resolutely to carry through so great a change, and indeed it was too late. The Czechs and the Yugoslavs only used the liberty of speech which they enjoyed in the reopened Reichsrat to explain, in scarcely veiled language, their open disloyalty to the State. The crisis came with the defeat of the German armies. This was followed by the surrender of Bulgaria on September 30 and the Austrian and German peace offers on October 4. For the moment the eyes of all were directed across the Atlantic; the Austrians, like the Germans, had asked for peace on the basis of the Fourteen Points.

President Wilson's answer came on October 18; in this he declared that the Government of the United States has recognized that a state of belligerency exists between the Czechoslovaks and the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires, and that the Czechoslovak National Council is a *de facto* belligerent Government, clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czechoslovaks.

It has also recognized in the fullest manner the justice of the nationalist aspirations of the Yugoslavs for freedom.

The President is therefore no longer at liberty to accept a mere 'autonomy' of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they, and not he, shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations.

These words were the death knell of Austria. The effect was decisive. The Slavonic members of the Austrian Parliament seceded and returned to Prague and Laibach. October 21 was the decisive day. The city of Prague rose; the government, practically without a struggle, was taken out of the hands of the *Stadthalter* and the Austrian authorities and from that day onward was carried on in the name of the Czechoslovak Republic. Immediately afterward an assembly was summoned at Agram with representatives of all the Southern Slav Provinces of the Monarchy, whether Austrian or Hungarian, and they negotiated and agreed to a union with the Serbian Kingdom, which became effective on December 1.

Already Hungary had formally severed her connection with Austria, and so it came about that by the end of November the Empire no longer existed. In particular the army on which it had so long depended, the army which had always remained both the symbol and the instrument of unity, had dissolved. Immediately after the defeat on the Piave in June, the Magyar

Government, with a singular want of loyalty, recalled all Magyar troops to Hungary. This was the signal for the complete dissolution of the army. The defeat became a rout; regiments broke up in disorder, and the whole army separated itself into its constituent elements. At Laibach station it was possible to see an empire in dissolution — Czechs, Croatians, Magyars, Poles, each tearing off the military symbols on their uniforms, violating regimental unity, and starting on their journey to their home country. They were no longer soldiers in the Austrian army; they were citizens of the new states which at that very moment were springing up from the débris.

The attitude of the Allies toward Austria during these last two years of the war has been criticized, as was not unnatural, on the ground that it was vacillating and inconsistent. There were indeed two main motives of policy. As we have seen, Austria was tending to fall more and more under the influence and control of Germany; if, then, the war were to end without a decisive defeat of Germany, the probable result would be that Austria-Hungary would cease to be a Great Power, of equal status to and independent of Germany, but would become a client state, with the result that German power over Eastern Europe would be enormously increased. This above all was to be avoided. There were two ways by which this might be done. The first was the separation of Austria-Hungary from Germany, the second the complete destruction of the Monarchy. Both policies had their advocates; both were being carried on at the same time.

From the time of the accession of the Emperor Charles there was abundant indication that the Austrian Government desired to be quit of the war, desired to make itself independent of Germany, and hopes were therefore raised that it might be entangled into making a separate peace. We have not space here to retell the story of the intrigues and negotiations, the secret conversations of Prince Sixte of Bourbon with the Emperor Charles, which led eventually to the fall of Czernin and did so much to discredit the Emperor; or of the Smuts-Mensdorff conversations, the story of which has been told to the public for the first time by M. Beneš. It is sufficient to point out that there were at least some who believed there was a real possibility of dividing Austria from Germany and making a separate peace. As we can now see, the hope was in fact impossible. What the Emperor Charles was willing to do was to enter into peace negotiations, but his object always was eventually to bring Germany in also; never did he seriously contemplate open treachery to his ally. Even had he desired this, it would not have been practicable, for the Austrian army was so intermingled with German forces, the Austrian frontier was so open to Germany, that an independent policy had become physically impossible. There remained, then, only the other alternative — the complete destruction of Austria, to be brought about by encouragement given to the subject Slavonic nations, and especially to the Czechs and the Yugoslavs.

At the beginning of the war we may confidently say that there was scarcely anyone in England to whom it occurred that one of the chief war weapons would be open encouragement to rebellion in Bohemia and Croatia. There was little knowledge of or interest in these subject races; how few knew or cared anything about the Czechs, let alone the Slovaks or Slovenians or Slavonians! It took three years of carefully organized propaganda before the leading members of

the British Government had been won over to the scheme. The inception and the success were ultimately due to one man. If there is anyone who may claim the credit — or, as some would call it, the discredit — of the destruction of Austria, it is Dr. Masaryk, the present President of the Czechoslovak State. He is the one man who, as early as August 1914, foresaw the course which the war would take; he at once determined that the end must be the destruction of Austria, and through all his writings, generally so equable, so philosophic, so detached, there runs a vein of hatred — based, as he would tell us, on the profoundest moral reasons — for Austria.

He believed that the opportunity had come for achieving the full freedom and independence of his country, but this he also saw would require a long war, and perhaps he was the only man who definitely foresaw and desired that the war should last for three or four years, for it would require all that time to win over the Allies to his policy and to make them understand that the deliverance of Europe from German hegemony could only be brought about by breaking up Austria into constituent parts and setting up the Slav nationalities each in full independence. In order to carry out this policy he left Austria and in Paris and London began his open propaganda, in which he was helped by his very able lieutenant, Dr. Beneš, who a few months later, at the peril of his life, succeeded in escaping to Switzerland and set up, as he tells us, that organization in Paris which was eventually to develop into a Czechoslovak Government.

III

When, thus, the Peace Conference met, on all the greater matters it had nothing left to do except to ratify and put on record decisions which had already been made and acts which had already been accomplished. The Austrian Empire had been shattered into fragments. The Conference had to deal with the Republic of Austria, comprising the old hereditary German provinces of the Counts of Hapsburg; so-called Czechoslovakia, the restoration of the old Kingdom of Bohemia, which had been in abeyance for three centuries; and a Kingdom of Hungary, which had dethroned the Hapsburgs and once more claimed to be an independent state. The South Slavonic Provinces had, by their own free act, united with the Kingdom of Serbia; and the great province of Galicia was, as to the western half, already merged into the newly constituted Polish State, while the eastern half, inhabited not by Poles but by Ruthenians, was starting a campaign to maintain its independence of Polish conquerors.

What the Conference then had to do was to give its final endorsement to that which had in fact been achieved, for who would for a moment contemplate an attempt to cancel these acts? When the Peace Conference is charged with having broken up the Austrian Monarchy, the answer is, Do you suggest that British and American soldiers should have been sent to force back the Czechs into a union which they had rejected, or to separate once more the Southern Slavs into separate states?

In some matters the decision of the Conference had been anticipated, even to a further degree, by an arrangement surely unique in diplomatic history. Not only had the Allies given their formal recognition to the newly constituted Czechish State, but the representatives of the Republic of Czechoslovakia were actually invited to take part in the Peace Conference as principals. It was indeed a remarkable position. The Kingdom of Bohemia

and the Duchy of Moravia, as part of the Austrian Empire, had fought throughout the war on the side of Germany. The revolution had taken place at the end of November; it was then, and only then, that Czechoslovakia came into existence, at the same time as, and in the same manner as, the new Republic of Austria. The soldiers of both states had fought side by side during the war; Bohemian representatives had until the very end sat in the Austrian Parliament and even in the Austrian Ministry, but suddenly the Czechs found themselves promoted to the position, not only of friends, but of allies who had taken part in the war against Germany, and they were actually asked to sign the Treaty of Peace with Austria, the state to which they themselves had belonged. When, we may well ask, was Czechoslovakia at war with Austria? Throughout the few days which intervened between the revolution and the armistice they had maintained a representative at Vienna, and friendly relations had taken place between the two infant republics.

That so strange a situation should have been brought about is the highest testimony to the diplomatic ability of Dr. Beneš, who, as we know from his own *Memoirs*, had for a long time been deliberately working to bring it about that his country should appear at the Peace Conference, not in the position which would have normally been assigned to it, as a suppliant, as a subject whose fate was to be determined, but as an active participant in the decisions, on an equality with the older states of Europe.

Let us confess that there is no reason for pride or satisfaction in the manner in which the Austrian question was dealt with by the Conference. Though, as we have seen, the main decisions had been made, there was still much to be done; all the details of the frontiers had to be determined, and, above all, there was the financial liquidation. In this case there was not merely, as in the case of Germany, the question of reparation and payments to the Allies; the whole question of the liquidation of the Austrian State, the assignment of its assets and liabilities between the constituent parts, the responsibility, for instance, of the pre-war and the war debt, had to be determined. And then again we must never forget that the great importance of the Austrian Monarchy lay not so much in the political or even the military side as in its commercial aspect. It constituted a closed customs union with a population of over fifty million; containing, as it did, both large mineral resources and wide areas of agricultural land, it provided a good market for manufactured articles and for agricultural products. The peasants of Galicia and the manufacturers of Bohemia and Lower Austria both profited by the fact that they belonged to the same commercial unit. Was this to be broken up? Were new barriers of trade to be set up where hitherto all had been free and open? And then there were such problems as the treatment of the railways, the navigation of the Danube, the disposal not only of the fleet, but also of the merchant shipping of Trieste and the Dalmatian coast.

All these things might seem to require early and rapid consideration, for the situation was dangerous. The four years of war had brought about a condition of destitution far beyond that which prevailed even in Germany; there were weeks when mass starvation in the city of Vienna was scarcely avoided. It was above all urgent to restore as rapidly as possible financial confidence and commercial enterprise in order that the ordinary routine of life might begin once more. The Allies

had their representatives at Vienna, who addressed urgent and repeated warnings to their governments, but no notice was taken and no action followed. Four months were allowed to elapse before the consideration of the most difficult parts of the Austrian Treaty was taken in hand, and then the only instructions issued to the commissions was that they should draft the Austrian Treaty on the model of the German Treaty.

There was indeed one exception. The territorial commissions had already begun their work and were busily occupied with the settlement of the frontiers of the new states, one commission for Poland, one for Czechoslovakia, and one for Rumania and Yugoslavia. It will be observed, therefore, that every territorial problem was approached, not from the point of view of the Republic of Austria or of Hungary, but from that of Serbia, Rumania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia; Austria and Hungary were merely the residuum which was left when the new states had been constituted and the transference of territory to Serbia and Rumania had been completed. None the less, so far as the Republic of Austria goes, — and we are on this occasion concerned with that alone, — except with regard to one point, the frontiers are not open to any really serious criticism. The representatives of Austria had indeed in the first enthusiasm of its new existence as an independent state demanded that the German-speaking districts in the north of Bohemia and Moravia should, because they were German-speaking, become part of the Republic of German Austria. The proposal was of course absurd and could not be considered for a moment, for there was no territorial connection between them. The Conference did wisely in accepting the principle that Bohemia should, as to both Germany and Austria, maintain its old frontiers which had existed unchanged for over five hundred years; unfortunately the pressure exercised by the Czechs led them to assent to some slight diversions, as, for instance, at Gmunden and the Valley of the Morava, which, though in themselves of no great importance, seemed to show an unfortunate bias.

There was more difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement as to the frontier with Yugoslavia, for here a new line had to be drawn; there was no old established provincial frontier which in the least coincided with the linguistic and racial division. The most difficult problem was that of Klagenfurt, and here it was wisely determined to have recourse to a plebiscite, the result of which was that the whole of the disputed area remained Austrian and the frontier was moved south to the natural geographical division, the ridge of the Karawanken Mountains. But as a result the great mass of the German-speaking Austrians remained in their old secular local unions, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Salzburg, Vorarlberg, and the Tyrol. The Tyrol, yes; but that brings us to what, by general opinion, is the great blot on the Austrian Treaty, the assignment to Italy of a three hundred thousand German-speaking population who live south of the Brenner!

IV

The ultimate result of all these great events has been to bring about a condition of things which all liberal thinkers before the war looked to as the great ideal to be achieved, and which many of them, now that it has been achieved, make a subject of carping and criticism. Broadly speaking, Europe, including the Austrian Monarchy, has been divided in accordance with the

principle of nationality. The old submerged nationalities, Poles and Czechs, have regained that full independence of which they had been deprived so many generations ago. And in the rest of Europe, roughly speaking, the territory has been so apportioned as to assign the great majority of each race and people to their own national state. The Rumanians of Transylvania have been incorporated in the Kingdom of Rumania, the Southern Slavs have been united to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the Slovaks have been freed from Hungarian rule and united to the kindred Czechs. Of course the work has not been perfectly done. There are some places in which the actual drawing of the frontiers seems to be open to considerable criticism. In particular, nobody is quite happy about the northern and eastern frontiers of Hungary, and there is a widespread belief that more Magyars have been transferred to Czechoslovakia and to Rumania than was absolutely necessary. The incorporation, without conditions, of East Galicia, with its Ruthenian population, in Poland, is obviously not an entirely satisfactory decision; it was one taken only after months of arduous labor when no other solution seemed in fact practicable. In many cases any precise apportionment of the different races, each to its own people, was for geographical reasons impossible.

And so we get that 'Minorities' problem of which so much has been heard recently. It is no doubt a serious and interesting and in some ways a baffling problem, but do not let us exaggerate its importance; do not let us be misled into supposing that the fact of the existence of the Minorities problem is, as many would suggest, a condemnation of the new settlement of Europe. Let us get these things in their right proportion; the presence of a limited number of German-speaking people in Poland, of Magyars in Czechoslovakia and in Rumania, is not comparable to the older situation, when national existence was denied to Poles and to Czechs; all that we have to do with now is the small residuum of a great political problem.

On the whole, in its broad outlines the settlement of 1919 was in accordance with the best political thought of the time and with the principles which had been publicly adopted by the Allies. Whether these principles were right and whether the settlement based on them will prove to have been a wise and profitable one, only time can show. The answer depends not on what was done in 1919, but on the use which the new states make of the opportunities which have been given to them. Naturally enough there was at first a violent explosion of more extreme national feeling. It may well be that in many cases the sudden responsibility thrown upon the newly created states caused a situation with which they did not deal wisely and generously. It is also undoubtedly true that these peoples, suddenly coming into full possession of that independence which they had so long desired, exaggerated just those aspects of state sovereignty which experience showed were most dangerous to the general welfare of Europe. They hastened to show that they could imitate greater states in building up armies, and equally they aimed at making themselves commercially self-sufficient and erected high tariff barriers. They have, therefore, undoubtedly presented to the statesmanship of Europe problems with which it is desirable to deal. Once again do not let us be misled into thinking that the problems of the new Europe are in any way as serious and as dangerous as those of the old Europe which has been superseded.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Nasus americanus

Mr. Shandy, father of the immortal Tristram, is one of the first on record to consider seriously the influence of noses upon human destiny. His observations were limited in scope and so his conclusions were faulty in spots. It is too bad that he was unable to visit this continent, for I am sure that the world would have learned something not to be found in the books today.

America is historically a remaker of peoples, and her laboratory is between the eyes. Here not only does the nose make the man, but collective noses make the national soul.

As a matter of record, the American Indian conversed in deep breathless grunts. His war cry was a high, nasal howl. His eyes were brooding and sunken beneath heavy supra-orbital ridges. His stoicism has been attributed to dignity, to the encroachment of the whites, to stupidity — all of these symptomatic only. His patient expression strikes a chord of sympathy in the breast of every white American. The European is apt to see in the Indian's face only meanness. Why? The North American Indian has all the appearance of a sufferer from sinus headaches!

These United States were settled by noses and accents of every conceivable sort. The Wessex men of New England pulled 'loabster poats' while the South Saxon Virginian spaded his 'gyahden.' Upstate New Yorkers growled in German gutturals, Georgian Scots burred their words in resonant baritone, Pepysian Londoners turned *i*'s into *e*'s and *a*'s into *ar*'s along the muddy streets of Philadelphia.

Yet the first American characteristic noted by visiting Europeans was a universal nasality of speech. We were inaccurately noted as the nation that talks through its nose. 'Inaccurately,' I repeat. We are a nation set apart because we are unable to do just that thing. We cannot talk through our noses. Only by grace of surgery can many of us even breathe through them.

Conglomerate as were our racial origins, by the time the migration of pioneers to the Middle West began, a type distinctly American had come into being — the second, third, or fourth generation on this continent. These men, and the women who shared their perils, were alert, long-suffering, laconic, and irascible. Their eyes were sheathed and brooding, their fingers nervous on the trigger. Their bravery in venturing into the trackless wilderness is as unquestioned as is the nasal twang of their speech; but it was a bravery sharpened and intensified by nervousness. Although they showed little or no fear of actual redskins or catamounts, they seemed to live in a perpetual apprehension of the unseen — a chronic, inflammable, bad-tempered dread that raised them to recklessness. In their own phrase, they would fight a rattlesnake and give it the first two bites. Their religion was a sour self-denial through the week, a roaring, hysterical ecstasy on Sunday.

Popular works on family subjects tell us that our lives are allowed to begin through fright. On entering the world we do not know how to start the business of independent breathing, and

we feel stifled. Terrified, we howl aloud, gulping at the air with open mouth. The trick is learned — we are breathing. To close the nose and mouth of the most placid baby will at once provoke a yell of rage, for that first fright is never forgotten. The infant whose breathing is impeded is frightened and knows it. The adult who is not getting a full supply of oxygen is also afraid, but normally he does not know it. Here is the first explanation of American 'nervousness.'

This furnishes the only sane explanation of the fact that our pioneer forefathers took their religion in such uproarious fashion. The Azorean Portuguese is also capable of religious ecstasy; but it makes him smile dreamily and quiets his cheerfully chattering tongue. The true American, under stress of emotion, finds his breath tearing through his throat — not his nose — in sobbing gasps. Soon he is reduced to moaning and writhing, not primarily from the ecstasy itself, but from the way in which the ecstasy shuts off his supply of air. Any sudden change in temperature or humidity, any quick and violent emotion, makes the true American an unpredictable quantity. It overtaxes his already inadequate air supply and sets him nasally bawling for oxygen.

We are almost daily 'lambasted' by viewers-with-alarm as vastly sunk from the high estate of our forefathers. Scholarly articles are written about our racial fear of trivial things, from the shyness with which we buy a gaudy necktie to the burning of the Salem witches, or, more recently, our jehad against the Bolsheviki. I maintain that these very phenomena are proof that we have not degenerated. If we had to, we could again penetrate virgin forests efficiently as soon as we got used to doing without a daily shave. Confronted with a visible enemy, we do no more running away than any other novice in battle, we quail no more than our European ancestors are known to have quailed. Once instructed in the art of war, we show no lack of courage, endurance, and resource. Our games are notoriously rough and violent.

But the difference is in the things we do not see. It is in the nervous state of mind which multiplies and strengthens the unseen menace of which we have hints, but no real information. In short, while peasants all over Europe breathe oxygen through ample nostrils, we gulp scorched gasoline through tortuous and obstructed labyrinths, and are thus ready at a moment's notice for a sudden alarm which will cause us to reproduce in adult fashion the convulsive gasp with which we started our course through this vale of tears and sniffles. Turbinates may be whittled, septa reduced, tonsils dropped in the bucket, teeth X-rayed, glasses fitted, but our noses remain 100 per cent American. We still have sinus headaches, and we still 'pronaounce' our words.

The great game of deep thinkers and ponderous writers to-day is 'Interpreting America.' This process is usually (*a*) describing some one American thing as big with potential disaster, (*b*) assigning as the cause of danger some obliquity latent in the American soul, and (*c*) announcing an infallible cure which the writer has mined from the diamondiferous clay of his own consciousness.

You are wasting your time, my masters! We are flesh of your flesh. It matters not a jot whence you come or what has been your cultural background; I can find you literally thousands of your brothers among 100 per cent Americans. These Americans have and know all that you declare; but they have something more. They have American noses saddled on the faces and brains of every nation contributing

its quota to the melting pot. These noses permit a mutual understanding of which your effete peoples are incapable. The tie that binds us closest is our ability to prescribe sympathetically for the rhinitis or coryza of friend or foe.

Were I yearning for fame I would not write songs. To paraphrase the well-known sigh, 'I care not who makes the laws of my country, let me but alleviate its noses!' Could I accomplish that feat all history would be my debtor; and world-shaking figures like Hannibal or Napoleon would pale into insignificance.

The tune of the time

The Prince came in last, according to his well-known habit. He was dressed, as usual, in black, somewhat vaguely fashioned, as indeed were all the garments of the group awaiting him. Even thus, clad sketchily in the Elizabethan or Jacobean mode, had they originally presented themselves to the imagination of their Author, whose interest in them was rather dramatic than sartorial. The background against which they moved was also vague, and largely composed of arras.

Hamlet seated himself, as is his custom, opposite the King. He knitted his brows thoughtfully.

'It may,' he said, 'have roused conjecture in your minds that I should summon you thus to this undiscovered country.'

'My lord,' said Polonius, who somewhat resembled the picture of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, in the National Portrait Gallery, 'we assume that there is always a method in your madness.'

'It is certainly time,' said Horatio reasonably, 'to seek an unknown locality. We have suffered much in the regions we have known.'

'Ay, there's the rub,' said the Prince. 'It is upon this question I have called you. We are, I am afraid, to suffer more.'

The Ghost groaned loudly. 'I could a tale unfold —' he began.

'Yes, yes,' said Hamlet, 'I know; your individual, recognizable armor and your sable silvered beard have been ignored; you have even been reduced to a light. We have all been wronged through the centuries, in a variety of ways. *I*,' — he frowned darkly, — '*I* have been played by Women.'

'*I* have been persistently represented, Your Highness,' said Polonius, 'as a buffoon.'

'What I minded most,' lisped little Osric, slipping to the front, 'was that detestable Modern Dress.' (He was, unlike the rest, attired in brilliant blue and green like a water fly; just as he had floated idly into the mind of his Creator.)

At the words 'Modern Dress' a shudder ran through the group. 'Fashionable mourning in the mad scene!' exclaimed Ophelia, her violet eyes brimmed with indignant tears. 'Alas, we know what we are, but know not what we may be in the hands of a producer!'

Hamlet smiled bitterly. 'A Tuxedo and a cigarette in my greatest soliloquy!' said he.

'But, my lord,' interjected Horatio, in his quieting voice, 'what is the new emergency? Have we not always, in some way, been misrepresented?'

'Never,' said Hamlet, 'with the perverse persistency, the fatuous self-satisfaction, of the present day. Thence arises my fear of evils that we yet know not of.'

'What can it be now?' said the First Player. 'Masks, perhaps? They made us pretend we were marionettes once in *The Murder of Gonzago*. I was thinking a talking movie —'

The Queen spoke, in her sad con-

tralto. 'Are new torments indeed preparing for us, my son?'

'Madam,' said the Prince, 'I observe that another novel custom has appeared upon the stage. As *we* have always been the predestined victims of novelty, and made to march to the tune of the time, I feel a kind of gaingiving lest we should now be required to Think Aloud.'

'Methinks,' said Polonius courteously, 'Your Highness should be accustomed —'

'I know,' said the Prince; 'but what will the rest of you do? And the fact is, even *I* never did speak my *whole* mind. But that is n't the worst —'

The *dramatis personæ* gathered about him in white-eyed suspense.

'They may insist upon our thinking,' said he impressively, 'not only aloud, but in the Modern Manner.'

'Impossible,' said the First Priest. 'I cannot think in the Modern Manner. It can't be done.'

'Under hypnotism,' said Hamlet musingly. 'They might call up the Unconscious, you know. You may not have followed the Freudian philosophy, Horatio — but I assure you that there are more things in the past of the average adult than we dreamt of in our philosophy at Wittenberg!'

'We might, perhaps, try it,' suggested Horatio mildly, 'lest it be suddenly demanded of us, and we thus be put at a loss.'

'How would you manage a long running aside?' said the First Player curiously. 'Just as a matter of technique.'

'I think the best way would be to turn obliquely away from the others,' said Rosencrantz.

'And speak in a monotone,' said Guildenstern.

'Attempt it now,' commanded Claudius.

At the royal mandate, the two gentlemen stepped forward.

Said Rosencrantz, under his breath, 'Act second, scene second, Guildenstern. My cue is "As fits a king's remembrance"; you'll have to feel for yours.'

Said Guildenstern, essaying the Modern Manner, 'Right oh!'

Each assumed an introverted expression, with eyes half closed.

Said Rosencrantz, as in a kind of trance: —

'Being of so young days brought up with him (I never liked him — never understood him — he had a nasty way — superior — not surprised he's crazy — always was a little off — good chance now to pay him out . . .)'

Said Guildenstern, similarly entranced: —

'When we were eight years old I remember that he gave me a black eye — something to do with marbles — said I cheated — made a deep rut in my experience — shaped my entire life — resentment — fear . . .'

They now opened their eyes, recovered consciousness, and continued the dialogue according to routine; with occasional lapses, however, into the new method.

Said Rosencrantz: 'Put your dread pleasures more into command than to entreaty. (Anyhow, we can't help it!)'

Said Guildenstern: 'But we both obey. (I hope to heaven they'll make it worth our while.)'

'Enough!' said Hamlet. 'Not bad for a beginning — especially as it was n't the juicy part. But, in fact, they would n't demand improvisation; there would have to be a great deal of rewriting — probably done in the United States of America, where this method was developed. What they will do with Mother and me —'

'Surely no man would DARE!' exclaimed a new and deeper voice.

All turned in the direction of the sound, and instantly fell on their knees.

'The Presence!' whispered the Ghost, instinctively recognizing another ghost.

A dazzling light, proceeding from the same point as the voice, increased, and almost prevented the features of the speaker from being seen; but by flashes a great brow was visible.

'Sire,' said Prince Hamlet, 'far be it from me to contradict Him to whom I owe my being. But, even in the past, you may recall Dryden and Nahum Tate — and Garrick. Only the other day, some well-meaning persons made the Falstaff plays into a musical comedy.'

The light proceeding from the Presence had turned deep red, emitting darts of fire.

'With all due reverence both to my Creator and to my Prince,' said Horatio, 'I do not greatly apprehend this form of sacrilege. It involves too many complications. What alarms me is the tendency to impiety in the form of the novel.'

'Ay,' mused Hamlet, 'custom hath made it a property of easiness — Helen, Odysseus, Galahad, Adam — and why not Hamlet, unless the idea were immediately copyrighted? 'T were good to delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the moon.'

There was a minute's silence. Then Hamlet spoke again, on a deeper note.

'Sire,' said he, 'you gave me once this boon, that I should express forever, in unforgettable words, the whole duty of the player. Would that you had empowered me also to express, for all time, the whole duty of the audience or the reader; had commanded me to make all men know that we — and even you, great Sire! — have our own time, and move to its own tune; that we inhabit our own strange realm of savagery and splendor and passion and delicate elegance and lark-like song; that our words and our garments and our very souls are woven of a remote past which cannot by any cheap trick be translated to this earth; that between us and the men of all centuries to come there is a great gulf fixed, which *we* can never cross; but that *they*, by an effort of the imagination, uncongenial indeed to the indolent, but immeasurably rewarding, can and must cross to *us* —'

Here Horatio made a conventional gesture, and exclaimed: —

> 'But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
> Break we our watch up . . .'

Instantly the place and persons vanished, like the fabric of a dream. The last appearance was that of a great Cloud, angrily red, and palpitating as with inner lightning, rushing away above the sea.

Thru all my thots

I am not sure just when thoughts turned into thots, — rhyming, apparently, with dots, and probably as meaningless as a line of them, — but I am sure that anyone who thinks thots is damned. (Samuel Butler, you remember, consigned to eternal hell-fire the man who called trousers pants. A bit extreme. Purgatory would be sufficient for the man who wears gent's pants; besides, we must reserve the lower realm for the thot-ful.) The phrase I am using for a caption I found in a student's theme. Since the course was designed for those with some literary taste, I dropped the offender in favor of a man who, though he frequently misspelled, had the best intentions.

'But,' protested my assistant, a broad-minded fellow, 'we cannot forbid a certain amount of simplified spelling. The students see it every week in such-and-such a magazine.'

I forbore to reply that the students

see every day in the newspapers a variety of crimes, stylistic, narrative, and photographic, which not even the broadest mind would desire to find in their own practice. I did not remind him that out of a nation of ruminants a few perhaps overfastidious individuals reserve their right to abstain from chicle; that though the majority of men go without vests some still wear waistcoats. I did not point out any of these things, because he would have thought me a snob and a mossback. I merely inserted in the printed plan of the course a Law: *So-called simplified spelling will not be acceptable* — thus turning to a good cause (one's own cause is always good) the legislative instinct so proper to a modern American.

Mr. Max Eastman, in a logical and scholarly essay on this subject, has pointed out the inconsistencies, the difficulties, the historical absurdity, of simplified spelling; for my part, I shall content myself with a few observations.

In the name of efficiency, then, why does a people which substitutes 'naborhood' for 'neighborhood' delight to keep 'ye olde shoppe'? Having made night hideous with 'nite,' why does it preen itself in the mastery of a thousand and one names of new products, — Kal-co-voo-moo, Doo-mit-tal-tum, Va-por-do-nol, — all with the correct pronunciation indicated in parenthesis and all entered in the United States Patent Office? In this country we cannot order things simply. We cannot say, 'Let me have a tube of Doe's toothpaste,' or 'Ten gallons of gasoline, please'; rather, 'Have you any Sal-dent-enameline?' or 'Ten gallons of Yorktexicuttachusetts, please.' Ridiculous! In the language of this extraordinary people who write 'exprest' instead of 'expressed' for fear of a lost moment, a sofa becomes a 'daveno,' a cottage a 'maisonette,' a flat an 'apartment,' a bay a 'breakfast nook.'

If real efficiency, legitimate efficiency, is desired, why not quit simplified spelling and master simple English? The most inefficient document in the world is the modern business letter. Poverty of words necessitates a circumlocution where one syllable would do; attempts at elegance multiply phrases to bewildering jargon. Personal, even intimate, forms, wholly out of place and usually impertinent in a letter of the sort, waste ink and paper. If business men wish so ardently to save time and labor, why can they not sign themselves, as is proper, 'yours truly,' instead of 'most cordially yours,' that highly improper, not to say inefficient, phrase now so much in vogue among advertisers? I have proved ('proven,' our business man would write) to my own satisfaction, at least, that the type of mind hospitable to the new spellings is almost invariably the type which, with windy or dropsical verbiage, bloats expression.

Æsthetically the simplified forms are indefensible. A periodical which employs these forms reprints in every issue a selection of current verse, rewriting according to the taste of the editors. (I notice, by the bye, that although the poems are tampered with, the text of advertisements is left intact.) A poet seeing his work thus mutilated might well find grounds for a lawsuit. The editors have willfully altered his lines; they have removed his work from the traditional literature for which it was intended and have thereby injured the writer's professional reputation. Any man who writes

> Through all my thoughts though unexpressed

and finds it reprinted

> Thru all my thots tho unexprest

should be awarded substantial damages. Granted that poetry should communicate primarily through the ear; nevertheless, in modern practice

the eye, too, absorbs some portion of the meaning through the arrangement in print. The second version of the line I have quoted is definitely ugly and against poetry. It brings upon its author the suspicion that he may have written it thus originally, and lowers him in the opinion of his readers — or at least readers of taste, to whom, presumably, the writer addresses himself.

But what proof have I that simplified spelling and what we vaguely call literature are incompatible? As I have hinted above, we have gone beyond provable fact and are dealing with matters of taste. I could, of course, point out that no reputable writer employs simplified spelling. I could fall back on Mr. Eastman's arguments, though to do so would bring on me the danger of comparison with excellence. I could reprint a familiar classic in the new forms to shock my readers into agreement. But, in this subject, proof of any sort is nearly useless.

No, I cannot prove this case to anybody. The Victorians had a serviceable, though overworked, word to dispose of anything which, though not sinful, was not acceptable to cultivated men. They used it in describing shrill voices, false elegance, pretentiousness, and all the countless subtleties of bad form. I shall have to fall back on that. Simplified spelling is, in the full sense of the word, common. And good literature is never that.

The blue sky

Once upon a time the charm of lakes and rivers was their stillness. The ripple of the current, the curl of waves along the beach, only deepened their calm. The swimmer slid through the water; the canoeist dipped his silent paddle; a faint whisper at the prow, an infrequent drip from the paddle blade, scarcely distinguishable from the tiny movements of fish or insect — these alone marked the passage of an alien. Man was assimilated to the element. Infinity opened about him and gave him peace.

But now the silence of lake and river is shattered by motor boats, and the water churned by racing launches whose occupants can barely hear each other shriek above the engines. Imprisoned in a cell of noise, man is no longer one with nature, but bound within his petty personal limits — infinitesimal and alone. As the pedestrian has fled the highway, so swimmers and canoes venture no more upon the open water, but hug the banks in terror of these mechanical demons which banish the very charms they were invented to exploit. Happy the Psalmist, who could walk with God beside still waters! Happy Tennyson, who, at the launch owner's favorite hour, found only

> Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!

Happy Longfellow, for whom the lovely night in June echoed across the river merely a striking clock, and for whom no motor boat put-putted along the bright reflection of the moon! Alas that the Ancient Mariner was not last as well as first to burst into a silent sea! For the bursters now possess the scene, and few waters are 'stilled at even' in America — not within reach of rock road or steel rail. Silence has retreated to the polar seas, to the mountain tops, and to the heavens. And even there her reign is nearly done. Exploration roars into the arctic; the railroad chugs along the glacier; and the once pathless coast of air is crossed by many trails.

'Thank God,' wrote Thoreau, 'man cannot lay waste the heavens as he has the earth!' Rash optimist! The devastation has begun, and the child is now living over whose manhood the skies

will *not* bend clear and blue and spacious and serene.

> . . . The night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies

will no longer be for him an image of healing peace. The blossoming stars will be eclipsed by the glare of aerial traffic, and the heavens will look to him not so much like meadows as like a railroad yard or State Street during the evening rush.

A single airplane winging its silver way through the blue, swooping and sailing like a great bird, shimmering like a celestial dragon fly — here is beauty and strangeness and romance. But what of the heavens when navigation by air has reached the volume of current auto travel? When this truly virgin territory is filled by truck and pleasure planes, by mail lines and freight lines and passenger service? When, instead of the few fine and well-conditioned craft which now soar aloft, the aristocrats of the air are crowded by cheap popular models? When the kids take off in their secondhand plane 'with the cut-out open'? When loose parts begin to drop, and oil to drip, and exhaust fumes obscure the sun? When careless passengers toss out their banana peels and cigarettes? When the speeders crash aloft, the drunks spin on their tails, and the gang goes up with the portable victrola for a little flight after the early show?

Nor is this evil time so far away as one might think. Yesterday, as I stepped from my door, my ears were struck by a loud-speaker broadcasting from above the virtues of a special brand of cigarettes. I stared aloft, and there hung a plane directly overhead, so close that, as it circled to repeat its blatant message, it touched the summit of a giant oak beside my gate. The tree, thus rudely brushed after two centuries of lofty dignity, shook angrily. And, for my part, I felt that the human game was up and the last defense of machine-bound man cut from over him if the loud-speaker had claimed the heaven, whose only voice had been the thunder and the wind.

Perhaps laws can be made — and indeed they should be quickly, before vested interests in airways grow up by use — forbidding extraneous noise aloft and confining planes to certain lines of flight and certain altitudes above the city roofs. Yet legislation cannot alter facts. Traffic rules may have prolonged the lives of those who would rather die like men than live like grasshoppers; but they have not made city streets less clamorous and crowded. And so I dread the coming invasion of the skies.

Already the privacy of life has been shorn of two dimensions, and now the third, or vertical, surrenders to assault. Till now the vault of heaven stretched above us to infinity. Till now the soul had room to soar. Till now we had above us only God and the stars. Our lives were roofed by silence, and the narrowing walls of noise closed upon us only from the sides. Yet, even under this horizontal pressure of sound, man at large has almost ceased to think; and, when earth and sky both clang with engine, thought will perish and public opinion die. No doubt invention will devise a semi-silent plane as it has already devised a potentially semi-silent car. But men it cannot change, and experience proves that, given a machine, most men will make a noise. A generation ago the poet could picture in lovely fancy

> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

But his argosies had 'magic sails,' not roaring propellers. We who have seen and heard the airplane can only gaze at the blue sky above and ponder sadly, 'After Lindbergh, what?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FEW contributors have been welcomed so frequently and delightedly to the *Atlantic* as **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.** 'Black Sheep,' her well-remembered letters written while she was a missionary in Africa, appeared during the war. Many times her name has been signed to both prose and verse since then. 'The Trader's Wife' is a performance which we believe will speak for itself. **Count Hermann Keyserling** observes America with an eye unwarped by preconceptions — at least, by our own preconceptions. **William I. Nichols,** until recently one of the assistant deans of Harvard College, having particular charge of Freshmen, has accepted a post in a business office in Boston. Δ Can nothing be done to prevent the cruel injustice of such situations as **Mamie Hall Porritt** describes from her own experience? **Dean Chamberlin** gives the following account of his education: —

It is hard to remember just when I first started to work in the building game. It is all that I have ever done, except go to school. About a month before my high-school graduation, workmen began to build another school building across the street from the classroom where I was supposedly studying Ovid.

Instead of absorbing the *Metamorphoses,* I was watching the riggers guy their derrick and wondering just how the engineers would drive a connecting tunnel between the two schools. When graduation came, I *had* to help build that new school. I was a carpenter's apprentice.

In the year between high school and college and during subsequent summers, I 'served my articles' and came out of college with a B.S. degree and a Journeyman's Card. The Card seemed to have a greater immediate value than the diploma, so I decided to give it a trial. The results are in the essay. The diploma is the more valuable.

I am to return to Dartmouth this fall and teach Freshman English. I plan to lock the tool box. Still — there may be big-time rush power houses or dams to help build other summers. There is a glamour about a big construction job (when it is swinging high, wide, and handsome) that one who has ever been a part of the madhouse never loses. Then, too, it is a wonderful 'purgative' after close association with books.

The game has an honest-to-God personnel. Its men are restless with the restlessness of steam or water; they are hard, for they work with stone, wood, and steel, hard materials; and it is not for nothing that their tools are the level and the square.

At present I am a carpenter on the construction of an airport.

Those who love to ask what is the Great American Novel may spend a pleasant and untroubled half hour with **Edith Franklin Wyatt** contemplating the divagations of the First American Novel and its author. **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** shows that the sonnet may be large in music though small in compass. Δ 'Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,' by **Harriet Connor Brown,** from which the *Atlantic* has borrowed several characteristic chapters, will shortly be published in book form. Δ Revolutions, old and new, are the favorite study of **Lucy Wilcox Adams** and her husband, who is a professor of history. The unnamed personage of 'Not without Dust and Heat' is a symbol which will be easily recognized. **Katharine Lee Bates** will be remembered not only as a poet herself, but as a friend, helper, and encourager of many younger workers in the craft. The quatrain which we print herewith is believed to be the last poem which she wrote; certainly it was composed very near to the time of her death. Δ 'A Diplomatic Incident' is based on research material left by the late Gino Speranza, war-time assistant to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page in the American Embassy at Rome, and author of *Race or Nation.*

Leland Hall, after teaching music and English at several prominent universities, journeyed to Africa, and found it so pleasant that he now spends most of his time on the Dark Continent. **Henry S.**

Pritchett is president of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching. He has occupied many important positions as an educator and administrator. Δ Readers of **Charles D. Stewart's** 'Feathers to Burn' may not readily imagine that the humble substance guano has acted as a cause of international conflict. But it is so. This is the year of settlement of that long-standing *cause célèbre*, the Tacna-Arica dispute, over which more than one American arbitration commission labored in vain. The dispute began in 1879, when Chile looked with covetous eyes upon the southern provinces of Peru, especially Tarapacá, with its great guano deposits and nitrate beds. In the course of the dispute, the bulk of the guano deposits has been exhausted. **James E. Boyle** is professor of Rural Economy at Cornell University. **Mrs. Glendower Evans's** name has throughout a long life been linked with the causes of those less fortunate than herself. She sees eye to eye with the MacDonalds and writes of them with an understanding born of natural sympathy.

The second of the series of papers on Soviet Russia by **William Henry Chamberlin,** foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who has traveled and resided in Russia for a decade, reveals again that there are tastes in liberty, as in all things. **Sir James Headlam-Morley** is a prominent English educator and historian. He has served as Historical Adviser to the British Foreign Office.

An almost daily duty in this office is to answer questions about Mrs. Hilda Rose — how she fares and what she needs. A recent letter from her (just four weeks on the way) will answer many queries.

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
July 21, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It pleased us much to get your letter. The winter was long, but came to an end, and summer is here again. The garden is extra good, as there have been showers nearly every day, and my little cellar will not hold all the vegetables I expect to garner in this fall.

Boy's pups are growing fast and now there are four dogs to bark at the wolves and coyotes at night. Four powerful dogs no wolves dare tackle and it does make one feel so secure.

The grass and vegetation are so rank and luxurious. Every fall they die down and if no snow comes we have grass fires. Usually the snow comes early and then the fires come in the spring. These fires are a menace to the new settler until he gets his ploughing done around the cabin. Also the fences go down before the fire unless made of wire.

The homestead is now fenced with a three-strand wire fence, good heavy barbed wire that turns back the range cattle. Then it is cross-fenced into four fields with barbed wire. That fence cost $366 all together, wire and labor.

The three horses we brought with us died, one each winter. Imported horses nearly always do, because they don't get the care, I presume — warmed water or warm stables or something. Anyway, as one man said about his, 'They up and died on me.' As soon as a horse died I bought a new one in here. They are smaller horses, but tougher and cost together $350.

We are still in the little cabin, but I am hoping to add another room to it soon. I bought an old log cabin and had it hauled home last winter on the sled. The logs are all numbered so a couple of men can quickly put it together again. It will have to have a new roof, doors, windows, and floor.

I may not be able to get them this year, — biographies sell slowly, — but it is pleasant to see the logs and know that there will be a kitchen by and by. When the day is done I often sit on the pile and plan and dream about the nice kitchen that will grow out of those old gray logs.

The barn is growing also. It is now 20 x 20, but as the years go by it will grow in length until it is 20 x 90 feet. When that is accomplished there will be another story added to it to hold hay. All dreams, but what is life but dreams?

I shall always treasure the copy of *The Stump Farm* that has the editor's autograph in it and Dr. Eliot's and that of all those who helped to make it a success. It was a beautiful present.

Sincerely your friend,
HILDA ROSE

These verses, in the *Atlantic's* mail, were offered as an original contribution. A member of the staff who had once read them on a mellowing tablet in Chester Cathedral demanded an explanation. The lines, it seemed, were quoted by a lady on a Christmas card to a friend who, thinking them original, passed them on to us in the

writer's name. We put them here for our readers' pleasure.

A PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called *I*.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

'See things like children with a natural eye,' says the gospel of new Impressionism. A school-teacher sends us from Rome this art criticism of Louis Osborne, a child of five, to which we invite the attention of many contemporary painters and their patient public.

THE WAY TO DRAW

When you draw anything first you get your piece of paper and you get your pencils, then you have a fought in your bean, ('No Louis,' then your 'mind') in your mind. Then what you have in your mind you try to draw on the paper. If you have a horse you make a head and some ears eyes and a mouth. Then you connect it with a neck to a body which has four legs and a long tail. A rat has a long tail but not like a horse's. A rat's is long and thin and a horse's is like a long haired switch. Then you put on some other little marks and ecco the horse!

If you want to do a cow you make a head with horns and ears a different kind of mouth eyes and connect by a fat neck to a square fatish body which has a tail like a shoeing brush on the end of a long rope. Then you do cow-legs, four of them and shoes, cow-shoes, which are not like us but are like two thick finger-nails. When it is on the ground running the nails or hoofs open somewhat. When you have done all this, there you have a cow. Do a small cow but a little different and you have a calf.

To do a goat do about the same as of a cow but change enough to look like a goat and not a cow. The horns are longer and the tail is different and the hair and the sieze and the smell.

When you draw a boy that is easy. First make a head then some hair and a nose, ears and mouth. Then instead of doing a body you do trousers and stick legs out a coat or sweater and stick on arms and five fingers and five more for the other hand. Make some shoes, make some stockings and a hat and a book in his arm and you have a boy going to school.

To make a girl I really don't know. She is somewhat the same as a boy but some difference such as hair, skirts and such. Well, no, they are not alike and, yes, they are different after all.

To draw a man and woman just do the same difference as for a boy and girl. It depends on what is in your mind.

To draw pictures remember to think first and make your think. That's what I do and Mother says I do well.

As quoted by Mr. Sayre, President Coolidge in his address to Congress on December 5, 1928, said: 'The cost of national defense is stupendous. It has increased $118,000,000 in the past four years.' President Hoover's recent pronouncement emphasizes the same idea.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Mr. Sayre's article, 'America at the Crossroads,' appearing in the July number, mention is made of the cost of naval defense in 1912 as compared with 1926–27. The figures given, 244 million in 1912 and 580 million in 1926, seem on the surface to indicate an enormous increase in naval expenditure on the part of this country. However, when allowance is made for two factors, decrease in buying power of the dollar and increase in population, the corrected figures for comparison purposes no longer appear as alarming as they might seem at first sight. Applying a correction of 60 per cent, the 244 million spent in 1912 appears as the equivalent of 390 million 1926 dollars. Considering further an increase in population of approximately 40 per cent between 1912 and 1926 and assuming that reasonable preparation for defense should increase in about the same proportion as increase in population, the value of 390 million is corrected to approximately 545 million. This corrected figure of the 1912 expenditures is fairly consistent with the actual 1926 expenditure of 580 million. I have not taken the pains to study further the effect of expansion of our foreign trade on any corrected comparison figures of our naval expenditures, but would not be surprised to find the difference of

35 million between corrected 1912 expenditures and actual 1926 accounted for in the phenomenal increase in our foreign trade.

The above calculations may not be exact, as they are the result of a hasty reference to almanacs and yearbooks following reading of Mr. Sayre's article, but they serve to show that America's preparations for war are not as alarming as intimated, and reassure my general common-sense impression that this country has not become increasingly warlike in spirit in the last decade and a half.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SAYNER

Shakespearean America.

PASCO, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article in your August number by Charles Morrow Wilson entitled 'Elizabethan America,' in which certain portions of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee are described as unique in that the people retain to a large extent the English of the time of Shakespeare, is subject to only one criticism: it ignores other sections which 'enjoy' the same peculiarity.

In southern Indiana, living among the hills surrounding the famous French Lick Hotel will be found a people commonly and habitually using exactly the same idiom. Indeed, there is not a peculiar word or expression set forth in Mr. Wilson's article that I do not recall having heard in common use among these people in my boyhood days.

They are the descendants of early American settlers who came west mostly from Virginia in the days immediately after the Revolutionary War, mostly through the Cumberland Gap — as did the Lincoln family, for instance. The country in which they settled is rugged and largely unproductive, and their experience has, no doubt, been similar to that of those who settled in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. In this vicinity the Lincoln family settled for a time and here is found the grave of Nancy Hanks. Living among the neighboring hills to-day are the descendants of her friends and familiars — still speaking the English that she spoke.

Very truly,

C. M. O'BRIEN

Prompted by a Club paper, 'Our Educational Tablecloth,' a correspondent, Mrs. George Edward Clark, remarks that many years ago an original hostess helped herself to a large number of mossy headstones, with which she paved her dining room. Her guests read with absorbed interest the *hic jacets*, often in rustic rhyme, which were bestrewn beneath their feet, and no little amusement was derived from the quaint epitaphs over which they hitched their chairs. Breakfast became a brighter meal.

Automobiles and employment.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the August Contributors' Column, Mr. N. L. Mangouni of Detroit takes exception to Mr. E. A. Filene's statement that 'in the motor industry there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment due to increased production.' Then Mr. Mangouni proceeds to prove ably that Mr. Filene would have been wrong if he had said only that 'in the motor industry there is no evidence of unemployment.' But Mr. Mangouni did not catch the real meaning of Mr. Filene's statement, which, if I read correctly, was this: —

Increased production due to better machinery has caused neither permanent nor even temporary unemployment in the motor industry.

I think Mr. Mangouni will agree with that statement. Detroit's labor troubles arise, not from machinery, but from changes in the market which are always difficult, often impossible, to predict. The machinery is right; the principle of mass production is right; the market is the stumblingblock.

Hundreds of inferior cars may be sold in a single city because one or two 'key people' take a fancy to the horn and buy cars of that make. An otherwise superior car may fail utterly because its colors are not fashionable at the moment. Some years ago, sedans were the smart bodies. Then coaches came in — and went out. Now we have the rumble-seat roadsters. What next?

Unhappily, no one knows. Some day, mass psychology may be so charted that fashion can be predicted. Or mass production so organized that sweeping changes can be made overnight. Until then, employment will be unstable.

But I hope that day never comes. I'd be so bored! Would n't you, Mr. Mangouni?

J. B. YONKER

A republican tribute to royalty.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

F. Lyman Windolph has written for the June *Atlantic* an interesting bit entitled 'King Street,' after one of Lancaster's main thoroughfares. On it met the Continental Congress when a few jumps ahead of the Redcoats in the spacious days of the 1770's; and near it the Proud Saxons,

members all of the Superior Race and of the Christian Church, massacred a band of some thirty Conestoga Indians, old men and women and a few children.

But for the sake of oddity and variety, let us recall another side of the picture of King Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Despite the bitterness of the War for Independence, it seemed never to have occurred to the robust sense of those colonials to change the names of King, Queen, Duke, and Prince streets, and Lancaster still has them. In Brooklyn, too, they have still the King's Highway of song and story, not to mention Virginia with its Princess Anne County and other instances which might be mentioned. Contrast this with the French after the War of 1870–71, when they sought to change history with a stonecutter's chisel, erasing the 'N' from the stone bridges of Paris built by Napoleon III.

But Lancaster has other titles to distinction which cannot be overlooked by 'Truthful Chronicler,' as the First Person Singular loves to call himself; it contains a Providence, an Eden, and a Paradise. But its première claim to immortality lies in the fact that it has a 'Bird in Hand,' believed to be the only one in the Solar System!

DANIEL GIBBONS

'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.'

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When my son, aged three, first saw the ocean he asked for the ocean's name. When I replied that it was the Atlantic Ocean he said: 'I don't think they should use that name for this ocean. The name Atlantic belongs to the magazine.'

Very truly yours,

FORREST E. LONG

Home has so many defenders — institutions so few!

HAMPTON ROADS, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read Mr. Julius Rosenwald's article on the 'Principles of Public Giving,' in the May issue, with the greatest interest; but, with all due regard and respect for this gallant gentleman, I, as one brought up in my childhood in an orphan home, cannot quite agree with him on the thought he gave vent to in a paragraph regarding the inferiority that life in an orphan asylum creates in the child.

The Children's Orphan Home, Fort Lee, New Jersey, means, with all the significance of the word, *Home*. There the visitor will find beauty, both in the children and the surroundings in which they abide. There is no inferiority or any such distinction there, for they are brought up with the knowledge of God and country, even as the children of private life; they attend the public schools of that city; have the same advantages of an American education offered to those other families in the vicinity of the Home.

I have been in the Naval Service almost four years, have traveled to several continents, and have been associated with people in all walks of life, both in this country and elsewhere, still I have yet to suffer any inferiority complex because I happened to be an orphan. If an orphan considers himself inferior in any respect, he can generally trace his inferiority to the machinations of his own mind. There are quite a number of orphans who have had good institutional training in their childhood who have made a mark for themselves in life; a mark worthy of the competition of those persons who have been more fortunate in having home life and a mother and a father living. You will generally find that an orphan is most courteous to a woman or an older man, for they inevitably have a vision of the woman who was their mother and the man who was their father.

The children of the Home which I have reference to in this letter are well taken care of; they have plenty to eat; a clean bed in which to sleep after a day full of childish vigor, expended in God's own fresh air; and, last but not least, an American public school in which they are taught the three 'R's.' Religion, the teachings of Christ, and Christlike deeds are furnished these children as 'food for thought.' This same Home can hold its head high and look anyone in the eye who would suggest immorality in the children who have gone from it or those who are now there.

A body of Alumni has been formed by the former children of this Home, and the members of it are paying dues to the Alumni's treasury, to help in their own way those who will come to the Home in the ensuing years. This is probably something unheard of in the annals of orphanages. The consideration of an Educational Endowment Fund is before the Alumni at this writing, which will be started by the payment of dues to this fund by the Alumni members themselves. So we have here an example of coöperation from the former children of the Home, which in itself speaks well for it. This fund will further the education of the brightest scholars in their classes.

JOHN T. JENSEN

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1929

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN EGYPT

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

'If we are ever going to Egypt we had better go,' said my wife.

There was, possibly, one way of escape. 'I feel too old to go to Egypt,' I remarked.

'There are things in Egypt older than you are,' was the rejoinder. The argument was unanswerable, and soon we were on our way.

We landed at Port Said. There are at least half a dozen ways of getting into Egypt: one can go directly from New York to Alexandria, or from Marseilles or Naples or Brindisi or Trieste; but the pleasantest way undoubtedly is to break the journey at Paris, pick up a P. and O. boat, if one can, at Marseilles, and go on to Port Said. The difficulty is that P. and O. boats sail from London; they prefer to book passengers to Colombo, or at least to Port Sudan, and one cannot be sure, in Paris, of getting accommodation at Marseilles until after the boat has left London; then, if there be room, the steamship company is glad enough to fill up its cabins with passengers for the shorter voyage.

After an exchange of telephone messages between the agent in Paris and the London agent, we were assured of excellent accommodation, and, leaving Paris by the night train, reached Marseilles the next morning, spent the day wandering around that busy and thriving seaport, and sailed away at five o'clock in the afternoon. Had I known then what I do now, I should have gone on to Port Sudan, but when I left home I am not sure that I had ever heard of Port Sudan, which has, in fact, only come into prominence since the war. It is a landing place on the Red Sea, and some day it will be one of the great ports in Africa. From Port Sudan a railway runs to Wadi Halfa in the north and Khartum in the south, thus draining the whole Sudan — and any Vanderbilt will tell you that a railway will drain a country quite as effectively as a river.

Already Port Sudan has made its existence felt in the age-old caravan town of Assiut, on the Nile. For centuries camels headed north or east from almost anywhere in the Sudan just naturally moved toward Assiut; then the Egyptian nationalists got gay and — largely inspired by that foolish phrase of our Great Phrase Maker,

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'the self-determination of small nations' — revived the ancient slogan, 'Egypt for the Egyptians'; whereupon Great Britain, who had created modern Egypt, said: 'Very well, we must render ourselves independent of the Nile Valley. It may be that we shall wish some day to give the Egyptians a taste of home rule, as we have the Irish, but we do not wish our trade in the Sudan to be disturbed; so we must create a new port and short-circuit, so to speak, Alexandria and Port Said.' The result was Port Sudan.

Now, if the truth must be told, Egyptians, off their own bat, could n't stage-manage a strawberry festival: they are accustomed to being governed, and were happier and more flourishing under English rule than they had ever been, until a small group of noisy politicians told them how oppressed they were. The perennial plague of politics is devastating in Egypt as elsewhere. Of course, the Suez Canal must be forever British or the Empire is done for, and it can be protected from the Egyptians with the utmost ease: England has only to empty the contents of a dam or two into the Nile, suddenly, and not fill them again, and the land, now thriving and prosperous, would once again become what it was before Lord Cromer took it in hand.

But I knew nothing of Port Sudan, this back door, as it were, into Egypt; and so, as I have said, we landed at Port Said, took an excellent express train to Cairo, and registered at the Semiramis Hotel, being among the first tourists of the season to do so. But we had hardly taken our places in the dining saloon of the *Cathay* — the steamer from Marseilles — when I saw someone wigwagging across the room to me, and it proved to be my old friend E. V. Lucas, the 'Wanderer,' on his way to wander in, of all places in the world, Colombo. We spent a pleasant evening together, and when it came time to say good-night E. V. remarked, 'I want to read a few chapters of an excellent novel before switching off the light.'

'What is the novel?' I inquired.

'*The Small House at Allington*,' he replied.

'One of my favorites,' I said. 'How many times have you read it?'

'Never,' said E. V.

'Shame!' said I. 'I'll not keep you from it another minute.' And we parted.

Early next morning a blue-black Indian steward knocked on my door and entered with a note, addressed to me, marked 'Important.' It was from E. V., and I hurriedly tore open the envelope, wondering what could be the matter. And this is what I read: '6.49 A.M. Latest Bulletin. Johnny Eames has saved the Earl's life from the bull and looks like being his heir. E. V.' Smiling, I climbed back into my bunk, thinking, the while, I could have waited an hour for that message. And to finish the story while I am at it: the next morning at about the same hour there was again a knock and again a note, which read: 'Crosbie's eye was blacked at Paddington Station last night at 11.53. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' With which sentiment, I am sure, all readers of one of Trollope's very best novels will entirely agree.

II

I fancy the Semiramis is one of the best hotels in the world. It is certainly one of the most expensive, and as I looked about at dinner I remarked that I hoped the management would not expect me to carry the entire overhead until the hotel got into running order — which it hardly did during our stay.

'Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt': I knew that, and as I looked at the river from the windows of my bedroom I was, to speak plainly, very much disappointed. I did not then know that there was an island just opposite the hotel which reduced its width, but take the island out and the Nile would still seem a second- or even third-rate river. It does not tell its whole story at a glance, the Nile does n't, but after a week one begins to feel its influence, and finally to have a feeling of awe and affection for the river on which has rocked the cradle of our civilization.

Would you visualize Egypt? Take a rope a hundred feet long, tie a knot in it about ten feet from one end; ravel out the ten feet and separate the strands as much as possible, so that the raveled portion forms a triangle; let the knot represent Cairo, and the two corners Alexandria and Port Said, respectively. The triangle is the Nile Delta, probably the most fertile country in the world, but utterly without interest for the tourist. The rope will probably have a lot of twists in it, though not as many as the Nile itself, but its length will suggest faintly the length of the river, and its thickness the width of Egypt.

Cairo does n't get me, altogether; it has a wonderful museum and five hundred mosques — so our dragoman told us. Some of them are interesting and some magnificent, but it is a big, noisy city, not too clean, and I'm not too good a tourist: I do not hunger and thirst for the second-rate simply because I have not seen that particular kind of second-rate before. But what is first-rate in Cairo cannot be seen or even approached elsewhere. The amazing things with which Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was furnished are now all on exhibition in its Museum, and there are altars and statues and mummy cases, and the like, which defy description, — my description, at any rate, — but all the mummies have been put away in deference to the recently ripened susceptibilities of the Egyptians. We visited the Museum first under the patronage of one of its distinguished curators, Jack Gunn, a fine English scholar of our acquaintance, who wears a fez while on duty, but who does not succeed and does n't even try to make anyone believe that he is an Egyptian, or even an Arab.

The fact is that if it is hard to get the historians to agree who the ancient Egyptians *were*, it is even more difficult to get them to agree as to who they *are*. The Copts — that is to say, the Christians — claim to be Egyptians, but there are only a million of them in the whole country and they are not much in evidence. Egypt is to-day, as it has always been, overrun with 'foreigners.' Certainly the Arabs have 'spoiled the Egyptians,' but they have had the active assistance of the Jew, the Greek, the Armenian, the Persian, the French, and the English; without the English, Egypt would be 'merely a geographical expression,' as a brutal Austrian statesman once said of Italy.

I always travel with a large amount of skepticism, which is very disconcerting to my guides: there are so very many more things which I do not believe than those which I do. Consequently, when my dragoman one fine morning — and all mornings are fine in Cairo — suggested a visit to old Cairo, I asked him what was to be seen there. 'Well,' he replied, 'I show you where Pharaoh's daughter, she find Moses, and I show you where the Holy Virgin hide with the Christ Child, and I show you a wonder-working tree.' An intelligent man had spent some time the night before making it clear to me that the finding of Moses, if it be anything more than a pretty fairy tale, was

merely the old story of the unmarried mother and her child, and must have taken place fully fifty miles from Cairo; so I cut that out. And I always eschew wonder-working trees. But the tradition of the Virgin and Child and their flight into Egypt to escape the blood-thirsty attentions of King Herod has something to recommend it, so I consented to look — and I am afraid without sufficient reverence — into a dirty and smelly crypt or cellar under a place of worship which might easily be two thousand years old; but two thousand years is a mere yesterday in Egypt.

The language of Cairo is French, largely; the people are of all sorts, Arabs chiefly; and the government in the last resort is English. The new city is rather fine, but *old* Cairo does not intrigue me — to use that overworked but expressive word. The houses are in ruins, practically; the streets narrow and filthy, — how could they be otherwise? — and the people poor and neglected, the women especially. The women in the Near East usually conceal all or a part of their faces with a veil or a portion of their robe or headdress, either from modesty or lest their beauty should inflame the male passer-by. (Let them have no fear!) The single long black garment of the poorer classes which trails upon the filthy highway is supposed to erase from the dust the tracks of their bare feet, in which otherwise an evil spirit might make hieroglyphics which would bring them bad luck. So it was five thousand years ago, so it is to-day, and so, seemingly, it will be a thousand years hence.

In the Oriental scheme of things, women are little more than beasts of burden. Religion, which in our Western civilization is largely the concern of women, is something unknown to Mohammedan women. Men only worship; women never, so far as I can learn, enter a mosque. Why should they? — they have no souls. On the other hand, men pray, or are supposed to, after certain hygienic formulæ are complied with, several times a day. In mosques, in the streets, in shop and field, and on the deck of a boat on the Nile, it is not unusual to see a man face toward Mecca, drop down upon his knees, strike his forehead upon the ground, and recite, not once but many times, certain parts of the Koran. I am told that at certain hours it is usual for some holy man to climb to the top of the tower of slender minarets, which is a part of many mosques, and there declare in a singsong voice: 'Allah is the greatest; I testify there is no god but Allah. Come to prayer, come to worship. Allah is the greatest; there is no god but Allah.' This would seem to be the brief sum total of their religion; this said, and the sayer is prepared to commit every crime with which we are acquainted, and a few which might be called Mohammedan specialties.

III

The best half-dozen mosques in Cairo — and no more — are well worth seeing, although to the Occidental mind they hardly suggest worship, chiefly for the reason that they have no religious furniture: there are neither pews, chairs, nor benches of any kind, the devout squatting cross-legged on the floor, which may be covered with rugs, carpet, or matting, in a manner which is difficult if not impossible to one not accustomed to it. I shall recommend that my friend Nelson Doubleday add the movement required to accomplish the act of sitting down, *à la turque*, to Walter Camp's 'Daily Dozen.' Provided the sitter did not break his legs at the first attempt, it would be a fine thing for his waistline.

What one — what I — enjoyed most in Cairo, if only for a brief time, was the life in the streets: the turmoil, the confusion, and the babble of tongues. Conversations are seemingly entirely the result of misunderstandings. Men shriek and gesticulate at one another in what would appear to be a most dangerous manner, and then get on their donkeys, frequently on the same donkey, and ride away. And through these streets — or alleys, as we should call them — black-robed women carrying children in their arms or perched astride on their shoulders, poor, neglected, bedraggled creatures, are silently wending their way with burdens on their heads. Are they out for an hour's shopping, or going to or coming from work — who shall say? And in these same streets, mounted on high benches, sitting on their heels, are groups of men all busy playing games — checkers or chess or games with dice or cards — and drinking out of tiny cups sweet and filthy coffee. In Egypt one is in a man's world.

The bazaars of Cairo have been too frequently described for me to refer to them other than to say that one is amazed at their number and extent, and especially at the way one goes from one into another. And these bazaars are filled to overflowing with everything which one associates with the East: rugs, embroideries, ivories, brasses, jewels and jewelry (fake and real), perfumes, and things to eat, drink, and smell. But it takes time, courage, and money to secure anything worth while, and after one has cut the merchant's original price in half, not once but several times, and secured his bargain, one departs with it feeling that with a little more patience one could have cut the price in half once more.

Besides the mosques and the museums, there is not much of surpassing interest in Cairo, but just outside, a few miles away, is the village of Gizeh, with its Pyramids and the Sphinx. One's first glimpse of the Pyramids is disappointing, as is also the Sphinx. The fact is that one's mind can hardly take in their enormous proportions: they affect one as does Niagara; they grow upon one and ultimately become even more stunning, for these are the creations of man which have withstood the stress and storm of centuries. How were they built? How were any of the temples and tombs of Egypt built? The Egyptologist will answer you glibly; but his answer, however convincing, remains unsatisfactory: words, after all, must be translated into deeds. Ah! there's the rub.

On our way to the Pyramids of Gizeh we passed a number of unimportant farms from which the water of the life-giving Nile was just subsiding. Men, women, camels, donkeys, and poultry live together seemingly in great content. The chickens are, in fact, very small, as are the eggs they lay. One would suppose that in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, with its gigantic size, they would feel encouraged to lay enormous eggs, but it is not so. What, however, they lack in size they make up in strength: I do not like them. Herodotus saw and described the Pyramids and the Sphinx twenty-five hundred years ago, and they were then hoary with age. Who shall guess the riddle of the Sphinx? Had she a riddle? One is told one should visit her again and again: at sunrise and at sunset and at night. I visit nothing at sunrise; sunset is all very well; but I should not care to prowl around her much at night. The guides and dragomans and the beggars are an infernal nuisance. I rode out to Gizeh several times in an excellent motor, 'made in America,' and I once so far forgot myself as to

climb on a camel to have my photograph taken for the purpose of suggesting to my friends at home that I habitually used a camel as a means of locomotion: I here confess to the deceit.

After eight days I was not sorry to leave Cairo and turn over all the problems of my existence to Thomas Cook and Son, who practically own the Nile — and again let me say that the Nile is Egypt. Especially after I had seen our accommodations on the steamer *Arabia* I felt sure that my holiday was to be a delightful one, and I was not mistaken.

IV

The Nile is a locked river: immense dams have been built across it, by the English, here and there at strategic points, by which the flow of water is carefully regulated. It is these dams — or barrages, as they are called — which have added so greatly to the productive area of Egypt: interfere with their proper functioning, and Egypt would again become what it was before the English took it in hand.

The Nile, like most of the world's great marvels, is at first disappointing. Its length is — what it is — thousands of miles; its width is not impressive, and its depth is silly. One's boat, which draws only a few feet, is constantly grounding on mud banks; but what of that? It is 'liquid history' indeed. Upon it day merges quickly into night and night into day, and the Nile flows on and on, ever changing, yet always the same. A week passes, and another and another, yet there is still the Nile with seemingly the same volume of water, and millions of peasants are by various means drawing water from that same inexhaustible supply. And it is the two methods by which this is done that interested me most in Egypt.

I knew, of course, — everyone knows, — that there is practically no rainfall in Egypt; yet that it is the most fertile country in the world and that this fertility is due solely to the waters of the Nile. But I did not know that, aside from the annual flooding of the land, the water is being forever lifted from the river by two methods, one of which is as old as the country itself, — and only Macaulay's schoolboy (that prodigy!) knows how old that is, — and the other may be scarcely less ancient, counting time as one counts it in Egypt, by thousands of years. Let me attempt to describe the older method first.

Imagine a river flowing between its two banks of black earth, the banks being anywhere from three to fifteen feet above the water. Then imagine a deep trench cut into the bank at right angles with the river, and astride this trench two stout sticks driven into the earth, or perhaps two piers of mud stiffened with the stalks of the sugar cane. Stretched from pier to pier is a rigid bar having fastened to it a long pole set considerably off centre; on the shorter end is a heavy ball of Nile mud, while on the longer end is a bucket which is dipped into the river, being forced down into the water against the weight of the ball of mud, which has become hardened. The bucket — I call it a bucket by courtesy; it may be a jar or an old tin can, or a mere sack kept open on a ring of twigs — quickly fills itself, the weight of the ball raises the water-filled receptacle, and the operator of this crude device, a man probably naked except for a loin cloth, quickly empties the water into a trench which may be six or seven feet above the level of the river and permits it to flow inland for a short or long distance, according to local conditions.

At a point farther inland is another device with which the operation is re-

peated; and perhaps, at a further distance, a third. By working these contrivances, which are called shadufs, quickly, and for hours on end, three men can irrigate a field or several fields. And this work never stops: day and night, all along the river, spaced sometimes thirty, sometimes three hundred, feet apart, one sees men operating this primitive contraption, as they have been doing any time during these last five thousand years. We know that the shaduf is at least as old as that, for pictures of it have been found in tombs of that age.

The other water-lifting device, called a sakieh, is not as old as the shaduf, and represents an improvement upon it in that it is worked by a beast rather than by a man. Imagine a stout post set firmly into a heavy wooden platform which has been constructed over a large pit, into which water from the river runs by gravity. On the post and parallel with the platform revolves a large wheel, into the outer circumference of which are driven a number of stout wooden pegs at intervals of six or eight inches — a sprocket wheel, in fact, so heavy and clumsy that it takes a pair of oxen or a stout camel to revolve it; for set at right angles with this wheel is another of similar character, and to this is attached an endless belt to which is fastened at intervals a series of buckets or receptacles of any kind which will hold water. The wheel to which the animal is harnessed, being revolved, revolves in turn the second wheel with its attached buckets, with the result that a constant supply of water is raised and emptied into a deep trench, from which it is conducted by smaller trenches all over the land.

What an engineer would call the friction load of this mechanism is enormous: the cogs do not function smoothly, but bind and creak in operation, making a sort of music which is, however, pleasant compared with the dance music now so much in vogue. This music can be heard well into the night; hearing it, one knows that somewhere, not far away, some small chocolate-colored boy or girl, almost if not quite asleep upon his wheel, is driving an unwilling animal upon its ceaseless round. I, with another man, tried unsuccessfully to operate one of these devices while a camel looked disdainfully upon our efforts. Reader, have you ever had a camel look disdainfully at you? The camel wears, habitually, an expression of supercilious vindictiveness which it would be hard to match in the animal kingdom.

As I raise my head from these notes I see a string of five of these strange animals moving slowly along the road which runs along the bank of the Nile: they are silhouetted in black against the setting sun and look like immense heaps of cornstalks in motion, loaded down as they are with great bundles of sugar cane which conceal their bodies, all except their legs. The camel fascinates me; it always has: it is so ridiculous in appearance, yet so admirably adapted to its purpose or the purpose for which it is used. Have you seen it crouching upon the earth to receive its burden? In getting down you would say that it had dislocated all four of its legs, but not so. At the word of command it rises, pitches forward. 'There it goes! I knew it!' you say to yourself. In another moment it has righted itself like a ship in a storm and starts off, first front and hind legs on one side, then on the other, a racking pace. Its legs are covered with corns and calluses, its feet are mere pads, and it stinks to heaven; yet of what feats of strength and endurance it is capable!

I bethought me of that fascinating book, *Revolt in the Desert*, and how its

author depended upon his camel, and how, when it died from exhaustion, he ate it, raw, — for he was afraid to build a fire, — observing that one quickly tires of raw camel sinew as food: I can believe it. I am loath to leave the camel; when I get home I must look up Kipling's lines, which go something like this: —

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock 's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

V

I had only been on the *Arabia* a few minutes when a man came up and introduced himself to me, saying that he was Britten Austin and that he had carried around with him for several years a letter of introduction from Thomas J. Wise, the dean of book collectors in London, but that he had not expected to meet me in Egypt. I knew Austin by name, of course: perhaps the best-known writer of short stories now living — Kipling having long since given over that difficult art. Austin's being on the *Arabia* was a delightful incident. He had been everywhere, and was a brilliant and exact talker: it made no difference to him whether the conversation turned on the Amazon, — of which I know nothing except that it is a river, — or comparative religions, competitive armaments, or the merits of the English as compared with the Russian novel; all subjects were one to him. One respects a man like that, but when in addition I discovered that he was prepared to debate some vexed and quite unimportant point in bibliography, my respect turned to envy, and finally to hate. If ever I get that man in my library! . . .

The shifting bottom of the Nile frequently makes it necessary for Arabs with long poles to stand in the bow of the lower deck to measure the depth of the water, and even with this precaution we frequently run into mud banks, with a resulting jar. One morning I had just finished dressing when there was a sudden lurch followed by a grinding crash, followed by piercing cries of horror from members of the crew. 'That's just what I expected,' I remarked to myself. 'We have torn the bottom out of our boat and left our engine in the Nile.' Such an incident was worth seeing, so I hurriedly left my cabin and rushed to the lower deck — and this is what I saw.

The *Arabia* draws about four feet of water, and its engine, working two large paddle wheels, stands on the flat steel bottom of the boat in an exposed engine pit, which is surrounded by a brass rail. We had grounded just as a husky Arab carrying two large breakfast trays — bottles of Celestine and Evian water, tea and hot water and toast, ham, eggs, and the inevitable orange marmalade — was thrown off centre by the shock, and deposited the trays with their contents upon an oiler below who was tinkering about with his oil can, as is the habit of oilers. He received the trays and their contents on his head, much to his astonishment; thence they descended into the machinery. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly'; so it was with our engine: bottles, cups, saucers, plates, and their contents fell from one part of the engine to another below it, with continuing if lessening crashes, until at last all was quiet except the excited members of the crew, who danced about in ecstasy uttering piercing screams of delight. 'Give 'em something to talk about for months,' remarked our imperturbable Scotch engineer. It was several hours before cleanliness was restored.

Something of interest is always going forward on the *Arabia:* just at the moment of writing we are passing through the locks of Assiut, and the landscape is as ever-changing as our course on the river. We zigzag from side to side, seeking the channel, which at one moment closely skirts a bank of Nile mud through which the river has recently cut its channel, at another avoids a wide shelving beach of sand, which in its turn quickly becomes a precipitous mountain of sandstone. I remember once when motoring in Wales being impressed by the rapidity with which the landscape changed from meadow to mountain; Egypt has the same characteristic. It is never for more than a few minutes the same. It is an incredibly narrow country, as narrow as a piece of string — or rope, to go back to the simile with which I began this paper. Both river banks are dotted with small villages which are filthy beyond words: rain has never been known to fall, and the dust is as fine as flour and inches deep. The Nile, which has many of the characteristics of the Mississippi, is full of mud, but the natives drink it with impunity, with the result, as I heard someone say, that they must have soil enough in their bellies to raise a substantial crop of — anything, for the soil is so rich that one could grow umbrellas, if umbrellas were a desirable crop, merely by sticking them in the ground.

Along the river bank, on one side or the other, frequently on both, is a narrow highway on which strings of heavily loaded camels or tiny donkeys, carrying one and sometimes two men, — smoking imperturbably, their bare feet and legs dangling loosely, — may be seen; while following their lords and masters on foot, with water jars or baskets upon their heads, may be seen the women, walking upright with stately tread, their burdens carefully balanced, their black and filthy robes training in the dust. It will be a long time before skirts to or above the knee become fashionable 'up the Nile.' When anything is to be carried, the women carry it. I remember seeing, one morning, a woman carrying a large chicken coop, filled with chickens — on her head. The man walking at her side was carrying a cigarette — in his mouth.

Yet one comes to have a feeling of pity as well as respect for the Egyptian peasant, or fellah, as he is called: he is so patient and, in his own sense, so industrious. He lives on practically nothing, and he grows it himself. A flat loaf of bread or cake made of barley or some other grain, without sweetening or flavoring of any kind except salt and rancid grease, with the plentiful onion, is the standard diet; and men, women, and children are always sucking a stalk of sugar cane when they can get it, while the men do not disdain to go into a field and gather a huge handful of growing clover (the story of Nebuchadnezzar is certainly true, as so many Bible stories are) and eat it with seeming relish. The use of alcohol is forbidden by the Koran, and this rule is, I believe, generally observed. Not often now does one meet a beggar, unless he be a blind or a very old man. The children, to be sure, annoy one with their incessant cries for 'Baksheesh! Baksheesh!' ('A gift! A gift!'), but as both the Egyptian Government and Cook frown upon the custom of giving promiscuously, little attention is paid to them.

There are many seemingly thriving towns up the Nile in which the houses are well built, but those in the villages are merely one-story huts, of brick made of mud, dried in the sun, and bonded together by river slime, or are mere palisades of the stalks of sugar cane, on either side of which has been

smeared a thick veneer of mud. Of roofs, in our sense of the word, there are none: protection from rain is not important, for there is no rain; protection from the sun is another matter, and it is secured by laying branches of trees from one wall to another, these being, in turn, covered with the stalks of the sugar cane, which resemble in character and appearance our corn-stalks. These 'roofs,' if they protect from the sun, afford harbor for every form of vermin, and snakes abound. The snake charmer is a not uncommon character, and one afternoon at Luxor I saw one who did, or seemed to do, marvelous things — but he may have been a fake.

I sing of that I know, the common house fly: it is very small, and swarms by millions all over Egypt. About half the size of our fly, it makes up by its persistence and agility what it lacks in size, and it tickles beyond belief. The sale of fly swatters, made of everything conceivable, — wire, horsehair, fibre, rope, and so forth, — is a thriving industry. These are never used by the natives, who have been taught that Allah sent the fly for some good purpose and it is not to be shooed away, but allowed to lay its eggs in children's eyes, and if the children become blind it is Allah's will. Indeed, the flies do not seem to annoy the natives: I have seen children playing about or asleep, their faces covered with them; and I once watched an old man sitting quietly at the rudder of a sailboat with dozens of these insects playing very contentedly about his eyes, but he made no effort to drive them away.

VI

There is a curious optical illusion on the Nile: as one sits contentedly in one's steamer chair watching the ever-changing panorama, the background of the picture seems to be proceeding in the same direction as the steamer, while the foreground is moving rapidly astern. Many prominent pens have attempted to describe the lure of Egypt, and in my opinion they have failed, signally. No less an artist, in words, than Thomas Hardy could make a pen picture of the Nile which could convey, to one who has not seen it, its manifold beauty: its fertile places, interspersed with mountainous cliffs of sandstone, and the glory of its blazing sun. I had no idea that a dry and sandy desert could be so beautiful in such various ways. There is sand and sand: sand which may be as fine and black as pepper, sand as bright and shining as guinea gold, and shifting sand on which only a camel can walk with comfort. At night one observes that the sky, so blue as to be almost black, serves chiefly for a setting for thousands of stars, making such a firmament as causes one to forget how man has appropriated and employed the marvels of nature and exclaim with the Psalmist: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' Indeed, I felt that I was rapidly becoming a Zoroastrian, when my eyes fell upon the ruins of a temple, so colossal in size, so amazing in design and execution, and withal so old, as to bring me quickly out of my reverie.

I shall say nothing of the tombs and temples of Egypt, or their number and variety. The ancient Egyptians had small knowledge of the use of metals in our sense. Their land was composed of rock, water, and earth washed down from countries far away to the south; this earth by irrigation they made enormously fertile. There was 'corn in Egypt' centuries before the announcement was made. Life encompassed two things, luxury and labor: of both more than traces remain. Time

was no object and labor was cheap. To see a mountain of rock was to wish to hew and transport and carve and worship it. How were these enormous temples and statues erected? The belief in and craving for immortality was seemingly the strongest passion in these old Pharaohs — one of whom was a woman, Queen Hatshepsut, the Queen Elizabeth of her time. Fancy a civilization which reached its zenith twenty-seven hundred years before Christ!

Our tour on the Nile is almost over; it has been a delightful one. When we came aboard our boat six weeks ago we knew no one; now most of the company are friends, at least for the time being. Americans and English, of course, predominate, with a sprinkling of Germans; no French — what would they do so far from the boulevards of Paris? The Americans make themselves known by their high shrill voices and the impression they instantly create of taking possession of things generally. Our boat has the usual number of English maiden ladies, carrying their English ideas and habits with them, as they always do, to the uttermost parts of the world. On Christmas Day, one sweet old lady — right out of the pages of *Cranford* — came up to me as we were approaching Luxor and asked me whether I thought the shops would be open to-morrow. 'Why, yes, madam, why not?' I replied. 'Well, it is Boxing Day, is n't it?' she twittered, reproachfully.

Throughout our trip our every want has been anticipated and supplied. We have lived in the luxury of an excellent hotel. If mineral waters, a necessity, are expensive, some things are cheap: good Scotch whiskey, famous brands, can be had in all the villages for $1.62 per quart bottle! Our boat anchors about bedtime and our sleep is undisturbed. It is bitter cold at night and very hot in the sun: this makes frequent changes of clothes necessary, but what else has one to do? We go ashore every day once, sometimes twice: camels and donkeys, motors even, are forthcoming as needed, and Arabs to carry one in a chair when one is old or indolent, as is the writer.

Our steamer works its way to the landing place for an inland excursion; instantly all is confusion and excitement: Arabs, scarabs, camels, donkeys and donkey boys; men, white, brown, and black, seeking to sell beads and relics, made yesterday, screaming and gesticulating, prancing about in the dust of ages, four inches deep. Will order ever be restored? one thinks. It will, and promptly. Our excellent dragoman and his assistant see to that; gradually a line is formed, someone is leading; we move off in good order. Our destination may be some temple several miles away. We shall have lunch among the ruins — an excellent lunch, we know from experience — and we shall be back to the boat in excellent time for a 'wash and a brush-up' and the inevitable cup of tea — all thanks to Thomas Cook and Son.

Egypt has been overrun and conquered many times; what nation, ancient or modern, has not taken toll of her? But the last conqueror of Egypt is Cook.

AS SEEN BY A DISCIPLE

PRESIDENT ELIOT

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

I

THIS paper is avowedly personal. Through many years I had the inestimable privilege of seeing, day by day, a great man at his work. In a capacity subordinate but informal, I was brought into constant contact with him. We discussed subjects so varied that I saw him in many aspects; and, as he revealed himself more and more, I came to the belief which I still hold that I never knew a nobler man. The deeper springs of his character I shall not try to sound at present, though what I tell of him may from time to time reveal them. I have especially in mind his everyday humanity, his lighter moments, his sense of fun, his occasional misapprehensions in their comical contrast to the habitual clearness and spaciousness of his mind, his persistent prejudices, which, however, could not in an individual case cripple his instinct for justice. By stringing together some personal experiences, I hope to throw certain sidelights on his social and academic character.

A year or two after graduation, I applied to him for a tutorship in Greek. Tutors in those days were appointed for terms of three years. I was young, inexperienced, and afraid, and undoubtedly made a bad impression on him. He gave me no encouragement at all. Yet Greek was prescribed to Freshmen and tutors had to be found. The academic year for the upper classes began on Thursday; for Freshmen, some of whom were examined for admission in the last three days of the week, it began on the following Monday. On Saturday half of the Freshmen had not been provided with a tutor in Greek. At my midday meal on Saturday, my brother, then a tutor in mathematics, brought me an oral order from the President to begin work on Monday. Obviously the President had nourished till the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour the hope of finding somebody else.

Scared but happy, I went to him. 'This appointment,' he said, 'is for *one* year. Mr. Croswell and Mr. J. H. Wheeler are abroad; and the college will employ either of those persons in preference to you.'

Here I first came upon that directness which some people called brutality but which was merely the courageous kindness of sincerity. Courageous because few older men, with dispositions not positively ugly, will disappoint a young man's ambition without shading the truth a little. Those words burnt into me for life, as clear now as when they were spoken, more than fifty years ago. When I repeated them to him in his extreme old age, he smiled benignantly. 'That was pretty rough,' he said. I had learned, long since, that it was not. It had the wholesome bit-

terness of a tonic. I began to know the President as a man to whom I or anyone might go for criticism and be sure of getting it unadulterated either with sentimental weakness or with personal ill-will. Nor was there anything haphazard in his characterization: by instinct and training he was a critical observer of men. Reverend George A. Gordon writes of meeting him, always with pleasure, and always with a sense of being 'appraised.' In Faculty meetings he suffered men to talk as long as they would; he was appraising them. At the age of ninety or more, he remarked, 'I don't see why Dr. [MacFie] Campbell comes to see me so often. He observes me very closely; he little knows that I observe him equally closely.' Constant research in character, constant sharpening of an inborn talent for observation, and constant practice in the vigorous niceties of speech gave to his sketches of character both authority and pungency; and when occasion required, sometimes when it merely offered, he would tell people what he thought of them — precisely and unmistakably — sparing neither them nor himself in the clear air of truth. Hence those who had not educated their sensitiveness into an element of strength, who were as yet unable to feel a bracing effect of frankness toward themselves, condemned as cold and harsh what he had schooled himself to tell and what it might be no small part of their own schooling to hear.

Direct speech, at any cost, was an article of his faith. He was as ready to receive it as to give it. At a meeting of graduate students, while I was talking with the professor who had made the address of the evening, President Eliot came up to disagree with him face to face. The attack, though not personally hostile, was energetic. 'I said to myself,' he declared, 'the trumpet gives an uncertain sound.' The lecturer, in the nervous weariness that follows nervous effort, was not quite ready for a series of comments like that. 'Excuse me, Mr. Eliot,' he said, 'but this is a subject on which I know more than you.' The President's face showed no trace of resentment, for the excellent reason that there was none to show. He had heard a sincere and devoted man tell him a plain truth. In such an utterance from such a man he saw nothing unbecoming. He wanted a certain sound from the trumpet, and he got it.

I remember my surprise when Professor George Herbert Palmer told me that President Eliot was the easiest of men to talk with if you knew what you wished to say. I was probably a little skeptical, because unable to think of Professor Palmer, an acknowledged master of speech, as finding it hard to talk with anybody; but Professor Palmer was right. To this great and formidable being the humblest man's opinion, plainly expressed, was of interest. Only those who were frightened into incoherence, or those who postponed their thinking till they were seated in his office, were sorry that they had come; and even they, in his later years, might almost feel at home.

Yet there can be no greater mistake than to think of him as naturally imperturbable. With all his magnificent self-control, he revealed, now and then, the thinness of the crust which covered a volcanic fire. In discussing his reputation for coldness, he recalled a Faculty meeting at which a professor was speaking offensively. 'I held the arms of my chair,' said the President, 'and held them tighter and tighter as he went on; and, at last, one of the arms broke. That was not cold!'

His reply to his cousin, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, at a Commencement ceremony of Radcliffe College,

no one who heard it will forget. Professor Norton was the orator of the day, giving the audience the quintessence of Nortonian philosophy perfectly expressed. He talked of 'this vulgar, half-civilized America.' He named a few great books that every young woman whom he addressed should have in her library, the *Thoughts* of Marcus Aurelius, for example. After him President Eliot was called on for a speech. Commencement at Radcliffe is only a day before Commencement at Harvard. President Eliot, though sure to be called on, could not be expected to have an address prepared; and indeed few men with preparation could speak as well as he without it. In his first sentence he spoke of himself as 'appalled' that his 'rude speech' should follow the polished periods of Professor Norton. He then invited the audience to take note that whatever of beauty, refinement, and culture they found in that gathering and ceremony was American. He continued with 'American' as a sort of triumphant refrain; he proceeded to the principles of American democracy.

'And where,' he cried, 'can these principles be found? In the pages of one little book — in the four Gospels of the New Testament. I trust that you have already added that little book to your library.' He sat down, tremendously applauded.

Never before or since have I heard two speakers show so much of themselves in so short a time, each so near his oratorical best. And the man whose eloquence had fired every hearer went home to say penitently, 'I've been fighting again.'

At times, especially in his earlier years, his directness of speech caused needless irritation and may well have cost him friends. A rich gentleman whose estate bordered the property of the College complained to him of a high pile of wood or lumber close to the line that divided the estates. 'I told him,' said the President, many years later, 'that if he objected to the College's woodpile, the College would gladly buy his land. That,' the President added, 'was a bad break.'

Few men could better illustrate what is vulgarly known as 'coming down to brass tacks.' Professor W. R. Spalding, trained, as he says, by his father not to waste the time of important people, presented Mr. Eliot with a carefully wrought plan for improvement in the Department of Music. 'Mr. Spalding,' said the President, 'your argument is cogent and conclusive. Good morning.'

The Class of 1872 on its twenty-fifth anniversary gave to the College a clock for the tower in Memorial Hall. The striking of this clock was a great annoyance to Professor Shaler, who declared that he heard it every hour in the night. 'I told the Corporation,' he said, 'that it would have to choose between me and three thousand pounds of brass.'

This bit of dialogue is reported: —

Professor Shaler: 'If that clock is n't taken out I shall go.'

President Eliot: '*Where* will you go, Mr. Shaler?'

One thinks of Gilbert's —

> On fire that glows
> With heat intense,
> I turn the hose
> Of common sense.

I remember well an occasion when the hose was turned on me. As Dean of the College I was telling the Faculty at the final meeting of the year the records of those candidates for the degree of A.B. who had not met all the requirements. One youth was still deficient in Freshman prescribed English, in which he had failed annually. I believe that in other respects his

record was clear. When presenting his case I had to admit his apparent hopelessness in this one subject; but I must have laid such stress as I could on what he *had* accomplished. And the President said, 'Jones, described as an illiterate person, is recommended for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.'

II

It was Mr. Eliot's classmate, Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who made the remark (attributed to another man) that the President had a sense of humor, but you 'could n't count on it.' That he had it is made obvious by what I have already told. When it showed itself in words, his instinct for the close-fitting word was strikingly effective. Of a mean-looking poster inviting new students to the hospitality of a reception, he said, 'It has a very bleak appearance.' Of the magenta handkerchiefs bought for the crew in which he rowed, he said that, though they were the origin of Harvard crimson, the color was purely accidental; 'it might just as well have been blue.' Of a proposal to dispense with all grades for records of students' work, reporting nothing but 'passed' or 'failed,' he said, 'I fear that it would subject our students to too great a strain on their higher motives.' Of a hot-tempered professor, he observed, 'You know, Mr. Briggs, that it is easy to touch a match to him.' I remember his showing me certain inscriptions that he had written for an arch at the World's Fair in Chicago. When I asked him whether they would fill what I understood to be the allotted space, he answered, 'Oh, the arch is all covered with women and horses.' Harvard men he characterized as 'less glowing and gregarious' than Yale men. Commenting on a certain student from a standard Boston family, he said, 'He appears to be the possessor of but two adjectives, "bully" and "rotten."' When I asked him about X's Class Day oration, he answered, 'Robust commonplace.' Of a graduate who had written somewhat irresponsibly about Harvard, he observed, 'He is not a scientific person.' Of the place to which women were relegated when waiting for books in the University Library, he said, 'A pen is provided for them.' Of a graduate student who planned to leave Harvard for work in Professor X's laboratory at a distant university, he said, 'Taking the laboratory and Professor X together, I see no reason for the change.' In Faculty meeting when a certain professor asked him a question, he branched off to a quite different matter, attacking a committee of which the professor was a member. Then suddenly turning back to the question, he said, 'Did Professor X get what he wanted?' When Professor Norton had proposed that the memorial to Phillips Brooks should take the form of a sadly needed University Library, the President remarked, 'I see no reason why he should hitch his particular little wagon to that particular star.' 'We have nominated Wendell for a professorship,' he said one day. 'He expects opposition in the Board of Overseers; but I can conceive of no effective opposition.' 'Do you mean Mr. S.?' said I. 'I thought they had made it up.' 'For external use,' said the President. One of his famous sayings is: 'If you are a college president, they not only say you lie; they prove it!'

Once a year the presidents of New England colleges used to meet at one of the colleges — each president taking with him one professor — for the discussion of college problems. I remember that the first item of a long programme which we were to dispose of in a day and a half was: 'What

studies should a man who is going to be a minister pursue in college?' I remember, too, a pardonable saving clause in the opening prayer: 'May our conclusions be best — so far as we *come* to any conclusions.' We sat like a class of boys each of whom was 'called up' by the presiding officer for an opinion on every item in the programme. 'Must we speak on every question?' I said to President Eliot. 'Oh no; you may pass as you do in euchre.'

In an address to the business men of Harvard Square, he told of Harvard Square in its earlier days and of the permission that he got from President Walker to put gas into Holworthy Hall as an experiment. 'Those pipes in Holworthy Hall,' said he, 'still belong to the Cambridge Gas Company; but I doubt if they know it.'

One variety of his humor I did not discover till long after he had resigned. Through his secretary he had asked me to see him at his house for the discussion of some college matter. On the day before our meeting one of his daughters-in-law was my neighbor in a street car. 'I hear that you are to see President Eliot to-morrow,' she said. We then fell to talking about him. I told her that I had not gone to see him since his retirement; that I had formed the habit of not going to him without a commanding reason, for I knew that he was beset with unsparing visitors and it was somebody's business not to bother him unnecessarily. I told her also that long ago, when I had said to his newly appointed secretary, Mr. Clymer, 'How is the President?' Mr. Clymer answered, 'Lovely.' I told her that the word, as applied to Mr. Eliot, had startled me then, and that I had since learned how fitly it was chosen. On the next day, when I presented myself at the appointed hour, I was greeted thus: —

'I've been hearing strange stories of you. I hear that you have determined not to come to see me unless you have to.'

The unexpectedness of this sally tied my tongue, I fear. He made some polite remark to the effect that I was always welcome and proceeded: —

'I hear, also, that you were surprised when you heard the word "lovely" applied to me.' Silence. 'You thought it *inappropriate!*'

Only those who know his delivery can do justice to this little speech. Later I learned that the mood of it was not uncommon with him. He was amusing himself with a benignant sort of teasing. Here was a man of ninety 'kidding' a man of seventy, much as a sprightly and experienced girl might tease an embarrassed boy, younger than herself, whom she knew to admire her and over whom chance had given her a delicious advantage.

He loved to tell experiences which amused him and told them with full appreciation of their humorous side. One of these experiences was the acquisition of Austin Hall: —

Mr. Austin (meeting the President in the street): 'What does the University need most now?'

Mr. Eliot: 'A new building for the Law School.'

Mr. Austin (after hesitation): 'I'll give it. I hate a lawyer like the devil!'

Yet I can see justification of Professor Hill's remark about the sense of humor. When Mr. Eliot was president of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa he invited Professor E. K. Rand to speak at the chapter's annual dinner, and assigned as a subject the durable satisfactions of life. The annual dinner used to be celebrated for its wit. The oration and the poem might be tragedies; the dinner was the satyr drama. As a dinner, in the eating sense, it was not highly esteemed; but as a play-

ground for the wit of such men as Joseph H. Choate, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, and Edward Everett Hale it was worth starving at. Professor Rand, whose sense of humor is unquestioned, said to himself, 'This time I am to be the serious man.' Later, when the President called on one man after another and every man spoke on the durable satisfactions of life, Professor Rand was smitten with the awful truth that the President had planned to deal with the durable satisfactions by an unendurable symposium. Walking with the President after the dinner, he got a new and durable satisfaction in the President's happy reflection on it, 'No humor!'

At a meeting of the Faculty Dr. Sargent was telling of thefts from lockers in the gymnasium. 'The other day,' he said in an expressionless tone, 'a man was found there with his hand in the pocket of an instructor. He did not secure anything.' This was too sudden for the Faculty, who laughed loud and long; but the President sat erect and stern as a rebuke to us foolish children, even as Mrs. Eliot, who surely did not lack humor, sat when her husband, conferring the degree of LL.D. on President Taft, described him in all ways as 'robust,' and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt exploded and Sanders Theatre broke into a roar.

Again I cannot resist the temptation of relating an experience of my own. Through many years, in one capacity or another, I had to write official reports for publication and to submit them in manuscript to the President. They were serious documents, probably as serious as anything that I ever put into print; but they did now and then allow what was amusing in the academic situation to express itself — never, I think, without a serious underlying purpose. Whether I was right or wrong I do not know, and I had rather not consider here. I do know that I was not convinced when with damning solemnity he said, 'There are passages in your report that would make a reader smile!' 'Tell him,' said a colleague, 'that there are passages in his that would make a reader laugh right out'; and he told how the President had characterized a man who had attacked the work of the Harvard Observatory as 'an astronomer of merit.'

Nor was I convinced by the President's argumentative illustration. He pointed out to me that there was something in my mind which expressed itself in charades and that this something should not intrude into such serious matter as official reports. 'The American people,' he said, 'like their serious matter and their humor separated.' This proposition he illustrated by a story of the late Sherman Hoar, '82, who made a name for himself in politics at an exceptionally early age, and whose political opponents twitted him because of his youth. Mr. Hoar, the President said, made one campaign speech in the hall of a Sunday School. Seeing 'Suffer little children to come unto me' on the wall above him, he remarked to the audience that he had been derided for being young; 'but,' he said, as he pointed to the wall, 'here at least I shall be welcome.' After the meeting a member of the committee in charge told him that this sort of thing would n't do. From which the President argued that Americans wish humor and serious matter to be separated. Possibly they do. I, as an American, should like the colored supplement to be separated into outer darkness. The significance of my story lies in the blindness of such a man as Mr. Eliot to what made Mr. Hoar's remark offensive, and in the fallaciousness of such an argument as a support for his proposition. Throughout his career, it was easy to puncture his

reasoning. He won his causes, not by logic but by personal force, instinct for the right, noble ardor for truth and freedom.

III

It seems queer to say of this great man, reputed cold, that his power in argument was less intellectual than personal and emotional (in the best sense of that word). Personal force of character he had beyond nearly all men; intensity of feeling, disciplined by resolute self-control, gave to his speech an immense background of reserve. Logical consistency, some of us thought, he had not. To draw an illustration from football (not, by the way, his favorite sport), he had developed a magnificently strong offense and let defense take care of itself. In the eagerness of debate he repeatedly laid himself open to a *reductio ad absurdum*. In behalf of a three-year degree he used arguments which, if pushed to their logical conclusion, would wipe out the College altogether. His mind was essentially affirmative.

At a dinner in honor of a Harvard crew, the President, after paying his disrespects to football, exalted rowing, in which he himself was proficient. 'You work together,' he said; 'you work hard; and you work for the honor and glory of your college. What finer pleasure can there be than that?' Here was one of the best speakers in the world commending rowing in contrast to football, with praise every word of which might be applied to football itself.

The late Clinton H. Scovell told of a dinner at which President Eliot was combated by Frederick P. Fish, who, it would seem, disposed of the President's argument completely. When Mr. Fish sat down, Mr. Eliot asked and received permission to speak a second time. Without attempting to refute Mr. Fish, he began all over again, speaking so warmly and impressively that he apparently won the debate. Mr. Scovell expressed surprise at his method. 'That,' said Dean Ames, 'is what he has been doing all his life.' He was one who

> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.

Yet few men were more generous to opponents; for besides his innate nobleness he had the trained capacity of an ardent listener, eager to learn the opinion of any serious opponent and the reason for it. I have heard that, when he was between eighty and ninety years old, he attended a conference which threatened to end without giving Mr. George L. Fox time for saying what he wished to say. Mr. Fox moved that the discussion should be continued at the next annual meeting, and added that he himself was accused by his friends of using not a rapier but a bludgeon. President Eliot, who had just made a speech, rose calmly and said, 'I hope that Brother Fox will not have the discussion postponed, but will say *now* what he has to say; for I may not be here next year and I should like to be present. And I do not at all mind his using a bludgeon.'

His genuine interest in the opinion of any intelligent human being gave him an amusing and not undeserved reputation for curiosity. He himself told how his hired man at Mount Desert, looking at a portrait of him, exclaimed, 'That's him, only he ain't asking no questions'; and people tell of his lifting the cover of a neighbor's saucepan as he passed through her kitchen. After a successful opening of the College chapel at the beginning of the academic year, one of the clergymen, filled with enthusiasm, went straight to Phillips Brooks's rectory to report the meeting. 'It was

so fine,' he said, 'to see President Eliot standing there and singing

'Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

'Asking questions, as usual,' said Mr. Brooks.

All in all he was probably the finest speaker I have ever heard. He was utterly free from oratorical insincerity and even from oratorical and elocutionary mannerisms such as most speakers develop with advancing years. Though his speeches must be numbered by thousands, they were to the last as natural as they were strong. His voice was rich music; his enunciation was perfect in its self-effacing accuracy; his bearing was stately. When he felt strongly and exercised self-command, his speech had the ominousness of suppressed passion. With all his minute practicality he was possessed of a high idealism. In the Middle Ages, he said, men gave their allegiance to an idealized person, a king or a lord; now they give it to a personified ideal, a country or a college.

His practicality and his idealism met in his views of scholarships and prizes. Scholarships were, in his opinion, financial aids for poor boys, not prizes which might be given to rich ones. His idealism in this matter he expressed with his customary disregard of proving too much. He had, he said, the Greek idea of a prize — for example, a laurel wreath, simple, not costly, perishable. To this remark, which he made at a meeting of the Faculty, Professor Morris Morgan retorted that 'money does n't last a bit longer.'

His moral idealism cropped out oddly in his views of poetry. 'His only use for poetry is ethical,' said a member of the Faculty. I believe he thought and said that Whittier's poetry was as good as Homer's. His attitude toward poetry is illustrated by an experience of mine with him in a small club. Membership involved the giving of a dinner to the club, and an hour's performance of some kind by the host, usually an exposition of something in his own field of scholarship. Put to my wit's end for subjects that I dared offer these men, nearly all of whom were specialists and my seniors, I took 'The Clerkes Tale,' giving each man a copy and reading the tale aloud, to show, if I could, the beauty of Chaucer's verse when pronounced with approximation to the sounds of the words in his day.

Though quite free from fear that these specialists would be disturbed by flaws in my pronunciation, I was apprehensive. I had heard one member call 'The Man of Lawes Tale' 'puerile.' Even so, I was not prepared for the outburst of President Eliot: —

'Can you give me any reason, Mr. Briggs, why that should be preserved as literature? There is no poetry in it. The man is a *miserable rascal!*' and more to the same effect.

Words fail me now as they failed me then. 'The Clerkes Tale' stirred in him nothing but righteous indignation, not merely at Walter but at Chaucer — if not at the luckless protagonist of the evening. No one who heard him then would ever call him cold. Here I may interject another bit of his literary criticism: 'I can't read Miss Wilkins, she 's so squalid.'

A kind of self-possession in matters which it is hard for some of us to take calmly caused him to say now and then what, looked at without his personal context, seemed cold-blooded. I had been skeptical about the University's à la carte restaurant when used by our poorer undergraduates, especially by needy Freshmen. Some of us who have always had enough to eat would yet find it hard to indulge ourselves in wholesome variety if every day at every meal we saw the printed

price of everything we were eating. A high-strung boy, when he faces a minutely portioned bill of fare, without money enough to see his way through the college year, is in danger of ordering the same five-cent portion every day; or, if for variety he takes a ten-cent portion of something else, he is in danger of counteracting by extra worry the extra value of the food. When I imparted to Mr. Eliot my fears in such a case, he said, 'If he does n't lose weight, he's all right. And, if he weighs himself every week, — and he's a foolish fellow if he does n't! —' Here my recollection of his words has gone; but the reader can readily supply the apodosis.

To discover the golden minimum in food by watching one's weight and (so to speak) by eating to it, was, in President Eliot's mind, a fascinating and quite unemotional problem; yet no man's emotion was stirred more deeply or more efficiently in behalf of a boy who was struggling for education. When he heard that a young lover of botany who had but one arm was likely to be shut out from the study of it in college because unable to meet the requirements of the laboratory, he exclaimed vehemently, 'If that boy wants botany, he shall have it!'

When he had summoned to his house a disciplinary officer to talk with the mother of a disgraced boy, he suddenly left the room. When the mother had gone, Mrs. Eliot apologized for his withdrawal. The distress of these mothers, she said, was more than he could bear. 'That was not cold.'

Few men are more quickly responsive to misfortune; few men have kinder hearts. I remember well how in my Sophomore year he left his house to be occupied by a student with smallpox. He was then a widower, living with his two boys.

Professor Emerton, after Mr. Eliot's resignation, published some personal recollections of him. Mr. Eliot wrote that Mrs. Eliot and he had read them, sometimes with laughter and sometimes with tears; and Professor Emerton responded that he believed the tears were not unhappy ones. Later, when Mr. Eliot was leaving Professor Emerton's house after a meeting of 'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America' and his host had escorted him to his car and the car was starting, he put his head out of the doorway: 'You were right,' he said. 'The tears were not unhappy ones.'

His tenderness showed itself in minute care of those, young or old, for whose welfare he regarded himself as at any time responsible. When he sent me on my first long trip as a delegate of the University, he expounded to me the advantage of ventilating my berth by putting a pencil under the window. His constant friend, Dr. Henry Pickering Walcott, who graduated from Harvard College five years later than he, visited him at Mount Desert — I think, in 1925. As Dr. Walcott was starting for a homeward-bound boat on a nasty day, Mr. Eliot was putting on his overcoat; and when the doctor asked him why, he replied, 'I am going to the boat with you.' The doctor remonstrated: 'I have had a perfect visit; if you go out with me, I shall be worried all the time for fear you've caught cold.' Nevertheless Mr. Eliot, who was then ninety-one, went down with the doctor to the boat. There they met Dean Sperry, to whom Mr. Eliot said, 'Here is an old gentleman going up in the boat; and you must take good care of him.' Even as he was dying, he commented on the relative convenience of different days for his death to the plans of doctors who visited him at Mount Desert. He de-

cided on which day he was to die, and was, I believe, but one day off in his reckoning.

IV

President Eliot's feeling about youth and age, like many of his other feelings, was both endearing and amusing. Beyond any other man whom I have known (except possibly Theodore Roosevelt) he believed in youth. I think he would subscribe to the words of a recent novelist: 'After all, if wisdom is the knowledge of how to live, one need be no wiser at fifty than at twenty. An ability to count the cost may cause one to miss the heights, while foolish youth may reach the top without knowing how he got there. But he has arrived, and it is no use for middle age to shout through a megaphone that he has no right to be where he is.'[1] He had faith that youth would be its own best guide in electing courses of study. In a published report to the Overseers he informed them that the Overseers — some, at any rate — were of an age to learn about the College from their sons and grandsons. One effect of this public information was a vote of the Overseers requiring the President to submit his annual reports to them in proof. Another effect, I believe, was the election of some younger men who became active in opposing the President's policies — an opposition which he was too large-minded to resent. For many years he was accused of packing the Faculty with young men to push his pet measures. One eminent Overseer, to illustrate the truth of this charge, mentioned the appointment of Barrett Wendell. This gentleman could not have hit on a more triumphant vindication of the President or a more striking exposure of his own ignorance. Barrett Wendell was as courageously independent as any man who ever breathed. He seemed positively to enjoy being in a minority of one, and would beard any lion in or out of his den. Some of his intuitions and prophecies were so true and so unsupported that I used to call him Cassandra.

When President Eliot had allowed those members of the Faculty who opposed his scheme for a three-year college degree to use the University printing office for the publication of their argument, he read the printed signatures. 'That will put a stop to one lie,' he exclaimed. 'Look at those young men!'

As he believed in youth, so he appeared to disbelieve in old age. His cousin, Professor Norton, kept open house on Christmas Eve to all members of the University who might be away from home. There was never a more charming host. He had a personal word for every man who came in. Then he read from the New Testament the Christmas story; then he talked for a few minutes on any serious subject that was in his mind; then he invited his guests to a supper such as many of them had never known. A few ladies and a few instructors were there as aids.

On the morning after one of these receptions, at which the host had deplored certain tendencies of our nation, his portrait appeared on the front page of a daily newspaper with some such heading as this: —

PROFESSOR NORTON

Says that we are the Wickedest Nation in the World

Some embryo journalist had violated the professor's hospitality. When I next met the President I expressed my disgust at the student's ill-breeding and my regret for the whole matter. I was

[1] John Hastings Turner: *Simple Souls*, Chap. XXI, pp. 260–1.

scarcely prepared for his reply: 'Oh, well, everybody understands that he is over seventy.' He himself must have been, at this time, well along in the sixties; he remained as President till he was seventy-five; he kept on writing till shortly before he died at ninety-two. His implied generalization about old age was another instance of his proving too much.

He was a very old man indeed when his son, going to see him and finding him somewhat excited, asked him what the matter was.

'They want me to talk at the Institute of Technology.'

'You 'd better do it, since you used to teach there.'

'Yes! But they want me to talk about "old times." I want to know what they are going to do next!'

Many years ago I heard him express a dread of surviving his powers; toward the end of his life, he said, 'I find it harder to control my thoughts; that is, I find it harder to keep out the disagreeable things': but his mental activity was extraordinarily lasting. From his seventieth birthday anniversary, when the congratulation that he prized most was Mrs. Whitman's single leaf of laurel, to his ninetieth, which was celebrated in Sanders Theatre and the College Yard, and through the few years that remained to him, he thought and worked and maintained in a marked degree that power of perfect phrasing, that vigorous directness of speech and action, that lovable individuality, which overpowered all who came near him. At seventy-two he was operated on in Ceylon for a bad case of appendicitis. Later, he wrote, 'After all I lost but twenty-seven days. The experience of those days was to me altogether novel and possibly improving.' He was not the man to let surgery for appendicitis get away from him without yielding something to his insatiable thirst for knowledge. He consented to the celebration of his ninety years 'provided that the exercises shall be brief and not of a mortuary character.' When he was ninety-one, a Harvard man, taking his photograph for a film, suggested his whittling. 'That is a good idea,' said Mr. Eliot. As he pulled down a twig and began to whittle, he observed, 'I suppose that you will write a caption, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."' When the photographer asked him whether he was 'a movie fan,' he answered, 'I abhor them.'

Economy was born in him and trained there. A deficit of forty thousand dollars in a college year struck him with horror. 'Mr. Eliot,' said his wife, 'calls up the heads of Departments and asks them to economize. They all say that they can't economize; and then Mr. Eliot goes round and turns down the gas.'

His far-reaching and detailed economy found delicious expression in connection with some Russian tea sent by a grateful father to the Dean of the College. The mistaken benevolence of parents may sorely embarrass the Dean with gifts which he cannot refuse without hurting their feelings, yet, as a disciplinary officer, cannot safely or even honorably accept. A certain undergraduate on probation for a low record in studies had complicated his academic position still further by typhoid fever, which naturally kept him out of the classroom for a long time and made him unable to work. During his sickness the Dean had corresponded with the father; and on his recovery the father sent to the Dean five two-pound cans of Russian tea. It occurred to the Dean that if neither he himself nor the small board which determines a student's standing accepted the tea, — if it did not become the property of a disciplinary individual or a disciplinary committee, — it

might, if the father approved, be used by the Faculty before Faculty meetings when tea was regularly served. It might thus, as a gift to the Dean, be diluted into insignificance, and need not, as it were, be thrown back in the father's face. Since the Dean had never known (to this day he does not know) the source of the tea provided for the Faculty, he consulted President Eliot about his scheme. The President's decision was instantaneous and unassailable: 'It will accustom the Faculty to a higher grade of tea than they will have when it is gone.'

When Albert Bushnell Hart was a young instructor, giving a single college course, someone asked President Eliot why the College did not supply lectures in American history. The President's answer combined appreciation with thrift: 'What's the use of paying a man two hundred dollars for a lecture? We have an admirable course in American history, and we pay only eight hundred for it.'

Economy certainly overreached itself when one of the most brilliant teachers in America, working at Harvard as Instructor for a pitifully small salary, had the offer of twice as much, with an Assistant Professor's title, at another university. We had a large deficit; nothing could be done. Mr. Eliot did not deny that the man was worthy to be head of a department at any university in the United States; but again, we had a large deficit; nothing could be done. A very few years later, when the man had become reconciled to his new position, in which he was not merely appreciated but put on the straight road to promotion, President Eliot called him back, this time to a full professorship, and even at that price had great difficulty in getting him. As a financial transaction, the conduct of this case is comparable to purchase of the Sibylline Books.

V

'Every man,' said the late Professor James B. Greenough, 'needs a few good sound prejudices to keep him steady.' The prejudices of the strong man are sure to be strong; and such were the prejudices of President Eliot. One of his closest friends and disciples has observed that there seemed to be two spots in which his mind lacked its usual clearness — the spots representing athletics and the Episcopal church. Outside of rowing (which he loved) and tennis (which, I suspect, he took on trust), he had little faith in intercollegiate athletics, and, in spite of the fact that he has said, in his reports, some of the finest things ever said of them, a curious misunderstanding of their nature. Like many lesser persons, he seemed ready to decry them as body opposed to mind, yet to regard all strategy in them — I had almost said 'all intelligence' — as damning proof of dishonesty. Many years ago when standards of athletics were at their lowest, when first-year Law Students from other colleges were eligible to our Freshman teams, and loosely attached persons of several varieties were eligible to our University teams, the Harvard Law School maintained a category of Special Students, to whose academic employment it gave scant attention. The tuition fee of a hundred and fifty dollars secured for the man who paid it (or for whom it was paid) comparative immunity from the ordinary exactions of a Faculty, and the right to compete for membership in athletic teams. At a Faculty meeting the President had been commenting on the shabbiness of the University baseball team, which was undeniable. Finally he spoke of one man in the team who was, he said, a Special Student in the Law School, but never attended his classes. 'The students,' he added, 'like him because he

is "up to all the professional tricks."' After the meeting, Barrett Wendell and I went to Mr. Eliot, saying in effect: 'We know little about that player and care little about him; but we have seen him play ball many times, and have never seen him do anything mean or dirty.' The President drew himself up in the magnificent attitude that was all his own and exclaimed with triumphant finality, 'Why! They boasted of his making a feint to throw a ball in one direction and then *throwing it in* ANOTHER!' He was superb. It was as if he said, 'You young men don't know what you are talking about,' yet said it with regal courtesy. Still again, he maintained that the manly way to play football is to attack the strongest part of the opponent's line. In athletics, as in everything else, his fight was a fight for righteousness; but his logic in regard to athletics, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would probably have condemned him as a trickster in his dominoes with Mrs. Eliot after lunch.

One of his difficulties in thorough understanding of certain sports was the inability of his eyes to follow the course of a ball. A long discussion of football in one of his annual reports was read so widely that nothing but a second edition could satisfy the demand for it. It contains many good and one or two eloquent passages; but he had never seen a game of football. Later he was persuaded by Professor Beale to see one game. That, unhappily, was in the era of mass plays, with only five yards to advance for a first down — in the period when football was least interesting to watch and most difficult to follow closely. Unluckily, also, the score was 0 to 0. Between the halves the President remarked, 'An interesting game, Mr. Briggs, but very inferior to a yacht race.'

Sometime before his famous discussion of football was published, he said to me, suddenly, —

'What's the difference between football and prize-fighting?'

Knowing as little of the latter as he knew of either, I tried to answer.

'Prize-fighting,' he retorted, 'develops some admirable qualities — alertness, courage.'

I had made, and could make, no headway; but when the report appeared I was pleased to read, —

'Whereas in prize-fighting, with which it has been unjustly compared, football,' etc., etc.

He had worked out an answer to his question. Prize-fighting demands severe bodily injury of an opponent. Bodily injury in football is incidental and — in theory, at least — accidental. A later report summed up with stinging conciseness Harvard's conduct of athletics: 'Unintelligent and therefore unsuccessful.'

His anti-Episcopal prejudice, no doubt a straight inheritance from Puritan ancestors, cropped up at all times and seasons. He seemed scarcely able to think of the Episcopal church without exhibiting his disapproval of it; and anyone accustomed to hearing him speak could tell, to a moment, when he sighted it as he was speaking. He was worried if he thought that many clerks in the College office were Episcopalians. When the Dean of Radcliffe College, Miss Agnes Irwin, was an Episcopalian and the mistress of the first Radcliffe dormitory, Miss Eliza Hoppin (a warm friend of his and Mrs. Eliot's), was an Episcopalian, and when he seemed bound to believe that the Secretary, Miss Coes, was an Episcopalian — though she was not — and when it was proposed to appoint Miss Grace Machado, an Episcopalian, as mistress of the second dormitory, 'Grace Eliot Hall,' his anxiety was

both painful and funny. When the Episcopal Club of Boston was so rash as to make him its guest at dinner, he told it that he had observed in the Episcopalian preachers at Harvard an 'economy of intellectual effort.' It is said that, somewhat later, the Reverend Winchester Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, after hearing President Eliot speak at a meeting, told him how much he had enjoyed the address: 'I enjoy it more every time I hear it; and this is the third time.' Dr. Donald's audacity was surpassed only by that of the unsteady undergraduate who when the President said to him, 'Are you drinking now, Smith?' replied, 'Not so early in the morning, thank you.'

The most noteworthy exhibition of Mr. Eliot's feeling toward the Episcopal church occurred at the dinner celebrating what was supposed to be the three-hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth. Bishop Lawrence, after handsomely appreciative words about Mr. Eliot, who presided, expressed the opinion that there had been room for John Harvard in the Church of England, and that the ecclesiastics of John Harvard's day made a mistake in allowing him and others like him to leave that church. When the Bishop had finished speaking, the President sprang to his feet: 'John Harvard was a Dissenter: I therefore call on the Reverend Dr. Gordon, of the Old South MEETING HOUSE.' Dr. Gordon's speech, having a touch of the fine old Covenanter, stirred the President more deeply still, with a militant enthusiasm: 'What Dr. Gordon has said recalls a remark of Emerson's, that a man, to be a man, must be a Dissenter!'

On the question whether smoking should be allowed in Phillips Brooks House, he remarked that the question was one of sect; the Episcopalians wish to smoke; the others do not.

Yet, when he had time to consider, no prejudice could block his friendship with an individual or his devotion to the University; for his ruling passion was what Adams Sherman Hill has called 'his passion for justice.' No personal dislike of the Episcopal church could deter him from inviting Phillips Brooks to take charge of the University Chapel. I have heard him tell of his call on Dr. Brooks when the invitation had been sent. He found him agitated.

'Does the Corporation understand that I am a Trinitarian?'

'Yes, and for anything we know, you may be a Calvinist.'

'No, thank God, not that!'

Frequently the language in which he bestowed honorary degrees gave an inkling of personal feeling. Dr. William Reed Huntington, whose parishioners are said to have infested Wall Street, was 'an abundant fountain in a thirsty land'; Henry Cabot Lodge, after serving for eleven years in the Senate of the United States, had 'long vistas of generous service still inviting him.' The President's speech at a special meeting for the award of an honorary degree to Prince Henry of Prussia was a masterpiece of what his old friend Dr. Walcott called 'the audacity of oratory.' The ancient federation of our States welcomed the young German federation. The reason for conferring the degree seemed half apologetic, laying stress on the fact that the Prince's grandmother was English. Later, at a dinner in the Prince's honor, the President's speech — of some forty minutes, I believe — dwelt proudly on the blessings of democracy.

For many years he conducted his part of the Commencement ceremony in Latin, with the English pronunciation which most scholars had abandoned long before. 'Expectata oratio in lingua vernacula a Jones.' Candidates for degrees were summoned in

Latin to come and receive them. The summons ended with 'accedant.' On one occasion the medical candidates, not understanding Mr. Eliot's Latin (or perhaps any other), failed to accede. One youth, in everyday business clothes, took his stand on the platform alone and faced the President. The President repeated his formula two or three times without a single further accession. At last the youth, strained to the breaking point, turned his back to the President, walked to the edge of the platform, and beckoned to his distant classmates. The audience also was strained to the breaking point, and broke. The next year, the President spoke English only.

In writing of degrees, I cannot ignore a correspondence that I had with him in the summer of 1898. At my summer home in the woods of Plymouth, Massachusetts, I got a letter from Mr. E. B. Barton, a young graduate, whose diploma, testifying that he had received the degree of A.B., had been eaten by rats in Wadsworth House. He petitioned for another diploma in its place. As I knew that the President's objection to duplicating a diploma was almost Draconian in its rigidity, I had scarcely a shred of hope for Mr. Barton; but I did write to Mr. Eliot, then at Mount Desert, suggesting that, since Wadsworth House was a College building, the rats might be regarded as our own rats, for whose conduct toward Mr. Barton the College was responsible. I have rarely been more surprised than when I read his reply.

North-East Harbor, Maine
August 23, 1898

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I think we might issue another diploma to E. Blake Barton on the ground you mention — our own rats. I think there must have been an unexpected irruption of rats in Wadsworth House, for I never heard of any there before. I will write to the Bursar about them by this mail.

The remainder of the letter deals with other subjects. If I wrote immediately to Mr. Barton, as I believe that I did, my exultation was premature. Another surprise was in store for me. So soon after the first letter that even now its promptness is unintelligible, I received a second one: —

North-East Harbor, Maine
August 25, 1898

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I have changed my mind about Barton's diploma. Mr. Cutler [the head janitor] reports that a person who has used Barton's room in Wadsworth House during vacation left crackers and cheese in the room. It is probably A. Z. Reed. This food attracted the rats and mice. No other damage has been done in Wadsworth House. I think Barton will have to content himself with a certificate.

The writer then turned to another matter.

VI

President Eliot had a conservative strictness about social propriety. In extremely hot weather, when many students, taking their long final examinations, wore neither waistcoats nor coats, but shirtwaists, he declared the custom 'indecent.' Yet he himself, in the early part of his presidency, had horrified a certain conservative element in the neighborhood, when 'the young President of Harvard' was denounced for riding horseback on Sunday.

He was concerned about every word spoken or written by any representative of the College, never checking free speech, but scrutinizing every word and every pronunciation. He was so worried when one of our ablest and finest men said 'tremenjous' that he suggested correcting him by an anonymous letter! A story of Mr. Jerome Greene's

shows the President's shrewd and discriminating interest in the English used by students. When Mr. Greene was busy with Mr. Eliot in the back parlor of the President's house, the maid announced Mr. (let us say) Jones, of the Law School. Looking in the University catalogue, Mr. Greene discovered that there were two Joneses in the Law School, one from Bowdoin College, the other from a college in the Middle West, which we will call X. Going to the visitor in the front parlor, Mr. Greene asked whether he himself might not tell him what he needed to know, since the President was busy. The visitor answered, 'It seems like it was between he and I.' When Mr. Greene had transmitted this answer and Mr. Eliot had gone to see the student, Mr. Greene, to his great amusement and delight, heard in the President's far-reaching voice, 'Good morning, Mr. Jones. You are from X College, I believe.'

I need not dwell again on the quality of his own English. Now and then it seemed a trifle formal. When he ran his sailboat on a rock at Mount Desert, he remarked, 'I was aware of the proximity of the rock; but I mistook the tide.' Someone has happily likened to his diction a bit of English from Franklin's autobiography about the joy of suddenly seeing land 'to those who had been so long without other prospects than the uniform view of a vacant ocean.' This is the kind of English that, with his presence and his voice, made him in a class by himself as a platform orator.

A story from the Boston Latin School shows, among other things, that his excellent delivery was acquired early in life. A few years ago a boy in the Boston Latin School wished to declaim a passage from a speech of Henry Clay's but could not find the book which contained it. Mr. Pennypacker, then the headmaster, suggested that President Eliot might be able to tell where he could find a copy of the book, and gave the boy a letter of introduction to the President. The President did not know where a copy could be found. 'But that need make no difference, Mr. S.,' he said. 'I spoke that passage at the Latin School in 1849; I will dictate it to my secretary and give the manuscript to you.' These things he did. In the archives of the Latin School Mr. Pennypacker found a programme showing that Charles William Eliot had declaimed that speech in 1849; and on the programme in the handwriting of Francis Gardner, the headmaster, was written against the name of Eliot 'First Prize.'

In the hundreds of times that I have heard him speak I can remember only two when he flagged; one at the opening of the Semitic Museum; the other at a Radcliffe Commencement. At the latter ceremony, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, President of the College, had enumerated the gifts of the year. Mr. Eliot, called on to speak, began thus: 'That was a very interesting list of gifts that your President reported to us — all from women.' Then he said that all these women had got the money from their husbands. Then — and then only — in forty years of the finest speaking I have ever known, he sparred for time: 'Why did these women give this money? What was their object? What was their purpose? What did they give it for?' Their object I do not now remember. I can think only of the utter weariness which could reduce a perfect orator to the slow and intermittent enunciation of four successive questions with precisely the same meaning.

As an administrator, despite his interest in detail, he gave singularly few orders. He was far removed from what is now called an 'efficiency system.' He

would put several persons into closely related positions, give each, perhaps, a few general directions, and let them work out their mutual relation as best they could. Sometimes it caused embarrassment; now and then it caused a dispute: but on the whole it proved effective under a man like him.

From 1871 — when my class, newly admitted as Freshmen, went in single file to a room in University Hall and shook hands with the young President — till 1925, when he sat in his own house, a very old man, benignant yet high-spirited still, and still ready to fight for every great cause, I have watched, first with boyish fear, then with a young assistant's mingled fear and pride, then with no fear at all but with constantly increasing pride and gratitude and love, this greatest of all the men whom I have known. What I have said in this paper may help those who saw him only at a distance, and saw in him little but austerity and energy, to learn how human he was.

'It has once or twice been my fortune to be run over by Charles William Eliot,' said a man who had resigned from the Harvard Faculty and was speaking where President Eliot was none too popular; 'but let me tell you one thing: he never worked for Charles William Eliot.' Nothing truer was ever said. He is one whom the angel would write down, not, it may be, as one who loved his fellow men, though he gave his life to their advancement, — for, democrat as he was, he had a certain aristocratic discrimination, though he never sacrificed his conscience to it, — but as one who used his gigantic powers in the determination to give every man a chance; who tenderly loved his family and his friends; who neglected no duty to home, to college, to country, or to the world; a true evangelist who preached the intellectual emancipation of all mankind.

I cannot leave him without quoting a letter which he wrote not long after Mrs. Eliot's death. Mrs. Briggs and I were in the habit of sending to Mrs. Eliot every summer a bunch of sabbatias from Plymouth. In the summer after her death we sent to him what, if she had lived, we should have sent to her. Then came a letter with that clean, firm signature which was his till the end.

> Your sabbatias — of the most perfect color — reached me yesterday morning in fine condition, and were placed in five suitable vessels on the family dining table on a broad piazza commanding very beautiful prospects. There can be no more appropriate and delightful memory of Mrs. Eliot's body and soul, on earth or in heaven.

THE SOUTH — AMERICA'S HOPE

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

When wandering through the United States I was struck from the very first by the extraordinary superiority of the best type of Virginian individual, as compared with any other American, in particular the native of the North and the East. Later I found out that an overwhelming percentage of all Americans who have played and are still playing a really important part in the country in the sense of human superiority were and are sons of Virginia and the adjacent states. Then I visited these states personally. And I found Virginia not only to be one of the most beautiful and delightful countries in the world — it is the one region of America which has a general cultural atmosphere in a wide sense. There is a cultural atmosphere in New England, too; but, quite apart from the fact that it is vanishing, the culture in question is much too narrow a thing, and, moreover, too bloodless. It is impossible, in principle, that on the sole basis of Puritanism there should ever develop a culture in the sense in which the word has always been used in the world's history.

In Virginia the cavalier tradition still survives. This is an aristocratic tradition which means that the quality stressed in man is his uniqueness. Man's essence being his uniqueness, only an inner adjustment of the aristocratic type is capable, in principle, of leading to the development of complete souls. This is as certain as any mathematical truth. History itself is one single proof of this. So is, in particular, the history of the United States; for, were it not for this, Virginia could not have produced so many more superior men than any other state — and go on producing them even to-day, in spite of that backwardness which is generally thought to be the chief characteristic of the South since the Civil War. The superiority of the Virginian people is also due to the superior stock from which it springs (unfortunately, the immigration of later centuries presented the New World with no strain of equal quality), but this superiority is to a greater extent a result of the tradition which is still living. This is so powerful that even newcomers quickly absorb it.

Now almost all intelligent Americans realize that the significant future of their country depends on whether or not it will develop an original culture. A culture can only grow; it cannot be manufactured; every additional century of tradition means so much more capital. Under these conditions, time inevitably works for the American of the Virginian type. All inhabitants of America will sooner or later be true natives; but it is a law of life that the original equality must increasingly make room for a state of differentiation. Once this is recognized, the standard of quality will inevitably predominate over that of quantity — for it is only before a nation has become an organic whole that mere externals like wealth and business efficiency can play a decisive part; and when quality becomes

once more the decisive factor, this will, in its turn, inevitably lead to the predominance of the superior *human* type. And such a superior native type is to be found in the South to-day.

II

But how can the South possibly mean so much for America's future, since it is 'backward,' and civilization seems sure to continue on the lines of rationalization and industrialization? In Virginia, in particular, the wounds of the Civil War have not yet healed. The country is poor; it is not industrialized; and the Southerners are supposed to be slow by nature. However astonishing this may sound, it is precisely this that makes me anticipate the predominance of the South.

As a matter of fact, it is out of the question, for mere logical considerations, that the Northern type should always predominate. And the mere fact of the predominance of the 'Nordic' proves to everyone who knows the A B C of psychology that there must be something wrong with it. The American of the northeastern type is one-sidedly dynamic; he is essentially a nomad; he is not rooted in the earth. Stop his movement, and as a type he is done for. And his raison d'être will cease to exist even sooner than with earlier nomadic tribes, because of the Northerner's religion of work and success. He believes that, if he only goes on working, every successive year must be better than the preceding. But this cannot be. There will always be good and bad years, periods of advance and regress, both depending on planetary conditions man cannot control. Therefore it is as certain as a mathematical truth that the Northerner's world philosophy will not stand the pragmatic test for any length of time. And, since all Americans believe in the pragmatic test, this result is bound to lead, sooner or later, to a break-up of that whole philosophy.

This is one of those future events I anticipate when I say that I feel certain America's development will soon pass through a solution of continuity. In this connection it suffices to consider the more general causes. The earth existed for millions of years before man began to be a nuisance on it, from the earth's point of view. Even to-day, it is stronger than he. Man has remained essentially the child of the earth, even though he rules it. This is true, in any case, in the sense that there is no lasting happiness for man unless he is in harmony with its rhythm. And this means that the only state which can endure is a comparatively static state.

Surely it is man's privilege to live by the initiative of his spirit. This, too, is man's highest dignity. But there is a difference between an assertion of man's freedom as such and one-sided dynamism. If man is rightly adjusted within the universe, then he balances his dynamic and his static poles. If his life is purely static, then he does not progress; he continues, on the whole, on the animal level. But at least he does not die out because of that. On the contrary, wherever it is a case of one-sided dynamism, there is no equilibrium between man and nature, and premature death is the inevitable result.

This applies not only to tragic heroes like Alexander the Great and Napoleon; it applies as well to purely dynamic nations. The Huns died out in no time. The Normans in the course of a few centuries overran and sacked the whole of Europe; they even founded kingdoms. Yet their type did not live long. In most cases, it died out altogether. In some instances it blended with extremely static types, and then great cultures were the result; *vide* England,

France, and Sicily. But the all-important point in the present context is that the Normans did not last as such, and that it would have been against the laws of nature had they lasted; in an essentially stable, and to that extent static, world pure and one-sided mobility can never fill more than a short interval.

Now the present-day American, of the quick, sharp, hustling and bustling type, presents the nearest approach I know to the Normans. These Americans are invading and conquering and exploiting exactly as the Normans did. And they are equally devoid of any quality that makes for permanence. Surely they will conquer the whole of America; they are already conquering even the South. But the South will not become Northern for all that. The Northern type will organize and industrialize and commercialize and socialize the whole of America to the extent that reason and the nature of things permit. But then the type will disappear exactly as the Normans disappeared. That is, a change of type will take place in those who survive, making for a better state of equilibrium within the universe. And, since Nature is cruel at heart, she will surely inflict the death penalty on all those who have gone too far in their denial of earth as their mother.

Even to-day the descendants of those Northerners and Easterners who appeared most energetic in times past show a singular lack of vitality. On the whole, there is little true vitality to be found in the modern North; speed, there, is not an expression of strength, but merely of neurotic restlessness. The more one moves southward — of course, not passing beyond a certain latitude where the climate becomes too hot for the white man — the more full-blooded, in the sense of being a complete man, the American appears.

III

The Northerner will, of course, continue to exist, but in days to come he will be recognized as the poorest, the least superior type; he will mean to America at large what the most narrow type of Prussian means within the German nation. The Middle West will in all likelihood continue to represent America's national foundation. But if a culture develops, and the stress is laid on culture, then the hegemony will inevitably pass over to the South. There alone can there be a question of an enduring culture.

The reason is the same as that which makes French culture both more perfect and more tenacious than German culture — only that the same relationship appears more accentuated in America, because here the Teutonic and Nordic element has no cultural bent whatsoever; its highest ideal is civilization in the Roman as opposed to the Greek sense. When first meeting that lovely type of woman called 'the Southern girl,' I was struck at once by the fact that she bears the same relationship to her Northern sister as the French woman bears to the German. While the latter has little sense of proportion, and for that reason little true inward strength, — she easily loses her balance, — the French woman by nature sees everything in the right proportion; her adjustment within the general scheme of life, too, is based upon an inherent sense of the true proportion of all its sides and potentialities. Hence her sense of beauty, her taste, and also her moral strength, her *tenue*, and her innate feeling for the order of nature. No woman in the world knows better than she what family means. She has the entirely undeserved reputation of being immoral, simply because she knows that an occasional infidelity is a venial sin as compared with the legally

best justified divorce which breaks up a home and harms the souls of her children. She knows how to discriminate between what is passing and what is permanent; she knows the difference between infatuation and true love.

Nothing, of course, that has ever been written in French novels can compare with what happens in our day in real life among the best classes of Nordics, both in Europe and in America. But, in principle, it was always so. Sexually speaking, the German, the English, and in particular the Scandinavian women always were much more immoral, if they only had the chance, than the French — to say nothing of the Italian and the Spanish women. (In my young days several Italians came to live in the Berlin pension where I lived. I asked them why they had come. 'To make love, of course,' was their reply. There is no chance to do so in Italy. In Spain, matters are very much worse still, from the point of view of the libertine.) The fact is that the French woman knows the exact relationship between the laws of the spirit and the laws of the earth, and is instinctively inclined to observe them. This is the true reason why the French race is so extraordinarily tenacious and vital, both in the physical and in the moral sense, and why there are fewer signs of degeneracy there than in Northern Europe. Exactly the same is true, in principle, of the Southern girl. This explains, among other things, her exceeding beauty.

IV

But to the brilliant future prospects of the South the law of historic counterpoint contributes in its turn. Just because America has been so one-sidedly dynamic for some centuries, it is sure to settle down later, if it survives, into a condition all the more static. That this will be so is already foreshadowed by several present-day characteristics — for instance, by the fact that the American is slow at bottom and essentially conservative. At this point, then, the Anglo-Saxon blood comes in as an inalienable advantage: no other race is equally conservative in the good sense, and not one among the Nordics has a better sense of proportion.

If no degeneration takes place, and no catastrophe in the sense of Mexicanization or a complete loss of soul, then the type of American which will be determinant in the future will be very different from the representative type of to-day. The present-day hustle and bustle will cease — in any case people will no longer take pride in it. No one will think of skyscrapers and speed and business methods as being essential American characteristics. Men like Rockefeller and Ford and Carnegie will no longer be thought of as representative. What America stands for to-day in the eyes of the world will possibly cease to exist — partly because it will really cease to be, partly because these American characteristics will have become acquisitions of mankind at large. Even Puritanism may cease to play the part of an essential trait in the American consciousness, although it will always remain an important element of the unconscious. Since its tenets are in complete contradiction with the general modern outlook, it has little chance of survival. But all the more will that type survive, or revive, which was chiefly responsible for America's true greatness in the past. That is the type of the Southern gentleman, with the corresponding type of woman. For these are the only types of 'complete souls' that the United States has as yet produced.

PASTORALE

BY HERBERT PARRISH

THE graves of my predecessors lie thick in the churchyard. That of the Revolutionary rector, Doctor Beach, is enclosed in an iron railing. He stayed when so many of the Anglican clergy fled, and he had the respect of both sides and was allowed to pass the lines of both armies during the war. A very distinguished man. He presided at the first General Convention of the Episcopal Church after the separation from England. Then there is the monument of the first bishop of New Jersey, Doctor John Croes, who was a drummer boy in the Revolution. He came here as rector in 1800, and remained after his election in 1815 until his death in 1832, both as rector and as bishop. He lies buried under the chancel. After him came the famous Doctor Stubbs, whose controversies with the distinguished Doctor Ting of New York in the early part of the last century gave occasion for the blasphemer to devise the lines beginning

Oh, the bells of Hell go *Ting*-a-ling-ling
For you but not for me.

A brilliant and flaming preacher. He enlarged the nave of the church in the first years of his ministry to accommodate the crowds who came to hear him. He delighted in polemic. The Stubbs-Boggs controversy was known far and wide. Last of all, there is the amiable and saintly Doctor Joyce, who spent his whole ministry here and now rests under a Celtic cross near the front door. Doctors all. Men of parts and piety. They died in the odor of sanctity. Tablets of bronze and of marble attest the record of their deeds and qualities.

My predecessors had long pastorates. Thirty or forty years was the usual period in their leisurely day. But in my study of their work here there was one thing I noticed that made a profound impression on me. What they did, each and every one of them, in the way of constructive enterprise was done in the first fifteen years of their ministry. After that time they either changed the nature of their labors or else settled down to a steady routine of the regular pastoral duties, holding their services in the church and ministering to their people. They did no further building, made no improvements, showed no growth. In fact in the two instances which I know most about it was evident that after their fifteenth year the vitality of the church distinctly declined. And this though the town was growing rapidly and the need of improvements in the plant and income was crying. It is not too much to say that after the fifteenth year the rectors themselves lost heart. Their enterprise, their power of leadership, waned. One of them sank in health and became morose. He was kept in place during the last years of his life by the powerful influence of a single wealthy family. Another became a nervous wreck, the victim of melancholia, and during the last ten years was not able to officiate in any service.

These facts determined me to resign at the first indication of a falling off

of interest on the part of the congregation after I had been here fourteen years. And when this occurred, or at least seemed about to occur, I handed in my resignation to the vestry. The alacrity with which they accepted it convinced me that I had not acted any too soon.

I

The pastor of one of the large churches in New York recently told me that during the past twenty-five years he had transferred out of his parish over twenty-five thousand members; and, since his enrollment keeps about the same each year, he has taken in the same number. In most large cities the preacher preaches to a procession. But in small towns this is not the case. There the congregation does not change much from year to year. In the large city churches enough regulars remain, perhaps, to prevent the pastor from using his old sermons or telling his best stories over too many times, but the constant change gives at least the effect of continued interest. In the small town you must preach to the same people year in and year out. It has been ascertained that only one fifth of a congregation attend the services regularly and frequently, about a fifth come occasionally, — say, once or twice a month, — another fifth attend perhaps several times a year, the next fifth are there on very special occasions, while the last fifth will not come until they are brought in feet first. So that a comparatively small percentage hear their pastor preach very often. Even so, it always amazes me that congregations do not tire of a preacher sooner than they do. Perhaps they do tire of him, but are too polite to say so.

It is no discredit to a congregation that it wearies of its pastor after a few years. On the contrary. The higher the intelligence of church groups the more rapidly they may be expected to estimate and exhaust the message any man has to offer them. And for an audience of mental ability to endure the homiletical efforts of a commonplace man Sunday after Sunday, to see the same old head bob up in the pulpit, to note the same style, the same turns of phrase, the identical delivery, the peculiarities of pronunciation, the methods of argument — why, it must put a strain upon patience. I myself cease to listen in to our famous radio preachers after I have heard them for a season or two.

And everybody knows how rare pulpit geniuses are. There are never more than one or two in a century. Yet it is expected that in every pulpit in the land the preacher will get up once and perhaps twice of a Sunday and deliver interesting, moving discourses year in and year out. No allowance is ever made for his periods of mental and spiritual dryness, for conditions of doubt and debate, for the perilous times of transition in conviction, or for the inconsistencies of religious growth in the preacher's own experience. He may have had a restless night, he may be torn with anxiety in his own soul, he may be depressed by the economic problems most clergymen face, but, like an actor on the stage, he must 'deliver the goods,' hold the attention of his people, persuade, convince, exhort. American audiences demand good speaking. It will not do to hand out a few green apples of obscure thought or some dried platitudes such as an English curate can offer to a congregation of peasants. That any of us last fifteen years is creditable. That most ministers are anxious to move and that most congregations are glad to have a change in the pastorate much sooner is certain.

In fact the longer a man remains in a

town the smaller his group of hearers will generally become. This is inevitable. At first people come to hear him out of curiosity. But there is such a thing as taste in the hearing of sermons. Some like the highly colored, vividly illustrated, emotional, oratorical kind of preaching. Others prefer the dignified, coldly reasoned, and calmly expressed type of discourse, perhaps even written rather than delivered without notes. Some like long sermons. Others cannot endure more than fifteen minutes. And to each preacher will drift the hearers that approve his style, while away will go those who prefer a different manner.

In the course of fifteen years the average preacher has given Main Street and Middletown all that he has to give. From then on he is apt to become a bore. He had better take a new place and make room for a new man in the old one. The Methodist idea of changing preachers every three years has a good many advantages both for the parson and for the people. The only reason that ministers do not change cures more frequently is the difficulty of getting a new place.

II

But preaching is only a small part of the work of the ministry. The rector, parson, pastor, priest, or whatever he may be called, is also an administrator. He is president of a corporation, head of a business with a plant and an organization, director of a society, leader of a group. He must not only instruct and inspire his congregation, but he is expected to guide their corporate expression in relation to the community. He is the spiritual head of every committee, the responsible person in every enterprise. His preaching is by no means mere entertainment, or even edification. The object of it is action, to move his hearers to do something, both as individuals and as a group. The larger part of his energy is employed in providing a suitable plant for the work, in raising money both to carry on the church and to meet the requirements of the governing boards and missionary enterprises, in organizing the socio-religious life of his people. And there is a far cry between the aims of the pastor and the response of a modern and sophisticated congregation.

'Say,' said a clergyman recently, 'where do the exegetes get that idea about the minister being a shepherd to his people and the people being sheep? Why, my people are no more sheep in metaphor than they are in reality. In fact most of them are little better than wolves.'

Formerly a congregation was a field to be cultivated, a flock to be led, a force to be directed, an army to be generaled. The old title of pastor or shepherd had a significance in the Middle Ages. But while you may occasionally now find those individuals who look to you for guidance and whom you can really help out of difficulties, the great bulk of those to whom you preach in these days will not follow you simply because they 'know your voice.' They will make up their own minds about what they shall think and about what they shall do. You can howl until you are black in the face, thump the pulpit, cajole, persuade, argue, and sob, but their opinions are to them just as good as yours, and generally a shade or two better. They may not actually be wolves, but they certainly are not sheep. And if they do happen to be sheep, you can be quite sure that their resultant action will be merely herdlike. The title 'pastor' has become out of date.

And so has the term 'rector' or any other title that implies authority. At least in Protestant congregations. The

ancient terms of 'priest' and 'presbyter' still have some application, since these imply merely a function or qualification. But actually the best term is that of 'minister.' 'Minister' means 'servant.' And as long as a man truly serves, he rules.

Now there are many opportunities for service in religion. Professionally the minister is placed in the centre of them. He deals with service in the matter of worship, the form and ceremony of liturgy. It is part of his job to determine the character of the music, who shall lead in singing, and what shall be sung. His time is at the disposal of any who may seek his counsel and advice in moral and spiritual problems, of individuals who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity. Actually, if not theoretically, he is the presiding officer of his vestry or board, the group of laymen who handle the material and financial interests of the parish. And it is because of these gracious opportunities that the work appeals to young men and the ranks of the ministry are filled. In all these particular forms of activity the candidate for the ministry receives at least some measure of training at the theological seminary in which he is educated. And in a sphere in which he can exercise his gifts and use his training he is sure to be happy, since happiness is the bloom on successful energy.

But as a matter of fact I can say with truth after thirty years of the ministry that I do not find many men who are happy in their work. The great majority of them are extremely anxious to make a change, to try another field. And this is more particularly true of men who have reached middle life. Very young men are more enthusiastic. They have not yet given hostages to fortune, and everybody likes youth. I do not think that it is too much to say that the lives of most ministers are gray, sad, depressed, discouraged. Most of us after the first fifteen years are like my predecessors. We tread water and go downhill.

'Never in the world,' I often hear men say, 'would I give any encouragement to any young man to go into the ministry.' And the proportion of the sons of clergymen who go into their father's profession is far smaller than it used to be.

Let no one be deceived by the sunny optimism of very well paid ministers of fashionable city churches, or by the specious oratory of heads of theological seminaries, or yet by the flattering unction of important ecclesiastics. Such men indeed do most of the talking, and they do not hesitate to discredit the complaints of less important ministers by the suggestion that the men who complain are failures. The actual truth is that the well paid, the teachers and the dignitaries, do not really know the facts. They always find a crowd when they make their visitations — a crowd drawn by the glamour of their name, the special occasion, or the bounteous luncheon provided. The barren misery of the ordinary occasions, the stark suffering of the week-in-week-out labor of the rank and file of the ministry, they either do not know or do not choose to recognize. A man who draws a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year and presides over a stylish and laudatory group is not the right person to estimate the condition of a man who gets, say, eighteen hundred dollars a year in some gaunt village.

III

By far the most serious cause of the misery of the ministry is the system of lay control that exists in Protestant churches. Most Protestant churches

are governed by lay boards. These are called by various titles, but they are all alike in essential features. They represent the congregation and exercise the direction of affairs in all the material concerns of the parish, and to some degree in the spiritual affairs. Legally, they own the property. Theoretically, they are supposed to raise the money for all enterprises. Buildings, equipment, repairs, employees, are all under their control. They are elected by the congregation, usually at an annual meeting, but, since these meetings are seldom attended by more than a handful of people, they are in reality self-perpetuating boards of directors. As a rule the treasurer of the group is reëlected year after year, his accounts are seldom and carelessly audited, and he exercises a necessary and dominant authority over the whole organization.

But while this sort of organization is the theoretical system by which Protestant churches are run, the actual responsibility rests upon the pastor. The prosperity of the church depends entirely upon his popularity. His preaching and his personality, his charm of manner, his ability to organize the group, his tact and skill in enlisting helpers, his enthusiasm and power of spiritual inspiration, his eloquence and assiduity, his social assets, his appearance, and even sometimes his money, or his wife's money, and his aristocratic connections — these are the real factors of success for the church. If he is popular, he can push things along, get things done, dominate the counsels of his board and stifle all opposition. In this connection youth is an invaluable asset. And those in the profession know well that the dead line comes somewhere between thirty-five and forty. People are always hopeful about youth, and excuse its errors.

The position, therefore, of the minister is purely political. As long as he can dominate, through either cleverness, goodness, or a combination of both qualities, he can control the situation and guide the organization in the direction of his enthusiasms. The minute he weakens, loses authority, fails to become indispensable, his whole position becomes untenable.

'I do not dare to take a vacation for any length of time,' said a clergyman to me recently, 'because I know they will get some young man here to supply, and I shall have nothing to come back to.'

The minister is a target for criticism. His position is so very conspicuous. Upon everything connected with him, from his sermons to his wife's hats, the whole congregation, feeling that they are the ones who pay for it all, look with a critical eye. And his anxiety thus is apt to be concerned chiefly with the necessity of giving no offense in anything, that the ministry be not blamed. But of course no man expects to please everybody in a congregation, and there are always those whom it is a duty to offend. The crux of the matter comes in relation to the lay board that controls the finances and business of the parish. I am convinced by observation and experience that the system of lay control is the chief barrier to advance in the Protestant churches. The abler men on such boards seldom have the time to consider with the necessary attention the details of church management, while the men of less quality lack the knowledge and vision. There are always those small men who love to exercise authority over the clergy and to display themselves in petty spheres; others who have inherited prejudices against clerical management in church affairs, and some who are even animated by malice. The inferiority complex comes to the surface here with extraordinary vigor.

As leader of the whole congregation, the minister will have definite ideals and generally more or less technical knowledge both in relation to the services of the church and in relation to the buildings and their equipment. But he finds himself checked at every turn by men who are amateurs where he is a professional. He is either compelled to 'sell' his ideas to them or to get some individual of very large means to donate the money to carry out his projects over their heads. It is only by the backing of the mass of the people who support the church or through the ability to secure money without troubling the lay board or vestry that any minister can get things done.

In reality the leadership of the church rests with the power that controls the purse. If the minister can control it indirectly, he can have his way. But since he is the logical, professional, and trained director, he ought himself to control the finances directly. Where this is done, as in the Roman Catholic Church and certain foreign churches, the results are inevitably beneficial. Where it is not the case, as among most of our Protestant churches, there are always difficulties. As they are constituted, the Protestant churches strongly resemble a company of soldiers in which the captain is directed by the rank and file, a ship in which mutinous sailors have control, a business in which the workers direct the officers, a government in which a system of soviets obtains. Whatever may be said for the system, it certainly is not comfortable for the chief official.

IV

This lack of reasonable authority and power would not be so objectionable to most of us if it were not the direct cause of the poverty to which the clergy are subjected. In a community in which social status is determined by the amount of one's income and in an age when great wealth is so common that it no longer brings distinction, the small salaries paid to ministers are a cause and an evidence of the decline of the public esteem in which they are held. By education and experience the minister is usually equal to association with the best of his people. But it is difficult for him to feel quite at ease with men who pay their chauffeurs a larger salary than he receives as rector. They live in a different world.

I do not think that many of us ministers desire wealth. We preach enough against its insidious and weakening effects. We can do with plain things. We can get along without three months at Palm Beach in the winter, the spring in Europe, and a summer at Southampton. It would probably bore most of us to sit behind liveried footmen and chauffeurs in elaborate limousines. We would rather drive our own moderately priced cars. We actually do prefer plain living and high thinking. But with the tremendous advance in the cost of living and with little or no increase in the salaries paid to ministers over forty years ago, the economic condition of clerical families has become a problem. It is a constant problem. It robs the minister and his family of such reasonable happiness as those who look for spiritual riches rather than for material gains may justly expect. And when we know, as we often do, that the monthly check is handed out to us by a man whose capacity and business acumen are less than our own, and that we are living in a shabby house while he lives in a good one, that we are wearing seedy clothes while he has nicely pressed and carefully tailored suits, that we have to deny our children what his have for the asking, then the situation becomes

rather wearing. And the condition is not made any more tolerable by our being aware of the fact that the church is actually paying for the support of various distant functionaries and far-off missionaries a good deal more than it pays its own pastor. If this meant any real sacrifice on the part of the members of any church, it would be more endurable. But the amount people give is relatively so small in comparison to their incomes that the idea of sacrifice does not come up for consideration.

There are, no doubt, harrowing limitations in every profession and in all business. Shakespeare speaks of 'art made tongue-tied by authority.' But in the ministry there is an entirely needless barrier and crippling system that works inevitably for the poverty of the parson. It is the fact that the business — the temporalities, the financial control — is in the hands of the laity instead of in the hands of the clergy themselves. For the financial condition of a church is the certain index of its spiritual condition. Where a church is spiritually alive there is never any difficulty about money. Money will come in. And it is always the ministers and not the laymen who create the spiritual vitality of a church, who attract new members, and who move the congregation to contribute to the support of the work. It is a fundamental error to imagine that money is not an important part of church life or that it is something that in some way is so unholy that it has no relation to the works of the spirit. The offertory is the most immediate opportunity people have in a church to make any sacrifice as a result of their being moved spiritually. And the amount they give is the test of the effect religion has upon them. It is thus vitally important for a minister to know what is given and who has given it. That Protestantism fails to see this is its greatest tactical error.

And it is this error that accounts for the lack of consideration clerical salaries receive among Protestants. If the ministers handled the money themselves, they would see to it that they received decent salaries. And their security and contentment are of the first importance. Most of the evils to which the ministry is subject flow directly from this cause.

It is bad enough for the minister to have little or no voice in the direction of church buildings and equipment, to find his experience and technical knowledge of such things swept aside by members of a lay board or vestry who have no special qualifications in such matters. But it is worse for him to have to submit to the limitation put upon him by the lay committee that regulates how the sink in his kitchen shall be repaired, whether he shall have a gas stove or not, what kind of electric fixtures he shall be permitted to use in his residence, and the thousand other necessary details of domestic economy that other men regulate for themselves. The very men who niggle (there is no other suitable word) about such things in connection with churches would furiously resent just this sort of meddling in their own homes. They would laugh at the idea that any clergyman could come down to their office and tell them how to manage their business in even the slightest particular. But when they get on some church board or vestry, immediately they feel competent, and indeed divinely appointed, to do to the clergy what they never would permit the clergy to do unto them. It is an intolerable system. I have never yet met a minister who did not groan under it.

Let me quote from a letter that I have just received from a clergyman. I had advised him to resign. I knew

his miseries and the harrowing conditions under which he worked. This is what he says: —

DEAR PARRISH: —

You are right; but a man has to live, even at the sacrifice of a certain amount of liberty. I have children to educate. If I were alone, I would starve rather than go on. As it is, I feel that the Church owes me something, as I gave my life to her service. Her system is worse than dirty politics, but I can't change it, so I can only try for a better location. —— is probably all you say of it, and my sympathy is all with the late Rector, but where will you not find these 'little mousy men who are religious'? I have them here. They are terrible. I have suffered agonies at their hands. But I have learned how to handle them. —— and I have many a laugh at the little men, and women too. One of my strongest qualities is tact. I can get on with all kinds of people and at the same time thumb my nose at them. Etc., etc.

Yours,

—— ——

The writer of this letter was a charming young cleric some twenty years ago. He was frank, sincere, brave, enthusiastic, full of hope. See what twenty years of the Protestant system has done to him in a career in small towns. He 'has to live.' He gets on with people, but 'thumbs his nose at them.' One of his strongest qualities 'is tact.' Is tact a strong quality when it is the recourse of fear? Does a man really have to live? Are there no longer some things worth dying for? Can you imagine Saint Paul thumbing his nose at them?

But after such revelations I really ought to state that my own situation here has been exceptionally free from the common condition. My congregation, both rich and poor, were singularly intelligent, broad-minded, and tolerant. My vestry were for the most part men of large affairs who did not stoop to haggle over small details. I had a salary well above the average, and I had as free a hand as the limitations of the antiquated vestry system permitted in the administration of the church affairs. For the last eight years I acted as treasurer, and during that time the church prospered amazingly. The income was doubled, many improvements were made, and much property was acquired. All debts were paid promptly, and an enormous endowment was secured. There were no parochial disturbances or rows.

It would have been the normal thing to stick to the job, to join the procession of my predecessors and to merit a final resting place in the churchyard, a bronze tablet on the wall. But my heart is toward the great number of my fellow workers, the thousands of ministers throughout the country who have given their lives to the work of religion only to find themselves grinding at a mill, oiling a machine, limited and crippled by impossible and antiquated systems that hinder the free scope of the Gospel message. It is my conviction that we are on the verge of a new alignment, a great readjustment both in theological formulation and in ecclesiastical order.

V

After thirty years of the ministry I feel that I have a right to state some conclusions and perhaps to advance some remedies.

In general I am convinced that there is among both the laity and the ministry much more effort made to build up an institution than there is to find God. There is too much Churchianity and too little Christianity. Too much machinery and not enough Spirit. Success is measured not by the development of piety toward God and charity toward men, but by the vulgar

standards of the world — plenty of noise, notices in the newspapers, a booming organization in which one can rise to social prominence and to ecclesiastical preferment. It is my earnest persuasion that the need of our time is not so much the development of powerful ecclesiastical organizations as the realization of spiritual values. This is a matter of emphasis. But it is also a matter of reconstruction. To do this work ministers must be made free. They should be released from the necessity of building up these elaborate organizations of generally futile activities, of becoming merely a social centre, of straining every effort to raise money for the programmes of their governing officials, of laboring under the crippling limitation of a control by lay popes, small-minded men in petty offices. Their condition should be apostolic — very poor, if you like, but independent, with a sense of divine vocation, as officers of the Church Militant, courtiers of the Kingdom of God, messengers of the Great King. At the present time very much of the ecclesiastical mechanism with which it is attempted to get results of a spiritual nature is outworn. To attempt to use it is like driving a dead horse. It does more than cramp one's style; it is an imprisonment, cruel and stupid. Such a system should be shattered. It is in fact now falling to pieces and new systems are taking its place.

So I have resigned a 'living' which is not a life. I want more time for the larger effort. And already the letters are pouring in by the hundreds from ministers who want my job as being better than their own. Already I behold, like the priest of Nemi in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, the form of my successor climbing the temple wall, a sword clinched in his teeth, ready to take my place. It is a good place as things go. Poor man! He imagines that in getting away from his old environment and securing a new field he will find prosperity, contentment, and happiness. Well, he will not. These things come not from the outside conditions. They are within. I too know this well.

'Have you found peace, brother?' asked the emotional religionist of an ancient saint of God.

'No, brother,' was the answer; 'I've found war.'

And war it is, and ever shall be, even to the end.

THE POET'S NOTEBOOK

Across the illimitable hush of time
rings the march music of man.

Let not my to-day leave its tattered remnants
to narrow the passage of my to-morrow.

This morning I have my singer's errand
to the birthday feast of the honeysuckle.
Others must wait.

I am the south wind that do not claim honey from the flower,
but only its faint timid whisper.

While I was traveling towards you
Time was torturing its lute strings into tunes.
Its music comes when you are reached.

In your kiss, my love,
all my to-morrows merge in an endless to-day.

My songs are to own my debt
to the priceless hours.

Love tells me that death is some misunderstanding of life.

Life is a constellation,
an unplumbed dark strewn with starry moments.

The vast silence breathlessly waits through the night
for the flutter of wings in a little bird's nest.

My heart waits for love
as the blank page for the living line.

I ever wonder when I am before thee
why I was not made like a forest
that opens its heart in flowers,
like a star in its speech of flame.

I have loved you and I know
what is truth when it is seen.

Why go through life like a child who turns the pages of a book
and believes that this is reading?

The perfect doll is materially cheap, outwardly simple, essentially delightful.
The civilized doll counts its cost, is proud of its pose and forgets its play.

I make toys for Time, which, like a child, fondly handles them,
breaks them and carelessly forgets.

May the desolate ghost of the forgotten
cease crying to find back its body.

Echo, the ghost, is more dead than the dead voice,
for it is unreal.

Tiredness comes as a bride to the unyielding strength
to kiss it into a surrender.

Let me own my defeat to thee, my sweet,
and win thee in return.

The brooding blue of the sky listens to the babbling blue of the earth
in her sea.

My farewell hour stands before thee, beloved,
with its last lingering light and silent shadows.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BELOW GROUND

BY NAHUM SABSAY

I

'An engineer and his helper are caught in a slide!' With the swiftness of fire on oil-soaked ground this news was spreading throughout the mine.

It invaded the drifts, the crosscuts, the stopes; it leaped from one level to another; and, in no time, arrived at the surface, where it entered the offices, shops, mill, yard, and all the dwellings of the mining camp, creating everywhere a dismal hush.

Underground all work had ceased. Throughout the mine the miners gathered into little groups. Those on the 800 level — the level on which the accident had taken place — were massed, each with a pick or a shovel in his hand, at chute 821, the only entrance to stope 82 on that level which the rock slide had not closed. Here they stood silently in a compact semicircle, the flickering lights in their caps and hands forming amid the blackness a large illuminated space. A few of the men, led by Scott, the shift boss, had already crawled through the chute, a short, cone-shaped passage, into the stope, carefully stepping over a freshly formed, still not quite settled, pile of rock. Stope 82 was an irregular underground excavation. Its uneven floor and rugged roof, both steeply inclined, were about forty feet apart and were, here and there, connected with each other by large and more or less vertical masses of ore, or 'pillars,' left in place temporarily in order to support the roof while the rest of the ore was mined out. This ore had been mined out some three years before, and since that time no work had been done in the stope, but now, when the mining on the levels above was completed and that part of the mine was nearly ready to be abandoned, it was decided to 'rob' the pillars — that is, to recover from them as much ore as the safety of the men would allow. Two days before the accident a pillar in the farthest and highest corner had been drilled and blasted. Great was the astonishment of the miners next morning when on entering the stope they found, instead of the expected forty or fifty tons of ore, nearly twenty times that amount of barren rock, which the blast had brought down from the roof. And what was still worse, the rock did not remain at the upper part of the stope, but came halfway down the slope, where it remained hung up and ready to slide again at any moment. Clearly, the roof was much 'heavier' than it was thought to be. All that the miners could do then was to leave the stope. This was on Saturday.

The following Monday, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, James Arlin, the surveyor, and George Greenway, his assistant, entered the stope to take some measurements. Two Mexican miners who worked in the drift saw them crawl through chute 822. Two or three minutes later they heard shouts, which immediately were drowned in the rattle and crash of a rock slide.

They hurried toward the chute and, seeing that the movement of the rock

had not yet subsided and that the chute was already filled with it, but that it was kept from running out on the floor of the drift by a few chunks which jammed in front, they closed the chute gate to prevent any movement, and dashed, one to the right and the other to the left, calling to the other miners.

It so happened that the shift boss was near by. Taking with him half a dozen men and ordering the others to find the mine foreman and notify the office, he crawled through chute 821, entered the stope, and shouted. No one answered. He shouted once more, and again there was no answer. Then he began to advance slowly along the lower end of the stope. His men followed him, all moving cautiously and ready to jump aside at the first sign of a new slide. At first they walked over solid ground, but, approaching chute 822, they came upon the pile of rock which filled that chute and also the next, chute 823, and the ground between them. Somewhere under that rock lay Arlin and Greenway.

'She may come down again,' muttered Scott, staring into the blackness above. 'You go up, Jim, and see,' he added. And while Jim was gone Scott and the other miners began to look around for some sign of the buried men. They found nothing, nor did they hear anything.

II

Meanwhile Jim, whose little light could be seen higher up, bobbing now here, now there, shouted to his companions: 'Be careful! She is going to come! You better come up, Scott!'

Scott climbed after Jim. 'It looks bad all right, but it might hold.' Both descended.

Some more miners came up into the stope, bringing picks and shovels.

'Get out, you fellows, and wait in the drift,' ordered Scott. 'The stope ain't safe. You stay here, Jim, and you, Jack, and you, and you. . . .' He chose a dozen strong men — Americans, Italians, Hungarians, Mexicans — and put them to work cleaning up the place. This was not so easy to do. The rock could not be drawn out of the chutes from below, because that would crush the entombed men. Nor could it be shoveled in the usual way, that part of the stope being a long and narrow trough, one side of which was vertical and the other steep and high. There was no place to throw the rock. The only thing to do was to lift it, piece by piece, and carry it away. And that is what the miners began to do. They worked intently and silently, taking good care not to disturb the rock which still was moving under their feet.

And while they worked thus the foreman came, and with him arrived the mine rescue crew. The newcomers, assisted by the other miners, laid on the rocks two lines of planks, which made possible the use of wheelbarrows and shovels. The work went faster. Soon the space between the two chutes and beyond was cleared sufficiently to show that Arlin and Greenway were not there. That meant that they were in one of the chutes, or, if they were separated at the moment of the slide, that there was one man in each. The rescuers broke up into two groups, each surrounding a chute.

The foreman watched the men for some time; then, ordering them to quit shoveling, he shouted: 'Hey, Arlin, Greenway! — Arlin, Greenway!'

No answer. The miners listened and then resumed their work, shoveling and throwing rock eagerly, skillfully, and silently.

'Did you look at the rock up in the back?' asked the foreman.

'Yes,' answered Scott.

'How is it?'

'Not so good.'

'Let's go up and see.'

They picked their way up carefully, each carrying his light lifted above his head. In this manner they came to a large-sized boulder which leaned against a pillar, touching it only at one corner.

'How much rock,' the foreman asked, 'is back of that pillar?'

'Plenty.'

'Looks bad.'

As by command the two bosses turned around and looked at the men below. But all they could see was two dozen lights which moved steadily and systematically.

'Maybe we'll have to build a bulkhead,' remarked the foreman.

'Looks like the captain and engineers are coming,' remarked Scott instead of replying.

Indeed, four more lights had just come out of chute 821 and were slowly approaching the miners.

'Let's go down,' said the foreman, and, followed by Scott, he began to descend.

The newcomers were, as Scott supposed, the general manager, the mine superintendent, the chief engineer, and the stope engineer. They all approached the first chute, inquiring of the miners how things stood.

'Where are the bosses?' asked the superintendent.

'Here we are,' replied simultaneously the two, who just at that moment approached from behind.

The superintendent lifted his light on the level of Scott's face and said:—

'You are n't happy, Scott.'

'Oh, I am happy, all right.'

'You don't look it.'

'Don't pay any attention to looks, Mr. Denning.'

'Well, Dick,' the superintendent turned toward the foreman, 'what is the good news?'

'The rock up above don't seem good to me.'

'What about it?'

'Hangs on a hair.'

'Can we do anything?'

'We can build a bulkhead above us.'

'You think we need it?'

'We sure do with more than thirty men around here.'

'Let's do it, then.'

'Scott, you get some men in the drift and bring along all the timber and powder boxes you can get.'

Scott disappeared in the chute.

'How is the roof above us?'

'The roof here is all right; I looked at it when I first came.'

'What time were they caught?'

'About ten minutes to ten, from what these Mexicans told me.'

The superintendent looked at his watch and said: 'It's eleven now. They have been there already over an hour.'

'Guess they're done for.'

'Maybe the rock is packed so we can't hear through it,' suggested the chief engineer.

'The rock ain't packed. That's the hell of it.'

'In which of the two chutes do you think they are?' asked the general manager.

'Two Mexicans saw them enter through this chute here, and they say that they heard the rock come down right away. Looks to me like they are here.'

And as if to affirm his assumption one of the miners caught with his shovel the free end of a cloth tape line, the rest of which was tightly held by the rock.

'They're here!' exclaimed several voices at once.

'Better quit on the other chute and send out the men,' suggested the foreman.

'No,' answered the superintendent, 'we won't stop till we see them —'

He cut his sentence short and looked up in the darkness. The rest of the men looked in the same direction. They all heard a rustle there. And before this sound had died away two pieces of rock nearly two feet in diameter came rolling down and landed in the middle of the chute, where only a moment ago half a score of men had stood.

'That was a good one.'

'Missed by a hair.'

'Got out just in time.'

Still talking, the miners returned to their places.

'You better wait,' ordered the superintendent.

They waited a minute or two, but no more of the rock came down.

'Dick,' said the superintendent, 'get some more fellows to bring that timber.'

Soon after the foreman had left, Scott and his men returned, each carrying timbers of varying shapes and sizes. The bulkhead began to grow rapidly, and its usefulness was shown even before it was finished, when a few more chunks of rock, tearing loose somewhere above, came flying down and were stopped promptly by the mass of timber and rock.

III

The clearing of the chutes, on the other hand, advanced very slowly. It became no longer possible to use the shovels after the rock over the chutes was leveled to their edges. Nor could the men stand on the rock in the chutes, for this still kept on moving under their feet.

The work was awkward and fatiguing.

'We'll have to spell those men,' said the superintendent, and he shouted to Scott, who was still directing the erection of the bulkhead, to get some fresh men.

The new men arrived, and those whose places they took left the stope. The work continued in silence. The manager, the superintendent, and the two other engineers stood also in silence behind the men who were clearing chute 822.

'It will take them two or three hours, at that rate,' remarked Barr, the chief engineer.

'We'll be lucky to get them as soon as that,' replied the superintendent.

'Is that school-teacher — what is her name?' began the manager.

'Miss Bowman?'

'Yes. Were she and Greenway going to get married?'

'They have n't announced it yet. But that's what everybody thinks.'

'Poor girl,' continued the manager, 'she begged me to take her down with us.'

'She sure was n't expecting anything like this when I saw her going to the schoolhouse two hours ago.'

And again the four men became silent, each thinking his own thoughts, while the miners worked in front of them earnestly.

Suddenly they all became motionless and began to listen intently once more. The manager and his companions approached the chute, bent over, and listened also. From below, through the rock, moaning sounds came.

'Arlin! Greenway!' shouted the superintendent.

A feeble, strange voice came in reply. No one understood what it said, nor could anyone tell to which of the two men that voice belonged.

'Who is it?' once more shouted the superintendent after a few seconds of silence. His voice was quivering.

'Arlin,' came the faint reply from below.

'Where is Greenway? Is he with you? Can you hear him?'

'No.'

'Are you hurt?'

'Don't know. I'm squeezed on all sides awfully.'

'Cheer up, old man, we are coming.'

The superintendent stepped aside, and the men resumed their work with still greater eagerness. They worked silently, and silently the four engineers watched them. The foreman and the shift boss, who by that time had finished the building of the bulkhead, had also joined the group.

'There must be still twelve feet of rock over them,' remarked the manager.

'I don't believe we'll make it in less than a couple of hours,' said the superintendent. He was going to add something else, but he did not. Instead he turned briskly around and looked up the stope. The other men had turned around also and looked in the same direction. And there, somewhere in the darkness, was heard a rustle, the well-known sound of moving fine material, then the rumble of rock coming down, then a bombardment against the bulkhead lasting several seconds.

'It's lucky we got that thing in,' said the manager when the rattle ceased.

'Yes, it works all right,' agreed the foreman.

Once more the miners resumed their work, and once more they stopped it a few minutes later.

'He's talking again,' said one of the miners.

The superintendent approached the chute and cried: 'Hello, Arlin!'

'You make the rock move and then you let down the "fines." It's choking me.'

'All right, Arlin. We'll look out. How are you now?'

'Oh, not so good, but I guess I can stand it for a while.' He tried to talk cheerfully. His voice, however, and the intervals between the words betrayed much suffering.

A few more rocks came down and crashed against the bulkhead.

'She'll come down yet, sure as hell,' declared one of the miners.

'I'll bet you the drinks she won't,' replied the superintendent. 'Not for a good while yet.'

IV

Another half hour passed, during which the men removed some two or three more feet of rock. The farther down they went the more difficult it became to work. They no longer could reach the rock from the edges of the chute, but had to stand inside, and this forced them to move with extreme care. To make the situation worse the space in which they worked was becoming more and more narrow, and this meant that fewer men could work at a time. Then there were the fines which they had to keep from falling down. And this was a delicate affair. No matter how carefully the men removed the finely crumbled rock before lifting a slab, there was always enough of it left to sift through and torture Arlin.

Rapidly flew minutes, quarters of an hour, half hours, in this slow, painstaking work and eager watching.

From time to time, in order to break the pressing stillness and darkness, the superintendent would call to Arlin and would inquire how he felt.

'Like hell,' would come the answer. Or 'Cold,' or 'Thirsty.'

Arlin's voice was now heard more audibly, yet it was still feeble. He talked lifelessly, as if with much difficulty.

But all of a sudden he spoke with greater energy, which made all the men above start and cease working.

'I hear Greenway! He's moaning! Do you hear him?'

They heard nothing.

'No, Arlin, we don't hear him. Is he still moaning?'

'Yes, he is.'

'Does he say anything?'

'No. Just moaning.'

'Greenway, Greenway!' cried the superintendent. 'George, do you hear me?'

'No, he does n't answer.'

'Go after it, boys!' said the superintendent, and again they resumed their work.

Little by little another three feet of rock were removed. Arlin's voice was becoming more and more distinct, and he began to talk more willingly and more often. The men, without ceasing their work, replied, and even exchanged jokes now and then. The tension of uncertainty to which till now all had been subjected was broken, and all believed in an early rescue of the buried men. Even the continued movement of rock higher up in the stope bothered the men no longer.

'Mr. Denning,' Arlin called to the superintendent, 'what time is it?'

'A quarter to one,' answered the superintendent, looking at his watch.

'Mr. Denning, I hear Greenway talking. Do you hear him?'

'Yes, we do, but we can't understand what he says.'

'He says that his foot is squeezed and that he has a rock under his neck that hurts like the devil.'

'Greenway, Greenway!' cried the superintendent.

'Hello!' came a weak reply.

'Do you hear me?'

'Yes.'

'Cheer up, George, we'll get you in no time now. Go to it, boys!'

Crawling on their knees and brushing into the palms of their hands all the fines that they could scrape out around a piece of rock, the men lifted out carefully one piece after another. But still, in spite of all this precaution, the fines were working their way down.

'For God's sake don't let the dust come down! I can't breathe,' complained Arlin again and again.

The miners jested no longer. They worked in silence. Greenway cried out sharply, 'My neck! My neck!'

'It is two o'clock already,' said the manager. 'Do you think we'll be through by four? Should n't we give an order not to do any blasting to-day?'

'Looks as if we'd be through before that,' answered the superintendent.

The manager turned to Barr and Steele and said: 'I don't think there's any need of your waiting any longer. And you too,' he turned to the foreman, 'can go. Mr. Denning, Scott, and I will attend to the rest. Say something cheerful to that girl if she's still at the shaft.'

The two engineers and the foreman left.

V

Another hour passed; then half an hour more, and finally the men uncovered Arlin's hand and Greenway's head. Still half an hour later Arlin was freed altogether and taken on a stretcher to the surface. But Greenway for a long time remained in the chute, his right foot firmly held between two pieces of rock and solid ground all wedged together. Finally he too was freed and put on a stretcher. His eyes were closed. In the cage he opened them for a moment and said, directing his words to no one in particular: 'Please tell Miss Bowman that I'm all right.' Then he again closed his eyes.

Miss Bowman was still at the shaft. From the first news of the accident she had never left the place. At each hoisting signal she had moved closer to the shaft gate and had watched the rope go up. She never inquired of the

men stepping out of the cage what the situation was below, and even when the men of their own accord volunteered information, she listened with no sign of attention.

So far she had not missed a single cage, but when the one she was waiting for finally came up she seemed at first not to see it at all. Soon, however, she rose from the powder box on which she was sitting and approached the superintendent, who was first to come out of the cage. And he, as if not noticing the girl's gaze, turned away and picked up a shovel, which it was not his business to pick up. She looked at the manager, who was the next to leave the cage, her face losing the last tint of color.

'As you see, we got him out,' said the manager, trying to be cheerful. And, seeing that the girl was still gazing at him, he added, putting his hand on her shoulder: 'And he is not hurt so very hard — only all in. He'll be all right in a few days.' Then, turning to the superintendent, he asked: 'Did you let the men know that they can now fire?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Denning, 'Scott is doing it.'

The stretcher was already out of the cage. Two men lifted it and started. Miss Bowman, the manager, the superintendent, and a few other men followed.

'How is Arlin?' the manager asked the doctor when they arrived at the hospital.

'He'll be all right. He got badly mauled up, but I don't believe anything is seriously injured.'

'And Greenway? Has the boy a chance?' again inquired the manager after the doctor had finished looking over the motionless man.

'He may have — for all I know. Should n't be surprised if he had.'

PUTTING IT UP TO THE COLLEGE

BY E. LYMAN

On the street the other morning I met my college president.

'Good morning. Pardon my apparent perturbation,' said he. 'I have been talking with an industrialist.'

'Did you solve his problems?'

'It was n't his problem, but my own, which makes it rather more difficult. You see, this industrialist has made a good deal of money by quantity-production methods. He has a sixteen-year-old son who is just graduating from high school this year, with high honors. Able, and apparently with a sense of intellectual responsibility, the boy seems rather unusual human material, even discounting his father's pride in him. The father is naturally anxious that the boy shall have the best education possible, not for any particular career, but for life in general.'

'Not an unnatural idea.'

'No. It is quite in our line, just what we claim we are doing for large numbers of boys in the liberal-arts colleges. So I suggested; but the father says he wants absolutely an individual education for his son, completely tailor-made.'

'Did you suggest private tutors?'

'He wants a college education with all its concomitants, activities, athletics, and all, but without losing his son in what Leacock called the "convoy system of education." He says that there are several colleges now where he can approximate his desires, but none where he can get a complete job to specification from first to last. He argues that he can go to any motor factory and, at a price, have turned out a motor capable of a specific performance. Our educational plants are as completely equipped as factories these days, and it is only a question of flexibility. We educational engineers with good material and on a cost-plus basis ought to be able to turn out an individual job superior to the usual quantity product.'

'Did he suggest a contract price?'

'I told him we were not cost accountants and he suggested ten thousand dollars a year — forty thousand for the boy delivered a superior product and properly hall-marked with a degree.'

'Did you answer him?'

'I did n't. And yet the request is such a perfectly natural one that I wonder it has not been raised before. It brings up a surprising number of interesting questions, even if I choose to sidestep certain perennial disagreements as to the definition of a liberal education. In the first place, we are infinitely better equipped to meet the question than we were ten years ago, what with the introduction of mental tests, personnel departments, general reading courses, honors courses, tutorial systems, and numberless other devices for loosening formal requirements for the worthy. We are much more sympathetic with extraordinary methods for the extraordinary case. And yet I had to tell the father that it would necessarily be an educational experiment and that we could not guarantee the results of the most careful individual treatment.'

'I presume he wished an ironclad contract specifying the exact intellectual dimensions of the product.'

'Curiously enough, he did n't. If he had, I could have avoided my difficulties without a confession of weakness. He knows Dasch of the Political Science Department. He suggested that with Dasch as personal mental guide for the boy, and with the full resources of the college available, he was willing to gamble on the success of the experiment. He said it was only getting back to educational fundamentals and to the original teacher-pupil relationship, and that we probably needed the touch of simplicity to leaven our formality. I spoke to Dasch about it.'

'How did he react to the prospect of becoming an intellectual chaperon?'

'He was enthusiastic. He says it is just the type of educational experiment he has wanted to make for years, that he is sure he can benefit the boy and at the same time gain some interesting side lights on educational methods. There are not many men on the faculty I should be willing to trust with it, but Dasch is broad and thoroughly sound, as well as inspiring and sympathetic in his teaching. He says the money will allow him to hire a substitute for part of his teaching and enable him to devote a considerable portion of his time to the boy. He says the substitute can take on new work as well and so strengthen his entire department.'

'Then you accepted the idea?'

'No. I am still hesitating. I am convinced that the experiment would benefit the boy, Dasch, the college, and educational theory itself. But I had two doubts — one a material one and one a curious ethical one which I am at a loss to evaluate. You see, ours is an

endowed college, which means that more than half its expenses are paid by donors, largely dead, who made gifts for the support of an education conceived of as largely social in purposes. Dasch's particular chair happens to be endowed. In diverting Dasch's time and other energies of the college to this purely individual experiment am I doing an injustice to the other students and to these socially minded donors? Or is there a sufficient social value to the experiment to justify me? I confess I am at a loss in weighing these intangibles.'

'You feel yourself justified in devoting a greater share of attention to other, more able students.'

'The chances of a social benefit are greater in educating the superior minds. If this boy were not above the normal I could never consider the proposal. Nor could the college make a practice of selling graduated education for graduated prices. But there is another, more practical consideration.'

'And that is — ?'

'You see, our degrees are conferred by the faculty as an outward and visible sign that the recipient has completed with certain specified grades a certain specified number of diversified courses taught in a certain professionally approved manner. How far can the faculty at Dasch's request and on his responsibility release this young man from the usual requirements? I do not even know how far Dasch will consider it necessary to formulate the young man's programme outside of the usual procedures. But if he does step outside, — and he will in some degree, — what method will the faculty have of testing the boy's adequacy at the end of four years? And after all the standard of the degrees is a faculty responsibility. We could not force the degree, whatever the quality of the boy's work or his mental progress.'

'Did you explain all this to the father?'

'I tried to, and left him feeling that colleges were rather inefficient organizations. And I think he rather enjoyed putting me in a hole. He regards my perplexities as an indictment of the whole educational system, and with the zeal of a reformer is insistent on my accepting his offer. Do you know, I am rather inclined to wish that I had never seen the man and his forty thousand dollars? It embarrasses me to refuse such a challenge, and I am afraid to accept. I wish someone would advise me before some other plutocrat makes a similar attack on the omniscience of the college. It is discouraging to think that any rich industrialist has the power to put such a poser.'

'I agree with you that his idea is provocative.'

'It is intended to be. Good morning.'

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT—SIXTY YEARS AFTER

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THROUGHOUT life we always, I think, maintain a peculiar interest in the men and books that deeply influenced our earliest and most formative years. No later work, however influential or revolutionary in our thought, ever attains to quite the same intensity of reality as those which helped to stir our minds in boyhood, when the whole world was opening before us, when thought was the great adventure, and when prophets commanded whole-souled homage. As it chanced, my own first decade was that which is generally accepted as the turning point between the old and the new worlds of thought. In America the Civil War was scarcely less recent, in Europe the pregnant Franco-Prussian War was more so, than is the Great War to-day. Carlyle died when I was three, Darwin when I was four, John Richard Green and Karl Marx when I was five, Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Maine when I was ten, Browning when I was eleven, and Cardinal Newman and Tennyson a few years later. Dickens was but eight years gone when I was born, and Thomas Huxley and John Ruskin were writing when I was in college.

I have barely to-day touched my half-century, yet these names sound like a long-bygone age. In my boyhood, however, when I was keen on every new intellectual trail, their works were not classics or 'required reading,' but living voices to which I listened with the same sense of contemporaneity with which to-day we read Eddington or Harvey Robinson, Einstein, O'Neill, or Aldous Huxley. The life, however, which has embraced both Darwin and Einstein, Thomas and Aldous Huxley, has straddled, as it were, two eras in thought and civilization. A straddle is generally considered to be neither a dignified nor a determined position, but if it entails certain discomforts it also offers certain advantages, certain piquancies of comparison. Just as a man who knows only one country cannot be considered to know even that, so a man who knows only one era cannot savor its peculiarities with the same biting relish as one who has been a wider traveler in time.

Time, however, in a busy life is apt to pass imperceptibly, and I confess that it was with a good deal of a shock that I happened to note the other day, when engaged in the scholar's equivalent of big-game hunting, the glancing over of secondhand-book catalogues, that Matthew Arnold's most influential work, *Culture and Anarchy*, was published just sixty years ago. I had the sudden sense of being caught in the swift current of a river. I walked to my study window to look out and ponder.

In these present years of wanderings, my windows open on many scenes in many countries in the course of a twelvemonth, but at the moment my study overlooks Kensington Gardens, in which Arnold wrote one of his well-known poems: —

> I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
> Think often, as I hear them rave,
> That peace has left the upper world,
> And now keeps only in the grave.

If Arnold found 'impious uproar' in 1869, the very mid-year of the Victorian reign, what would he find, I wondered, in 1929? What change, if any, would he feel called upon to make to-day in his philosophy, and how has the world moved with reference to it in those sixty years gone? Dickens, Darwin, Huxley, Green, Maine, and some of the others have conquered. The world has moved in the directions indicated by them. How about Arnold, who seemed to the cultured youth of the late-Victorian period perhaps the greatest prophet of them all?

One recalls his simple and singularly lucid prognosis and prescription for his own age, an age that to us now looking back seems itself singularly lucid and simple. One has to recall, however, a fact easily forgotten, that every age has its own 'uproar.' We have to be in it to hear it. Getting into an 'age' is a good deal like getting into a railroad train. As we see it first approaching, far down the track, it seems very peaceful. There is no sound, no tremor, only the ease of swift motion. It is only when we are traveling in it ourselves that we feel the jolts and jars, hear the whistle shriek, the brakes grind, the roar of the wheels, and the babel of unedifying conversation in the club smoker.

Even, however, if we are justified in conceding to our self-esteem that we have raised a good deal more of an uproar than was confusing the ears of Arnold, and that there may be more raving now than there was in 1869, it is to misconceive his philosophy to think of him as having given a simple solution for the problems of a simple age. His age was by no means as easy-gliding as the distant railroad train, by no means as stodgy and unstirred as the Georgian retrospect among the younger generation would make out. Arnold's doctrine, in spite of its emphasis on 'sweetness and light,' in spite of its being the mid-Victorian equivalent of 'highbrow,' was not intended for the scholar cloistered in an ivory tower, but for the man of action in the turmoil of a transition era.

That doctrine may easily be condensed to two chief points — the eternal contest between Hebraism and Hellenism, and the mediating function of culture, of 'sweetness and light.' The final aim of both Hebraism and Hellenism Arnold found to be the same, man's perfection or salvation, in spite of the fact that they approach the problem by utterly diverse routes. Hebraism lays the whole stress on doing, on the importance of the *act*, on religion, on strictness of conscience. On the other hand, Hellenism stresses knowing rather than doing, the whole rather than a part, spontaneity of consciousness. The 'uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience.' Ideas of action and conduct fill the space of the Hebraist's mind. 'He is zealous to do battle for them and affirm them, for in affirming them he affirms himself, and that is what we all like.' The Hellenist, on the other hand, tries to apprehend the whole of life, to let no part of it slip, to stress no part to the exclusion of the others. He insists upon a flexible activity of mind, and so attains to that clearness and radiancy of vision, that intelligence and tolerance, which Arnold called 'sweetness and light.' Nothing, he states, can do away with the ineffaceable difference between these two approaches to the problems of life.

Both of these disciplines, as we may call them, Arnold saw were necessary for the development of man. If the

tendency of unimpeded Hellenism was toward rather a weakening of the moral fibre, that of Hebraism was no less inevitably toward an extreme hardening and narrowing of man's whole nature. Man's only salvation from swinging helplessly between these two poles was to be found in culture, which should not be a mere dilettante toying with art, but a disinterested aiming to see things as they really are, the effort to cultivate the best in all sides of man's nature. I do not think it has ever been noted that, whether Arnold was aware of it or not, his doctrine was exactly that of Kant, who in his philosophy placed the æsthetic consciousness at the centre to mediate between reason and will. Feeling, however, that in his own time the whole tendency was to stress the Hebraic side, the side of unthinking action, Arnold stressed the other, the side of 'sweetness and light,' and throughout his life in one form and another preached his doctrine of the saving grace of a mediating and all-embracing culture.

II

Amid the complete confusion of our present-day social, intellectual, and spiritual life it is certainly not necessary to bring out in any great detail the evidence that Arnold, unlike some of the more fortunate Victorian leaders of thought, did not point in the direction in which the world was immediately to move. Thanks largely to America, where the forces of the modern world have had their freest sphere of influence, Hebraism has conquered Hellenism with an appalling completeness for the time being.

Arnold clearly saw and constantly preached the essential difference between the machinery of life and life itself. It was not that he merely questioned the utility of physical machinery, although it is easy enough to do so. We may well ask, for example, in what lies the great advantage of being able to travel thrice as fast as our grandparents if, arrived at our destination, we do not know how to occupy the time 'saved' to as great advantage as they did? It was rather that Arnold saw all the institutional life of our time as machinery — our state constitutions, our churches, universities, libraries, and organizations of every sort. All these he found, of course, essential to life, but merely the tools of life, valuable only for their results, and not for themselves.

In this respect we have obviously gone directly counter to his teaching. We have come to worship our social machinery as an end in itself. Not only is every possible activity organized, which perhaps is to some extent unavoidable in our great modern masses of population, but, what surely is avoidable, we have come to lay more stress on the machinery than on the product, on the means than on the end.

Perhaps we may consider the five great educative influences for the life of the spirit to be one's daily toil, social intercourse, travel, education in its more technical sense, and religion. What of these to-day?

One's daily toil has always of course had for a main object the earning of a living, but it should have in addition an interest in itself. It is a mistake to think that such an interest can be aroused only by intellectual and not by manual work, but, in order that it should be, the worker must feel that he is creating something which he can see grow and develop as a result of his toil. In this respect there was never before, perhaps, a period in which work had less spiritual value for most people than it has to-day. The worker himself has been lost in the complicated

machinery of production, and in our worship of efficiency the machinery has come to be considered somehow such a desirable good in itself as to warrant any sacrifice in its name.

Social intercourse in the same way has succumbed to the machinery ostensibly provided for it. Clubs and organizations of all sorts for bringing people together are legion, but conversation has almost as completely disappeared as has letter writing between friends. We are so busy and wearied in rushing from one meeting to another that our minds themselves have almost entirely ceased to meet. It is not only in the hurry of great cities that there is no longer opportunity for friendly communion. For the inhabitants of innumerable Main Streets throughout the country, Monday night is for Grange, Tuesday the Red Men or Daughters of Pocahontas, Wednesday the Junior Mechanics or the Eastern Star, Thursday the Masons, Friday the Lions, Saturday the Rotary, to mention only a few of the provisions for social intercourse that have ended by destroying all real intercourse itself. There is no genuine depth or value to such gatherings — merely a sense of physical proximity to one's kind. For the life of the spirit they are utterly useless.

Travel, again, as its means have become multiplied and more accessible to all, has largely ceased to have the educational value it once had. Because one can make two hundred miles a day in a motor, people make it. Because one can cross to Europe and pass through half a dozen countries and back in a month, people do it. Let it not be thought that I am exaggerating. Ask any number of people what sort of motor trip they had, and all too frequently the answer will be, 'Fine! We did a hundred and eighty miles the first day, two hundred the second, and so on. No trouble. We were gone only two weeks, and covered nearly twenty-five hundred miles!'

An excellent guidebook to London, lying before me on my desk as I write, tells how one may see the city in one day. In the morning one is to go to the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, London Museum, St. James's Park, and four other places. One is to lunch near Piccadilly. In the afternoon one goes to the Royal Academy, Wallace Collection, British Museum, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Law Courts, and drives through two parks and three important thoroughfares. If the traveler intends to remain overnight, the guide continues, he should visit the Embankment and attend a theatre.

This is not a joke. It is intended as a serious guide for 1929 travelers in search, presumably, of education and culture. Comment would be superfluous, but it is evident that the end of travel, the broadening of our minds, the development of our natures, has become lost to sight in the mere machinery of travel — that is, the physical transporting of our bodies from place to place.

Is not the same transfer of stress on, and interest in, the end to the mere means shown daily in our educational and religious systems? If one drops in to see a clergyman and inquire about his work, is not one, nine times out of ten, immediately shown over the 'plant' — the new parish house, the gymnasium and the swimming pool, the men's clubroom — or offered statistics? If one goes to a college, one is shown with pride the new 'J. Jefferson Jones' dormitory or the 'Simeon Smith' laboratory, or the new stadium or business college building. If we turn to the teaching from desk or pulpit, we find the same immersion

in the machinery of life rather than in life itself. The body, the 'plant,' is superb, but one too often looks in vain for the spirit of either Christ or culture.

Is not the reason for all this the fact that in taking the road that Arnold pointed out would surely lead to destruction, to anarchy, we have lost, with the loss of Hellenism, the power to see life steadily and see it whole? We see only parts, the physical part, the machinery part, and have failed to see the end of all these things, the full rounded life of the spirit for the growth of which alone these other things have any validity or value. Of what possible use is a machine, whether it be a dynamo or a university, unless it is to produce something of essential value for human life? Why waste that life on tending machines that produce nothing? Why travel sixty miles an hour if one sees nothing of the landscape, towns, or people on the way? Why go to five picture galleries, two museums, and two cathedrals in a day if one adds nothing to one's spiritual impressions — as one cannot — by doing so?

III

In seeking the reason of Arnold's failure more to influence his time and ours, I think we may trace it to the extraordinarily rapid increase in the influence of one force in the modern world to which he paid curiously scant attention — science, with its offshoot, modern business theory and practice. It is true that Arnold stood only at the threshold of the changes that science was to bring. In *Culture and Anarchy*, at least, he, in striking contrast to Tennyson, seemed wholly oblivious of the dangers threatening from a new quarter.

Science, which from one standpoint may almost be considered a traitor in the Hellenistic camp, would seem to have deflected the world toward Hebraism in two ways. In the first place, through the products of applied science, and business, it has provided man with an infinity of things of all sorts. Whatever may be the ultimate result, the dream that control over the forces of nature would at once make life easier for man and increase his leisure for the things of the spirit has to a great extent been proved wrong. It is true that in very many cases the mere physical labor entailed in an occupation has been lightened by the new inventions. On the other hand, however, man has been overwhelmed by the very multiplicity and variety of his new goods. These new goods differ in one marked respect from the old range. The old goods, such as enjoying the beauty of nature, reading, expressing one's self in one's work, 'making things,' playing music, conversing intelligently, looking at pictures or statues, studying, friendship, love, social intercourse, could all be had for little or no money, in civilized communities. The new goods, however, those provided by applied science and business, can only be had in exchange for money.

The consequence is that whoever turns from the old goods to the new at once increases enormously his need for money, and the financial pressure upon the individual becomes so great as in most cases to result in his complete absorption in providing the mere means for living, the accumulating of the things that belong to the machinery of life. So far from increasing the leisure for thought, feeling, and emotion, not only has the time for leisure been greatly decreased, but with the abnormal condition of exhausting one's energies in preparation to live and enjoy, instead of actually living, comes an abnormal mental condition which finds relief only in an excitable activity

instead of a normal savoring and enjoyment of existence.

Aside from the new inventions, such as motors, aeroplanes, and so on, of which the prime object is speed, the pressure of modern life due to science and business working hand in hand has greatly increased the whole tempo of life. We used to measure the hours. Now we live by the second hand. The spirit, however, cannot be hurried. We may get more quickly to the Grand Central and the 4.50 by the subway, but not to Heaven. Quiet and time are essential for the fruits of the spirit, whatever a Burbank may do with bulbs. I think it was Daniel Webster who once said that the most valuable thoughts he had ever had came to him while jogging on his nag from place to place on his court circuit. No such deep reflections could come to a modern judge covering the same distance in a tenth of the time at sixty miles an hour in a high-powered car. It has recently been well said of our age that it is 'restless, wide-ranging, enjoying pleasure and novelty, but moving in space rather than in time, dwelling on the surface rather than in the depth of things.' These characteristics we can trace, I think, clearly enough to that applied science that disturbed Arnold so slightly.

In another and equally important way science has deflected us from that Hellenistic attitude which, in one of Arnold's definitions, is the effort to see things as they really are. To do this is precisely what, until almost the present day, science has claimed for itself, and what even to-day most people think it does. The now deeply ingrained belief that not only has science a peculiar validity, but it gives us the entire truth regarding all aspects of the universe, has acted as a corrosive upon a very large part of the content of culture and the things that have contributed to man's highest life — literature, art, and religion. Much of all this has come to seem mere moonshine fancies when contrasted with the 'facts' of science, of which not only the validity, but the completeness, is not to be questioned whatever happens to any side of man's nature or whatever in that nature they leave unaccounted for.

A whole vast range of beliefs and values that were essentially human were wiped off the slate in the name of science. It is needless to catalogue them. The Hellenistic effort to see life steadily and see it whole on the human plane was replaced by an effort to follow a dance of atoms on the scientific plane. Human values became an irrelevant phantasmagoria. The universe was reduced to pure act. In place of the old dangerous error at the upper end of the Hellenistic scale of 'art for art's sake,' we reached the no less dangerous one at the lower end of the Hebraic, the 'act for the act's sake.' Hebraism, always more potent among the mass of men than Hellenism, has thus found itself since Arnold's day strengthened to a remarkable degree in both the practical and the theoretical spheres. Not only have the Hebraistic battalions been heavily reënforced, but in science, in the eyes of the public, they have apparently gained a recruit from the Hellenistic camp. The whole scene has shifted since Arnold. And yet was he not right? Is not culture, in its best and broadest sense, our only salvation? Can the present materialistic welter of confusion, if unchecked, lead eventually to anything but that anarchy that formed the half of Arnold's title for his work? If so, what of the future?

IV

It seems to me that our civilization may take either of two courses. The first may be indicated by a suggestion

made to Arnold by an American sixty years ago. This was that 'we should for the future call industrialism culture, and the industrialists the men of culture'; and then of course, as Arnold ironically adds, 'there can be no longer any misapprehension about their true character; and besides the pleasure of being wealthy and comfortable, they will have authentic recognition as vessels of sweetness and light.' We must confess that to a great extent our leaders in religion and education have seemingly chosen to follow this suggestion in their teaching of the American people. The Christian spirit has got so mixed up with 'drives' and gymnasiums, and culture with cost accounting and business English, that it takes a wise young man indeed to disentangle them in the face of the strenuous and muddle-headed efforts of his elders.

In many directions at present, however, we are getting suggestions which are not put forward by business men, clerics, or professional educators, and which for that reason, and because they are clothed in a semiscientific language, may claim more consideration from many. Thus a few weeks ago the noted French architect, Le Corbusier, speaking of bridges, steamships, and other engineering works, said they once provoked æsthetically a 'violent antagonistic feeling. They were deemed ugly. Yet these works to-day are acclaimed as admirable. A miracle has been accomplished, a spiritual revolution — "the spirit of the age becoming conscious of itself."' Others suggest that art is an affair of the whole organism and that the art of any age is intricately bound up with the nervous organization of the people of the age. Others, again, hold that the essence of art is one thing and the form another, and that for the future the essence may be permanently passing from pictures, poems, and statues to engineering works.

There is no reason why an engineering work or any other utilitarian one should not be beautiful. They frequently have been in the past, from kitchen pots to bridges. But one cannot help the feeling, in reading such suggestions as that the age is becoming conscious of itself in the sense of admiring its own works, that their authors are unconsciously engaged less in finding new beauty than in condoning our lack of it, though the suggestions are worth pondering. A friend of mine claims not only that a finely made carpenter's tool has a beauty of form of its own, which is true, but that he can get as much pleasure out of studying it as he can out of a Rembrandt. Our race has behind it a long history and a far longer development. From the days of the Quaternary epoch in Europe we have been making both pictures and tools, but it has remained for our own epoch to claim that a tool, however beautifully made, has the same spiritual value as a picture. It is true that the populace of Athens enjoyed spending its leisure in listening intelligently to a play by Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, whereas the populace to-day prefers the horseplay or sentimental slush of the movies, but I do not think the way out of the difficulty is to say that watching a slice of pie jump across the screen or kisses in a close-up is as culturally or æsthetically valuable as the unrolling of fate in Greek drama.

The fact would seem to be that for the time we have lost our scale of æsthetic values, because we have lost our scale of values for the whole of life itself. An age which cares only for the speed of its locomotion and nothing for its purpose or destination is not likely to distinguish between a gasoline station and the Parthenon. We obviously cannot have a scale of values

unless we consider the whole of life, consider all the possibilities of man's nature, and reckon one against the other; unless we attain to that perfection which Arnold considered the end of culture — which is 'an harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest.'

V

Of course, the anarchy suggested by Arnold as the final outcome of a democracy devoted to a philosophy of doing, not of being, of action rather than of thought, of developing only one side of man's nature at the expense of all the rest, is not impossible. It has overtaken mankind many times before, and in our busy lives immersed in intense activity we need not believe that what has been can never be again. We cannot rely too blindly upon a moderate distribution of baby bonds, savings deposits, and a share or two of stocks among the populace. It is conceivable, in a civilization based on tensions between its members, resulting from trying to secure each for himself the largest share of material goods possible, that as the gap between salary or wage earners and billionaire proprietors increases it may some day, in an economic debacle, prove too wide to be bridged even by a baby bond.

On the whole, however, I do not think this is the direction in which we are going to travel, though I trust to neither the applied scientist nor the business man to divert us from it, useful as are the functions which each otherwise performs. It seems to me, however, that there are not a few signs in the social heavens that the times are changing and that Arnold's doctrine may come into its own at last.

For one thing, the constant stream of self-criticism that arises from the vocal and more thinking part of the American people at present, morbid as it may seem from one point of view, does indicate a deep dissatisfaction with life as it is now being lived by us. There is a widespread feeling that there is something radically wrong with that life, which feeling appears to centre in the demand that we should have more scope for the development of our own individuality, that we should somehow, vaguely as people may yet apprehend it, have a chance to *be* something rather than eternally to be *doing* something, whether for ourselves, posterity, or the Lions Club. In many households this is taking the form of refusing any longer to be dragooned by advertising and high-powered salesmanship into buying every new device that promises even the least contribution to amusement or efficiency. The very activity of the inventor and the business man may itself help in time to bring about our salvation.

For a while we lost our heads. The novel goods offered by the wonders of applied science have been like the glass beads and red cloth offered to savages. We have bestirred ourselves to unwonted exertions in order to get something to trade for them. But we are not savages. We have a long cultural history behind us. We have deep in us desires and cravings that cannot permanently be satisfied with beads and cloth; and there is a limit beyond which we cannot and will not work. If in the future applied science spawns out purchasable goods which business offers us at a rapidly accelerating rate, we shall, instead of trying to have every new thing that comes along, begin to exercise choice. Once we have discovered that among such a multiplicity of objects choice is inevitable

from all standpoints, such as capacity or willingness to work, room space, or even time to enjoy them, we shall become more individual, use our minds again, and once more take pleasure in expressing our own personalities. In trying to choose, in deciding what we really want, we shall discover that a great many things worth having are those that do not cost anything to speak of, such as reading, making our own music, conversation, and other old-fashioned things of the mind. Once the strike is on against working to the limit in order to buy to the limit, we shall begin once more to try to see life steadily and see it whole. With the dawn of that day, the pendulum will begin to swing again toward Hellenism.

Intellectually, also, I believe the way will be made easier by a better understanding both among scientists and among the public of just what scientific truth is as an interpretation of the whole of the universe. That understanding, as I have recently said elsewhere, is making rapid headway among many leading scientists, although the public may be long in following their lead. Once, however, the way is open for the reinstatement, not only in a human world but in the universe, of the purely human *values*, the door toward Hellenism will be swung wide. We shall once more see life whole after a dark night of the spirit.

In that day Matthew, or some new Arnold with more contemporaneity of reference and style, will become our prophet, for as I turn from his works to glance at the books on my shelves on economics, sociology, psychology, and science, with their sprinkling of Freuds, Watsons, and Heaven knows how many other 'modern' voices, I cannot see that there is, after all, any saner doctrine being preached to-day for the salvation of society or the inner peace of the individual than that preached by the apostle of culture sixty years ago. That doctrine is simply that if democracy is to be saved from anarchy it must be permeated through with 'sweetness and light,' understood as intelligence and tolerance; that this can be attained only by culture, and not by ceaseless economic activity; and that, eventually, people will not consider that life worth living or that society worth saving which does not allow them to live normally and fully with all sides of their being.

Arnold believed his doctrine worth fighting for through a lifetime. It is assuredly worth fighting for to-day, with far better chances of success, as I see them, from the probable trend of thought and history in the next sixty years than in those which Arnold faced. But if our leaders — our clergy, our educators, our industrial captains, our statesmen, and our writers — continue to preach the contrary one, that our satisfaction and salvation are to be found in *busyness* and things and a unilateral warping of our nature, then Arnold will indeed have been a prophet, for the second half of his title and thesis will have come to pass.

A DIVINE INTOXICANT

BY HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

PEYOTL, mescaline,
Culled from the cactus' spine,
More precious far than red
Roses — a whole long bed —
Offer me any wine,
Champagne, Spumonti, Rhine,
I'd never make a sign,
Not unless someone said:
Peyotl!

Often at Bacchus' shrine
Ribald I leaned with vine-
Leaves in my hair — instead —
Brown buttons round my head
Now seal me wholly thine,
Peyotl!
I. V. A., in 'The Conning Tower'

THE good Padre Bernardino de Sahagun in the year 1529, at the age of thirty, arrived in Mexico — or New Spain, as it was affectionately and officially called — to convert the harassed Aztecs to the gentle teachings of Saint Francis. The reverend father was a learned man and he left behind him when he died at the age of ninety-one valuable histories written in both the Spanish and the Aztec tongues. He gave in one of his histories a description of a curious feast of the Aztecs — the Feast of Teonanacatl.

The first thing eaten at the party was certain black mushrooms, which they called nanacatl, which intoxicate and cause visions to be seen, and even provoke sensuousness. These they ate before the break of day, and they also drank cacao (chocolate) before dawn. The mushrooms they ate with syrup (of maguey sap), and when they began to feel the effect they began to dance; some sang; others wept because they were already intoxicated by the mushrooms; and some did not wish to sing, but seated themselves in their rooms and remained there as though meditating. Some had visions that they were dying and shed tears; others imagined that some wild beast was devouring them; others that they were capturing prisoners in warfare; others that they were rich; others that they had many slaves; others that they had committed adultery and were to have their heads broken as a penalty; others that they had been guilty of a theft, for which they were to be executed; and many other visions were seen by them. After the intoxication of the mushrooms had passed off they conversed with one another about the visions which they had seen.

Botanists of modern times, finding the description of the sacred mushroom in the padre's history, searched far and wide for it, and it was not until 1915 that the late W. E. Safford, a botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, succeeded in identifying it with the mescal or peyote used by the American Indians of to-day. Mescal is derived from a rare cactus of the genus *Lophophora*, whose geographical distribution ranges from the southern border of Texas to Querétaro, Mexico; and the padre thus never laid eyes upon the cactus itself, but saw only the mushroom-shaped buttons cut from the top of the cactus and brought to the Aztecs by messengers consecrated to their task.

I

The peyote cactus (*Lophophora williamsii* or *Lophophora lewinii*) is a spineless cactus shaped like a carrot or turnip. The mescal button is the dried

flowerlike top of the cactus. The drug mescal should not be confused with the Mexican drink of the same name; the American Indian, in searching for a name to apply to the drug, called it 'mescal' because, like the Mexican drink, it intoxicated. The drug is known by a number of names, of which 'mescal' is the most common, though the designation 'peyote' is probably more accurate. The name 'peyote' is from the Aztec *peyotl*, which in the Nahuatl language means 'cocoon.' The Indians of the United States and Mexico who use it have different names for it. Among the Tarahumaris of Chihuahua it is known as *hikori*, among the Tepehuane of Durango as *kamba*, among the Kiowas as *seni*, among the Comanches as *wokowi*, and among the Mescalero Apaches as *ho*.

The peyote cult is widespread among the Indians and extends even to the tribes as far north as the Canadian border. To the Indians the cult is a distinctly religious one and the missionaries seem unable to break its hold upon them. The Bureau of Indian Affairs reports that 'to the missionary the use of peyote is paganism arrayed against Christianity — the power of a drug against the elevating influence of the Cross.' The early missionaries regarded the use of peyote as a sin comparable to cannibalism. Safford found the following questions in a religious manual published in 1760 for the use of the missionaries in their work with the Indians of San Antonio, Texas:

Has comido carne de gente? (Hast thou eaten flesh of man?)

Has comido el peyote? (Hast thou eaten the peyote?)

The Indians of to-day who practise the peyote cult have adopted, in the ceremonies connected with its use, many of the outward forms of Christianity. The following native account of the origin of the peyote cult, taken from Paul Radin's study of the Winnebago Tribe, shows plainly the influences of the Christian myths: —

> Once in the south, an Indian belonging to the tribe called Mescallero Apache was roaming in the country called Mexico, and went hunting in the high hills and got lost. For three days he went without water and without food. He was about to die of thirst, but he continued until he reached the foot of a certain hill, on top of which he could find shade under a tree that was growing there. There he desired to die. It was with the greatest difficulty that he reached the place, and when he got there he fell over on his back and lay thus, with his body stretched toward the south, his head pillowed against something. He extended his right arm to the west and his left arm to the east, and as he did this he felt something cool touch his hands. 'What is it?' he thought to himself. So he took the one that was close to his right hand and brought it to his mouth and ate it. There was water in it, although it also contained food. Then he took the one close to his left hand and brought it to his mouth and ate it. Then as he lay on the ground a holy spirit entered him and taking the spirit of the Indian carried it away to the regions above. There he saw a man who spoke to him. 'I have caused you to go through all this suffering, for had I not done it, you would never have heard of the proper (religion). It was for that reason that I placed holiness in what you have eaten. My Father gave it to me and I was permitted to place it on the earth. . . . Earth-maker is my father. Long ago I sent this gospel across the ocean, but you did not know of it. . . . I have placed my holiness in this that you eat.' . . . Then he told him to go home. . . . On his return he built a peyote lodge and for four nights he taught the people how to eat peyote.

The cult cannot, however, compete with such emotional extravaganzas as the native Shakerism. Its present popularity seems to be due to the personal ambitions of natives who

exploit it as a means of achieving success.

II

The use of the drug was first called to the attention of the public in 1891 by Mr. James Mooney of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, who had assisted in the mescal rites of the Kiowa Indians. Three years later Dr. D. W. Prentiss and Dr. F. P. Morgan were able to obtain a sufficient quantity of the drug to conduct experiments and were the first to observe its effects scientifically. Shortly after their experiments three men of marked ability — Weir Mitchell, William James, and Havelock Ellis — experimented with it on themselves and reported the results.

Weir Mitchell was the first of the three to experiment with the drug. About 'noon on a busy morning' Mitchell took one and one-half drachms of an extract 'of which each drachm represented one mescal button.' One hour later another drachm was taken, and at about four o'clock he took an additional half ounce. The experiment was highly successful. Gorgeous colors and wonderful shapes floated before his eyes. One vision impressed him deeply: 'An edge of a huge cliff seemed to project over a gulf of unseen depth. My viewless enchanter set on the brink a huge bird claw of stone. Above, from the stem or leg, hung a fragment of the same stuff. This began to unroll and float out to a distance which seemed to me to represent Time as well as immensity of Space. Here were miles of ripped purples, half transparent, and of ineffable beauty. Now and then soft golden clouds floated from these folds, or a great shimmer went over the whole of the rolling purples, and things, like green birds, fell from it, fluttering down into the gulf below. Next, I saw clusters of stones hanging in masses from the claw toes, as it seemed to me miles of them, down far below into the underworld of the black gulf. This was the most distinct of my visions.' The visions closed with the beach at Newport, the waves 'liquid splendors, huge and threatening, of wonderfully pure green, or red or deep purple, once only deep orange, and with no trace of foam. These water hills of color broke on the beach with myriads of lights of the same tint as the wave.' The physiological experiences were not pleasant, and he wrote that the show was expensive. 'The experience, however, was worth one such headache and indigestion, but was not worth a second.'

Mitchell was one of several medical men to whom the government had sent quantities of the drug for experimental purposes, and, after experimenting upon himself, he sent a supply to William James. James's experience was an unhappy one and he recorded it in a letter to his brother Henry. 'I had two days spoiled by a psychological experiment with *mescal*. . . . Weir Mitchell . . . sent me some to try. He had himself been "in fairyland." It gives the most glorious visions of color — every object thought of appears in a jeweled splendor unknown to the natural world. It disturbs the stomach somewhat, but that, according to W. M., was a cheap price, etc. I took one bud but three days ago, was violently sick for twenty-four hours, and had no other symptom whatever except that and the *Katzenjammer* the following day. I will take the visions on trust!'

In the spring of 1897, Havelock Ellis was able to obtain a small sample of mescal, and on Good Friday of the same year he prepared a concoction of three buttons and drank it at intervals between 2.30 and 4.30 P. M. He was the first European investigator to test its vision-producing properties. The experiment was conducted in the quiet

rooms in the Temple Ellis occupied when in London. His first symptom was a 'consciousness of energy and intellectual power.' Weir Mitchell had likewise experienced the same intellectual exhilaration, and had unsuccessfully experimented, during the course of the emotional state, with the writing of poetry.

Ellis's visionary experiences, unlike those of William James, were eminently satisfactory. 'Every color and tone conceivable to me,' he wrote, 'appeared at some time or another. . . . At first there was merely a vague play of light and shade which suggested pictures, but never made them. Then the pictures became more definite, but too confused and crowded to be described, beyond saying that they were of the same character as the images of the kaleidoscope, symmetrical groupings of spiked objects. Then, in the course of the evening, they became distinct, but still indescribable — mostly a vast field of golden jewels, studded with red and green stones, ever changing. This moment was, perhaps, the most delightful of the experience, for at the same time the air around me seemed to be flushed with vague perfume — producing with the visions a delicious effect and all discomfort had vanished, except a slight faintness and tremor of the hands, which, later on, made it almost impossible to guide a pen as I made notes of the experiment; it was, however, with an effort, always possible to write with a pencil.'

About 3.30 A. M. the effects of the phenomena diminished and he fell into a peaceful and dreamless sleep. He awoke at the usual hour with no unpleasant reminiscences. 'Only my eyes,' he wrote, 'seemed unusually sensitive to color, especially to blue and violet. I can, indeed, say that ever since this experience I have been more æsthetically sensitive than I was before to the more delicate phenomena of light and shade.'

Some time later he again put himself under the influence of mescal to test the effect of music upon the visions. 'The chief object of the tests was to ascertain how far a desire on the composer's part to suggest definite imagery would affect my visions. In about half the cases there was no resemblance, in the other half there was a distinct resemblance, which was sometimes very remarkable. This was especially the case with Schumann's music, for example, with his *Waldszenen* and *Kinderszenen;* thus "The Prophet Bird" called up vividly a sense of atmosphere and of brilliant feathery birdlike forms passing to and fro, "A Flower Piece" provoked constant and persistent images of vegetation, while "Scheherazade" produced an effect of floating white raiment, covered by glittering spangles and jewels. In every case my description was, of course, given before I knew the name of the piece.'

III

Since the experiments of the early investigators the properties of the drug have been further analyzed, and in the years 1926, 1927, and 1928 three monographs devoted exclusively to the subject appeared in three different countries. *Le Peyotl*, by Alexandre Rouhier, was the first to appear; *Der Meskalinrausch, seine Geschichte und Erscheinungsweise*, by Dr. Kurt Beringer, the second; and *Mescal: the 'Divine' Plant and Its Psychological Effects*, by Dr. Heinrich Klüver of Columbia University, the third. Dr. Klüver's volume was published in London. While the work that has been done on the drug has resulted in the accumulation of a considerable amount of material with respect to certain of its properties, there remain fields of psychological

inquiry that have not been touched upon, and it was with the view of testing certain of the lesser-known qualities of the drug that an experiment was conducted with the author of this paper as the subject, on March 24, 1929, in conjunction with one of the physicians of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

About nine o'clock in the morning a dose of .3 gramme of the drug was injected intramuscularly. For a brief while there were no sensations; then began a slight nausea, which was relieved, save for a sensation of obstruction in the throat, by lying upon the back and breathing deeply. The pulse fell rapidly from seventy-two to sixty, accompanied, however, by no loss of bodily vigor, though for the greater part of the experiment I lay upon a couch in order to experience the full benefits of the drug. I was quite definitely aware, moreover, of an increase in intellectual force which seemed to disclose the fallacy of a philosophical argument of J. M. Keynes with which for the last day or two I had been concerned. This increase was, however, deceptive, as I learned the next day, for a reëxamination of Keynes's argument proved that its validity could not be impugned by the point suggested under the influence of mescal. Toward the cessation of the feeling of nausea, which lasted not longer than half an hour and which was accompanied by one or two spasms of the diaphragm but no vomiting, the visions began. Contrary to the experiences of other investigators, the appearance of the visions was not gradual, but began with the suddenness of an image projected by a stereopticon. Clearly, and at once, I saw a spiked cylindrical object of brilliant flashing colors suspended in a space of the deepest blue. The scene persisted for perhaps three minutes and then vision followed vision in indescribable and riotous profusion. For the most part the pictures were unrelated to experience and are impossible to describe, but occasionally, among the hundreds of images that appeared and changed and disappeared, there would occur some recognizable object: for a moment I saw a pearl of monstrous size and of the silkiest lustre suspended above two saw-toothed designs that moved back and forth across one another; I saw a room whose corners were nicely rounded, as were also the edges where the walls met floor and ceiling, and so startlingly immaculate was it that, had it not been composed entirely of multitudinously, deeply colored tiles set in constantly shifting patterns, I should have supposed it to be a room miraculously translated from one of the Utopias H. G. Wells has so often and hygienically imagined; again, great Renaissance picture tapestries of the finest detail and execution and marvelously rich with gold floated slowly upward, keeping time with distinctly audible music, which, I reasoned, came from a graphophone in a neighboring room, but which I learned later was only a product of my imagination.

But altogether, as I have mentioned, the pictures were, save for a few exceptions, indescribable. Nine tenths of the pictures were composed of geometrical forms which passed before the eyes in no uniform motion, but from left to right and right to left and up and down. At one time, for perhaps half an hour, there was a series of several hundred pictures of machinery, likewise in geometrical form and in violent motion, and at another time I saw hundreds of modern French paintings (influenced perhaps by a recent visit to a gallery devoted almost exclusively to such paintings) individually and in collections, but rich in color beyond the dreams of any painter. The visions seemed to approach a peak, accom-

panied also by a sensation of physical exhilaration or bodily intoxication, and at what appeared to be the maximum point there occurred the most satisfactory experience of the experiment from the standpoint of the loveliness of the visions. A delicious feeling of well-being and tonicity was suffused throughout the whole body. The picture that took shape was of incredible magnificence. I was looking into the depths of space — of a blue so vivid, so clear, that I seemed to see it for the first time, and to be conscious of it with an intense awareness equal perhaps to that of the mystics at the beginning of the Christian era who turned their eyes skyward and discovered, for the first time in the history of the race, the color blue, to which, apparently, all races had been insensitive, as if afflicted with a racial color blindness.

The overwhelming depth of the vision illustrated far more strikingly than would be possible by graphical representation the truthfulness of Spengler's observation that blue is the color of expanse and distance and boundlessness. Scattered in clusters throughout this space of blue were galaxies of golden stars that were, like the stars of reality, not disks, but points; and intermingled with the stars large orange and yellow nebulæ moved in elliptic and circular orbits. The nebulæ and stars were not projected against space as against a curtain, but inhabited it and made the picture as three-dimensional as a cube. Indeed, a characteristic of all the visions into which spatial qualities entered was their strikingly three-dimensional properties. Suddenly, as I watched the scene, I yielded to a belief that by an effort I could peer into the centre of space, and the stars and nebulæ, instead of passing from left to right or right to left as the other pictures had done, streamed by me, on either side, in a welter of gold and orange and yellow. But only for a moment. The scene changed and I saw the blue sea. A beautiful white wave came from across the wide expanse of water, curving counter-clockwise, and as it approached the foreground it broke and dissolved into soft and bubbly colors. Thereafter the visions declined in intensity and were composed largely of novel geometrical forms. My eyes, I found, were painfully sensitive to light. The visions, moreover, vanished upon opening the eyes and were not visible even in a room from which all light was excluded. Pictures continued to form, though more faintly as the afternoon progressed, until I fell into a dreamless sleep about 7.30 P. M.

In the morning, before the visions had reached their peak, the attempt had been made, with surprising results, to test the influence of music. Three graphophone records of pieces with which I was not familiar were played and descriptions of the visions that were induced or occurred while the music was being played I dictated before the titles were divulged. Schumann's 'Quintet in E Flat Major' was the first piece. Three distinct pictures formed: a pattern of flashing, gold inlaid, exquisitely decorated Turkish swords, golden stars in space, and two knights in full regalia with broad cloaks elaborately designed flung about their shoulders, charging each other upon great white horses. Rimski-Korsakov's 'The Sea and Sinbad' followed: at the first strains of the music a picture of indescribable loveliness formed; sea gulls flew in sweeping flights over a blue sea against a sunset of gorgeous colors. The gulls seemed to be riding upon the wind, which I felt could almost be seen. The picture changed suddenly and I was looking into the depths of a tremendous whirlpool whose sides, of a deep blue, were flecked with particles

of the brightest gold. As suddenly as this picture formed it was succeeded by a scene of tall waves proceeding evenly across the picture. The music closed, however, with a picture of lumps of sugar arranged in geometrical patterns. The last piece was the fourth movement of 'Scheherazade, The Festival at Bagdad.' Some time elapsed before any pictures formed, and then, indistinctly, there appeared the interior of a Gothic cathedral with a crimson throne high in the centre. This picture persisted for a moment, to be succeeded by a view of hundreds of women in Oriental costumes of no striking ornamentation spread in patterns over a brown hill and swaying gently to the music. This picture persisted throughout the course of the music.

IV

The intensity of the colors and the novelty of the visions seem to be the chief characteristics of mescal intoxication. Each picture is vividly colored and each color is as vivid almost as an arc light. Opening the eyes upon what would ordinarily appear as a colorful and lovely spring day, with the flowers in bloom and the green grass warm in the bright sunshine, discloses a world that is drab and dreary compared with the world seen with closed eyes. The visions, in the great majority of cases, were of unfamiliar scenes, over which little control could be exercised. I attempted, for example, to visualize a lake, and the picture that formed showed only the edge of a lake, on which a brown Indian sat in a brown canoe against a poisonously bright tropical jungle that appeared as if it might have been painted by Rousseau.

Whether the drug possesses any therapeutic value is not, at present, certain. Prolonged indulgence in it, however, is probably harmful, though this also is by no means certain. Among the Indians who use it habitually a shiftlessness of character and a lessening of resistance to disease have been observed by missionaries, and some cases of heart failure or hemorrhage while under its influence have been reported. Organizations of missionaries are actively engaged at the present time in securing the suppression of the drug, though whether they are motivated by a belief in the harmfulness of its physiological effects or by the fact that the Indians, so long as they continue to indulge in it, remain indifferent to the virtues of Christianity is not clear. At all events the Western States, under the exhortations of the missionaries and over the vehement protests of Indian leaders, are beginning to curb its use by legislation. The Paris press has also recently carried on a campaign to prohibit its use in France, where it has taken a strong foothold. Attempts have been made to suppress the drug as an intoxicant, and also under the Food and Drugs Act, but the courts have held that it is not an intoxicant, and as the Food and Drugs Act states that the term 'drug' 'shall include all medicines and preparations recognized in the United States Pharmacopœia or National Formulary' its use cannot be regulated under that act, since the United States Pharmacopœia and National Formulary do not recognize it.

The chief value of mescal seems to lie, however, in its use as an instrument for psychological and psychiatric investigation. The field of eidetic imagery in psychology and the psychiatric investigation of hallucinations may perhaps yield profitable results when studied in the light of the phenomena of mescal visions. Aside from the interest that may attach to the drug as a possible therapeutic agent, it also possesses an importance from the point of view of its educational effect upon

those who have once or twice been under its influence. Havelock Ellis has remarked that to be admitted to the rites of mescal is 'an educational influence of no mean value.' Certainly sensitivity to color and the capacity for its enjoyment are increased. Only those who possess robustness of health seem to be able to derive any enjoyment or benefit from it, however, and in that, as Ellis has likewise pointed out, lies the safeguard against its widespread use. Even where robustness of health is present, the subsequent physiological effects are too costly to admit for the civilized man, if not for the savage, more than one or two experiences with the drug. But to experience its intoxicating qualities even once is to look ever afterward upon the external world with at least a keener appreciation of color.

THE MIDDLE YEARS AND THE END[1]

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

I

THOSE first years of ours in Iowa were the bitter years just before the outbreak of the Civil War (said Grandmother Brown). We were abolitionists, of course. It was bred in our bones to hate slavery. You might say it was part of our inheritance as children of the Northwest Territory. Both Dan'l's people and mine were clear on that point. We were accustomed from our earliest youth to seeing runaway slaves along the Ohio River and advertisements offering rewards to anyone who would return them to their masters. I remember seeing slave owners coming over from Kentucky with chains and whips, looking for their slaves, and my horror at the sight. I remember particularly one time when we were living at the Brice House, seeing a man there who had caught his slave and was taking him back handcuffed. The black man had to eat weighted with irons. Think of a nice little girl standing in the dining-room door seeing that pitiful sight! Someone said the other day that the negroes were better off in slave days than they are now. How could that be, when now their children are taught and they are treated like human beings? See what good ministers some of them are! One of them preached a fine sermon here in our Presbyterian church not so long ago.

Oh, I never could have been anything but an abolitionist, a Whig, a Republican.

Dan'l felt the same way. Once, coming home from New Orleans, he saw a slave sale in St. Louis, saw men and women exposed for sale on a block in front of the courthouse, saw the auctioneer trying their agility and running his finger around their mouths exactly as if they were horses. We all *hated* slavery. My father helped many a slave get away on the underground railway and Dan'l's folks did too.

[1] 'Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,' from which the *Atlantic* has borrowed several characteristic chapters, is now published in book form. — EDITOR

Naturally our children imbibed our feelings in regard to the institution of slavery. That meant trouble for them almost from the first in the country schools of southeastern Iowa. Denmark was an exception with its abolitionists and fugitive slaves.

I remember how mad Lizzie was when some children at school called her 'a black abolitionist' and sang: —

> 'Douglas rode a white horse,
> Lincoln rode a mule —
> Douglas is a wise man,
> Lincoln is a fool.'

But when she wept about it at home Dan'l said, 'Why, of course you're an abolitionist — a black abolitionist. *You* don't want slaves.' He explained it all to her and she went back to school and said to the children, 'I am what you say I am and proud of it.' And when they'd abuse Lincoln she'd fairly yell and dance with rage. Lincoln did n't know she was such a booster. During the war there were continual rallies in Fort Madison and Denmark. Often a Copperhead would make a slighting remark about Uncle Sam or about Lincoln, a soldier would resent it, and then there would be a fight.

There were about as many rebels along the Missouri border as there were Union men. Our countryside was very unsafe in those days. Folks would drive off each other's cattle and steal anything they could lay hands on. When the Lincoln and Douglas campaign was on, Will and Charlie joined the 'Wide-Awake Boys' in hip-hurrahing for Lincoln. They'd get together down in Augusta and march back and forth, carrying lamps filled with crude oil. It looked rather pretty as they described figures in their marching. There was a tonguey lawyer over in Fort Madison making speeches for Douglas, but nothing he or anyone else could have said about how Kansas should come into the Union would have changed our boys' allegiance to Lincoln. They were thoroughly grounded in the principles of the abolitionists. Dan'l and I had read aloud to them Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as it came out, serially, in the paper. They'd just get 'raring' mad over that story. And over in Denmark there was a good man named Cable, who had known their Grandfather Foster back in Ohio and worked with him helping slaves get away. I remember his driving over to our farm one day and telling us about his experiences. The boys sat on the edge of their chairs taking it all in.

It seemed afterward as if we had seen that war coming all our lives, but at the time when Fort Sumter was fired upon we were as excited as if the course of events had been wholly unforeseen. Feeling against President Buchanan was very strong with us. He was clearly a Southern sympathizer. He had allowed the Treasury to be robbed.

Lincoln's call for volunteers reached many of our folks in Ohio, but our own particular family in Iowa was hardly subject to call at first. Will was only fourteen years old when the war broke out. But before it was over he and Dan'l both went up to Burlington to enlist. I could n't eat that day. I felt that it was no worse for my men than for thousands of others all over the land, but oh, how glad I was when they came home again after only a day's absence! Both were rejected. Dan'l had broken his arm and shoulder when he was a young man and they had been so set that he was never again able to straighten out his arm completely. And a chisel had fallen on Will's bare foot when he was a child and cut off two of his toes. The doctor had sewed them on again, but Will had worked one toe free from the bandage so that it turned under his foot. He could never have tramped like a soldier.

Oh, that was a dreadful war! Soldiers were n't provided with doughnuts in those days. Often they had nothing but wormy hardtack and black coffee. The worms would float to the top of the coffee, but the best they could do was to skim them off and swallow the coffee thankfully. They used to beg in their letters for onions, for most of the soldiers got the scurvy for lack of fresh vegetables. Like the Irishman, they might have said, 'I prefer onions to strawberries; they 're more expressive.' No one sent them things in packages or cans; we did n't have canned goods in those days. No one knit socks for them. We scraped lint for them; now army surgeons use absorbent cotton.

I had no sons in the ranks, and I had only one day's experience. I don't know anything about the real agony of war mothers. In the World War a neighbor's son came in to tell me good-bye. A tall, straight, fine-looking young man — the work of a good woman. Is n't it terrible that he was there to be shot at?

II

As time went on, we became quite prosperous on our farm. The thing that set us on our feet was cheese-making. Our neighbor, Mrs. Andrews, had a little vat big enough to make small cheeses in. I borrowed it once and made a few. I pressed them under the fence rail with a weight on top, and they were very nice. It put Dan'l in the mind of cheese-making on a larger scale. He concluded to sell the fine carriage which we had brought with us from Ohio and so seldom used and to buy cows with the money we received from the sale. He added to our herd until they brought us an income of about $300 a month for cheese. The 'Dan Brown Cheese' made quite a name for itself in southeastern Iowa.

Cheese-making itself was not heavy work. A boy could do it. The hard part was caring for the cows and milking them, and the older boys did that. Gus stayed in the cheese house more than any of the others. One thing that I did not like about cheese-making was that it kept someone at work every Sunday. We could n't let all that cheese spoil, and the cows gave milk on Sunday the same as other days.

I found it interesting to watch the process of cheese-making. We used to strain the milk, put the rennet in, and then go to breakfast. When we had finished breakfast, it was time to cut the cheese lengthwise of the vat, then crosswise; later to drain off the whey, gather the cheese into hoops, and cap it.. One has to be awfully clean with cheese, scraping out the corners of the vat thoroughly in washing it, or the cheese will be sour. I never made the cheese; merely fixed things so that they 'd be clean — the vat, the frames, the cloths — and so that the work would be easy.

Oh, yes, I did make one cheese. It became a family joke: 'Mother's Cheese.' I read in a magazine that one could make good cheese of skimmed milk, and I followed the recipe. When I thought the cheese should be ripe, I tried to cut it — but, goodness, it would n't cut any more than a piece of wood. So Charlie tried to cut it, first with a knife, then with a hatchet, finally with an axe. Half he gave to Dash, the dog, who was delighted, at first, to have for once all the cheese he wanted. But Dash grew quite melancholy working over that cheese. He had it around for months. He even buried it in a manure pile, hoping to soften it, but his hopes were never realized. The boys used to pass the other half at table to all newcomers. It looked like cheese, it smelled like cheese, — an elegant smell! — but it might as well have been rubber.

As we became prosperous, I did not become more reconciled to life on our Iowa farm. I took satisfaction in the improvements we had made, but it seemed to me that our life grew more burdensome each year. The family was larger. It seemed to take more strength to keep things going, and I had lost some of my courage when our little Lottie died. And I could n't see much opportunity in that part of the country for my children.

I look back to those years on the farm as the hardest years of my life; but there are, of course, some happy memories of the life there. Always where there are growing things — plants and children — there is beauty.

I think it was the coming of the piano that made the big change in our lives — the change that eventually led us away from the farm. Will and Charlie were young men by this time, reaching out towards a life of their own. Restless. Looking for entertainment, of course. Fine-looking young men, both of them. Both were fond of horses, and each wanted a nice team to drive. They used to go over to Stevensons' a good deal, where there were young people fond of music. One son played the violin, another the bass viol, a daughter the piano. Will would mount his horse and ride over with his fiddle under his arm to join them, and Charlie was off with a horse or team to see his sweetheart, Lyde McCabe.

Why, Will even wanted to have a horse to go off riding round on Sunday. Charlie was of a more serious nature and would n't have done that, but Will would. It got so that when Dan'l wanted a horse he almost had to ask the boys for it. He threatened to sell the horses. And one day there drove into our yard a strange man and woman, agents for the Chickering piano and the Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine. We made a deal with them for a piano worth $700. Father turned over in payment a team of horses worth $150 (a fine scheme to keep the boys more at home) and the rest in cash, including $300 that had come to me from my father's estate.

The day that piano was brought in was a great day. We sent word to the Stevensons to come over and bring with them Libbie Knapp, who was going to school at Denmark Academy and played the piano. How we made the welkin ring! The Stevensons could read music. Will could n't read a note, but once he got the melody in his head he could keep up with anybody. We played and sang for hours that day, and the old lady who had sold us the piano leaned back in her chair, listening to us and watching us all. Before she left, she suddenly pointed to Charlie Stevenson and Will, saying, 'I want this boy and this one' — Charlie to help her sell pianos and Will to sell sewing machines.

Well, they were ripe for such offers.

Charlie Stevenson and Will went with Mrs. Cole to her headquarters in Milwaukee. She kept Will there until he learned all about sewing machines. Then she gave him a horse and wagonload of machines and sent him through the country to sell them. He spent a couple of years driving thus over the State of Wisconsin. Charlie and he met regularly at the county fairs and then they had a great time, Charlie playing the piano and Will the violin. They drew crowds of rubes around them, and then they 'demonstrated' the sewing machine.

After that, Will never went back to the farm for any great length of time. He went to firing on the new railroad that ran between Fort Madison and Keokuk, but not for long. About that time he heard that a bookstore in Fort Madison, having a branch store in Keokuk, was for sale. He remembered that on a farm just outside of Fort

Madison lived Libbie Knapp, whom he had known at Denmark Academy, and he persuaded Dan'l to buy the bookstore in the hope that he would let him run it.

That fall we all moved into town except Charlie. We were all glad to go, even Dan'l. Gus had broken away the year before and gone to Fort Madison, where he got a job in Schaefer's drug store. Charlie was married the January after we left, Will the next June. Dan'l took Will and Gus into the bookstore with him and rented the farm to Charlie for five years until Charlie could finance the purchase of a farm of his own in Missouri. Then Dan'l sold the farm for $10,000.

I've often thought that a considerable part of that $10,000 surely belonged to me, for all our married life I was just saving, saving. We should n't have had anything if I had n't been. The secret of the whole thing was just dimes, dimes. I never got anything I did n't need, and when I had it I took care of it. A neighbor who saw me patching an old dress said, 'I'd never try to save an old calico dress!' Well, *I* would. I'd save anything that could be used. Our neighbor Mr. McChord said to Brother John: 'Some of the rest of us could own a farm and store and move into town if our wives knew how to save the dimes as your sister does.'

We received $10,000 for a farm that had cost us only $3500. But it had cost us, in addition, fourteen years of our lives and most exhausting labor. It had been little better than a wilderness when we took it; we left it in a good state of cultivation. Those fourteen years seemed a long time to me, a big price to pay. We had buried there two children, and our youth was gone. Eight months before we left the farm our last child was born there, a boy whom we named Herbert Daniel.

When I felt the first birth pangs at his coming I was on my knees scrubbing the pantry floor. To give him birth caused me almost as much suffering as my first child had caused. But he was the last.

I was nearly forty-three years old and my hair was gray by this time. My neighbor Mrs. Johnson said she'd be so ashamed she would n't know what to do if she had a baby after her hair was gray.

Only — I'm proud of the baby of my old age that Mrs. Johnson told me I ought to be ashamed of. He's a useful man down there in Washington.

III

Fort Madison in 1870 was a town of perhaps five thousand people, with about forty saloons and no plumbing. It was hot in summer down there between the river bluff and the river. Only two or three families had then thought of building up on the hill. But, after the farm, it all looked good to me.

It was several years before we had a home of our own again, and for the first few weeks we lived on Front Street. The life on the river fascinated me. Steamboats carrying passengers and pushing raft boats plied up and down the stream, and I was never tired of watching them. I would get up in the night when I heard a boat coming; I used to think it a beautiful sight to see one steaming up the river all aglow with lights. Come to think of it, the very first electric lights I ever saw were on a river steamboat.

Then we lived for a couple of years in a house next to Dr. Toof, the dentist, on Third Street. Dr. Toof stuttered. He came across to get some water from our well one day when I was on the back porch cutting Dan'l's hair. 'Th-th-at's the w-way you s-s-ave your d-d-imes, is it?' he ha-ha'd as he went

by. Why, of course I always trimmed Dan'l's hair and beard. I cut the boys' hair also as long as we lived on the farm. I did it well, too.

When Herbert was about five years old we bought this old home, and I have lived here now for over half a century. It had been built in 1841, the year that the Court House was erected. Two stories in front, one at the rear. Back of that were the washhouse, woodhouse, and stable with a warehouse above. Gus said that the house 'looked like a cow lying down.' It was n't much. We bought it of an old seafaring man who had a wife as rough in her speech as he was. When I made some criticism of the house she said, 'I'm not selling you the damned old house — I'm just selling you the lots.'

Those *were* beautiful. The trees — fine old oaks full of squirrels — would have made any corner beautiful. Then Dan'l planted a maple tree at the back which shaded our kitchen nicely for years and years. I hated to have Gus cut it down when he made over the old house. Herbie — the little baby boy — had held up that maple tree while his father was planting it. But it offended Gus; a limb fell down and broke his bird basin. He tore down the grape arbor, too, that used to flank the house just outside the dining room, and he closed up the well. I think the way we had it, with the brick pavement and the grape arbor just outside the dining room, was nice. It was pleasant and cool to sit there in summer and look out into the depths of the garden in the days before we had given Will two of the lots to build his house on, when the garden really *was* something. 'T was a beautiful place those first ten years.

The corner of the fence was just full of roses. And to the left of the house there was a row of hollyhocks; they were like great double roses. At one time we had quantities of sunflowers at the back. I remember how Herbie trimmed our Jersey cow from horn to horn with little sunflowers, a wreath around her neck and a girdle of big ones across her back. Then he drove her down to the watering trough in front of the *Democrat* to show her off.

We always kept a cow, of course, and a few chickens and turkeys; at first also some white pigs and a hive of bees. I was amused one time when we had nine little turkeys. Coming home from church on Sunday morning, I found the whole nine sitting in a row on the front porch as if waiting for me. We ate some of them, but Herbie did n't like the idea. 'It's just a shame to pet them and then *eat* them!' he said. He was like Lincoln with his pig. We had one turkey that kept going over into a neighbor's yard where there was a high bunch of weeds, higher than your head. The turkey made her nest there. Dan'l told the neighbor about it and asked him to spare her, but he was a sour old man; he cut down the weeds and spoiled her nest. She flew up on the fence and never would come down to eat; stayed up there until she fell off dead. I had no idea a feathered fowl could be so sensitive, but she was.

I could n't do much in the next dozen years. During the whole of Herbie's childhood I was a poor sick thing. And so there were a great many days and weeks at that time when I lay in bed all day with only my baby boy to keep me company. For a good while, life seemed to pass me by. I felt old and worn, and I thought that I looked prematurely old. My hair was white. Stung by Mrs. Johnson's amazement at my having a baby after my hair had turned, I dyed it, using a recipe that I found in a paper.

Yes, I was just silly enough to do it. I continued to keep it dyed for a while after we came to Fort Madison. And then I suddenly came to my senses and

saw that my face did n't match the dyed hair. A servant girl who came to us stared at me and then at Dan'l. 'Be you his wife? I thought you was his mother,' she said. She had only one eye, but she should have seen better than that! I decided to let my hair be any color it would. But I suffered a lot in my pride before I had it all white again. Slowly, so slowly, the clean white streak got wider and wider, while the rest was a dirty green.

I got rather melancholy, being in poor health, and alone so much. And I was n't happy in my church associations. I wanted to unite with the Presbyterian church where I belonged, but I had persuaded myself that it was my duty to go with Dan'l to the Baptist church. When we were living on the farm, a minister of the Baptist church came out to the schoolhouse near by and preached. Dan'l and Charlie united with the church. Later, Will and Charlie and Dan'l and I were all immersed in the Fort Madison church. In black alpaca slips, with bare feet! Why, the whole front of their rostrum was a bathtub!

Dan'l was religiously inclined all his life; seemed to like to go to church. All his people were Universalists, but at Amesville we went often to the Presbyterian church.

I thought it did n't make much difference what church we went to, so long as it was a Protestant denomination. But I always thought that the Close Communion of the Baptists was wrong. I used to wonder what I'd do when my mother came to see us some Communion Sunday, and, because she was a Presbyterian and not a Baptist, would have to be excluded from the Communion table where Dan'l and I would be welcome. I worried about it quite a bit. And then, when such a Sunday came and we were on our way to the Baptist church in Fort Madison, a terrible rain cloud appeared in the sky. We whirled around and drove home again. And that was the way of that. Afterward, in Fort Madison, Sister Ann and her husband, both Presbyterians, were visiting us on Communion Sunday. When they got up to go out, I went with them, stared at by the whole congregation.

It's just like this: We've no right to say who is worthy of Communion. If Jesus were here on earth now, there would be a multitude following Him all the time. Just as there was then! Every request a poor soul made of Him was granted. No place would be big enough for the crowds, unless it would be the park. He would bid them all come to Communion. It's what the heart feels that counts. It reminds me of what Hedel Schultz, a girl that worked for us, said to me. She had been to confession. 'God is the only one that can forgive our sins,' I told her. She answered: 'Mrs. Brown, you don't know how I am inside. I'm praying when I am peeling potatoes.' I've had so many Catholic girls working for me who were exemplary in every way that it does n't become me to say anything against Catholics, even though I am a Presbyterian. There was Mary Voight. I said to her: 'Why, this is n't Friday! You've eaten no meat. You've hardly touched your breakfast.' And she answered, 'Well, Mrs. Brown, if you must know, I'm fasting while I pray for a friend.' Now that's *real.* Ah, there's lots o' good in Catholicism. Remembering Lent's a mighty good thing. And so I decided that Close Communion would n't do for me. It is n't right to say who shall and shan't commune. Let God be the judge!

There's so much I don't understand in all the churches. I pass it over. I just live by what I understand. I understand what love means — that's enough.

No, I wasn't happy among the Baptists! I was very unhappy. But all the time I did my duty. Dan'l was a pillar of the church for many years and I stood by him, going to meetings when I felt able and feeding generously all the brethren he brought home. All the visiting deacons and itinerant preachers stopped with us when in town. It makes me think of what Georgiana Rochester said when my brother drove her home from a party and the chickens all began to fly as they turned in at the gate. 'Dear me! They think it's a preacher coming!' The fatted calf we killed for preachers in those days was usually fried chicken.

For a while the Baptist minister and his wife lived at our house and boarded with us. They did a good deal to wean me from their church. In the first place, Brother Jones — that name will do for him as well as any other — was always preaching Temperance and he was one of the most intemperate people I ever saw. He used to get all tea'd up on tea — the strongest anyone could drink, cup after cup. And then how he'd carry on, berating everyone! He had ten weeks of 'protracted meeting' that winter; about wore us out, scolding and scolding. One night he got hold of a nice comfortable text. It was so restful for a change that I rose in meeting and made a speech myself, saying that we were so glad to be praised a little after having been scolded so much. Once, while he was having meetings, Gus had a carbuncle and I stayed to dress it. I came in late. And then Brother Jones knelt down and scolded away to the Lord about my being so late. That's no way. God is Love. He does n't rave and go on at us like that.

My dissatisfaction with the Baptist church worried me for years, but finally I made up my mind to go back where I belonged. We were visiting a cousin, Sarah Glazier, who had married a man named John Patterson. John had been brought up a Quaker and had the nice Quaker ways. He led the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and on the way home he and Dan'l lingered behind, talking together. Next morning Sarah said to me: 'Dan'l told John that he expected you would leave the Baptist church and go back to the Presbyterian, and that if you did he meant to follow.' Well, it did n't take me long to change over after that.

IV

It took years to work out my church relations. In the meantime I had a long struggle with ill health. My little boy Herbert was my closest and most constant companion in those difficult years. I was n't equal to any more hard work. When I could sit up, I occupied myself as usefully as possible with my needle. I made hundreds of yards of carpeting. At one time I had four rooms and the stairs and the hall upstairs all covered with my own carpeting. I was particularly proud of the stair carpet. I made it so that the stripes — of bright colors — ran up and down the stairs. I bossed the weaving of it, invented a special way of having it done, and got the woman who did it to follow my instructions, so that every step looked just like every other one. I've had more people admire that carpet and wonder how it was made!

While I sewed, Herbie was always at my side. He was the best-natured child I ever saw. One result of his being by my sick bed so much was that he learned to spell at a tender age. It was one of the games I had to think up to keep him amused. He soon knew all the letters on his blocks. Then I began teaching him to spell the names of things around the room. Before he was five years old he could spell about two hundred words — hard words, too, like 'bureau,' 'cupboard,' 'biscuit,' though they were

words that he used all the time. And so it happened that he spelled the town down when he was only five years old.

You see, they were having a spelling bee in the Court House. Herbie heard it talked about. It seemed as if, just then, all the energies of his mind were directed to knowing just how every object he saw or used was spelt. I sent him to the store one day on an errand and watched him go through the gate, hesitate, and come running back to me. 'What's the matter now?' I wondered. 'It takes a *g* to spell "gate,"' he said. 'What for a *g* to spell "gnat"?'

I listed the words that I knew Herbie could spell, and I said to Gus: 'Now I want you to take Herbert to the spelling bee. You tell Mr. Johnson, after the school has spelled, to call off these words and hear the baby spell.'

It was a warm night and the windows were open. After a while I could hear a terrible stomping and shouting. I said to myself, 'They like the baby's spelling.' And so they did. But Mr. Johnson had n't done just what I had asked. He had put Herbie in the class with the others and then he had given the class Herbie's list of words. One after another missed a word and sat down, and finally Herbie stood there alone — or sat, rather, for Judge Van Valkenburg held him on the desk, standing beside him. 'Good for you, Herbie! Don't be frightened!' he kept saying. And Herbie was n't the least bit frightened, but spelled steadily away, not only the words others had missed, but all on his list.

Then some of the people said he had no right to the prize, as he did n't go to school. But Mr. Johnson said that that made his right all the better. The prize they gave him was a handsome book, *Peeps Abroad for Folks at Home* — with his name in it and the date, 1875. He has it yet.

After that, Herbert used to ask: 'What for does John Van [as everybody used to call Judge Van Valkenburg] say, "Hello, Noah Webster!" when he meets me on the street?' 'I suppose it's because Noah Webster made a dictionary,' I told him. Well, mothers are foolish things. They're so wrapped up in their children.

Herbert was a strong believer in prayer when he was a little boy. There was a man named McCutcheon who used to work for Dan'l, selling sewing machines. Dan'l had added to his bookstore and picture-framing establishment an agency for the Domestic sewing machine. McCutcheon drove around the country with a cart and a couple of ponies selling machines for Dan'l. In the final settlement between the two, Dan'l was left with the ponies on his hands. One of them was a very fine little creature — we called her just Pony. But the other, named Bronco, was much inferior — a mustang with an ugly disposition. Dan'l tried hard to sell the ponies and get his money out of the deal. But Herbie had set his heart on having Pony for himself. His father would n't listen to him; said he could n't afford to lose the sale — could n't afford to keep a riding horse for Herbert, anyway. But Herbert never gave up hope, and he prayed steadily.

One night Dan'l came home saying, 'Well, I sold the ponies to-day.' 'Don't tell Herbie until morning,' I begged him. 'It will spoil his night's sleep.' The next morning I went into his room before he was up and said, 'Father sold the ponies yesterday, Herbie.' 'Then I'll have to pray some more,' he said, and down he flopped on his knees. The man who had agreed to buy the ponies backed out at the last and refused to take them. 'See?' said Herbie. 'I prayed.'

But still Dan'l would n't listen to his pleading. He decided to send the

ponies down to Charlie's for pasturage. Herbert took them, riding one and leading the other. It was a distance of about thirty miles. I felt a little anxious about letting him go alone, but the pony he rode was gentle; Herbert was a good rider, and was familiar with the road. He got the ponies there safely and came home again. He went on praying. He had only been home a few days when one morning there came a telegram from Charlie saying that Bronco had been struck by lightning. Herbert's excitement was intense. 'There, Father, you said that if anything happened to Bronco I could have Pony!' And so Dan'l gave in at last. I guess he thought it useless to hold out any longer, if the Lord was on Herbie's side (said Grandmother).

Epilogue

The years slipped past. One decade followed another — the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, the tenth. It was Grandmother Brown's hundredth year.

The cold April showers held back for Grandmother's centennial. Her day dawned clear, if not bright, amid a week of heavy downpour. One could believe that spring, at last, was on the way.

Birthday greetings began early. Although one of the oldest towns of the Middle West, Fort Madison had never before had an opportunity to honor a centenarian. At ten o'clock, the hour when Grandmother was born, the city bells and factory whistles proclaimed, by order of Mayor Tower, their joy in wishing her a happy birthday. Church bells added their jubilant clamor, Protestant and Catholic bells alike. Dear Grandmother got a big thrill, as did we all, from the three minutes of riotous sound. 'But then,' she said, naïvely, 'I really don't believe I have a single enemy in all this town and I know that I have many friends. The people of Fort Madison have been very good to me. Their loving-kindness makes me very happy.'

First, a radio concert came through the air from Davenport, the announcer telling all listeners that in Fort Madison a sweet old lady was celebrating her centennial and listening in at the morning concert. And then the boys of the high-school band called at her home and were escorted upstairs to the hall outside her room, where they played several selections. Afterward they crossed her threshold and each shook her hand. 'I made them a little speech,' she told me happily. 'Such nice young boys!'

Presents poured in. Telegrams and letters came also from old friends, tributes from business associates of her sons whom she had never met, greetings from clubs and associations. 'Just see!' she exclaimed. 'Here's a letter come by air mail. Isn't that wonderful? I think of the rhyme about Cyrus Green and his flying machine. They laughed a good deal then, because flying would n't work, but they would n't laugh now.'

Rapidly the room took on the aspect of a débutante's boudoir. The Ladies' Aid, the Missionary Society, and the Social Union of the Presbyterian church each remembered her with floral tributes. The King's Daughters sent her a hundred sweet peas. The Daughters of the American Revolution gave her a potted plant. The laundryman wrote his felicitations, and a watchman at the ice company sent her flowers. The man who cuts the grass contributed a piece of delicious cake from his own lunch basket. A colored messenger in the departmental service at Washington bestowed on her a picture of the Lincoln Memorial. But of all the gifts and greetings none meant so much to her as the telegram from South Dakota: 'Dear Mother and All: Con-

gratulations on one hundred summers to you. Wish we could have all been with you on such a rare occasion. Your boy Willie and family.'

The eldest son had suffered a third stroke of paralysis, and Grandmother Brown had been told that he had decided it would be imprudent, in view of his uncertain health, to attempt a long journey.

She might, not unnaturally, have forgotten her nap that exciting morning. But she did not. When the time came, she shooed everybody out of the room and composed herself for slumber. When she awoke, she dressed herself handsomely, unaided, in black lace for her birthday party.

'Why, Grandmother,' I said, 'I thought you wanted to be dressed in the black satin you wore at Adelaide's wedding! And she's brought the fichu for you to wear.'

'Yes, I know,' she answered. 'But I found that I should have to have the black satin altered if I wore it again. What's the use of bothering people?'

And indeed it would have been a carping critic who could have found any fault with Grandmother's appearance when she was fully dressed. On her feet the new slippers with their smart tulle bows which Adelaide had given her; at her breast the lovely corsage of orchids which Cousin Angie had brought her all the way from Philadelphia; about her shoulders the rich silk shawl with its lavender embroideries which Cousin Frankie Golden had sent her from Indianapolis. 'The Fosters are all proud. They like their Sunday clothes,' Grandmother once told me. And at age one hundred she herself had her pride in looking nice.

'You are beautiful, Grandmother,' I told her.

'My child, you've kissed the Blarney stone. Beautiful — with all these wrinkles?'

About one o'clock the guests began to gather in the lower rooms of the house. Six tables were spread for the birthday feast. Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, cousins, and in-laws, we made a company of forty-two — not counting Jimmie, who, at eight months, was considered better off at home than at the party with his parents, Edward and Alice.

When all was ready, a son and grandson picked up her chair and bore Grandmother down the stairs. At the foot, she was carried between an aisle of great-grandchildren who sang, kindergarten-fashion, 'Happy Birthday, Dear Grandma, to You!'

She was seated at the centre of the long hostess table in the dining room, her own born children grouped around her, their wives attending; Gus presiding at one end, Sue at the other; Grandmother's one daughter sitting opposite her, the oldest son present at her right, the youngest at her left; the three visiting cousins having seats of honor beside Gus and Sue, the rest of us mixed in between. The decorations followed a scheme of pink and white. The centrepiece was a gift from a noted candy manufacturer of Boston, a fragile ornament made to look like a great rose, its graceful petals stretching halfway across the table, a single pink taper rising above the bloom. 'Lift the petals and there's candy enough to supply a multitude!' explained Grandmother with appreciation. 'And just think, with all its delicacy, Jennie and Charl conveyed it a thousand miles in perfect condition!'

In the bay window of the dining room a long narrow table was laid for the nine youngest guests, all under twelve. There Bessie's pair of little girls kept company with three brace of small boys, Dan's two, Lynn's two, and Adelaide's two, with Frank's seven-year-old, Billy, thrown in for good

measure. And at the other four tables in the parlor the guests were grouped according to their generation, great-grandchildren of high-school age at one table, grandchildren of college age and of middle age at other tables. 'Herbert said to me,' I afterward heard Grandmother tell a friend, '"Just see, Mother, what you have started!" And I want to tell you that, as I looked over the company, I was not a bit ashamed of my work!'

As soon as all were seated, Herbert asked his mother to say the blessing and to say it loud, so that all could hear. The admonition was scarcely needed, for the strength of Grandmother's voice was one of the marvels of her personality. A moving prayer she made, with thanks to God, first of all, for music — the children's singing having stirred her heart; then thanks for family and friends, for favors of the past and future; a plea for 'guidance in ways of righteousness'; a prayer for reunion in Heaven, where nevermore partings shall be. When she had finished, all sang, some of us with parched throats and wet eyes —

> 'My country, 't is of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty!'

Since the above was written, Grandmother Brown has slipped from the clasp of Time. Toward the end her will to live weakened. Her body might have functioned longer had her spirit so inclined. But when one has finished all one's tasks, and survived every contemporary, what motive force is there to keep one going? It was partly because I saw this lagging of the spirit that I began to write these reminiscences. I wanted to put down in Grandmother's own speech for the benefit of her children's children her comments on a hundred years of history; but, more than that, I wanted to set Grandmother herself a constructive task, to give her a new interest in life.

Between the birthday parties in celebration of the completion of her ninety-ninth and the completion of her hundredth year, I sent her chapter after chapter as I put them together from the notes I had taken down at her side, and she returned them to me with occasional corrections and additions, sometimes after conference with her oldest son. When she saw her own words typed, she had doubts about the propriety of having told so many intimate matters, but we reassured her.

She was in good health and spirits in April of 1928 when the hundred-and-first anniversary of her birthday arrived, but, at her own request, there was no family reunion. About this time I tried again to interest her in the story of her life. 'Herbert has shown our book to General Dawes,' I wrote her. 'The Vice President of these United States is a busy man, presiding over the Senate by day and going to dinner parties at night, but sometime between these activities he has read your story. He says that he has read every word of it, and some of it he has read aloud to his wife. He knows that Ohio country almost as well as you do, and is proud, like you, of the part his forebears played in its development.'

Then Grandmother wrote: 'I have some beautiful, fine white wool, and I will make Mrs. Dawes a shawl, since she likes my story.' And so, at the age of one hundred and one, Grandmother Brown found herself another task.

On January 8, 1929, 'contentedly weary of life,' aged one hundred and one years and nine months, lacking only a day, she fell into her last sleep.

(*The End*)

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE American golfing authorities have lately decided to adopt a rather larger and lighter ball. The British authorities, having for some time coquetted with the idea of this new ball, have decided to give up their dangerous flirtation and cleave in virtuous orthodoxy to their present love. It is possible that America may retrace her steps or that Britain may come late and penitent to the change. It is likewise possible that each may stick to its own resolution, believing itself right and the other country wrong. That is likely enough; in spite of Mr. H. G. Wells, who wants us all to forget our nationalities, countries have a habit of believing themselves to be right. It is perhaps the more likely because, in this case, each country may be for once justified in its belief. The lighter and larger ball may turn out to be well suited to American courses, which are comparatively little afflicted by winds, while our British seaside winds might blow it so tempestuously to and fro as to make the golfer's life too hard to bear.

I am personally a little sorry that our authorities have not shown more enterprise in this matter, but I do not feel strongly about it and am not going to discuss all the pros and cons. I only want to mention one of the arguments, which is apposite to the title I have chosen for this paper. That one is that the new ball will do something to restore the lost balance in golf. This argument was very well stated by my friend, Mr. W. C. Fownes, when he was President of U. S. G. A. I cannot give his actual words, but I hope I can give something of their effect. In any sport or game there is an ideal balance which should be maintained between the two parties. In sport it is, as a rule, between the hunter and the hunted. If the fox always gets away it is poor fun for the hounds and so for their followers. It is equally poor fun if the fox never has a chance. Pickwickian students will recall Mr. Winkle's plan for improving his shooting by means of a stuffed partridge on the top of a post to be shot at from gradually increasing distances. They will also recall Sam Weller's comment: 'I know a gen'l'man, Sir,' he said, 'as did that, and begun at two yards; but he never tried it on agin; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards.' This anecdote earned a rebuke from Mr. Pickwick, but Mr. Weller was in fact stating very well the case for the maintenance of a balance.

I

In most games the balance is one to be maintained between attack and defense. The defense must not be an impregnable stone wall, neither must the attack be a devouring flame.

I have read in an American magazine, and read with great interest though with inevitable ignorance, that the laws of American football have several times lately been changed because either attack or defense was too palpably

having the best of it. It is the same here in England with cricket. Given dry weather and a hard wicket, the batsman has dominated the proceedings. He has not always made runs quickly, for which the unscientific onlooker, who likes fun for his money, might forgive him; but he has stuck and stuck, defying the bowler and gaining now and then a painful inch or two, so that one unfinished match, unfinished even in three days, has followed another. This year an experiment has been tried, as far as first-class cricket is concerned, in the form of a slightly enlarged wicket and an alteration in the law making it more difficult for the batsman to defend his wicket with his legs. So far the result seems satisfactory and, despite dry weather and hard wickets, many more matches have been finished. The balance has been redressed to some extent in the bowler's favor. It would be impertinent for me to talk about baseball, which I have only watched once or twice with an excited but uneducated eye. So I will only diffidently add, by way of illustration, that to the English spectator, accustomed to a leisurely long-drawn-out innings, the balance seems too much in the pitcher's favor.

Golf differs from these other games in this, that the balance has to be maintained, not between the two opponents, but between man and Nature. It is only incidentally that man plays against his fellow man. He plays primarily against Nature, who provides the course and its hazards and the wind that blows across it. In her provision of the course she gets constantly more and more assistance from her ally the architect; he reënforces her and makes her more formidable. Man takes as his helpers the club maker and the ball maker, and the ball maker has been so efficient an ally that, in many people's opinion, Nature has been getting the worst of the struggle, whereby it has become a duller one. The balance, these reformers allege, wants readjusting. It cannot be any further readjusted by the lengthening of courses or the multiplication of bunkers, lest the game become a weariness of the flesh, and therefore, they say, it must be done by means of the new ball.

One great difficulty in all these questions, whatever the game, is to decide for what particular class of player to legislate. The professional billiard player has to be restricted in all sorts of ways lest he go on scoring from sunrise to sundown. The amateur of average incompetence strikes the stars with uplifted head if ever he makes half-a-dozen scoring strokes in succession. In first-class cricket, as I said, the bowler has terribly uphill work; in village matches wickets fall before his attack like corn before the sickle. And so in golf, what particular class of golfer are we considering when we say that the game has become dull through the disturbance of the balance?

Let me give an egotistical little example, which other golfers can easily translate into terms of their own experience and their own courses. Where I play at home there is a hole which I personally take leave to consider the worst hole in the world. It is supposed to be of just such a length as to give the really long driver, the unquestioned 'tiger,' the advantage that is his due. The green is on a plateau, built out in something the shape of a gun platform from the side of a hill. The ground short of the green is on a considerable slope and at the foot of that slope, as also below the green, are cavernous bunkers. I am not tigerish enough to reach that green with my tee shot. My truly hit ball flatters for a moment, only to deceive; it never quite reaches

the green — it trails away down the slope into a bunker. Even if it does not actually reach the bunker, I am left with a hideously difficult pitch to play up on to the gun platform.

I suppose that to Mr. Bobby Jones the hole might make an appeal. His ball would carry so far that the slope would have no effect on it; he would be on the green every time and get his three, and, for all I know, he would deem that hole one not merely of majestic and imposing appearance, but also one to reward real merit. The hole seems harmless and even perhaps rather amusing to those golfers whose driving is perceptibly less tigerish even than mine. They do not drive far enough to run down that slope into the bunkers, nor to get a difficult approach: they have a simple straightforward mashie shot; get their fours and think it all very capital. The Green Committee have made by way of experiment a forward tee to this hole. From it *I* can reach the green, and I am bound to say that, when I see my ball soar away over the treacherous slope to end in triumph on the plateau, the hole seems to have a certain quality that — well, in short, it is not such a bad hole after all.

But what about those still humbler ones who have been getting their fours so happily? Now their lot becomes as mine was from the back tee and they all think it the worst and unfairest of holes. Of course, a really good hole should be a good hole for everybody. I only mention this bad one in order to point my question. For which particular class of player is the balance to be adjusted? It is so dreadfully natural that we should all answer it from our own point of view. The poor never can really sympathize with the rich in finding an investment at once safe and remunerative.

II

When the balance is maintained with an ideal nicety, golf is a very great game. I never saw a finer illustration than Hagen's last two rounds at Muirfield this summer when he won our Open Championship for the fourth time. Muirfield is a long difficult course; its greens were fast and, now and again, slippery to the verge of trickiness. The wind was blowing hard. I have read some accounts of that day's golf, one or two from American pens, describing the wind as a hurricane, the conditions as appalling and cyclonic and I know not what. I have not those writers' command of language and I allowed myself the freedom of saying that they talked nonsense. The wind was a very strong wind, but it was not a tempest, nor a hurricane nor a tornado. The fight between the man and the game was a glorious one.

Hagen, at his very best as he was, assuredly could not make Muirfield look easy, but neither could Muirfield make Hagen appear to be struggling. If, as one waited for him to play, one put one's self in his place and imagined one's self confronted with his particular shot, one did realize that, for ordinary mortals, golf on that course and in that wind was too severe an ordeal; but for Hagen the balance was perfect. He had to bring forth all his powers, but nothing impossible was demanded of them. He had two 75's — just the right score, it seems to me, from the point of view of that ideal balance, not too high and not too low. It was a very fine score, the best of the day, but it was only one stroke better than Johnny Farrell's 75 and 76; it was not, to draw on the most lurid vocabulary I can muster, either 'uncanny' or 'superhuman.' It represented one of the best of golfers tested by conditions

worthy of his strength and his skill. But I freely admit that for most other people, even very good players, the test was a little too fierce, and for the ordinary rank and file of golfers it would have been altogether too much.

Let me give another example, one in which the balance was all too much in the player's favor. Mr. Bobby Jones won our Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1927 with a score — which would beforehand have been deemed incredible even for him — of 285. If Bobby had been asked whether he found the golf easy he would no doubt have mopped his brow and indignantly denied the accusation. Golf can never be easy, in one sense, in a Championship; there is the unending strain — the whole pack of pursuers, like so many ravening wolves, chasing the leader and ready to profit if he stumbles. The golf, however, was easy in this other sense that few of the holes demanded, of such a golfer as Bobby Jones, the putting forth of any supreme effort or the exhibition of all the golf that was in him. He had, of course, to make a continuous effort, but the individual shots he was called on to play were easy shots for him — a tee shot with a good margin of room and no wind to deflect the ball, a pitching shot played with some lofted club on to a comparatively slow green. There was nothing in the conditions to sift the wheat from the chaff. All that the greatest golfer in the world could do was to continue to play ordinary, simple shots just about as well as they could be played, hoping that now and again he would play one so exceptionally well as to gain a clear stroke, hoping also that now and again his competitors would make a mistake and play the easy shot badly.

Had there been a proper seaside wind and had the ground been reasonably keen instead of damp and slow with a kind of sullen slowness, we should have seen a very different contest. Bobby would very likely have done just as low a score, perhaps even a lower one, but how much more enthralling would have been the doing and the watching of it. We should have seen him using that wind so that it became his slave while it was humbler folks' master. We should have seen him not continually playing one high pitching shot with monotonous accuracy, but having to use the ground as well as the air, and playing strokes of varying elevation, sometimes a pitch-and-run, sometimes a purely running shot in order beautifully to circumvent the banks and braes which make the great fascination of St. Andrews. We should also have seen him take his wooden club through the green more often, instead of only twice in each round at the two long holes, and there is no golfer with soul so dead that he does not thrill at the sight of a full brassy shot. As it was, we saw the best of all golfers play the best possible golf suited to the conditions, but it was not, and could not be, golf in its fullness. The champion was too good for the game, which was not worthy of him.

It would, however, have been at least reasonably worthy of us, my reader, if I may do myself the honor of playing you on level terms. We should have found the holes tolerably long and our natural weaknesses would have introduced all the element of variety that we needed. We might have perceived, as in a glass darkly, that we were not being very highly tested, that we ought to be doing a good score even if we were not. We might have murmured that all this talk about the extraordinary interest in the approach shots at St. Andrews had been exaggerated. Still nobody watching us would have said that the game was

obviously too easy for us. For whom is that blessed balance to be adjusted?

III

The weather is bound to upset the balance on occasion. That cannot be helped. Indeed it is one of the charms of the game, and we would not have it otherwise. Leaving the weather on one side, the golf architects are nowadays doing their best to put it right. Once, in more primitive times, they used to blockade the tee with ramparts stretched across the course and generally make life a burden for the poor wretch whose loftiest ambition is not to top the ball in front of his nose. Now they hold, rightly, that the duffer's incompetence brings its own sufficient punishment with it and that those ramparts which make him miserable are of positive assistance to the big driver, since they help him to judge his distances. They set themselves to punish the slightly erratic shot of the strong player. They bunker the left-hand side of the fairway at long range from the tee, because the virile hook is the fault of the strong man; the anæmic slice can be left to look after itself. They do not rob the long hitter of his advantage, but they insist that he must be accurate as well as long. As far as in them lies, they play the part of that admirable thief, Robin Hood, who, so we are taught, took from the rich to give to the poor. Their intentions are excellent, their ingenuity great, and they do accomplish something, but the duffer is not always capable of taking advantage of their kindness. He will insist on getting into the bunkers that are meant only for his betters, and he gets into them with his second, or even his third, shot, whereas the great man gets into them in his first. This is, alas, the world of the big folks and nothing can alter that. Perhaps it is even unreasonable of us to expect that the game should be made as easy for us as it is for Mr. Bobby Jones. At any rate it never will be.

This question of maintaining the balance in golf arises also in another form. There must be, one supposes, an ideal proportion between the long game and the short. Whether better or worse, it is surely a little different to-day from what it once was. To-day it is not in the least inconceivable that a round of golf should be played in which half the strokes are putts. A fine golfer may take his thirty-six putts, which is usually regarded as at least decently steady putting, and get round in 72. This is a very different state of things from that in the days of the old feather ball. Let us take an example from the oldest golf club in the world, Blackheath. Up till 1840 the Blackheath Course consisted of five holes and each of the five was over four hundred yards in length. In 1818 a certain Mr. Laing, a medal winner, made a bet, recorded in the Club annals, that he would 'drive a ball five hundred feet, he having the chance of ten strokes to accomplish it.' We know, then, that a good drive under favorable conditions — for no doubt Mr. Laing picked his wind and his ground — was between 160 and 170 yards. Those five holes were therefore all of them long holes. How long they were we can judge still better by the medal winners' scores. Three rounds of the course were a medal round and the winning score was always well over 100, often round about 120, sometimes higher. When for the first time twenty-one holes were played in place of fifteen, the winner took 176 and one persistent gentleman returned 203. Doubtless the greens were much rougher than they are now and more putts were needed, but a medal winner, whose total score was 120, assuredly cannot have taken sixty

putts on fifteen greens! Let us assume the greens were bad and he a bad putter. Let us give him forty putts, and even so he took eighty shots, twice as many, to reach the greens. The balance between the long and the short game was utterly different from that of to-day; those of us who are constitutionally bad putters think it was better.

It may be said that this is such antediluvian history as to be negligible. Perhaps it is rather old, but in much more modern times the long and the short game bore a rather different proportion to one another from that of to-day. Those of us who played with gutties can well remember the time when 84 or 85 was no bad score and an Open Championship could be won with a score well over 160 for two rounds. Though the greens were not so good as they are now, they were fairly good. Granted that the average number of putts taken was rather higher than at present, the number of shots spent in reaching the green was decidedly higher. There were such things as genuine three-shot holes, and the brassy was anything but atrophied.

IV

This question has lately been discussed over here, because a correspondent in the *Times* raised the old question of a larger golf hole, and one of his arguments in its favor was that it would restore the balance between the long and the short game. The subject is one resembling that of the giant gooseberry, which has often been the prop and stay of editors; it always produces a crop of letters. One of the most interesting and authoritative letters came from a highly distinguished Scottish lawyer, Lord Dunedin. He would not have it that the balance used to be different. Here is what he said of the larger hole's advocate: —

'He begins by exaggerating the old state of things when he says that the holes with the old balls took three or four to reach. Taking St. Andrews as the links where there has been the least change in the position of the holes, it was always possible to reach the longest hole in three. . . . It is true that in the old days it took, on an average, more strokes to reach the hole than it does now. But then he assumes the putting conditions were the same. They were not; they were absolutely different, owing to the roughness of the green. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that twenty yards from the hole was the equivalent of forty yards now . . . so that just as in the long game it took on the average more strokes to reach home than it does now, so on the putting green it took more strokes on the average to get down. In other words the balance between the long game and the putting was precisely as it is at present.'

Lord Dunedin's opinion is worthy of the highest respect, and he has been a member of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers for sixty-one years. I cannot cope with so long an experience and I am sure that much of what he says is true; it is very easy to exaggerate the difficulties of the old gutty game and the powers of the modern ball. Even so, however, I do think that he puts his case too high and that putting has assumed a distinctly greater proportionate importance.

To say this is not necessarily to believe in the gospel of the larger hole. I believe that, were the hole increased, the good putter would remain good and the bad putter bad. The only thing that would change would be the length of what is vaguely called a short putt. To-day the ball is — often erroneously — deemed to be dead at two feet or so from the hole. With a larger hole it might be deemed dead at four or five or

six feet, but the great body of bad putters would continue to miss putts at that paltry distance; they would continue to attribute their failures to bad luck or bad greens, and would call gods and men to witness that this wretched, niggling business of putting played too large a part in the game. That, at least, is my own conviction, but it may be quite wrong and other people who hold diametrically opposite convictions may be quite right.

The curious thing is that, at intervals, people with missions crusade wildly in words on behalf of the larger hole, but nobody — save, I believe, at one enterprising club in the State of Maine — has ever taken the simple step of trying one. Some day it will be done and then we may have a little practical knowledge to go upon. Personally I am not anxious for the trial of any tricks. Once we start tinkering with the fundamental institutions of the game, goodness knows where we shall stop. Golf may not be perfect, but it is a very good game as it is, and experimenting with it may do much more harm than good.

I quoted Sam Weller before; let me end with some words of wisdom of his father's: 'Vether it's worth while goin' through so much, to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. *I* rayther think it is n't.'

THE TRADER'S WIFE

Part Two

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

HARFORD settled into the canvas chair that so neatly fitted the sides of his canoe; he savored the morning air of the journey with intense appreciation. He had such a passion for the forests of Africa as he could never have acknowledged, and when his little fleet left the open water for the glassy surface of the Gungwe River he was struck to the heart with a pang of delight. Here the mangrove trees were a hedge about the great park of the forest; the tide was near the full. On a full tide the canoes came to be amid high ground, the mangroves were great trees; in that narrower way the first lustre of the day was lost; the singing ceased, and Harford recognized the familiar rhythm of the journey.

He returned from his solitary excursions to the thought of Lucy's probable miseries during the furies of the day, when the sunlight would flow like a river above the brown water, when with the turn of the tide the obscene roots of the mangrove trees would stand above the slime gnarled with oysters, when the débris of the flood delayed in the ooze would give off the odor of Africa, and the great heat would press upon the canoers in their hollowed tree.

Lucy sat in a canvas chair before him; he saw the back of her wide straw bonnet and her skirts crushed into the narrow compass of the canoe. She bit a pencil and wrote on a pad upon her knee. Every crocodile sprawling on a stone amid-stream and slipping like spilled water back into the flood was a wonder to her. The sinister green lip turned by the brown water against the paddle delighted her. Now and again, when a monkey spread himself like an arabesque, small against the wall of the forest, the paddlers pointed to it, responsive to her zest. She immortalized the monkey then and there with a fine phrase; she wrote about the great and awful forest, the majestic river, the noble savages that bent to the oar. And suddenly she drooped under the sunlight that thrust a wedge between the dark shadows of the river banks. Harford called a halt at the village of Zamaliga. The canoes turned into a bywater that led to the invisible village.

Through a green tunnel of forest they came to a muddy ooze left by the tide below the bank of Zamaliga. Seven men came out of the village stockade; leaning on their spears, they observed the canoes. Those paddlers who were of the clan of the inhabitants of Zamaliga shouted to them, and the villagers, with a marked and lofty deliberation, stepped out into the ooze. They drew up the canoes; one of them picked Lucy from her chair and set her carefully on the high ground. He left a stain of palm oil on her dress. The forest shed a green stain on her. Her skirts, spread over her hoops, were too wide to pass the narrow way that entered the village; those who watched the strangers through the gun holes in the walls of the headman's house saw her remove her cage of reeds — her laughter woke the village of Zamaliga. Lucy passed into the rectangular clearing, so mediæval in its aspect, of the long narrow village, where she burst upon the vision of the old headman who had come out to greet the white man. From each of the little huts, so low under their cover of palm thatch, a leg was thrust, a head, and a body followed; the clearing, full of sunlight between the walls of the forest, was suddenly stirring with brown bodies. There was a shout from end to end of the village, and a question — was it a lad or a woman?

Lucy, weak with laughter, stooped to the entrance and drew her skirts after her into the headman's house. The headman observed her gravely; he saw the Big Massa spread a grass mat upon his bamboo bed. The woman — for he was assured by the rowers, some of whom were his own people, that this was a woman — lay laughing in the cool gloom of his house. 'She is strong for talk,' he told himself. He went out under the eaves where he kept his call drum and beat a message summoning his women from their outlying gardens — these people must be fed, he knew. 'There are strangers in the village,' cried out the beaten drum. The headman would have liked to inform his neighbor headmen of the wonder of his guests, but there was no phrase in the old drum code that was adequate for this novelty of a white woman, lying in the palaver house of the village, laughing and chattering.

Lucy looked at the rafters; they were studded with little plaintive skulls of animals, brown and varnished with smoke — reminders of the hunt. She saw the fetish images, like dolls, seated on high standing drums in the corner; she averted her eyes from their obscene gestures and their curiously vital and significant faces. The shock of their vitality was without meaning to her. The clutter in the hut, of spears and guns and dogs and hunting nets, did

not arrest her. The sound of drums, the heavy air in that brown interior, the warm thick peanut porridge that Atemba brought her and that Harford bade her eat with the bread from her basket, presently made her drowsy, and she slept, lulled by the crowd and the chatter.

The square of golden light that opened on the street was darkened by grave and curious faces; one and then another body entered, the men breeched with bark cloth, the women with bustles of dried grasses. They held their bustles against their thighs as they put their legs over the high threshold. Their heads were dressed with feathers and with disks of brass. They were entirely preoccupied with their scrutiny of Lucy pale in sleep; they understood that this was the white man's woman; they would have rejoiced to see her without the many complications of her coverings, which yet were much to be coveted. Their murmurs in Fang were anatomical in trend; Harford heard them. He wondered to find himself standing guard over a wife in a Fang palaver house, and he greatly wondered to see her sleep there like a veteran.

That night Lucy slept in the bottom of the canoe. The river ran among hills; there was a mist above the river, and a moon gilded the mist. Harford dozed in his chair; the rowers in shifts made against the current; passing canoes hailed them and were hailed again — the word of Hallifodi's white woman went up and down the river in canoes, and women in villages Lucy was never to see spoke of her daily for many days. The articulate curiosity of the women of the tribes of that river did much to stimulate Harford's trade in those first months of his trading. Through his sleep Harford heard his rowers sing a ballad of the white man and his white woman: —

'*Hé-yé-é!* Her eyes are like the eyes of the wood dove!
Hé-yé-é!
Her hair is soft like the hair of the monkey!
Hé-yé-é!
Her husband crossed in a canoe to get her!
Hé-yé-é!
And to her father her husband gave an ivory!
Hé-yé-é!
An ivory as big as your thigh, O Hallifodi!
Hé-yé-o!'

II

On the third day Lucy woke very early in the gray dawn. In the pallor of the morning, and dark against the pale stream of the sky, the trees were full of the furious contention of parrots. That matinal domestic disorder startled her; she could not think where she was that there should be a river of sky above her and her face wet with dew. There was Harford, and his face was not set toward her. The canoe floated toward a landing, a little jetty of logs thrown out against the stream. Trees hung about the water; the river might have been a little lake. A great rectangular clearing was a breach in the forest — the walls of the forest stood sheer about four or five acres of cleared ground that sloped to the river. Along the bank and not more than fifty feet from the water's edge there was a square high stockade. Above this, and on the upper stretch of the clearing where the ground was level, there was a cabin in a compound with a withy fence about it — this was Harford's house and factory. Lucy saw that her husband stared at the lower stockade; he stood in the canoe still staring; he wavered and sat down. He asked a question of his headman, who told him that this was De Sopo's barracoon, built in the last dry season; that De Sopo had sent his slaves away by canoes that made one of the Spanish ships.

The barracoon was empty, but the scent of it still hung on the air. Harford

was surprised and disheartened; all his plotted future darkened and lost its zest; his distaste for the Trade turned then and there to loathing, and his pleasure in clean barter — which had attracted him as an experiment and a venture — seemed to him now a childish dream, doomed to fail. He could have overturned the canoe in his spleen, but there was Lucy ready to stir herself, to ask her million questions, and to laugh in the face of Africa.

He did not tell her that the barracoon had been built in his absence; he looked at her harshly, begging her to remember that she was in a canoe, and not be throwing herself about. Lucy laughed. She hung on her husband's arm, climbing the slope of the hill on the little footpath that skirted the clearing and that was too narrow. It was still dark in the forest, and a smell of mould as old as time seeped through that enormous wall.

'Is it not strange, Mr. Harford,' Lucy asked him, 'that I, who was born in a city and lived in Newport all my life, should have my own first home in such a wild and lonely place? Is it not romantic?' Her husband did not answer her — he was looking grimly at his 'factory.'

The little cabin, built on stilts and made of wide plates of the bark of trees, stood with its eyes shut in the clearing. Yellow ground was beaten hard about it. At the foot of the stairs that led to the verandah an old Fang caretaker with a broom of twigs was sweeping away what was not there — his Big Massa must see for himself that Ntu Ela swept always and forever the ground that was his care. From one of the lesser cabins behind the factory Harford's carpenter came out to greet him; he was a mulatto from the Gold Coast. He told his wife later that his breath had gone straight away from his body at the sight of the white woman.

The door of the cabin was painted green — a green door! And not another in a thousand miles. Nor any other stairs in that forest. The carpenter who had made the stairs could make anything; he began at first glimpse of Lucy to devise a dress for his wife — wide like Lucy's. He opened the door of the house; in the trade room there were shelves, empty now, and a long counter. He threw back the wooden shutters; he had made these too, and admired them greatly. Off the trade room a door opened to a smaller room. Lucy saw there a slatted wooden bed, and against the wall three wooden boxes laid one above the other; she knew them for shelves, and her mind, weary with wandering among the strange things of the forest, came to rest in that room. Harford could not have guessed how much it was for her a nest. She would not see the house for the poor bleak thing it was — she curtained it and carpeted it and furnished it, and all in the moment the carpenter took to show Harford the bar he had put across the door that opened to the storehouse behind the counter. By a crazy mirror on the trade-room wall she smoothed her hair — laughing at the broken face it gave her.

Harford, standing under the eaves of the house he had thought to live in by himself and where he had thought to be the only trader, looked down the hill and into the barracoon — he could see it plainly. The high stockade of trimmed and sharpened staves was empty now, the ashes of its many little fires cold on the ground. He communed with himself; his wife, calling him, woke him to a forgotten presence. He saw her freshly against the background of the place to which he had brought her: her hardihood and vigor struck him, and it came into his mind that she was a singularly fearless woman. He remembered her lying asleep under the

mists and the moonlight in the bottom of the canoe — impressing upon his inattentive memory an indestructible image, more beautiful than she had seemed to be.

They sat at a table on the verandah. Atemba, having mysteriously achieved a checkered cloth of red and white, served them, as he had learned to do, with what food was to be had, and the acquired arts of Taylor's steward. Behind the constant fabric of Lucy's chatter Harford heard the drums of the neighboring villages. Up and down and across the river, in villages under the cover of the forest, the Fang were drumming out the news that Hallifodi had come back with much goods for barter. Noon, he knew, would find his yard full of his neighbors. Up the path from the river, as his men brought his canoes alongside, others of them carried his bales of cotton, his bales of dried fish, his cases of rum. The great busyness of trade began to furnish his clearing with clamor, with odor, with humanity. Fortified by food and entirely engrossed in the disposal of his goods and the greetings of the headmen who pressed upon him, he was suddenly happy after his own fashion.

Harford was a born trader. He spoke the language of those with whom he traded; he had observed and he practised their customs in trading; he knew their tempo and was neither too swift nor too slow in his greetings and his bargains; he was habitually grave, but he had a reserve of sardonic humor which came into service at a moment accurately timed and effective. He was severe. For these traits he was well liked, and he was not disliked for his moody humors.

The old tattooed shrewd Fang headmen came to greet him now in their patriarchal groups, accompanied by young men beating drums, and young men carrying spears, and keepers of dogs in leashes of three, and women with painted headdresses whose bustles were painted, too. All these people welcomed him, not alone because he was the purveyor of extraordinary novelties, but because they liked him. Was he not their father, returned from paths upon the sea? And had he not passed over the tribe of the Mpongwe, defying their old taboo that none should trade with the Fang but a son of a beach tribe?

They were consumed with a passion of curiosity about Lucy. Looking at her, they sighed with wonder, snapped their fingers, and slapped their thighs; she saw herself in all those brilliant eyes, adequately mirrored and approved. Chickens were brought to Hallifodi, tied by their feet and hanging head down; fish in green leaf packets were diverted from the cooking pot; eggs — because the whites like eggs — were taken from under outraged hens; corn, peanuts, hands of bananas, honey in gourds, wild fruits of the forest — all these were brought, and not without a mingling of reluctance and calculation, to please their white man.

The trade goods were under cover before night; a Fang youth taught by Harford to keep tally had his tally ready, and it was correct. The key was turned on the heaped disorder of the storeroom; the canoe men, who would come for their pay in the morning, wandered off to the villages where they would eat and sleep; the guests, still sighing with acclamation, went away in their tribal groups.

It was cool in the empty clearing. Harford sat on the steps of his house, which looked west, smoking his pipe, dressed once again in no more than a shirt and trousers. Atemba brought good Fang chop to the red and white tablecloth. Lucy, pale with a long day of effort and minus her hoops, was too bewildered and weary to speak, and

peace fell upon that little group — so small, so dominant, and so lost in the forest. The dark settled in, and Atemba lit a lantern. Lucy leaned her head on her hand — she was devising a dress that would fit the circumstance. Harford was half asleep when his wife told him that their bed was ready; he had not thought to find a hammock for himself among the loads, and he lay down beside Lucy in the small dark room where he had bunked in times past, and which was already furnished by his wife's undisciplined presence. He felt a movement of tenderness for her fatigue, her innocent trust and courage, her facile abandonment and passion. But when she slept and moonlight fell upon her white arms and her bundles of dark hair, and her clothing hung in billows against the wall, he was oppressed; he rose and went out.

The shadow of his house was black under a blazing moon; silver struck the plumes of the banana trees that stood about his clearing; to the west and down the hill the river wore its veil of mist, and white in the moonlight was the empty yard of the barracoon. He stretched himself in his old canvas chair. The river was audible, and from the villages came the incessant trouble of the dance drums. His circumstance was perfectly familiar to him; nothing of it claimed his attention; every element in it released the man in him that Africa had made in fifteen years.

He thought of De Sopo as he had known him five years before; the two of them were then in the Trade, Harford with a firm of New Yorkers — the last of slave trading for him. De Sopo had been with a group of Portuguese, dealing directly with Bahia. These operations had been off the Muni River, which was then little visited by the British Patrol. De Sopo should be in his early thirties now — grown perhaps, Harford thought to himself, a tricky and a dirty fellow. He would be up-river now, dealing with his slaving chiefs; doubtless he would expect to be lodged when he should come down to his barracoon and while he was holding his kaffle for shipment. Taylor had spoken of De Sopo as shipping with him, but Harford had not thought to ask where he held his slaves. None of the Fang had spoken of the barracoon; it might be, as Harford knew, that they supposed De Sopo to be a partner with himself — there was nothing to forbid. He had spent a year in making his clearing and in building his houses, in establishing his trade among the Fang, and in that time he had not bought a slave, though many had been offered him. But the Fang would not so easily disassociate a white man from the Trade, and he must take his measures before De Sopo returned with his new cargo. He considered abandoning this clearing for another, turning over in his mind the locality as he knew it. But he came to the conclusion that he must dispose of his stock before coming to a decision. And he slept under the shadow of his eaves.

III

The Southern Cross leaned to its setting. It was the month of March; the rainy season was near. In the villages the people were making a magic for the felling of trees. Soon Tolo, the constellation of the Hare, would incline to the roofs of the houses in the early dark — then the sons of the Fang would burn the trees they had felled to make their new gardens. Their women would plant the seed, and all the things of man known from the birth of men would go forward. Yet there were these new things in the forest — a trader who did not barter for slaves, and a white woman. Strange things, not to be explained.

On a day soon after, Efa Ngoto, with a small company of his young men, came to Harford with a slave. The fame of Harford's goods was irresistible. Efa had no ivory, but he had a girl who had been left in pawn with him by a friend who was now an enemy. She was not a tractable girl — she was given, rather, to audible rehearsals of her irregular position and her grievances. Harford, leaning on the rail of his verandah, heard the account of her virtues as a fine working woman, obedient, sure to breed, for she had done so. He listened to Efa's offer of exchange for the customary tale of goods. He waited with his acquired and admirable patience until Efa had come to an end of oratory and flourishing of his staff. The girl, drawn forward by a bamboo noose about her neck, leaned back against it. Lucy arrived to exclaim and question — and little did she guess how her husband cursed in his heart these rifts in an established contact, based on understood intonations and intervals.

'When the sun is in the middle,' Harford told Efa, 'I shall call upon the drum all real men of the forest. And when they shall have gathered in answer to my drumming I shall tell them the way and the kind of my trade — what I shall buy of the tribe of the Fang. Return then with your brothers.'

At five o'clock of that afternoon Harford's clearing was filled with headmen and lesser men; with dogs and dog bells; with spears, staves, and guns; with headdresses painted green, yellow, white, strung with beads, studded with shells, buttons, and brass; with bodies painted with clay, with ochre, and with the crimson powder of the camwood tree; with bodies breeched in bark cloth, naked bodies, and bodies striding in leopard skins.

Lucy on the verandah was perfectly silent because Harford had begged her to be so; she put a little parasol between her face and the setting sun and was the more observed for this. She admired her husband deeply, approving the silence with which the noisy crowd attended him when he rose to speak. She could not know what he was saying, but she saw him call for the slave girl who had returned with Efa, and who was drawn by the leash into the centre of the group. The girl hung back, intimidated for the moment by the public eye. Harford untied the cord about her neck, telling Efa Ngoto that there — so far as he was concerned — stood every slave girl that was brought him for purchase.

'I will give you for your ivories,' he told them, 'the right count of goods for an ivory, and all the goods fine. But do not wake me in the night to sell me a slave, thinking, "He is a man who will not buy a slave in the daytime, but when night comes he will buy a slave." Do not call me in the morning to sell me a woman who has run away at night and whom with the dawn you have overtaken and said to her, "Aha, you who run away! I shall take you to the white man, and try running away from him!" Do not hasten back from your quarrels with your enemy tribes bringing young men with you, thinking that I will buy them. Never on any day, rainy season or dry, will I buy a slave from you; and any slave that you bring to my factory in bonds I shall unloose with my own hand and you may deal as you can with the one that stands free. As for your own slaves that you have in your own towns, deal with them after your own fashion — what have I to do with them? Have you heard?'

'We have heard!' The automatic response in its unison and volume startled Lucy, unused to these conventions. A chief rose to ask: What of the barracoon that the white man had

built at the foot of the hill and that he had already filled with two fillings of slaves? How were they to understand a tribe of men that both did and did not deal in slaves?

Of white men, as of black men, Harford told them, there are tribes and tribes, customs and customs. De Sopo was of a slaving tribe. For himself, whose name was Hallifodi and who had been a slaver in his youth, there was now a strong, unbreakable, and permanent taboo without end — he would not slave.

'It is for him taboo!'

Harford knew suddenly that he had said the inevitable, convincing, and last word; he was for the Fang disestablished as a slaver, and that by the logic of a word. His humanity was, moreover, established, for was he not a man with a taboo? A small square bottle of rum went by the hand of Atemba to the hand of every headman, and the palaver was done. In clannish groups and with many words of farewell and of begging, the Fang went away from the clearing. Harford was well pleased and happily complacent; he rehearsed his speech in part to Lucy, but he did not tell her what he had said when he loosed the rope on the neck of the Fang girl, and Lucy did not know then, or ever, that her husband was a man with a taboo. But Atemba heard, and understood, and he saw the girl released.

IV

Lucy had not worn out her first pair of kid shoes when the first rains fell. Harford had put her in a little cabin of one room, built for herself and removed from the smell of salt fish and the constant coming and going of the Fang. Curtains hung at the windows, native mats woven of grass were laid on the floor, and this was made of planks that Harford had had brought upriver. The rough little house, with its thatch of palm mats, its rude shutters, and its green door, delighted Lucy beyond reason; it preoccupied her; she saw it as exiles see their shelters that are achieved at strange expense. She felt for it a mystic attachment that was the beginning in her of the inevitable action of African exile. At night on her slatted bamboo bed in the dark she saw in her mind her little house flooded with light and she rejoiced in all its least arrangement.

Her delight in it was shared by the Fang women who hung about the steps and who saw it after their own fashion and with an excessive admiration. They appropriated to themselves Lucy, on the score of their common sex, and her house as the house of a woman; their innate hardihood overcame their timidity; with a growing boldness they flocked to the spectacle of the white woman with her long hair, her slim waist, her mincing airs that amused them, her excess of clothes that became a legend. Groups of them standing on the ground before her house would summon her in their loud laughing voices; they would question her in the modified tender idiom that the Fang people reserve for children, and her answers in their own tongue, imperfect and halting, pleased them, increasing in them the conviction that she was a child and the legitimate object of their facile maternal solicitude.

Harford, busy with his own affairs, would be roused by their shouts of laughter, and would look out to wonder at the sight of his wife, in a white dress without hoops, leaning over the rail of her little verandah into a group of the dark bodies of women — tattooed, oiled, painted, turning up to her their faces all smiling and lit with a tender amusement. Their certain uncouthness, their obvious diseases, the known suspicion of cannibalism that hung about the

tribe, seemed then to be overlaid by an affinity between women, powerful and touching.

The first rains had not fallen before Lucy ventured into the nearer villages, following Atemba along the tunneled paths of the forest that debouched from a green gloom into the intolerable light of the clearings. A wooden stool would be set for her in one and another of the huts of the village; the clay floor would be swept in her honor; warm curiosities would play about her. Daintily she would taste from a folded leaf the mushroom soup or the fish stew that was the best of the village fare. The headman, getting word of this, would saunter down the clearing to put his head in under the eaves of the favored house, to wonder and laugh at the sight of her; and her personal importance, somehow slipping away, would reëstablish itself and would embellish her.

She would come back from these excursions with extravagant talk of the charms of Fang babies, and smelling of the fires that burn on the floors of Fang cabins. And she began to write romantically about her life in the forest. Harford, going about the clearing, would see her sitting at a table she had made of boxes; he knew, he thought, the sort of thing she would be writing — remembering the book of hers that he had read before he met her. He had admired it, liking an authoress to be romantic and sentimental. He remembered that he had read it in a lonely deserted fort on the Gold Coast, sitting in a large, dusty, and empty room, reading Lucy's impossible tale in a small pool of light from a lantern. He had got it from the captain of a ship out of Boston. Life had been at the slack with him then, between two adventures. It was small time he had to be reading now, for his trade was going well, ivory was coming in, was being weighed and sent down the river to Taylor. The Fang of the river valley — the headmen and their favorite wives — were decked in the colored calicoes of his trading; they were drinking his rum and eating his salt fish in all the villages; matches were struck in huts where the fire stick had been the only use; fishhooks were betraying the fish in the river, and gunpowder from Hallifodi furnished the horns of the hunters. Gifted cheats were busy devising ways to overreach him, and he was divining their villainy; all was as it should be in the factory of Hallifodi on the Nkomo River.

A leopard stole a goat that Lucy had meant to milk; Harford had a fever and resented his wife's care; a thief was found to be digging through the ground below the level of the storehouse where Harford kept his reserves; and Atemba was snake-bitten. But Atemba recovered, Harford recovered, the thief was apprehended and put over the log — Harford calling upon the headman of the recreant's own town to beat him. Only Lucy did not entirely recover from the wound of her husband's ill-humored and morose convalescence, when he had shut his door against her, begging her to send Atemba to serve him. She had then wept bitterly and had written a letter home — speaking of the great loneliness of her life and the unlikeness between men and women in their characters and habits. And indeed it would seem that she was right, for when she sickened with the fever, as she presently did, she accepted her husband's ministrations gratefully, and wrote about them at length in another letter and another vein. It is not strange, therefore, that Lucy's friends were later divided in their understanding of Harford's character and conduct.

With the passing of time and the falling of the rain, Lucy's letters ceased. Atemba, who was fascinated by the travels of her hand upon the page and by the marks she made, felt aggrieved; her ink, he told her, was drying. He begged her to teach him to write, and so for a little time she did; Harford would see Atemba's face happy and intent above his slow-traveling hand. But Lucy wearied of the teaching; a languor grew upon her in that small house which was shut in by the dark walls of the rain. Atemba thought, 'She should visit her father's town.' She complained to Harford of the roaches, of the rats that rustled in the leaf thatch of her cabin. There were a hundred roaches on her wall of an evening, she said, and the rats carried away her stockings. She sickened of the daily fare and lost her zest for invention. At the height of the rainy season, when the great rains swept daily through the clearing and fell enormously on the roof, she had black-water fever, and for two nights Harford tended her without hope. On the third night he slept; there was no lantern lit in the white man's clearing, and Lucy, convalescent, lay in the sinister trough of a gray weakness, watching the moonlight on her bark wall.

It was a grievance with her, after this illness, that she had lost track of the days of the week and could not be sure again if it were Sunday or another day. Incessantly she struggled with this problem, calling on Harford to solve it for her — endlessly tracing her way back to a known day and baffled always by her weakness. But with the dry season she forgot this and other obsessions; the falling of the sunlight among the last light veils of rain flooded her with joy, and she came back to her housewifery and her visits in the villages.

It began to appear to Harford that her recurrent fevers were anticipated by an increase in her vitality — she would then be restless and her initiative would revive; she would go nutting with the Fang women in the forest or swimming in the river to the sound of their joyous cries. He grew to dread these adventures and her returns from them. Lucy dragging her skirts in from a native village, her hair smelling of wood smoke and her eyes already shadowed with illness, was a provocation to Harford; he then felt a strangeness in her and his face was set against her. But Lucy pale and listless, recovering from her fever, following after him for company and in gratitude for his care of her, touched him; he softened. He could then suffer it that she loved him devotedly. He was grateful to her that she spoke less often; he would find it in his heart to talk with her, recounting the day's business and the gossip of the neighborhood, and Lucy would listen in a happy languor.

V

Harford was a careful master and his clearing was well ordered — a white man might come upon it unannounced and there would be no scurry there to shame the factor. But no white man came until, on a day in January, De Sopo arrived in a canoe and was at the door of the factory before he was observed.

It was noon. Lucy and Harford sat at table under the eaves of the factory. Lucy, when she saw a white face, felt such a surprise as was painful; she put her hand to her hair and smoothed her dress; she remembered the holes in her shoes and that her skirt was short after a fashion she had devised for her isolated circumstance. She was pale and intimidated, letting her husband do the honors, and these Harford

extended without zeal. With the lapse of time he had ceased to take account of De Sopo; Mpongwe traders in passing had told him that the Spaniard was in his own town beyond the sea; and latterly Harford had heard that he was operating in the Muni River, as the dangers of the Trade were now excessive in the Gaboon estuary. The barracoon, so long idle, had ceased to spoil Harford's every prospect; grass had grown on the floor of it, and the roofs of the thatch shelter that ran along the inner wall were falling under the weight of sweet-potato vine. It was a deserted clearing, soon to revert to forest.

And here at the door was De Sopo.

He was thinner than Harford remembered him to be, of a bad color, and nearly bald. His manner, Harford was bound to agree, was correct. He had heard from his paddlers that Harford had a woman, and he had supposed this to be a Mpongwe woman, such as he himself had. She was with him now; coming in on his heels, she spread out for him a deerskin stool she carried, and then stood against the wall. She was a dark creature, slight and round, without a trace of tattoo, her hair without beads and pinned with a gold ornament; her square of cloth, violet-colored and bordered with red, was tautened under her arms. Harford wondered where De Sopo had got a girl of her quality. Atemba, who was bringing food to De Sopo, observed her and was by her observed. Only Lucy, looking at her with great pleasure, did not know that she was De Sopo's woman; she did not understand why De Sopo, presently, and when he had found himself in a family, sent her away. She went away down the steps into the violent light of the clearing and down the path to the canoe; but Harford sent Atemba after her to bring her back into the hut of the headman's wife, where she would be fed — if indeed she would eat the food of a Fang woman. Lucy watched the two black people, single file, stride away with an African elegance.

De Sopo, who spoke to Harford in Spanish, spoke to Lucy in beach English, and the corruption of this speech offended her. She made little out of his assurances that he 'catch plenty nigger, fine too much, never die for canoe, never kill him for gun, make him fine journey two-three moons, keep him now ship live for come. Catch him ship plenty quick.' She did not understand when he offered her a fine girl pickaninny, half grown. And later when he went away, and when she would have asked Harford her thousand questions, — the tides of her vitality having risen under excitement, — he was moody and taciturn. He followed De Sopo down to the river, and told him that he could not have him in the house. The Spaniard must sleep in the villages until he should have a shelter of his own.

(*To be concluded*)

BLACK SONGS

OLD MISS POLECAT

Old Miss Polecat switch down de road,
A-steppin' and a-mincin';
She don't look to right, she don't look to lef',
She keep straight on, sartain sure of herse'f —
An' she mighty cornvincin'.

Young Mr. Hound come a-spankin' along,
As brash as a b'ar;
He sniff at de wrong wind, a-turnin' de corner,
Don't see Miss Pole till he right smack on her,
Den — he jes' ain't dar!

Old Miss Polecat push down de road,
A-steppin' and a-mincin'.
She got grand manners when she feelin' mild;
But whedder she cyalm or whedder she riled,
She mighty cornvincin'!

BLACK CAT

Don't never cross a road what a black cat cross —
'T ain't nothin' but sorrow, 't ain't nothin' but loss.
Brindle cat, spotted cat, dem's all right;
Safety in a yaller cat, blessin' in a white;
But de black cat ructious, wid a bristle in his tail,
He fotchin' for de Debble, and he better not fail.
De black cat travel wid his belly in de dus';
He gwine whar he gwine, and he gwine kase he mus'.

Black cat, black cat — when he cross yo' track,
No matter whar you gwine,
To a dippin' or a dyin',
No matter whar you hurryin',
To a marryin' or a buryin' —
You better turn back!

MORE RAIN, MORE REST

De rain been a-rainin' for a week an' mo';
It splarshin' in de gutter, it sousin' at de do';
It mumble at de winder, it bumble on de eaves,
It make long steppin's in de honeyshuck leaves.
We cyan't bug 'taters, and we cyan't thin corn;
Dar's gwine to be a famine, jes' as sure as you born;
But de Lawd he sen' it, an' de Lawd know bes',
So set on yo' backbone an' let de Lawd bless.
Mo' rain, mo' res' . . .
Mo' rain, mo' res'.

Old Mr. Crow got de croup in his ches',
Old Mrs. Turkey Hen a-drownin' on her nes';
Rain, rain, rain, an' de rank weeds growin' —
Dey cyan't be no harvest whar dey ain't been no hoein'.
But de sweet water drummin': No use for to fret,
Set peaceful in de cabin while you got a chance to set;
Set happy in de cabin wid a song in yo' breas' —
De Lawd brung de rain, an' de Lawd know bes'.
Mo' rain, mo' res' . . .
Mo' rain, mo' res'.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

MAGIC DANCES

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

AFTER many years' residence among savage people I have come to believe that with them the correlation between imitative magic and its desired result assumes a far more conscious form than among civilized people. When a primitive man dances to arouse the love instinct in his chosen woman, he is vividly aware of the purpose of his dance. Likewise, when the Danger Islanders — the last of the Polynesians who have not been utterly 'denativized' by the missionaries — chant their long romantic songs, they believe their description of a blissful state for the dead is actually evoking such a state. The Danger Island woman chants over the dead body of her husband: —

Close to the sky-eyes of the night,
Dancing with the souls of dead warriors,
You shall sail away in the canoe of the sky God,
In Taua's canoe to the home of the trade wind.

And even at the present day natives declare that without these chants — and dances too, for the chants are accompanied by a rhythmic movement of the body and arms — the dead man's soul would meet with but a poor reception in the hereafter. And moreover, though the chants are no more than an imaginative prospect of the future state, the natives believe so implicitly in them that even the missionaries have failed to cast them upon the rubbish heap to which bigotry has long since consigned Polynesia's vestiges of a beautiful civilization.

I have lived on Danger Island for many years, the only white inhabitant, isolated from the outside world until it has become no more than a faint memory. I have almost forgotten that I am a foreigner; and yet I have not become as a native, but have merged into an even more isolated state; for I feel myself an exotic thing, quite alone in a strange land — I belong neither to the world beyond nor to this tiny island world. I am alone, except for my books, and even they belong to another sphere, for they are mostly old, musty ones, written by men long dead, — Lamb, Boswell, Mungo Park, Borrow, and the like, — and they have created a fantastic world, ever changing as I slip a volume back on its shelf and choose another. Twice a year a schooner comes, bringing supplies for my trading station. Then the captain will glance at me in a quizzical manner, as though about to ask, 'How in the dickens can you stand it alone on this miserable little island?' But he never asks that question, and I do not bother to tell him that I am dancing a magic dance as the natives do, only that in my dance I sit very still on a quiet night to lose myself in wandering thoughts on my version of Elysium — childlike, believing that the exemplary Paradise I evoke will not dissolve with other dream-built castles.

II

One clear moonless night I left my verandah to walk along the lagoon beach. Passing beyond the village, I presently came to a deep bay some

quarter of a mile across. The water lay cool and beguiling before me, of a light baby-blue where it shelved over the coral sand, to deepen gradually to a dark sheet sprinkled with the dancing reflections of the stars — or the 'sky-eyes of the night,' as my neighbors call them. Hardly aware of the action, I tucked my *pareu* between my legs, waded into the bay, and swam leisurely toward the opposite bank. I could see coconut-shell fires flaring in the village behind, and as I moved through the water a phosphorescence rose like sunset clouds in my wake. When halfway across I heard from the bank ahead a measured beat, which I recognized as the clapping of hands. Guessing what it might mean, I swam faster, and, reaching the beach, slipped through the groves, following the sound of the clapping.

As I neared the outer reef I could hear the intermittent rumble of seas and the wind murmuring its interminable song in the fronds. Through a gap in the swaying palms I caught a glimpse of the Southern Cross, tilted to westward as though the body of the Saviour were weighing it down. The constellation of Argo rose above, a wreckage of masts and spars, looking as if it had been flung into that calm empyrean haven from the turmoil of some Euxine gale.

Soon I came upon four people in a little glade; they were in the midst of a magical ceremony. One was an old woman who tended a fire; two other grandams sat facing each other, clapping their hands, while in the space between them was a brown baby, of perhaps five years, dancing. There was no laughter, nor even a smile to break the intense seriousness of that ritual, for the child was imitating the exotic dances of the women, so that some day she would grow into womanhood and become a desirable thing — she was foreseeing a felicitous future, thereby to assure such a future.

The old women leaned forward, fixing fascinated eyes on her as they muttered a song so old that it is doubtful if even they understood more than the general sense of it. The little girl danced tirelessly. Her tiny hands would fly to her hips as she wriggled through a movement voluptuous for an older woman, but only pretty for her. Then her hands would join daintily above her head, and, gazing at some imagined lover in the overhanging darkness, she would repeat, step for step, the movements performed by the older people on the great fête days.

I did not eavesdrop long, for it came strongly to me that here was something far more sacred than the church lore which is so assiduously crammed down my neighbors' throats; I slipped away, with reverence and awe upon me. Since that night I have often wondered if the child knew the meaning of her dance — knew that it was as truly imitative magic as the dance of the warriors who celebrate a victory before the battle is fought. When musing thus, I have remembered my own childhood, when everything was acted in a land of imagination long before it was experienced in reality. I have remembered how girls play with dolls, and how boys play at soldiers, and how when left to themselves they are quite as serious as the little island girl who was playing at love. Only in the latter case the brown girl, in spite of her years, must have been aware of being in the midst of a magical rite which would gain her a fine husband when she grew older. She had been told that by playing at love she would eventually obtain love.

III

I saw a far more spectacular dance a few months ago, when one moonlight

night my store boy, Benny, induced me to leave the comfortable atmosphere of my house and books.

Benny led me to a moonlit fairy glade, where we lay on a knoll under the pandanus trees. Before us was the glistening coral sand leading down to the sea, where land crabs scuttled at the water's edge and hermit crabs peeped from their shells. The odor of roasting fish rode on the wind that crooned a drunken lullaby in the coconut trees. The sea hiccoughed on the reef. The woods were alive with unfamiliar noises. Inland hovered the dim silhouettes of thatched houses, where old folks, afraid of the spirits, crouched around tiny fires.

Across the glade, limned against the moon-paled sky, was a naked brown-skinned boy, perched on the end of a dead pandanus limb high up off the ground. He was as silent as the Sphinx. A baby moon shone over his shoulder, illuminating his profile. Once he stood erect, yawned, stretched himself, looked about, and then resumed his squatting position. He was like a young cock roosting before the moon.

Under the trees, by the beach, was a grass hut with the land side open. Before it flared a fire of coconut shells, its white flame casting shadows on two ancient men who squatted near by and roasted fish.

Suddenly the almost palpable silence of the groves was shattered by the shrill cry of a boy who came leaping through the glade, waving a flambeau as he yelled that the old women were coming — coming to dance in the moonlight!

Benny edged close to me. Touching my arm, he warned me to lie low among the shadows, and when I had done so the wind trembled with the boom of shark-skin drums, and the old women came dancing into the moonlight.

They formed a double line down the glade, dancing to a rhythm beaten out by old men. Some were lean and some were fat; two of the youngest held babies in their arms — late-born babies of gray-haired mothers. Bones rattled and heads bobbed as they danced a witches' rigadoon — grinning, grown-old sirens with toothless gums and limp-skinned faces; fat old grandams unsteady on their feet; and, to lead them, a dear old lady bedecked with a flower behind her withered ear and rags of lace hanging from a mildewed dress. She shrieked the orders of the dance in a ducking-stool tone as she wriggled in sensuous movements, barren of their significance. Children played in and out of the line, screaming an accompaniment to the old dames' cackle, and sometimes imitating the dance. The boy gazed down owlishly from his perch before the moon. One of the old men let his fish burn on the coals as he watched the dancers, muttering that he could remember the day when they were hard-breasted young virgins. He turned to grin at the other old man, and then cursed as he picked his scorched fish from the fire.

'My grandmother dances well,' said Benny, pointing to an old lady at the end of the line. I kept my answer to myself, for the truth was that she seemed a trifle dense. She did not follow the movements of the dance. When other bony arms shot out, hers remained by her sides, or rocked at her breast in a cradling motion; and when other fleshless hips gyrated, she did a tottering *pas seul* of her own. She gazed starward, smiling weirdly, unconscious that she was alone in her dance. Her dress hung in rags to her feet, and there was a wilted flower stuck jauntily in hair damp with fish oil.

It happened that one hoary old crone saw me where I lay among the shadows. She came hopping to me with the self-confidence of the beautiful

— for perhaps in the magic of the dance even she thought herself young again. Before I was aware of it she had pressed a kiss on my cheek. Her lips were cold and harsh, but in her rheumy eyes still burned a vague fire.

One by one the old women withdrew into the shadows of the groves, until only the one dense old crone danced on, unaware that she was alone. Still she gazed at the stars, and still the weird smile lingered on her lips, as she tottered through a spectral reel, rocking her body in a vaguely remembered way. And oh! I wish you could have seen her there, etched against the crisp midnight sky, with the Magellanic clouds over her head, and below them the star dust. But suddenly she stopped to look about her, and lo! she was alone in the world. The woods slept in asphodel silence; the boy had slipped from his perch, and the moon had sunk into the sea. The old men's fire was dead, the thatched huts had crumbled into the darkness, and even the land crabs and hermit crabs were asleep. A harsh wind blew through the old woman's bones. She trembled. The solitude frightened her. Crying plaintively, she ran into the woods to find her old companions.

That, too, was a magic dance. It was the only dance of the kind I had ever seen, though undoubtedly it was common enough in the old days. As we walked homeward I asked Benny why these women tired their old bones in the seductive movements of the love dance. Benny explained, and then I understood that it was the same form of magic the little girl had practised, only where she had been looking forward to life the old women were looking forward to death — preparing a paradise for themselves by moving their withered limbs through the dance of love, as they will again when they are

> Close to the sky-eyes of the night,
> Dancing with the souls of dead warriors.

BALKANOMANIA

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

ANYONE who has been to the Balkans knows how magnetically he is drawn back to the countries that border those snowy mountains. There is some wholly inexplicable claim on all who have been there that makes them always want to return. I do not pretend to explain it. It is not the Ruritania atmosphere, nor yet the intriguing complications of Balkan politics, nor even the certainty of seeing the Middle Ages alive in the twentieth century, that is the lure. It is something far more light-hearted, something that appeals to one's sense of humor and love of beauty at the same time, for, once in the Balkans, one never ceases either to laugh or to wonder at the things that one meets, the extravagant situations one encounters, and the unbelievable paradoxes of these lovely mountainous lands.

A friend of mine who has lived his life in the Balkans was traveling a few

years ago in brigand-infested Epirus, in western Greece. He was on foot in a lonely pass when from behind a bush a wild and picturesque rascal leapt formidably. 'Halt!' cried the rascal. 'I am the famous brigand, Stephanos!' My friend did nothing, but admired the brigand in silence. Again Stephanos issued his challenge. This time my friend offered him a cigarette, and the brigand, more faintly and with less conviction, repeated his war cry. 'Tell me all about it,' said my friend soothingly, and in perfect Greek. 'I am an Englishman and deeply interested in the history of your country; take a cigarette — they are good ones.' The brigand underwent a transformation. He broke into laughter, apologized profoundly, and smoked. 'I thought you were a Greek or an Italian,' he replied. 'Had I known you were English I should have greeted you as a friend.'

Now this is a true and accurate story. It cuts to the very heart of modern brigandage — for the most part. Greek brigands are a race that is on the increase rather than the reverse. They are no myth, but to Greeks an intolerable nuisance in the western mountainous regions. In Epirus they operate near and round the wealthy towns of Janina and Argyrokastro and accumulate vast sums of money. But the technique of their profession presupposes a native material upon which to work. With anything else they feel in deep water and a trifle shy. Even last year, when I was in Greece, two notorious brigands, during the course of the general election from which Venizelos emerged in triumph, abducted two parliamentary candidates who were going the rounds of their constituents. The wretched men were taken into the hills and held to ransom for the prodigious price of fifty thousand pounds. The ransom was paid and they were ultimately released. It was then discovered by the authorities that the brigands were but the employees of a limited-liability company whose headquarters were in Janina, the directors being the mayor, the local chief of police, and several of the leading citizens. Shares were believed to pay an easy 50 per cent dividend. But there was more even than this. One of the captured candidates was the extravagant grandson of a very wealthy Athenian lady. He was known to be in debt. Unkind tongues suggested that either he was also one of the principal shareholders or he had made an arrangement of fifty-fifty with the brigands — for his ransom was paid by his grandmother!

Now this is the raw material that goes in part to form the lure of the Balkans. To live in such entertaining lands means never to have a dull moment. Nothing is really what it seems; it is a permanent *Alice in Wonderland*. To describe the atmosphere as *opéra bouffe* or *Chocolate Soldier* is to miss the very kernel of the thing. It goes far deeper. It is the element of perpetual surprise that is what enchants. Every corner hides something new; the dullest man you meet may have a life of astonishing romance. And this is true of every citizen of every Balkan state. You are never certain of what his past life or his real profession or his real sentiments are. But to you, as an acknowledged foreigner, he is invariably hospitable and charming. I always remember the courtesy of the Serbian police official who, when I first visited Serbia in 1913, examined my passport with the minutest attention, read it carefully through, *upside down*, and handed it back with a graceful and dignified gesture of understanding and approval. Or the other official on the same trip who, reading the right way up, was only able to decipher the sentence, 'We, Sir Edward Grey.' 'You are Edward Grey?' he asked me.

I replied in the affirmative to avoid further delay. 'Pass through, then, Edward Grey,' he replied kindly.

II

But there is a very clearly marked line of demarcation between the true Balkan state and the Balkanized and semi-Western state. Once at the Balkan frontier you know in an instant. From Hungary to Rumania, for instance, is a voyage from the one world to the other. Hungary, despite all its extravagant Occidental vulgarity, is not and will never be really Western, but it is certainly not Balkan — far from it. It is an unpleasing crossbred.

But get out of the blue Orient Express at Arad station on the Rumanian frontier, sniff the air, and you will know in a trice that you are in the Balkans. You will at once observe the exaggerated severity of the customs officials to the travelers who are their own compatriots and the surprising leniency toward yourself; their interest in the more unusual objects in your possession and their apologies for the disturbance they have created. Outside you will hear the soft chatter of the charming Rumanian language and see the sentries all smoking cigarettes happily at their posts. Then suddenly you will hear one of the soldiers start a song in the indefinable lilt of Oriental music, there will come to you the scent of some wine that you have never scented before, a herd of sheep will be driven up to the platform so that the shepherd can see the train, and you will feel once and for all that you have left another world behind you.

Or land at a Greek port and see how, as you lean on the side of the ship, the foremost boatload of rascally luggage porters will pick you out as soon as you are in shouting distance and decide to fasten themselves to you as being the most promising foreigner. Try how I may, I have never succeeded in obscuring the foreign character of my appearance — and I have always fondly believed that my face was ordinary enough to be mistaken for Russian, Serb, German, English, or French. But the men of the Balkans know the differences of movement and gesture that make their world distinct from mine. With every movement and look I give myself away, just as in fact a man of the Balkans, however he be dressed, gives himself away to my now more experienced eye in the streets of London. In the Balkans there is a set of gestures indicative of thought that are completely and fundamentally different from those in use in Western countries. Many are of Oriental origin, some Slavonic, but there are others that are of immense antiquity. The gesture of beckoning, which we more recent people hardly ever recognize, consists of a motion of the hand downward and toward the body. I have found that very same motion represented on Greek sculptured reliefs of the sixth century before Christ.

Or take the Turk, the most silent of the Balkan peoples. He can carry on whole conversations without sound. A Turkish friend of mine showed me once how two men could recognize each other in a café, converse for five minutes by gentle movements of hand, of eyebrow, of lip, and of shoulders, in such a way that a Westerner would hardly notice that anything had passed between them except the barest recognition. No wonder the Balkan states are the ideal breeding ground of conspiracies and secret societies, where means of communication are so often those of silence and gesture. The gestures, too, are so restful and convenient. I early learned the conventional Balkan movements that indicate refusal or negation, and those for agreement and affirmation. They are mere movements

of the eyebrows and save endless trouble. They are accepted at once. The Balkans are not like Italy, where a thousand No's are treated as an affirmative and persistence is the basis of success. One gesture in the approved native fashion and the hawker, tout, boot shiner, or flower seller goes his way and worries you no more. That is, to me, one of the principal advantages of the Balkans. No one worries you too much. Italy is exhausting in its futile bickering and bartering; the ear is stunned and the eye shocked. But in Greece, Turkey, or Rumania a decision is a decision, provided it is made in the fashion of the country. A little knowledge of gestures is worth months of study in a difficult Balkan language.

But once a decision is made it must be kept to or your reputation is lost forever. An Englishman I know went once to the bazaar at Constantinople and bartered for a piece of silk. The vendor's price was fifty dollars. My friend said that it was ludicrous and that he would give one and a half dollars. This he said to stop the transaction and get on to the next shop. But it was, after all, a definite offer. The vendor closed at once and held out the silk (which was probably worth one dollar). My friend then said that he did not want it after all. Never have I seen a man so outraged as that silk merchant. He was really angry and swore never to trust an Englishman again. And *he* was the one who was acting correctly. An offer to purchase, if accepted, must be followed by a completion of the deal. That goes to the very roots of Balkan bargaining. It is the only serious act in a long series of quarrelings, insults, hesitations, heartburnings, and enticements.

I am a firm believer in the honesty of the ordinary Balkan citizen. There is a certain code of honor which seems to me to be common to all Balkan states and never found quite in the same form outside them. Roughly it amounts to this: If you and your property are at the mercy of any ordinary man whose vocation is not brigandage, he will never take advantage of that position. You may have left all your valuable luggage lying on the railway platform, but no one will touch it if you are not there to defend it. But once you are there any Tom, Dick, or Harry will do his best to abstract it from under your nose. I have had my pocket picked more than once in Balkan towns, but there always stands out one remarkable occasion when, on a voyage to Athens, I left in my hotel room at the little town of Chalkis a gold watch of no little value. I discovered my loss when almost at Athens. On arrival, knowing what was the right course, I telegraphed to the hotel to send me my gold watch. It arrived the next day by special messenger. I often wonder whether I should ever have seen it again if I had left it in any of the world-famed hotels of Europe proper.

So, in business dealings or in bartering, show yourself a fool or a knave and a knave greater than yourself will cheat you. Have your proposals clear-cut and definite and you will never be worsted. An antique-monger will ask you a hundred dollars for a thing worth five. If you beat him down to ten you may imagine yourself a fine fellow. Then later you discover the real value of your purchase and you call the vendor a scoundrel and a thief. But it is you who are at fault, for, all the time, he was ready to sell it for five dollars, if only you had been competent enough to find that fact out. Meantime he regards you as a fool, which indeed you are. But the method of bargaining is always simple. No extraneous elements are brought in.

The Balkan method is not quite the same as that of the Oriental proper.

The Balkan makes no appeal to pity; he rarely summons his ancestors to witness or his starving family and straitened means to assist. He is out for a bargain just as you are, and stakes his all on persuading you of the supreme merits of the goods he offers. If he can persuade you that their merits are greater than in fact they are, then he is merely succeeding as all good business men succeed in all ages and all climes. I have been more swindled in my own country than ever in the Balkans. So often in the antique shops in some small English town I have softened my heart to some story of family illness or oppressive taxation or recent bereavement. How often in London will you see 'Premises coming down: lowest possible prices,' or 'Salvage Sale.' I know of one shop in west London that has announced its imminent collapse for fifteen years, and I am a Londoner and can tell you where that shop is! But the Balkan trader would be shocked at such methods. He would think them dishonest. 'If you can't sell goods on their own merits, or above them, by your own unaided skill, then do not sell at all' would be his verdict.

III

I have seen the Balkan people during Balkan wars, during the European War, and in times of peace. During a Balkan war I always felt that they were in their element. During the European War they seemed like children in the midst of a riot. All the patriotism, all the bigotry, all the hatred, malice, and spite that can be found in people whose institutions are largely mediæval, came to the fore in the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. All the splendor and pageantry of mountain fighting and all the individual heroism and individual cruelty of Balkan peoples had free play during these unhappy years. I saw Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Turkey at their best and their very worst. But in the Great War, when Turks opposed British, Bulgarians opposed British and French, and Greeks and Serbs fought side by side with Allies against Bulgarians and Germans, they were like little children playing at a game they did not understand with weapons they scarcely knew how to use. Each Balkan state at war came to rely upon her elder brother to show her the way to play this intricate game. For game it never ceased, somehow or other, to be until the end, when the price had to be paid by each for the entertainment.

Yet the antique combats that were graced with the name of 'wars' in 1912 and 1913 remained all the time their *beau idéal* of what war should be, and the bulk of Balkan peoples to-day still think the same. Their mental attitude was rather that of the Saracens, Crusaders, and Russians who complained, when the scientific Byzantines repelled them with Greek fire, that it was not fair play; they had come, they said, to fight and be fought, not to be roasted alive by inventions of Satan. And the confusion of races and tongues was such that at many places Bulgars fought against Bulgars, Serbs against Greeks, Rumanians against Serbs or British. I remember one prisoner, taken on the British front in Salonika, who had served in the Turkish army in 1912 against the Serbs, then, after the cession of a part of Macedonia to Bulgaria in 1912, in the Bulgarian army against the Greeks. Later that territory was occupied by Serbs in 1913 and he fought against Bulgars. Finally in 1915 the Bulgars overran it again and the poor bewildered creature found himself fighting against British troops. I shall never forget his relief and happiness when he was taken prisoner and his joy when I gave him a

pot of jam, which he ate in one rapid mouthful, for he had not seen jam for two years!

More compelling still, as an illustration of how the Balkan and European wars left these unhappy peasants lost and bewildered, was the case of the mayor of the little village of Orliak, in the Struma Valley. We had occupied the valley and formal notice had been sent to the mayor that no wine or spirits were to be sold under any conditions whatever to the occupying troops. Needless to say, within twenty-four hours a dozen or so foolish British soldiers were found hopelessly and utterly intoxicated by raw spirit. The mayor was seized and thrown into rigorous imprisonment for a week — *pour encourager les autres.* At the conclusion of his captivity he demanded to see the officer who had condemned him. The officer, curious to know the reason for this morbid desire, granted the interview. 'Sir,' said the mayor, 'I have sought you out to tell you the story of my life.' The officer wilted a little, but, much intrigued, continued the interview. 'In 1911,' said the mayor, 'I was the head of this village, then under the comfortable but severe rule of the Turk. I am half Greek and half Bulgar. Whenever anything went wrong in my village the Turks cast me into prison. In 1912 the Bulgars came here and occupied the valley and, when irritated, cast me into prison. Later the Greeks came and drove them out, but followed the same rules in their treatment of me. Then in 1916 the French army of General Sarrail came, found some fault with my administration, and imprisoned me under most unhappy circumstances. Now the great British army, renowned for its justice, has come here and cast me into a dungeon. Sir, from all these, my experiences, I have at last come to the conclusion that I must be an *evil man.* I will repent.' And he went away. Half scoundrel, genial and childlike, this cheerful man's life may be taken as the epitome of the life of almost any inhabitant of Macedonia and of all too many of the citizens of Serbia and Rumania. After years of reshuffling they were, during the Great War, literally thrown into the whirlpool. Only now are they at last settled with some semblance, however fleeting it may seem to them, of stability.

As with citizens and mayors and local notables, so it was with towns. How well students of international affairs know the names of places that have figured large in treaties! The Enos-Midia Line, which has so often been the boundary of Turkey-in-Europe. The Sanjak of Novibazar (which our Foreign Office once thought was a prince). The Dobrudja, partitioned and repartitioned. They are now names in textbooks, mere myths in international affairs. Yet each name implies villages and towns that suffered incredible ills from being the pawn of politicians. Devastation has followed in the track of each equitable arrangement.

One case more poignant than most came my way when I was traveling in Thrace in 1921. The Greek boundary against Turkey had just then been fixed as running from Enos, and including it, northward to Adrianople. Enos, a Greek town at the mouth of the Maritsa River, of great charm and interest, had fallen to the Greeks again. I went to stay there some months after it had come into Greek charge. It was a heap of ruins, for during the war the Turks had cleared it owing to fear lest the Greek inhabitants should communicate with British ships off Samothrace. Four or five years of evacuation had allowed the place to crumble into ruin, which the Turkish soldiery had increased by stabling their horses in the exquisite Byzantine churches and by

pulling out rafters from houses to serve as firewood. It was one of the most pathetic places I have ever seen, yet in one of the most beautiful situations in the whole of the North Ægean. The newly returned Greeks were hard at work on a provisional restoration of the poor battered village. First they had restored the largest church, set up the altar, and opened it for service. Then, with the cardinal centre of the new village established, they had opened a school, settled a schoolmaster, and then finally, to complete the three essentials of any Balkan village, opened a new, clean, and attractive café. Peasants had crept back to settle and rebuild their shattered houses, police were stationed in the village and a garrison near at hand, for the Turkish frontier was still only a few miles away and bandits were still loose in the wild uplands of Turkish Thrace. Slowly the little townlet was reviving. Then came the disaster of 1922 when the Greek forces were driven by the Turks out of Asia Minor. With the disaster came a readjustment of frontiers in favor of Turkey. Again the unhappy village of Enos came to the fore as the pivot of a new line. The Greek frontier was pushed back across the river only a few miles west of Enos. And the work of reconstruction was once more undone. The poor settlers who had crept back to their homes were once again driven off into the wilderness to resume their age-long trek as refugees. The newly built church was abandoned, the school and the café. I have not been back to see this poor village again. I have not the heart. But without doubt its churches are again stables, its school bedecked with crescent flags, its café now filled with Turks, and it has once again relapsed into the somnolence that overwhelms all Turkish villages. Its ruins will now never be rebuilt again. Nor will Turk or Greek ever feel safe there, for at any new disturbance of frontiers Enos will play its poor part. There is no hope of stability for its inhabitants, nor any rest.

This is only one of many frontier villages. They all fare alike. None except refugees of long standing will venture to settle in them. And they, nomads bred by European diplomacy, are resigned to a brief stay and thankful if they can get a year's respite here or two years there from their continual wandering.

Another sign of Balkan troubles that any traveler by railway can see at any time in any Balkan state is the ruin that periodically has overtaken all bridges and viaducts. Look out of your carriage window as the Orient Express passes over the Save at Belgrade; look again as you cross the Vardar at Hudova near the Serbo-Greek border. Look from the coast train that goes from Salonika to Adrianople as you cross the Struma at Rupel Pass. Look as you sit for twenty minutes crossing the great Danube mouth in the Dobrudja by the world-famous Cernavoda bridge, the pride of Rumania. At each place you will see rising gauntly from the river bed old rusting fangs of earlier bridges. Some have been blown up four and five times in the ten years from 1912 to 1922. Each explosion has echoed to a different war cry, each crash been greeted with the cheers of a different army.

IV

We live in quiet and restful lands where these regular convulsions are never felt and we cannot realize how to Balkan peoples the sword is always hanging over their heads. If you were to psychoanalyze any Balkan peasant his reaction to the word 'bridge' would be 'dynamite'; to 'frontier,' 'ruin'; to

'Peace Treaty,' 'refugees.' And all the time he is cheerful, simple in his loves and hates, guileless and full of humor.

I remember three visits I have made in three totally different settings. The first was in a fishermen's hut on the border of an inland lake on the Serbo-Greek frontier. The second in the mountain hut of Greek shepherds on the island of Skyros. The third in the white-washed house of an Alsatian farmer in the Banat on the Rumano-Hungarian frontier hard by the River Maros. The men all had something in common, something intangible, friendly, philosophic, and profoundly interesting. I felt somehow entirely at my ease with all of them, far more than I should ever feel if dropped suddenly into some French or Italian or even English village.

My arrival at the fishermen's hut was to me unforeseen. I had gone inland into a waste and unoccupied region with the intention f spreading my bed in an old station house on an abandoned railway line, not far from Doiran. I arrived at sundown to find my station house a heap of ruins. I had relied on its being still there, for I had stayed in it a year before. But ruin moves fast in the Balkans and now it was no more. The sudden darkness of Balkan lands fell and there I was benighted. My eye caught a small hut of reeds on the lake-side. I entered and saw three men seated round a large and friendly fire that was on the floor and filled the hut with pleasant but acrid fumes. On the fire was a dish of lake fish, odorous and appetizing. Without explanations and without more than a few words I was made to understand that I could remain there as long as I wished. The three men were Greek-speaking Bulgarians, but one of them was deaf and dumb and his speech consisted of one of the most remarkable gesture languages I have ever seen. Graphic beyond description, I soon learned it. It would have been comprehensible to any citizen of any Balkan state, but probably meaningless in any other country. I knew enough of Balkan ways and Balkan tongues to learn it with the help of the other two men. We talked in the evenings — for I stayed there a week — of every subject under the sun; of the ways of fish, the mechanism of watches, and the habits of the wolves which every now and then were visible on the hills outside. We talked of wars, of politics, and of food. These men lived entirely in the present. They had no plans, no hopes, no fears, and no ambitions. They were simply waiting for the wheel of fortune to allot them their next move, whereas I knew my every movement for many years ahead — at least in outline.

In Skyros I spent a similar week with men totally different in birth, in education, and in race. They were all shepherds and all of one family. Five nephews and one aged patriarchal uncle made up the party. They had left their homes below on the coast town of the island and come up into the hills for the summer to tend their sheep. The old uncle ruled with a rod of iron. Smoking was forbidden; we rose at four-thirty and went to bed at eight. Like all Greeks, they were incurably curious, bursting with conversation, and utterly friendly and polite. We talked for hours every night. We fed with wooden spoons from the same bowl. When the uncle was away we shared clandestine cigarettes furtively. When we slept we each climbed into a bunk which was fixed to the walls. We laughed without ceasing at many things, and at sunset we sat outside to see the incomparable view of rocky island, distant peaks of Pelion and Ossa, and turquoise sea. We drank no wine because there was none to drink.

The local monastery was the only emporium of wine and we were far from it; besides, I think the old uncle disapproved.

All these young men had been soldiers and had fought with Greek forces during the European War. One had been where I had been, another had gone as far afield as Odessa, where a lonely Greek division was sent to help White Russians. But all the time I felt that they had no real interest outside their lovely island and their flocks and herds. They told me much that I had never dreamed of in the management of sheep and goats — how the shepherds have a separate cry for the sheep and another for the goats so that when the flocks are intermingled they can divide them into two. I watched them at work and saw how the sheep or the goats obediently but slowly separated themselves, grazing all the time, and in two flocks obeyed the orders. Dogs were merely the protectors of the flock and the finders of lost sheep. I saw one round up a wandering sheep, seize it, and rub its face in a muddy pool so as to teach it not to wander again. But the activities of the dogs cease at this point; they are not trained as ours are. The whole business really falls upon the shepherd.

I learned much from these men. Most of all I learned their pride in living their own life and their self-contained love of their hills and valleys and seas. They knew all about European politics and peace treaties and diplomatic moves, but they felt that such things belonged to a world apart. As every Greek to-day says, 'We live in Greece: you live in Europe or America.' The Balkans are a world apart.

In the Banat the setting was completely different. We had come by car from the Black Sea and were on our way to Budapest (it was two years ago). We had hoped to reach the frontier by sundown, but arrived half an hour late and found the frontier closed and the gates shut at the road across the bridge at Cenadul. We stopped in the little village, where Rumanians live side by side with French-speaking Alsatian Germans, who colonized these parts in the eighteenth century. We put up at the little farm of one of these Alsatians. The village was small, compact, and completely clean and tidy. I felt that the Balkans must be in the remote southeast far from this very Western setting. But we were at a meeting place of three countries, Rumania, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, and my host assured me that everyone in the village was trilingual. And the peasants whom I spoke to and asked about their land were no different from the Bulgarians and the Skyriots with whom I had stayed in earlier years. The heel of the Turk had touched the land. The great armies that went to burn Vienna in 1699 were still a power in the countryside. I felt their dead touch even as one feels it the length and breadth of the Balkans. All the night I was kept awake by a long howling cry that came four times every hour. In the morning I asked what it was. 'That is the man who stands on the church tower all night,' replied my host, 'to keep watch against fire and tell us that all is well.' Here was a Turkish or Balkan institution still living, while in most Balkan states it has died out. With it, too, was some memory of the muezzin on the minarets. And all these folk were colonists or refugees from different parts, though, in some cases, of long standing. Somehow or other the full atmosphere of the Balkans was here; the distant Carpathians supplied the mountainous setting and I felt that 'Europe' as the Balkan peoples know it was far off, even though a few hundred yards would take me into Hungary. Here was the

true feeling of instability and resignation to the vicissitudes of a life over which the ordinary citizen has little or no control.

Only a few days previously I had seen the same conditions of life, but exaggerated beyond anything one can see to-day in any other Balkan state. At Silistra on the Danube — a town captured and recaptured time and time again in every Balkan war — the peasants are Turks, simple unthinking survivals from the seventeenth century. They are more Turkish than any Turks of to-day. Their mosques and mullahs still remain supreme, for they have no Mustafa Kemal to deal with them. The peasants are far swarthier and darker than any Turks of Constantinople; they are the dull unimaginative Turks who, as soldiers, conquered half Europe two centuries ago. Now they stay here, isolated from their fellows, surrounded by the activities and ingenuities of a progressing Christian people. No one worries them, no one educates them, no one now wants to eject them. They are like old lions with their claws cut and their teeth drawn. Picturesque beyond description, they still retain the costumes of over a century ago and the indolence of ages. They are useful and harmless citizens, and for them and all the Turks of the Dobrudja the King of Rumania has built a brand-new mosque at Constantza on the Black Sea. But between this Turkish corner of the Dobrudja and the neat pastures of the Banat there is really very little difference. It is the presence of the Turk which has contributed so largely to keeping the Balkans Balkanized! These Dobrudjan Turks of the lower Danube are the last surviving Turks in Europe outside the present boundaries of Turkey, anachronistic and attractive, antique and harmless, the last survivors of a mighty army of occupation and oppression.

V

Recent repatriations and migrations have cleared Macedonia of Bulgars and Turks, left Thessaly and Crete free of all Turks, and resettled in Macedonia and western Thrace the tens of thousands of Greeks who came pouring from Asia Minor, from Turkish Thrace, from Pontus, and from the Caucasus in 1922. New types of Greek have invaded Greece — Greeks who speak a Cappadocian dialect that no one understands, Greeks who speak and read only Turkish and whose very Bibles are written in Turkish script, and even Greeks whose chief tongue is Russian or Georgian. I have spent long days with all of them. Some of these new types are finer than any found in Old Greece, all are strange and out of the world. The Caucasus is, after all, another Balkans in spirit as well as in appearance. Spiritually all are at home in their new setting, though in fact they are none too happy with their immediate neighbors.

I spent three weeks in 1921 with a party of Greeks of whom half were Thracians and half Caucasian Greeks. They could not converse in any tongue but Turkish because their dialects were so different. Their manners, their gestures, and their habits were also totally different. The Caucasian Greeks, who spoke Russian, Georgian, and Greek equally well, had the heavy lumbering walk of the Russian peasant. They still wore Russian boots, for most of them had served in some Russian force during the war, and they had kept their kits. The Thracians were a quick, alert folk, chattering and disputing, Greek to the core, Turkish only in veneer. The two brands did not agree and were often at blows. All alike looked back with regret to the rich pastures and cornfields they had abandoned for the untilled Macedonian fields they had been given.

But on one lovely moonlight night I saw them at their best. A full harvest moon turned their fancies to music and the Caucasians danced a strange solemn dance to the accompaniment of a single-stringed violinlike instrument that wailed melodies that were neither Russian nor Turkish, but compounded of the wild hill melodies of the Caucasus and the dirges of Central Asia. They were children of lands far wilder even than the Balkans, and lovelier.

That same night the presence of the real Balkans made itself felt. As we sat and smoked between dances we suddenly heard a scamper of horses, which we could not see, for the moon had set. 'They have broken their hobbling,' said one, 'and will return by morning.' Morning came and there were no horses either near or on the most distant horizon. Nor did we see them again. My friends soon grasped the situation and accepted it as a *fait accompli* as soon as it was grasped. What had happened was that border thieves had come over the Serbian border, which was only two miles away, and had swept our horses away with them, as skillfully as Scottish mosstroopers. Afterward I remembered seeing, as I was walking near the frontier the day before, a fierce dark man, who carried a rifle across his saddle. He had passed me on the road, eyed me with disfavor, as I him, given no greeting, and ridden on. He was the outpost of our horse stealers. But they were not my horses, so he had no compunction in stealing them. To me he might, as a poor benighted foreigner, have been merciful. Certainly he did not rob me on the road, and his rifle against my small automatic made his chances easy. Now I understood why every shepherd in those parts carried a rifle.

I have attempted to catch the indefinable Balkan atmosphere in a few brief histories. I cannot express it in any other way. I have a thousand other instances by which to illustrate it, each different to the other, and yet, somehow, I have failed to isolate in language the common quality that underlies the facts so as to give the essence of the thing. All I know is that there is an unfailing charm about everything Balkan. It is more evident when you see it dying. Montenegro to-day is a sad and moving spectacle. Cettinje, most romantic of all Balkan cities, lies dead, its king gone, its legations closed, its palace derelict. The peasants still linger, the most picturesque of all Balkan peoples, but their day is over. They now have stability and the certainty of peaceful cultivation of their lands. Their country is now absorbed in the comforts and consolations of a larger land. They remain now as a thing for tourists to wonder at, a show sight of 'what the Balkans used to be,' in chars-à-bancs that come winding up the impregnable military road from Cattaro and Ragusa, bringing them fresh from their comfortable steamers and trains. Here, if anywhere, you can see a Balkan state from which the charm has been driven, which does not lure you back again, and of which in the sultry cities of Europe the memory does not rise fragrant and humorous, a little sinister, but always cheerful. True Balkan lands call one back, and the call is peremptory, harsh as the brass bugles of their toy armies, but friendly, hospitable, and comforting.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT FASCISM

BY MAURICE BEDEL

I

You know it too well already from the photographs — that face with its frowning brow, its fiery glance, its firm-set jaw with lips tight closed on a brief and irrevocable command. It is a mask that says, 'We must be firm, we must be hard.' You run against it wherever you turn in Italy — in newspaper offices, tea rooms, barber shops, telephone booths, in the corner tobacco shop, and in the literary salon of Grazia Deledda. Its expression fairly haunts you. You wonder if he still wears it when he sleeps. But does he sleep? Even for minutes, does he ever put aside this rôle of a demigod propelled by a violent destiny?

I assure you that when he receives a Frenchman he is quite another person from the one in the portraits. I have seen him smile and heard him laugh; and then, I assure you, his features soften, his jaw relaxes, and he expresses himself with the gentlest voice imaginable, in a delicately modulated French that is almost like singing. No, he's not a man who spends his life in a gloomy palace checking off lists of victims, nor yet on a balcony haranguing black caps and tricolored banners in convulsive strains of oratory. He came forward to meet me, stepping lightly with almost a dance step, elbows out, shoulders poised, gliding across the carpet of his huge office with the grace of supple muscles and well-oiled joints. We met in front of a celestial globe which stood on the floor with its stars twinkling in the soft light of the room, and it was across the stars that Mussolini offered me his hand.

Everyone who has been received in that room in the Chigi Palace has spoken of the bareness of the work-table. Not a paper, not a memorandum on it. This man does not write: he speaks, he gives commands. Attentive young men receive his orders and execute them. When I complimented him on the youthful zeal of his ministers and secretaries, he said: 'Oh yes, the young men work and obey quite cheerfully.'

He is truly a prince of youth, this man sitting opposite me in his high-backed chair, a prince who is severe but is worshiped none the less, who is stern in his demands but finds them more than fulfilled. It is on youth that he depends, and to youth he gives his favors. This moulder of souls needs new, fresh wax, and the Italian women have taken it on themselves to provide it.

'But women,' I asked him, 'have they no other mission than to guarantee recruits for the future militia?'

'Women,' he answered in his singing voice, 'are meant to stay home and bear children.'

A phrase from the *Arte Fascista* came into my head: 'The Italian palaces of the future will be peopled with large families, the children bare and bronzed like Africans, while their mothers keep even into old age the steely eyes that express their invincible will to love and to create.' Undoubtedly many fair Romans have eyes the color of steel,

but the glances that they cast are only the tenderest.

Mussolini has waved love aside from his programme of regeneration: I mean the kind of love with its train of attendant excitements which the stage and the screen have taught us to know. When he uses the word 'romantic' you can catch a suggestion of sarcasm in his voice. He laughs with a big, quiet laugh, is silent a moment, then goes on: —

'Since I forbade the newspapers to write them up, there have been hardly any crimes of passion or romantic suicides in Italy. You know the Italian press is the freest in the world.'

'That's obvious, Monsieur le Président.'

'Well, in spite of that, I had to suppress my brother Arnoldo's paper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, because it ran a story about a crime of passion.'

Mussolini grows more animated; I have opened a subject that is very dear to him. In a few imaginative strokes he gives a picture of suicide as practised by the disappointed lovers. His agile hands move swiftly over the table; he seems to be arranging a tribute of flowers around the desperate woman — I can see the tuberoses, the freesias, the white lilies, I can smell their scent of death; and now I can recognize the flask of veronal . . .

'. . . And you can imagine,' he says, 'that a story like that encourages other women to go and do likewise.'

This pitiless man has declared war on romance. He scents it out and tracks it down. Lovers no longer dare to linger in the shadow of the Pincian. Hard-headed young men, severe in their black shirts, would find them and drive them out. In the Roman cinemas no caresses are exchanged, either on the screen or in the kindly darkness of the auditorium. There are more important things to be done in this Seventh Year of Fascism: the soul must be subdued, the heart made hard. Made hard for what struggles, I wonder.

'As a result,' I said, 'Rome is a sad and solemn place to stay in.'

'Rome,' the Duce replied, 'will become the most highly moral city in the world, the city where public life and the life of the streets will have the most superior tone. Rome is the capital of more than one hundred and fifty million men.'

('He's anticipating,' I said to myself. 'But with the Italian birth rate increasing as it is . . .')

'Of more than one hundred and fifty million Catholics,' he concluded. (This was a bit of statistics that would surely delight the Vatican.)

The real result is that Rome is a city where you rarely hear the sound of open laughter, never hear a ragamuffin whistling in the streets or a light-hearted passer-by singing. Do you even hear voices speaking loud and free? I feel very sure that in the days of the Popes life was considerably more amusing. This 'superior tone' that the Duce boasts has a strange resemblance to boredom.

Mussolini the anti-romanticist is also, whatever one may expect, anti-feminist. In that he appears to be caught in a contradiction. Either the tender nonsense of love is permitted to woman, so that she lacks the time and inclination to meddle with public matters, or else her heart is guided by her reason and the good of the State appears all-important to her. It is notorious that in the countries where feminism blows strongest, romance is in least favor.

'You are right,' Mussolini says, returning to the leitmotif of our conversation; 'but motherhood turns women away from the need to romanticize their lives.'

And so in his fine handwriting, faithfully reproduced in millions of copies,

he broadcasts over Italy Hegel's formula: 'No man is a man who is not a father.' (*Non e uomo chi non e padre.*)

And is this commander obeyed when he preaches virtue to his troops? I want to believe so, because there is no topic in the Italian press so popular as the immorality of the neighboring countries, and he who points a finger at his neighbor's faults proclaims that he himself is spotless. Has Italy, then, become the gloomy repository of all the virtues? Above a land grown suddenly cold the sky remains too soft and fair to allow me to be convinced. But one could easily believe it if one reasoned from the particular to the general — from Mussolini to those who hear and obey him.

It is not to be denied that this man sitting before me is an exemplar of virtue in a city where so many emperors before him have surrendered to the facile temptations of victory. His worst enemies will not gainsay his forthright courage or his fine indifference to worldly goods, which always astonishes those who confuse power with avarice. For all his leisure he is known to have only his horse, his violin, or his rapid motor in which he rides across country on the fine straight roads which he is so proud to have provided for his people. That is the sort of leisure that appeals to him. Compounded of vigor and suppleness, able to master a horse or draw song from a violin, he can rouse a crowd to frenzy with his words or charm a visiting Frenchman with the gracefulness of his manners. That is the secret of his success and the gauge of his permanence.

As he appeared to me, Mussolini seems set to rule indefinitely. He has given his people the proud belief that they are regenerating Europe, and the will to sacrifice themselves for this belief. But how long will this leader, whom I addressed democratically as 'Monsieur le Président,' content himself with a title that sets bounds to his greatness? One perceives in him reserves of energy which horseback riding may not sufficiently tax. If he ends by wearying of his victory, that is only the common fate of victors. But if his troops grow tired of the inaction which an orderly Italy imposes, that will be something more serious.

So I listen to Mussolini's gentle voice talking to me of friendship, while my ears still ring with the death threats shouted last night under the windows of my countrymen by impatient youths who called on their chief for *action.*

II

A good housekeeper plans her menus with an eye to her family's health and tastes. Likewise the editors of Italian newspapers offer a daily fare designed to keep their readers in perpetual good spirits. As hors-d'œuvre, if I may say so, they serve up France — and they do not spare the pepper and vinegar. That is the everyday menu. For special occasions France becomes the *pièce de résistance;* once in a while it comes on as salad or dessert, but always there is some dish or other of Frenchman. Evidently we appeal to our neighbors' palates for gustatory qualities not supplied by Englishmen or Germans or even Jugoslavs. In short, we make a first-rate feature, bring in a steady clientele; and certain houses like the *Impero*, the *Tevere*, and the *Brillante* draw their greatest success from serving this specialty.

All this is to be taken with a grain of salt. I am eager to believe that our Italian friends as a whole are not deceived by the appearance of these dishes. The very excess of seasoning must make them suspicious of their quality. Nevertheless, and no matter

how skeptical its victims may remain, bad cooking always ends by affecting the stomach, poisoning the blood, and spoiling the disposition. This accounts for the fact that during my recent visit to Rome I often felt that the friendliness extended to me was touched with a silent resentment or a sort of secret reserve.

Forgetting as far as possible its political bearing, I have tried to find the reason for this. I believe I have discovered it in the Italians' ignorance of the true feelings which we Frenchmen hold toward them. Not long ago I heard an excited crowd of youths calling our representatives to account for a verdict brought by a Parisian jury; I saw our flag trampled on, placards carried through the streets insulting and threatening France, our innocent students at the Villa Medici spat at and called from their quiet pursuit of beauty with cries of vengeance. But these insults and threats proffered by adolescents made me think more of the antics of my own university days than of any deep-seated popular indignation. The public in the streets watched the demonstrations unmoved; street-car conductors and taxi drivers let the youths surge past without daring to interfere. And the only real victims of these disorders were the algebra, geography, and history that the young people left behind with an easy conscience while they ran through the Corso shouting their insults at France. I myself, caught in the unconcerned crowd in the Piazza Colonna, watched the parade go by without feeling anything more serious than curiosity.

How did it happen that I could hear my country insulted without plunging in with both fists against these bad boys? Simply because I could not take them seriously, because I said to myself, 'It's just a little attack of spleen, and will soon be over,' as I should have spoken of a small brother's toothache. But in holding this very frame of mind, keeping my usual placid temper, and telling my Italian friends how unconcerned I had felt all through these agitated days, I unconsciously touched the sorest point in their quarrel with us. 'You don't take us seriously,' they say. 'You don't realize at all the moral and material power of the new Italy. You underrate us — you must learn to know us better.'

That is one of their principal grievances. What are the others?

It is hard to make the Italians understand that we do not openly favor the anti-Fascist activities that are carried on in France. Recent incidents such as the clumsy and apparently prejudiced verdict of a French jury, the political murders committed on French territory by Italians against Italians, quantities of little daily happenings which pass unnoticed at home but are enlarged upon and broadcasted by the Italian press, all tend to confirm them in this error. Our inaction, they say, is the proof of our complicity.

'Drive our enemies out of your country,' they kept telling me. 'That will give us a proof of the friendship that your ministers are always talking about when they come to inaugurate a border station or dedicate a statue to Petrarch. Otherwise what good does it do us?'

'But France is a country where we still respect the law of hospitality.'

'All right; but make your visitors respect it too. Forbid their newspapers to appear, their committees to meet, their orators to speak, and their partisans to kill our partisans.'

I have heard this kind of talk almost everywhere — even from writers, doctors, scholars, artists, people who can be counted upon for a certain independence of spirit. They seem to have given their allegiance to the Fascist

régime voluntarily; their admiration for the head of the government has all the appearance of sincerity, and if they make reservations about his immediate followers, it is only to increase their praise for his personal qualities.

'What!' they say to me. 'Don't you prefer our government to yours?'

'It's not easy for me to sacrifice my liberty.'

'Liberty?' one of them will answer. 'What does that mean to you?' And he smiles maliciously. I can foresee the case he is going to make out: our parliamentary system, with the bad people making the laws for the good. . . . His tone of voice when he talks of our politicians is eloquent.

It is among the young people, naturally, that you encounter the most ardent admiration for Mussolini. Their words often border on a sort of mystic worship. What they said often made me think of Salvation Army preachers — or would have done so but for their expressive faces and lively gestures and the swift fluency of their speech, which was always there to remind me that this was the land of Boccaccio.

Among these solemn young people, orderly and determined, we French are regarded as frivolous, coarse, and dissolute. When I gently protest that virtue is still to be found in France, sprouting as free as violets in spring, my contradictors unfold their newspapers and proceed to show me the evidence. It must be confessed that our poor France has sunk very low. A Parisian banker is cited in bankruptcy: evidently French finance is rotten through and through. Our Minister of Labor, Public Health, and Security has caught cold: of course, he spends all his nights on Montmartre. A road worker is killed in Syria in an encounter with the police: that's the kind of civilization France is offering the Near East!

I was saying that all the harm comes out of the newspapers, and that bad cooking finally tells on the best of stomachs. The Italians complain that we do not understand them; but how badly they understand us! Yet the desire for good will is just as sincere on both sides. I can even say that I find something spontaneous and hearty in the friendship they offer us that no other races can make us feel quite so strongly. I myself was welcomed by them, fêted, honored, and covered with kindnesses so fine and moving that I am forced to believe they were intended for my country rather more than for me. They are aware of all the literary and artistic currents of France. Our authors are read in Rome, Milan, Turin, Florence, Naples, their works are talked about, studied in the literary circles, criticized in the journals. But what do we know about Italian authors? What do we do for them? There are other writers in Italy besides d'Annunzio and Pirandello.

I remember one of those evenings in Rome when a group of my friends were trying to find the cure for the irritation between our two countries.

'You must give more recognition to the greatness and beauty of our work,' they told me.

'I should like to,' I answered. 'But you must let us dance our own little jig without criticizing our music.'

It was a beautiful night and we decided to go and watch the moon rise through the cypresses of the Appian Way. A light carriage quickly took us there. The Campagna was bathed in a vast serenity. We said nothing, but our silence established a sort of sympathy between us.

'Oh,' exclaimed one of my friends who did not wear the Fascist insignia in his lapel, 'how good it would be to be good friends.'

I clasped his hand and there were

tears in our eyes. We knew that we were kept apart more by ideas than by feelings, that our hearts beat in harmony, and that there was no real breach between us.

III

After spending more than a fortnight in Rome, one feels the need of going out into the fields and breathing the country air. In the city the political atmosphere keeps your spirits in a sort of oppression which soon gives you, like any other prisoner, a craving to escape.

It was one of those November mornings of Italy that are washed in the softest of sunlight when I left gloomy Rome behind me and set out for the little town of Orvieto. My imagination and the eloquence of the Blue Guide held it before me as an infinitely precious and distinguished pearl set by the hand of God and the splendor of the Popes on a hilltop terraced with abundant vineyards. I was looking forward, as soon as the train pulled out, to all the joys of escape — I wanted to run from one window to the other, lean out in spite of all the warnings, hold my face full-front to the cinders and the joyful impact of the open air. These hopes were effectively dashed, however, by the presence in the corridors of the sinister militiamen who patrol back and forth from one platform to the other, peering into each compartment with a look of disturbing curiosity. In the corridor they brush past you so close that the butts of their revolvers play a tune on your ribs; and, since the word 'Pardon' has been scratched from the Fascist vocabulary, they tread on your toes without your knowing whether to take it as an accident or a threat. So it is better to stay seated. And I did so.

The fast express for Florence sped at its thirty-five miles an hour along the muddy channel of the Tiber. Watching the loamy fields of the *ager romanus*, now worked by long-horned water buffalo, now by women bent over heavy hoes, I had the feeling that the same silent and wholly disciplined activity reigned here that had struck me in the streets of Rome. Not that there were many people in these fields, but the workers that I saw gave me the impression of fulfilling a duty rather than merely doing a job. I remembered the phrase that the Italian post office includes in its postmark on letters: *E'l dovere di tutti gli agricoltori italiani contribuire alla vittoria del grano.* ('It is the duty of every Italian farmer to contribute to the victory of the grain.') This order, this call, seemed to have been heard by men, women, and children working the land, and they were answering it with great good will.

But I was recalled from this sight and the pastoral fancies into which it was leading me by the singular conversation going on just then between my fellow travelers in the compartment. They were two large men of easy-going appearance, well dressed, and wearing the Fascist insignia in their buttonholes. One of them was a senator, and he addressed his companion with the title of *Commendatore*, or Captain. They had exhausted the morning papers, exchanged with each other the *Popolo d'Italia*, the *Tribuna*, the *Impero;* and now they were exchanging ideas. The commendatore had a generous vocabulary: words like *putrefazione*, *ministero rubatore*, and *scandali* recurred frequently; and these putrefactions and scandals referred to France — there could be no doubt of it. The senator nodded his head in reply or shook it with an expression of doleful despair; he dropped in a phrase or two that echoed with a funereal ring, and it was evident that he considered France

to be in a very bad way and was much affected by it. But the other rubbed his hands and went on saying '. . . *scandali* . . . *putrefazione* . . .'

This dialogue continued all the time I was in the train. Far from irritating me, it taught me a salutary lesson.

'Here's a senator and some sort of lawyer,' I said to myself, 'in a country where people have a passion for talking politics, yet they do not dare to discuss the acts of their own government in a public railway train, for fear a man in a black shirt will come and join in the conversation in a not too respectful manner. They find an outlet for their suppressed passion in criticizing the politics of their neighbors. It has no importance at all: it's just a sort of mental game, an oratorical tilt.' And I resumed my train of rural fancies until we reached Orvieto.

The countryside of Orvieto is scented with licorice. The Umbrians, like the Tuscans, — perhaps others also, only I did not go to see, — have a way of making fodder by storing it up for years, packing it down, letting it simmer quietly under the basting of winter rains and the slow cooking of the summer sun; it becomes thoroughly mixed and solid, and ends by forming a marvelous cake of grain, cornflowers, thistles, and marguerites, which is fed out to the animals in slices cut off with a saw. And it is this grass pudding that gives the air you breathe around Orvieto the scent of a sprig of spice.

I was so taken with these odors that I wandered from farm to farm and from vineyard to vineyard until I found myself far away from the base of the rock where, like the tabernacle on the altar, in its gilt and mosaic coating, sits the cathedral that I had come to visit. I strolled along paths that were full of the unexpected, climbing slopes and turning corners according to their whim along the flank of the Umbrian hills. Everything in this Franciscan landscape told of the beneficence of love, the delights of charity. Hedges of brush and tall grasses growing high and close together sheltered the vineyards from the mountain winds; mulberries were planted to give shade to the young artichokes; the brook ran by to refresh the mulberries; and to make the charitable path of the brook less difficult, the hillside sloped at an accommodating angle. Birds flew about overhead, settled down upon a stalk, uttered a little whistle and darted to another stalk. At every turn I expected to come upon Saint Francis, with Brother Leo, Brother Bernard, or Brother Masseo, the converted Wolf of Gubbio, or the tame turtledoves. Them I did not meet, but as I was passing near an old chapel lost among olives I ran against a group of young people going toward the town. They took up the full width of the path, and as each one carried a large green umbrella under one arm, using the other to gesticulate with, the space for me to pass them in was somewhat confined. They paid no attention to the strait I was in and pushed roughly past me along their way, talking, as nearly as I could make out, of movies and farm machinery.

Whereupon I promptly emerged from my Franciscan dream. The bushes became bushes just like any others, the brook watered the mulberries because it could not do otherwise, and the obliging angle of the slope meant nothing to the brook.

I could see other groups of men with green umbrellas mounting the winding road toward the gates of Orvieto. As the day was waning and the country no longer held its charm for me, I turned about and followed them up the road to the little town.

From the hotel keeper in the Piazza Garibaldi I learned that there was to be a traveling movie that evening,

given by the Luce (L'Unione Cinematografica Educativa). The people of the district were invited to come for distraction and for instruction — distraction from the need of going to look for jobs in the cities, and instruction in the policies of the new régime, with its beauties, its benefits, and the latest discoveries of agricultural mechanics and chemistry. The municipal band was to help in the evening's entertainment.

I was struck with admiration for Mussolini's effectiveness, his keen sense of the moment, his awareness of the people's needs, and that creative will of his which for seven years has worked untiringly to improve and develop the work he undertook at the beginning. This Luce, for example, was his own conception: it was he who gave it in a very few months its tremendous development, strictly along the lines of popular education, social and intellectual; and it was he who wisely turned it over to younger men, fired with enthusiasm for their important task — to such men as Alessandro Sardi, receptive as he is to all that pertains to the arts, the sciences, politics, and on whose lips the word 'progress' is daily reëndowed with its old magic.

There was something beautiful about this slow progression of the people up from the fields toward the silver screen of the Luce. Along the same paths where their forebears had followed the Poverello and harkened to his mystic counsel, these fellows were moving toward the light of modernity. Miracles, whether Heaven-sent or earthly, will always win the enthusiasm of the masses. And indeed there was something miraculous about this motor truck charged with electricity which came to present to these dwellers of the Umbrian hills the living image of the New God and the truly moving pictures of his gospel. To-night they would be shown the parable of the good Italian grain, the marvelous story of the plough that works by itself, and those promised lands of the future held out to the faithful: Tunis, Albania, Corsica.

Through the Porta Cassia and the Porta Maggiore, little bands of men of all ages were flowing into the narrow and trafficless streets of the old town. Their buttonholes did not bear the *fascio*, but their manners were more expressive of their secret convictions than the little enamel badge, which has always been held somewhat suspect outside of the cities.

Observing their serious and determined faces, I understood that the country, too, had been touched by the grace of Fascism, that these people were somehow conscious of the solemn purpose which their chief had imposed on them, and that their children in turn would grow to be men.

So I walked on through the darkness toward the station, the local musicians sounding in my ears the light and laughing Fascist hymn, *Giovinezza*, which expresses — in spite of the austere uses to which it has been put — the true spirit of a race devoted to music and the dance.

IV

It is not at Naples that you should look for little girls marching military fashion or old gentlemen bowing to each other with the sweeping Roman gesture. March time is made impossible by the badly fitted lava blocks of the pavements, and the graceful gesture is hindered by the human hurly-burly of the streets. Perhaps there are other reasons, too.

It goes without saying that I am speaking of the old Naples, the true Naples, the Naples of the Bourbons, with its conglomeration of palaces, churches, and tenements along streets

so dark and narrow that they seem like underground passages, streets in which six or seven hundred thousand mortals come and go, singing, crying, shouting, laughing, enjoying, and despairing. This is where you will find Naples, not on the famous colored postcard sent by a traveling friend. This is Naples with its variegated past, its tumultuous present, with its cloisters of majolica and its sidewalk fish stalls, its tombs of the Angevin kings and its shops of the coffin merchants.

And is this Naples Fascist? Do these people belong to the faithful — these vegetable peddlers with voices like Caruso, these impresarios of ten-sou puppet shows, these vendors of sacred relics sitting in their anatomical shops, the walls bedecked with arms and legs, round bellies and flat chests, all warranted of silver? Does anyone know? Here is a city that has belonged to all the world, to the Greeks, the Romans, the Normans, Germans, and Angevins, the Spanish, the Austrians, and the French, yet has always remained itself. What can we know about it?

Mussolini has said: 'Fascism brings a kind of style into the lives of the people; it gives them a line of conduct that has color, force, picturesqueness, the quality of the unexpected, and the quality of mysticism — in fact, everything that matters to the soul of the masses.'

The Neapolitans are not interested in that kind of style. They carry with them their color and their picturesqueness; they show no taste for the exactions of force; and they know too well, from being surrounded with more or less extinct volcanoes, that no good is to be expected of the unexpected. And as for mysticism, they have private views on that score which are worth pausing over.

In Naples Fascism has found a formidable adversary: God. The God of the Neapolitans is kindly and familiar. He walks the streets in the garb of a monk; he is easy in his ways and helpful, always ready to comfort the unfortunate, cure the scrofula, and offer consolation for a broken heart. He runs a bureau of charity in each of his three hundred and fifty churches, and he never takes a vacation. The Virgin works at his side in the guise of a good Sister. For assistants he has a crowd of famous saints. In addition he has set up countless first-aid stations: there 's not a street corner or a public square without its miracle-working image, adorned with flowers and lights, to offer its services to the ailing and the outcast. He knows how to hold his people, too. No frowning brows for him, no rolling eyeballs or thrusting out of jaw. He too has his militiamen, but they do not go about in black shirts with revolvers in their belts. They wear burlap gowns and their wide sleeves are full of scapularies and holy medals.

The god of the young Romans cries: 'We must be firm, we must be hard!' The God of the Neapolitans is not Nietzschean: he is Franciscan. I think the people of Naples are more inclined to follow the latter than the former. The slow procession suits them better than the military march.

See how they all go strolling in the streets, helter-skelter, eyes peering, ears alert, sniffing up the wind, hunting whatever offers itself in the way of a free show — a hurdy-gurdy turning out a waltz, a whiff of frying that will lead to a good meal. They are a lovable lot, and if you mix among them and follow them it is rarely that they will fail to lead you to some street corner where a friendly fight enlivens the scene, or a band of serenaders sings to the sun, moon, and stars. Their laugh is contagious, their carefree ways make you

hopeful. And when you return to the gloomy region of hotels and tourist agencies, silent and deserted, you take with you a splendid harvest of new vigor, a few extra fleas, and some counterfeit five-lira notes in your pocket.

Naples claims the most musical origin in the world: its cradle was a siren's tomb. Music flows through it like the blood in our veins. Going up on the heights of the Castle of St. Elmo, and listening to the hum of the huge city, you hear it as a song made up from the voices of children, the chiming of bells, the calls of peddlers, the horns of autos, and the plaints of Barbary organs, with the sound of the sea as a muted accompaniment. It is completely pervaded with music, which rises up to you as a synthesis of the griefs and joys, desires and delights, of a vibrant, passionate, and sensuous people.

Will the Puritans from Rome succeed in suppressing all this joy of living? It appears that they are not seriously trying; for Naples they have introduced a special kind of Fascism. 'We play all the strings of the lyre,' Mussolini has said — 'the violent, the religious, the artistic, the political.' It is clear that violence would remain ineffective here. So they are playing the good fellow instead. They have washed and scrubbed the boulevards of the newer quarter, but have left supreme in the little streets of the old city those odors of burning charcoal, melted cheese, and rotten tomatoes without which a Neapolitan would not feel at home. On the heights of Vomero they have built fine buildings with running water and free light and air, but they have not demolished any of the pest-ridden hovels where a prodigiously fecund race is born and reared and dies, and where the nightly slumbers are enjoyed by families of eight or ten children, with mother, father, boys, and girls all breathing the same narrow air under the eye of a Madonna feebly lighted by an oxygen-burning lamp.

'Are you a Fascist?' I asked a young Neapolitan of middle class.

'I am, violently,' he answered.

'And by that you mean —'

'That I'm crazy about football, swimming, and motor boats.'

'And is your city Fascist?'

'Is it! What a question! Just come and see for yourself to-morrow at the Villa Nazionale.'

Next morning my curiosity and my expectation of seeing one of those demonstrations that the new Italy is so fond of led me in good season toward the charming public garden near the water front. But I was vigorously prevented from getting very near by the strict militiamen who guarded all the approaches. Besides, I could hear a sound of violent explosions rapidly repeated which gave the impression that this peaceful spot was witnessing a battle of machine guns and grenades. After many detours I reached the Villa Nazionale. There, in one of the world's most beautiful landscapes, and under the eyes of a hundred or so gaping spectators, two dozen motor cyclists were competing in speed tests, fighting for the inside track, passing and repassing each other, and sending up an infernal racket.

'Well,' my friend called out when he spotted me, 'how's that for a sight? You were looking for a Fascist show, and there you have it.'

He explained to me that this was a championship race, that there was a cup, that the thing went on for two whole days, that they were fighting for the honor of Naples, and that I must stay there until the end to see the city's colors triumph. I had to do some rather clever acting to keep my face with this enthusiast.

That day and the following, a whole

section of Naples was dedicated to speed and the open throttle.

On the evening of the following day, when the noisy circuit had been interrupted, a chance stroll brought me back to that vicinity. The wind from the sea had cleared away the fumes. The thousand lights of Posilipo were twinkling in the distance. Floating sparks seemed to glide over the unseen waters of the bay; for it was the hour when the Neapolitans go fishing with lanterns.

Just then, in the silence of the mild winter night, the sound of a mandolin arose.

'Naples is still Naples,' I told myself. 'And Italy still has a place for dreaming.'

V

The last few days of my stay in Italy were spent at Ravello, above the Gulf of Salerno. There, among laden orange trees and blossoming Japanese medlars, far from the pomp of Rome and the sputter of Naples, one can meditate on the new Italy. From the rock on which the town is built, a thousand feet up from the sea, you look out upon a horizon of bare mountains and fruitful orchards, craggy bays and wild valleys, a view so vast and of such impressive aspect that you are exalted and invigorated by it. I could hardly have hoped for a better observation post from which to start exploring Italy, or one that would make it easier for me to overcome my prejudices. I set out on a fine December afternoon, vibrant with light and touched with the delicate scent of lingering roses and early violets.

In the distance the charming town of Salerno went peacefully about its business of noodles and cotton. At my feet, on the dark sand of the little beaches bordering the bay, golden scaffolds of macaroni were drying in the sun. Some fishermen were dragging a loaded seine ashore, surrounded with impatient and noisy boys. To shelter their orange crop from the coolness of the night, the people of Maiori were covering it with branches of dry leaves. Round about me, near each of the little white cottages scattered over the slopes of the mountain, workers were busy turning up their fields, seeding them, smoking the trunks of their olive trees, or leading their goats to pasture. There did not seem to be a corner of this earth, arid as it appeared, which was not made productive by the tricks of fertilizing and the wonders of human patience.

And to think of all that has been said and written about the laziness of the South Italians! Those who still cherish that old platitude from their albums of ready-made ideas will do well to travel about in the country near Naples and see the orchards that have been won back so often and with such pains from the lava, or the orange groves of the coast of Salerno, gained foot by foot and terrace by terrace from the rock. There are fine examples here of what can be accomplished by the stubborn toil and ingenuity of the Campanians. The fact that they work with a song on their lips does not mean that they work less well.

Sitting at a turn in the path, between the roots of an ancient olive, I had abandoned myself to such thoughts as these when a young girl came by, carrying on her head a heavy basket of loam. She was pale and beautiful, with the pallor that belongs to a people nourished on pasty foods, and with the beauty that Lamartine immortalized in Graziella.

'*Buona sera*,' she greeted me.

And she went on, smiling under her burden, to which her graceful bearing gave the air of a sacred offering. Presently I saw her dump it out in a

tiny niche between two rocks on the mountainside. During the time that I remained there she made several trips, and by the end of an hour her tirelessness had turned a sterile spot into a foothold for another olive tree. You could say of her that she had added to her native land.

Watching her work, I felt myself carried away toward the north, toward Rome and Florence and Milan. I thought of this corner of Europe where a whole race of people, inspired with the beauty of their labor, were busy seeking to make their country greater; all of them, like this girl of Ravello, giving to this noble task the slow and determined effort of their daily toil. I thought of the Duce and his scorn for idealists and dreamers and builders of Utopias. I thought of the ardent youths who for seven years have tirelessly worked to improve themselves and their country, on the moral plane and on the practical, with a perseverance and a faith in the outcome that are very impressive to the observer. Such is their confidence in their chief that they have given up to him liberty itself, the liberty that we French consider the highest good. Is this a sign, as many good people choose to believe, that the character of the race has degenerated? That question should not be asked of an Italian: as well ask a Benedictine if he does not think he has been degraded by subscribing to the rule of Saint Benedict.

A willingly accepted discipline, in spite of appearances, keeps the spirits high. Fascist Italy is under Mussolini's orders as a football team is under the orders of its captain.

We are quick to judge that a country is not free if, when we travel in a train, we cannot light a cigarette in a compartment marked 'No smoking,' and cannot put our feet up on the seats. This is the point of view that makes the Frenchman so ill at ease when he travels in Italy — not that he finds any systematic pleasure in breaking rules, but that he does not enjoy being called to order for trifles by a guard armed to the teeth. The good nature of our gendarmes does more for French law and order than strictness or brutality would.

But we have done business with liberty for a very long time; she's an old connection of ours. We know what we can take and what we must leave: we are not of these younger peoples whose heads are turned by her like a schoolboy with his first cigarette. Liberty does not play tricks on us as she has on the Italians; so we do not feel the need of getting rid of her, whereas Italy has acclaimed her disappearance and does not ask for her return.

'Fascism cannot be transplanted outside of Italy,' Mussolini has said. Certainly it is in its proper setting there; it is there that it has its greatness and its beauty. There also, perhaps, it has its necessity.

But when a Frenchman leaves Italy after a visit of several weeks and crosses the border into France, tell me if the air does not suddenly seem to flow more easily into his lungs, and if he is not suddenly seized with a desire, just for the fun of it, to march up and down in the corridors of the train, from which the armed guards have finally disappeared. Tell me if he does not at once hunt up a fellow passenger and start a conversation in which he can criticize — out loud and to his heart's content — the policy of Monsieur Poincaré, and run down his own government without fear of exile or deportation.

Tell me if he is not delighted to be a Frenchman.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

'Revolution is a storm, sweeping aside everything that stands in its path.' So reads the present-day inscription on the former building of the Moscow City Council. And the Bolshevist revolution, which to some classes brought an exhilarating, intoxicating consciousness of emancipation and new-found power, for others has meant bitter suffering and profound disillusionment.

To be uprooted and displaced by a social upheaval to which one is indifferent or hostile (the fate of the old Russian aristocracy and bourgeoisie) is, of course, painful and disconcerting to the persons affected. But to be swept aside by a revolutionary storm which one regarded, in anticipation, with sympathy, or even helped to raise (the fate of the Russian radical and liberal intelligentsia) — here is surely material both for tragedy and for irony. Madame Roland, guillotined by her revolutionary associates of yesterday and dying with her last bitter apostrophe to liberty on her lips, is a figure of more historical dramatic pathos than Marie Antoinette, who perhaps wondered up to the last why the people, if short of bread, did not resort to cake. And to-day the Russian intellectual who formerly considered himself a revolutionary, who perhaps experienced prison or exile or persecution under the Tsar, but who now finds the Soviet experiment in building up socialism something quite alien, is a more tragic, if less spectacular, figure than the former prince who has become a chauffeur or the prerevolutionary countess who may be selling cigarettes.

Generalities are always dangerous, and most of all in dealing with a class. It would be quite exaggerated to lump the whole pre-war intelligentsia together as out of sympathy with the Soviet régime. One finds some old university students and graduates in the ranks of the Communist Party. Another and larger part of the former educated and propertied classes, while not Communist in outlook or party affiliation, is outspoken in its support of the Soviet Government, on the ground that it represents the best, indeed the only, system of organized administration which Russia can hope to enjoy at the present time and that it is the duty of scientists and professional men, in any case, to devote their best efforts to the service of their country, regardless of what government may be in power. And, of course, not every educated man in pre-war Russia was in favor of a revolutionary upheaval. Among the highly paid engineers and more prosperous specialists generally, conservatism and tepid liberalism were the most common tendencies, so far as they took an interest in politics at all.

But, making full allowance for these facts, the number of intellectuals who fifteen or twenty years ago would certainly have counted themselves among the opponents of the Tsarist system, and who to-day are skeptical and negative in their reaction to the Soviet

structure, is large enough to call for explanation. The history of the revolutionary movement in Russia during the nineteenth century coincided very closely with the progress of Russian enlightenment. The leaders of the Dekabristi were poets and philosophers, men who had been touched by the double liberating influence of Western culture and the French Revolution. A very large number of the Narodniki, the revolutionaries of the latter half of the century, were men and women of high education; not a few of them acquired distinction as scientists or linguists even after they had been banished to the most inhospitable wastes of the Tsarist Empire. The early leadership of all the modern revolutionary parties, including the Bolsheviki, was largely recruited from the intelligentsia. The question naturally arises: what produced the schism between the Revolution, in the form which it finally assumed, and the majority of the Russian intelligentsia, the class which certainly contributed more than any other to the awakening of conscious revolutionary spirit in the masses?

Everyone will answer this question according to his own class sympathies and predilections. The orthodox Communist answer, an answer that has now crystallized and become stereotyped in dozens of books and plays, is that the prerevolutionary intelligentsia (its small Communist minority, of course, excepted) was a wavering, irresolute class of people, radical in words rather than in deeds, and bound to prove impotent and unreliable under the test of revolutionary crisis. The working class, according to this point of view, captured and held power in spite of the timidity and sabotage of the intelligentsia. One of its chief tasks now is to forge its own intelligentsia, its own class of doctors, engineers, teachers, fully in sympathy with the new social order.

The unreconciled intellectual would argue that neither the ideal nor the material conditions of the new society, as envisaged by the pioneer Russian revolutionaries, are realized in the Soviet Union. He would repudiate the idea that in failing to participate actively in the Bolshevist revolution he had been untrue to his former principles.

Each of these answers has its elements of truth; neither, I think, contains the whole truth.

Some of the pre-war Russian intelligentsia, as anyone familiar with the writings of Turgenev and Chekhov must recognize, had more than the average human being's share of spiritual flabbiness. Some of the Communist methods of getting and keeping power are more easily defensible on grounds of practical expediency than on those of moral idealism. But the fundamental explanation for the deep rift between the revolutionary order in Russia and the class which, a generation ago, prided itself on its revolutionism lies outside the peculiar qualities either of the intelligentsia or of the Communists; it is to be sought rather in the very nature, the inevitable nature, of the Russian revolutionary process.

II

Probably the best picture of the poignant tragedy of the intelligentsia in the period of the Russian civil war, a picture that is all the more true and convincing because it reflects some of the author's own experiences, is to be found in the novel, *V Tupike*, by V. V. Veresaev, which has been translated into English under the title, *The Deadlock*. The novel is prefaced by the beautiful lines from the *Divina Commedia* in which Dante depicts the plight of the angels who were neutral in the struggle between God and Satan, and who were, consequently, rejected

by Heaven and not accepted by Hell. The fate of these angels is the fate of all moderates in historical clashes of extremes; it was certainly the fate of the Russian intelligentsia.

The heroine of Veresaev's novel, Katya, with her father, Ivan Ilyitch, an old doctor whose radical and humanitarian ideas have often brought him into conflict with the Tsarist authorities, lives through the Revolution in a village on the southern shore of the Crimean peninsula. A feeble anti-Soviet government is overthrown in the early part of the book, and most of the action occurs while the village is under Soviet control. There is a brief episode of White restoration at the end.

Old Ivan Ilyitch is consistently anti-Bolshevist; he will not compromise by one iota his two chief dogmas, sanctity of human life and freedom of speech, neither of which is much respected by a revolution in the making. But Katya, younger, more impressionable, and receptive to new ideas, wavers, as many honest Russian intellectuals must have wavered, during the tortuous course of the civil war. She feels the mass strength of the Revolution, she can see its beautiful and heroic side as well as its excesses and cruelties. She admires and sympathizes with her sister Vera, a Communist of the most devoted and self-sacrificing type, who is never so happy as when she lays down her life before the rifles of a White firing squad.

But whenever Katya feels impelled to take her stand definitely on the Communist side (she never cherishes seriously the idea of joining the Whites, with their thinly veiled programme of political and social reaction) some new extreme of the ruthless civil class war drives her back to a position of neutrality. And in the end she goes away and disappears, 'no one knows where.'

Veresaev once told me that some of his Communist friends urged him to alter the ending and make Katya, in the last account, turn Communist. But he adhered to his own climax, which is not only psychologically more true and convincing, but more symbolic of the actual reaction of the Russian intelligentsia to the Revolution.

One can scarcely read *V Tupike* without feeling that Katya's experience is more than a reflection of the tragedy of the class to which she belonged, of the people who desired and worked for a revolution and then could not accept it when it came. It is a projection of a world-tragic theme: the invariable gulf between human aspiration and human realization. One of the most illuminating passages in the book is an argument between Katya and her cousin Leonid, who is himself an active Communist. Katya points bitterly to the contrast between some of the abuses of the new Soviet régime and the ideals which she and Leonid, as hunted revolutionaries under the Tsarist régime, had both cherished. And Leonid's reply — convincing, I think, to one's logic, if not to one's feelings — was much to the following effect: The early Russian revolutionary movement was the handiwork of a small number of people of exceptional moral and intellectual idealism, many of whom broke directly with selfish personal and class interests for the sake of their conceptions of justice and liberty. It is obviously impossible to expect that the standards of such a movement, condemned to practical failure by the small number of its participants, will be preserved when the revolution passes from theory and romantic ineffectual personal exploits of individuals into the stage of action, deriving most of its explosive force from the feelings of hatred and revenge that awaken in classes which are rising against long oppression.

This touches one of the most difficult psychological problems of the Russian

Revolution, and, indeed, of every big movement that has its first conscious direction in a band of enthusiastic idealists, conquers masses through the fervor of their conviction, and then finds itself threatened with deterioration because its quantitative growth has exceeded its qualitative extension. Even the most impractical intellectual of Chekhov's or Turgenev's imagination would probably shrink from the *reductio ad absurdum* involved in the proposition that the revolutionary movement should remain 'pure' by remaining isolated and thereby condemning itself to the fate that overtook the Dekabristi and the Narodniki: the best leaders on the scaffold or in exile and the Tsar still firmly on his throne.

Yet even the most convinced Communist, granting that he be sincere and intelligent, can scarcely fail to be painfully struck at times by the abuses committed in the name of Communism, largely as a result of the penetration of such huge organizations as the Communist Party, the Union of Communist Youth, the trade-unions, and the Soviet officialdom, by corrupt and careerist elements.

The difference between the Leonids and the Katyas, between the sincere Communists and the doubting intellectuals, in actual life comes largely down to this. The Communists, absorbed in intense personal activity and confident of the ultimate triumph of their cause, regard the abuses as things which will sooner or later be overcome or outlived, whereas the instinctive attitude of the intellectual is much more skeptical.

This touches another element in the tragedy of the Russian intelligentsia. A basic doctrine of Communism is justification by works, or rather, perhaps, by work. If one were required to name the dominant characteristic of the active Communist or of the nonparty man or woman who is whole-heartedly absorbed in some branch of Soviet or trade-union or coöperative work, one would probably say boundless, restless energy and activity. Passive and reflective by training and temperament, the typical old-fashioned intellectual is as ill adjusted to this sort of life as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, would be to the atmosphere of a noisily and consciously growing American Mid-Western town. Quite possibly against his own will he is stranded and isolated from the main currents of the bubbling, boiling, new Russian life. He turns to such inconspicuous clerical work as he may obtain, and finds expression and a certain measure of consolation by exchanging with his acquaintances the latest 'anecdote,' or satirical joke.

These anecdotes are a constant source of amusement to the classes of the population which cannot be reckoned among the enthusiastic admirers of the new order of things. Originating in the most obscurely anonymous sources, they pass rapidly from mouth to mouth, and are almost as quickly forgotten and superseded by new ones. Curiously enough many Communists repeat these products of contraband humor with evident relish; more than one of those which I append here came to me from party members in good standing. To the earnest Communist the telling of an occasional anecdote perhaps brings the same sense of relief and relaxation which the believer in the mediæval Church experienced when he was permitted, on certain occasions, to indulge in frolicsome mockery of the most solemn rites and doctrines. The following little series of these stories illustrates their general character: —

A prominent Soviet official is haranguing a group of workers, who complain that they are inadequately supplied with clothes. The official tries to console them by declaring that other races, notably the American Indians,

wore much less. Whereupon an old worker remarks: 'Well, they probably had the Soviet system much longer.'

Three men — a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Jew — are sentenced by some revolutionary tribunal to be executed. They are asked to state their last wishes. The Frenchman asks for a bottle of champagne; the Russian pleads to be inscribed as a member of the Communist Party. This extraordinary request arouses some amazement, and the Russian clarifies it by adding, 'So that there may be one less scoundrel in the world when I am dead.' The Jew puts in a request for a dish of strawberries. 'But it's winter, and there are no strawberries,' he is told. 'Well, I can wait,' is his rejoinder.

A Nepman, or private trader, goes to a store and asks for pictures which he may display in the window of his shop to prove that he is a loyal Soviet citizen. Portraits of Rykov, Kalinin, and the whole Council of Peoples' Commissars fail to attract him, but he brightens up when he sees the picture of Lenin lying dead in the state tomb. 'Could n't you show me a picture of the whole Council of Peoples' Commissars lying dead?' he ventures.

A concert is announced, with the unusual condition that tickets of admission cost ten rubles, but that one hundred rubles will be paid to any of the audience who profess dissatisfaction with the last number. The hall is crowded with people seeking to win one hundred rubles easily. The concert is a miserable affair; but when the last number proves to be the 'Internationale,' played by the band of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or secret police, no one feels in the mood to claim his hundred rubles.

III

Difficult material conditions also help to estrange the intelligentsia from the new social order. If the worker is better off, as a general rule, than he was before the Revolution, the average middle-class professional man — the doctor, lawyer, teacher, or engineer — is distinctly worse off, especially if he stands near the head of his profession. Not only is his money remuneration smaller, but he usually lives under much more crowded and uncomfortable conditions. I have visited the office of a Russian medical scientist of international reputation whose bed stood in his reception room.

These material hardships are exacerbated by various psychological irritants. The harassed and overworked doctor at the head of a hospital naturally feels a certain amount of resentment if some *delegatka* (the term for the working-class or peasant woman who is sent to inspect and study public institutions) gives him a lecture on how his hospital should be managed. Engineers often complain that their initiative is seriously curbed and their work generally hampered by the constant interference of the factory committee or the local branch of the Communist Party. Professors of the old school feel personally hurt if one of their number is roughly called to account and threatened with the loss of his post for contributing a scientific article to some foreign publication to which, perhaps without his knowledge, Russian *émigré* scientists have also contributed.

It is only fair to say that for every one of the typical intelligentsia grievances which I have mentioned there is a more or less convincing Communist countercase. Hospitals in Russia sometimes are mismanaged; and the efforts of the delegatkas or other public-spirited citizens to bring about reforms, provided that these efforts are guided by an intelligent regard for facts, may be useful and beneficial. While there may have been some weak

points in the State's case in the great trial of fifty engineers and technicians accused of corruption, sabotage, and deliberate mismanagement in the mines of the Shachti region of the Donetz coal basin, there was enough evidence to show that a whole group of these Shachti engineers, by misusing their posts and taking bribes from the former owners, made themselves partially responsible for the atmosphere of strain, friction, and suspicion which one sometimes senses between the new Communist masters of the Russian factories and the old technical specialists. Every new revolutionary government is violently hostile to its émigré opponents; and no doubt it is the part of discretion for Soviet scientists and professors to avoid even the possibility of contact with their former colleagues who are now outside the Soviet frontiers.

But while an outside observer may recognize the two or more sides of every controversial case, it is only natural that persons living in Russia should view matters from the standpoint of their own class, of their own conditions of work. And while the theory and practice of proletarian dictatorship are like a heady stimulant to the more active-minded workers, and, from that standpoint, a source of strength to the Soviet régime, in other classes of the population, and not the least among the intelligentsia, this theory and practice create a sense of discriminatory treatment, if not of oppression.

This feeling of class resentment occasionally even penetrates into the ranks of the Communist Party. I heard of an instance when a Communist, not of proletarian origin, who had received a post which called for considerable technical preparation, was more than a little indignant when some fellow Communist raised the stereotyped question whether this post should not have been given to a worker. 'Where will you find an actual manual worker who knows several languages and has the other technical qualifications for the position?' was his retort.

Much of the tragedy of the old intelligentsia lies in the fact that it is a perishing class. Not that education or educated people are disappearing in Russia. The Revolution has greatly widened the educational facilities of the masses, and no doubt, as the country becomes materially richer, the qualitative standards of the schools and colleges will steadily be raised. But the new Soviet intelligentsia that is growing out of the *rabfacs* and the proletarianized universities is so different from the old in everything, from class origin to cultural and political standards and ideals, that one can scarcely fail to note here a sharp break of continuity.

Two ceremonies which I attended in Moscow helped to emphasize this impression of a vanishing class. One was a meeting in honor of V. V. Veresaev. While the ideology of his *V Tupike*, as I have indicated, is not Communist, the Commissariat for Education took part in honoring him, for he had been a sturdy fighter against Tsarism for decades before the Revolution. Vera Figner, one of the heroines of the Narodnik movement, a woman of beautifully classic features, very erect despite her advanced age and the long term of years which she spent in the dungeons of Schlüsselburg, spoke eloquently of Veresaev's life and work. The audience was unusual, if not unique. One could recognize the most typical figures of the old intelligentsia: teachers and doctors and coöperative workers, people who knew Veresaev for his writings before the Revolution. Many, no doubt, had found a mirror of their own problems in *V Tupike*.

Over the whole occasion brooded an atmosphere that suggested Daudet's

famous story, 'The Last Lesson.' Very few young people were there; both in the speakers and in the audience one sensed a feeling that here was a class which collectively was experiencing the tragedy of dying childless, without a sympathetic younger generation to inherit and perpetuate its ideals and tastes and habits.

Something of this same spirit was visible at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of the Moscow Art Theatre. Here again one was conscious of an audience that was unusual in contemporary Russia. It was more formal than the gathering in honor of Veresaev; many a figure in the prerevolutionary social life of Moscow had taken out and put on his long-disused frock coat for this special occasion. But if there were here many former members of the class which is habitually and disparagingly referred to in Soviet Russia as the bourgeoisie, they were certainly representatives of the more cultured and educated bourgeoisie, who rallied around the Art Theatre and supported it from the moment of its inception.

Amid the throng of people who paid tribute to Constantine Stanislavsky on behalf of various organizations, one magnificent old gentleman in a high collar achieved special distinction when he strode to the centre of the stage, laid down his wreath, and pronounced the two words, '*Staraya Moskva*' ('Old Moscow'). He was a delegate of the society 'Old Moscow,' which carries out archæological researches in the city. But his words were so symbolic and struck such a responsive chord that applause lasted for several minutes after he had vanished from the stage.

Here indeed was a gathering representative of the better side of old Moscow. And here again was the tragedy that comes from a sharp break of cultural continuity. True, the Art Theatre still holds an honored and significant place in Russian theatrical life. It performs before crowded audiences, and high Soviet officials prefer to attend its first nights rather than those of the playhouses which lay more claim to proletarian purity of artistic conception. But the new Art Theatre that gives the action plays of Vsevolod Ivanov is not the old Art Theatre that excelled in interpreting Chekhov and Dostoevsky. And one suspects that in the attitude of the older actors of the original Art Theatre toward the very competent and brilliant younger troupe which appears in the more modern plays there is something more than the inevitable slight element of regret with which age yields place to youth. There is the sharper twinge which comes from the feeling that the old tradition of the Art Theatre, just because of the strong new cultural influences which are at work, will not be fully carried on, that no actor of the present generation in Russia, however great his natural ability, is likely to deliver Ivan Karamazov's soliloquy in the manner of the incomparable Katchalov.

IV

The old Russian intelligentsia belongs to history. Its faults are well known, and not the least through its own writers and satirists. Even before the Communists came with their theory that the intelligentsia, with few exceptions, represented the 'waverings of the petty bourgeoisie,' any student of Russian literature was familiar with the Oblomovs and Rudins, with the types in whom action was drowned in a flood of words, in whom introspective self-analysis paralyzed the faculty of decision.

But perhaps the virtues of the intelligentsia are less widely known. Anyone who is even slightly acquainted with

Russian history, who has lived in Russia and come in contact with the survivors of this vanishing class, must, I think, recognize two qualities which are more characteristic of the Russian intelligentsia than of the educated classes of other countries.

First, there is the high social idealism that prompted so many men and women of the propertied and aristocratic classes to forsake their own personal interests and to throw themselves into what must then have seemed a hopeless struggle against the colossus of Tsarist autocracy. No purely materialistic interpretation of life and history can quite account for the Kropotkins, the Tolstoys, the Sofia Perovskayas, who, with all avenues of political and social preferment open to them, deliberately chose the road of protest and revolt that could lead only to persecution, exile, or the scaffold.

While the Russian intelligentsia probably supplied a larger proportion of people who broke with their selfish interests for the sake of their ideals than any class of any other country, only a minority of them, perhaps, could be reckoned as politically active. Even more characteristic than this social idealism was the very broad and rich personal culture which one comes from acquaintance to associate with the Russian scholar, writer, scientist, or artist. Hair-splitting pedantry is not a common Russian fault; and this is largely due to the fact that the Russian scholar or scientist is not, as a rule, a narrow specialist. Kropotkin, for instance, attained a fair measure of distinction as historian, explorer, philosopher, and natural scientist. Veresaev, like Chekhov before him, was a graduate doctor before he acquired fame as a writer. It is not unusual to encounter a mathematician with more than an amateur's talent for music, or vice versa. In this range and scope, broad as the Russian land itself, lies much of the indefinable charm of old Russian culture.

It is inevitable that the rôle of the intelligentsia in the Revolution and civil war should be harshly judged by active combatants on both sides. In the eyes of both victorious Red Soviet Russia and defeated White émigré Russia the radical and liberal intelligentsia, taking little active or voluntary part in the struggle, must seem almost deserters in a life-and-death conflict where desertion was an unpardonable crime.

Certainly the academical and theoretical strain in the character of the intelligentsia made them unfit, as a general rule, to ride the revolutionary storm, where quick decisive action was the first requirement. Yet it may be that their humanitarianism, their aversion to bloodshed and terrorism, regardless of the cause for which such means were invoked, had as much to do with their inactivity in the great Russian social convulsion as their familiar historical weaknesses of irresolution and wavering. They were not the sort of people to build Schlüsselburgs or Solovyetzky Islands.

History has its own laws of relativity; and noncombatants in periods of passionate stress and struggle are not always the chief sufferers from the application of these laws. Few people in any country now regard the pacifists of the World War with the indignation and contempt which were visited upon them while hostilities were in progress. And future generations in Russia, viewing the Revolution in broader perspective, may regard the tragic dilemma of the intelligentsia, who followed in the footsteps of Dante's angels and failed to place themselves on either side of the barricades of civil war, with more sympathy than can reasonably be expected from the combatant generation which fought through that war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COLLECTION FOR THE INDIGENT

I, IN common with the rest of mankind, having an acquisitive instinct which makes collectors of us all, but being as impecunious as my friend Plutocratus is wealthy, did envy him greatly. While he could beckon and nod in the great sales rooms, or be a welcome guest in the sanctums of Edgar Huidekoper Wells or Dr. Rosenbach, I must needs pick over the stalls of the secondhand dealers of our local Grub Street.

Occasionally I find something to fill a need. Unconsidered trifles — an early *Spectator*, a great-folio Shelton's *Don Quixote*, a Wheatly *Pepys*, unabridged in nine volumes. Yet these bring little satisfaction. They fill a utilitarian rather than a collecting requirement. So I have been put to it to find a hobby which would gratify my collector's desire without being a drain on my pocketbook; my champagne taste on my beer income. I have found it. A collection which costs not a solitary sou and yet in which I can take a proper pride.

To be sure, I cannot sell any of the items I acquire. Nor do I have the thrill which comes to the collector when, the hammer falling for the third time, a lift of the eyebrows imperceptible to any except the lord of the auction room brings a Kelmscott *Chaucer* to rest among his treasures. On the other hand, I gladly give my treasures to any that ask, and some of my friends say I even force them willy-nilly on mere acquaintances.

My collection is of phrases and their origins. It started from the secondhand *Spectator*. Mulling over the seventh volume, I came across the story of Tobias Hobson. Now Mr. Hobson, according to Addison, or possibly Steele, was a very honorable man who let out hackney horses. He kept, the essay goes on to say, 'forty good cattle, but when a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you to say Hobson's choice.'

My next acquisition came somewhat later, at Salisbury. After picking out as many saints as possible on the façade of the Cathedral, I went within and was taken in charge by a voluble elderly verger. Around the wall, as in fact around the walls of all the old cathedrals, runs a stone protuberance knee high. The elderly verger droned on, when something he was saying caught my ear. 'And so, because in the old days there were no seats or pews in the nave, the cripples and old people who could not stand through the service sat on the stone bench; which gave rise to the saying, "The weak went to the wall."'

Now the virus of the collector began to get in my blood. It seems that this is the usual manner of infection. A couple of items are acquired in some haphazard fashion, a companion piece is sought, and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' you have become a collector, to remain one to the bitter end.

Incidentally and parenthetically, it was Robinson Crusoe who explained

the why and the wherefore of the 'bitter end.' A simple enough explanation, but one which had never occurred to me. 'Bitter,' it would seem, is a corruption of 'better,' the latter word referring to the end of a cable — the end, obviously, which is least in the water and last on the drum. It is in describing the terrible storm at Yarmouth Roads when Crusoe first went to sea that he says, 'We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end.'

Some of the origins I have had to work out for myself. I remember as a child reading a story of a French *émigré* who earned a precarious living in London, as apparently other émigrés were doing in other parts of England during the Revolution, by teaching dancing. 'Gardez vos pieds et queues,' he kept repeating; 'gardez vos pieds et queues, mes enfants.' How easy for 'mes enfants' to imitate and corrupt to 'Gardez vos *P*'s et *Q*'s,' until 'Mind your *P*'s and *Q*'s' became an established saying, with the origin lost in a hazy background. At least, this seems a reasonable explanation, and until it is proved otherwise it stays in the collection, albeit with a label to the effect that the genuineness is not guaranteed.

Others I have found in such a simple manner that I fear all interest will be lost when I confess. It was by the simple expedient of searching the dictionary that I found the halcyon is a kingfisher, and that 'halcyon days' were, 'anciently, days of fine and calm weather about the winter solstice, when the halcyon was believed to brood; especially the seven days before and as many after the winter solstice.'

Other phrases were acquired from various sources. 'Knows his onions,' 'Raining cats and dogs,' and a 'Feather in his cap' came in rapid succession. Then there was quite a pause until the maker of a crossword puzzle wrote for one of the verticals, 'An eighteenth-century counterfeit Irish halfpenny.' This stopped me from completing the puzzle, but the solution next day gave me 'Don't give a *rap*' to add to my collection alongside of 'Don't give a tinker's dam' and 'Don't give a Continental,' although I feel the authenticity is at least questionable. If the accuracy of the definition is on a par with the spelling by which some words are forced unwillingly into their allotted spaces, I fear it should be thrown out as spurious.

The cataloguing and arranging of my collection are not its least interesting aspects. And then there is the question of elimination. Should historical and Biblical phrases be included? I have met this problem by keeping a little separate collection, just as a collector of old Bow or Chelsea may have a shelf for Staffordshire plates which he has found too interesting to ignore in his collecting rambles. Such phrases as 'Met his Waterloo' or 'Crossed the Rubicon' are of course too obvious to be worthy of inclusion, but it is surprising how many people, including myself, are perfectly familiar with 'Fabian tactics,' 'Pyrrhic victory,' or 'Tell it not in Gath,' for instance, and yet find difficulty in putting their finger on the exact derivation.

But these are really poor specimens which should be kept separate and apart from the main collection. Their origins are not obscure, and it is only a matter of a little effort to find the only and indisputably correct derivations.

In my cabinets I keep only the phrases the origins of which I have come across by research or by luck. It is an interesting game. One is never sure when or where a pearl of great price is going to turn up. An old news dealer gave me the clue to 'Canada points' — the distribution points of

metropolitan newspapers. The inimitable Pepys, who once had to eat 'the meanest dinner (of beef shoulder and umbles of venison which he takes from the keeper of the forest, and all in the meanest manner),' helped me out with 'eating humble pie.' Now I am beginning to acquire quite a creditable collection. Nothing to brag about, perhaps, but one which can be shown without shame.

For one of the greatest pleasures my collection affords is the opportunity to show it and trade items with other connoisseurs. Only yesterday a veritable windfall came my way. An English correspondent had never heard of Steve Brodie; 'to take a Brodie' was an unknown phrase. And in exchange I found that 'My eye and Betty Martin' is a corruption of the prayer by which old-time Londoners were wont to invoke a very popular saint, 'Mihi, beate Martine.'

But there are still some rare items I am seeking. Why are we suited to a *T* rather than to an *F* or a *G*? And why do we call a spade a spade rather than a heart a heart, or, if we are speaking of garden implements, a rake a rake? Another origin for which I am continually on the lookout is that of 'Queer as Dick's hatband.' Who was Dick, and why was his hatband queer?

The point of view

There was a shriek from the pantry, and, almost simultaneously, a metallic clang; then the cry from Emily: 'A mouse! A mouse in the bread box! Come quick and kill him!'

It is a part of my good fortune — the outcome of my equable temperament — to be calm in moments of the greatest stress. I was calm now. My movements were deliberate, and I could detect no acceleration in my pulse. I even had the forethought, as I moved toward the pantry, to provide myself with a lethal weapon in the form of a clothes stick, which stood by the kitchen sink.

The bread box is a large cubical container, of tin, japanned in black, with BREAD in such large gilt letters on the cover that not even a mouse could mistake them. The clothes stick is a billet of wood about three feet long, an inch thick, and two inches wide. Its usual function is to stir the clothes in the boiler on wash days, but now it was to become the weapon of the executioner.

As I approached the bread box I noticed that the lid was closed. It is curious how often our subconscious selves act for us when the conscious part of our being is paralyzed by fear. Even in the moment of surprise and the face of imminent peril, Emily had had the presence of mind to slam that cover down!

I lifted the box and listened. Not a sound!

'Are you sure he is in there?' I asked.

'Yes, I know he is.'

I brought the box out into the kitchen and set it down in the middle of the floor.

'Oh, not here, not here! He'll be sure to get away! They always do when you try to kill them. Take him outdoors.'

So I took the box and the clothes stick and carried them into the back yard and placed the box on the board walk. On my way I tilted the box a little, and as I did so I thought I heard a tiny movement inside — a slight scratching sound.

Out in the yard I raised the lid a trifle and peeped in. I could see nothing but part of a loaf of bread. I shook the box, and a gray shadow flashed across the bottom and essayed to climb one of the sides. I jabbed with the end of the

clothes stick and missed. The shadow darted behind the piece of bread. I pushed it aside and jabbed again. Another miss! I raised the lid a little more, to get a better view. The mouse was still there, crouched, wary and watchful, in a corner, his heart beating so hard that it shook his sides. Two or three more vigorous blows failed to touch him, but they made so much noise that Norton and Pettigrew, my neighbors on the north and the west, came out and looked over the fence to see what I was doing.

On a hunting trip after big game some years ago I got into a tight corner with a bear. For some reason the incident came back to me now. The situation was the same, except that the positions were reversed. I began to recall how it had seemed when I was on the receiving end, and to think what sort of story the mouse would tell if he should get away.

'You see,' he might say to his attentive and admiring listeners, 'I had gone farther away than usual — into a new region — and had hunted for some time without any luck. Then I began to smell things — good things, and all round me, too; but they seemed to be stored in great buildings, ten times as tall as I am, with no openings, and made of something too hard for me to cut my way through.

'But at last I found it — the greatest store of food I ever saw; a mass larger even than the biggest house that any of our family ever built. You would n't believe there was so much anywhere in the world.

'It was in an immense building or room, large enough for a dance hall or a meeting place where all of us could get together. It had straight, smooth walls like the other buildings, without doors or windows; but on this one there seemed to be no roof, so all I had to do was to climb in.

'I had begun to eat, when suddenly there was a tremendous crash. A roof dropped down and everything became dark. In a little while the building began to move and the floor tilted and rocked from side to side, so that I could n't keep my balance; but by and by it came to rest again, and the roof seemed to rise, so that I could see light.

'I was just going to make a spring for it when a great beam, thicker through than my whole body, crashed down beside me like a flash of lightning. An eighth of an inch more and it would have crushed me flat! I leaped for the top of the wall, where the light still showed, but missed and fell back. Again that great beam came down, and the whole room rang till it nearly deafened me. I dashed for shelter behind an overhanging face of the mass of food, but the giant pushed the whole mass aside as if it had been a mere crumb, and struck again. This time I was n't quite quick enough, and the beam caught me a glancing blow that maimed this foot.

'I crawled behind a sort of cliff or high bank of the mass of food, but it was hurled aside again, and the timber smashed down right where I had been a moment before.

'But the giant was clumsy — not half so quick as I am. In spite of his strength — and his blows had power enough to move a mountain — he touched me only that once. When I was in one corner of the room the beam would crash against the side, and twice when I slid across the floor it came down in the corner.

'The oftener he missed me, the more furious he seemed to grow. The blows came so hard and fast, and made such a terrible noise, that other giants who live in neighboring castles came out and looked over the battlements and watched; but still, by some miraculous

good fortune, not another blow touched me.

'At last, I think, the giant must have grown tired, for he stopped a moment, as if to take breath. It was my chance, and I took it. In a flash I reached the top of the wall, doubled over the side, and dodged into a sort of cave. The giant struck one last tremendous blow, which grazed the side of the building and made a deep ravine in the earth beside it. Then he took up the whole building and walked off with it as easily as I could carry a crumb of bread.

'Strange, is n't it, that a creature with so much food as he has should try to kill me for taking what little I needed?

'I know, of course, that I am lucky to be alive, but I'm afraid I shall never be the same mouse again, on account of this foot.'

Norton and Pettigrew were still leaning over the fence, grinning. Without seeming to notice their untimely mirth, I picked up the bread box and the clothes stick and returned to the kitchen. As I looked out of the end window I thought I saw a small, pointed, bewhiskered face peering for a moment with beady eyes from under one edge of the board walk. When I looked again it was gone.

'Did you kill him?' asked Emily.

'Kill him! Did n't you hear me lamming the daylights out of him?'

'Yes, you certainly made noise enough; you always do. I'll bet you let him go.'

'Huh! Do you suppose any mouse could stand such a pounding as that? He's out there in the back yard, and you need n't be afraid of his getting into the bread box again — especially if you keep it closed.'

I am afraid that Emily's attitude toward life is hopelessly homocentric.

My visitors

I MEAN visitors who woke me up. They woke me up fully all at once, and left me excited. There were six of them.

The first one came more than seventeen years ago. He was a young man who by sheer merit had risen to the position of general counsel of a great railroad system. He enjoyed richly his well-deserved success; around him were a charming family and a large circle of devoted friends. One night he was killed instantly in a railroad accident. At the time of his death, his wife was awakened by hearing him call her pet name, which no one else ever used. His friend, who now fills the same position, also was awakened by hearing himself called by name by the man who was killed. A few months later I was traveling alone on my way to Spain, and slept in a little hotel at Gibraltar. While I slept, I saw my friend. He appeared to me so vividly that I put my arm around him joyfully, protesting to him all the while that he was dead and could not possibly come back again. I do not recall that he spoke a word, but the shock woke me. When I returned to Chicago, I told this story to my friend's successor, and what a queer look he gave me! 'Why,' he said, 'I saw him, too, in a dream, and I begged him to take his old position back again.'

My next visitor was my uncle, whom I lost several years later. I dreamed I was in the old house at home, and all the members of the family who were dead were sitting on the front stair. In my dream, my dead father took my uncle, who had been dead only a few weeks, by the hand and brought him to me, and again I awoke.

The next time I had a visitor and was awakened I saw no one, but as I waked I heard my pet name which no one ever called me but my little cousin

with whom I played when she was a little girl in Mississippi. She had been dead for years, but was a sweet and lovely memory in my mind, and I was glad to hear my pet name again.

The fourth visitor was a distinguished lawyer, vice president of one of the great title companies. We had sat together in a little circle at lunch every day for years at our favorite club. Within a few months before his death we had lost two other members of this circle. In a dream I saw, gathered around the table again, all three of the dead men and myself, and when I saw them I awoke.

My next visitor was a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee — a man who by middle life had achieved great distinction in his profession. He had been dead some weeks when in a dream I saw a man sitting in an armchair and evidently trying to show me his face, which was all a blur. I could feel how he was trying to make his face appear and I was striving with him to help all I could, and at last the face came in a flash, perfect and unmistakable, and I awoke.

I supposed that I was through with visions of this kind, but just recently I had another. A dear friend, a noble and admirable gentleman, distinguished in public life as well as in his profession, was lost to us a few months ago. Again in a dream I saw the familiar club, the sofa on which we used to sit together, and this time two men; one I did not recognize, but the other was my delightful friend. He did not look old as when he died, but seemed in the prime of life; his face was full of color, and he was beautifully dressed. He did not disappear immediately, but suddenly as I looked at the place where he had been sitting I saw that he was gone. I said to the third member of our party, 'Do you know who that was? It was [I gave the name], and he is dead'; and as I looked the face of the remaining man, whom I did not recognize, also faded away, and I awoke.

The peculiar feature of these instances is that in each case my dream was of one who was dead and I knew each was dead at the very time I saw him, and the shock of recognition awakened me. In no instance do I remember any conversation. Like, I suppose, everyone else, I have had frequent dreams about dead people, but in such dreams they always seemed to me to be living and to talk and act just like other people, and there was neither shock, nor excitement, nor awakening. Were the six really visitors? They could not have been more real to me if they had been in the flesh. Would I believe even though one should rise from the dead? Or six?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. Edward Newton was well brought up. (He ought to have turned out better, but his friends are fairly satisfied with him as he is.) Aunt Till did the job. She nursed him when he was ill, taught him to read and to love books. Gratefully remembering the debt, the nephew at sixty-five recalls the verses with which Aunt Till celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday. There may be more affection than poetry in them, but they are none the worse for that.

I wish you a happy birthday, Ed,
  And many more to come.
I wish you a peaceful, prosperous life,
  And a pleasant, joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on, Ed,
  Untouched by the finger of Time,
You'll be as happy and bright, Ed,
  As now that you're in your prime.
And as Time speeds on, as speed it will —
  I'll earnestly pray to Heaven
That you'll have as good health at sixty-five
  As you now have at thirty-seven.

AUNT TILL — 1901

Twenty-eight years later Carolyn Wells caps the verse: —

You have had a happy birthday, Ed,
  You have many more to come;
You have a peaceful, prosperous life,
  And a pleasant, joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on, Ed,
  You'll have a High Old Time;
And be as happy and bright, Ed,
  As a Rockefeller dime.
And as Time speeds on, as they say it will,
  I pray that at ninety-five
You'll have more books and rarer ones
  Than any man alive!

To every Harvard man **Dean Briggs** seems the natural link between John Harvard's time and ours. President Eliot he knew in ways no other man now living can recall. **Count Hermann Keyserling**, philosopher and critic, has unmatched views of his own. **The Reverend Herbert Parrish**, after a long and singularly successful ministry to the oldest and principal parish in New Jersey, has retired to live under the shadow of his ancient college. **Sir Rabindranath Tagore** transcribes these suggestive fragments from the commonplace book in which he jots his daily thoughts. **Nahum Sabsay** is a talented Russian student who not long since completed his course at Harvard. **E. Lyman** is in active business in Chicago. **James Truslow Adams** is spending a year in England working on a history of the Adamses, from our second President to the present Secretary of the Navy. **Huntington Cairns** conducts his investigations at Johns Hopkins University. Lest our more censorious readers think this fascinating account of mescal the wanton advertisement of a baneful drug, we quote from a letter by a first-rate authority to whom we applied for information: —

The alkaloid of mescal is not on the market and can, to my knowledge, be obtained only from certain pharmaceutical firms for research purposes. According to Rouhier and others, mescal is not habit-forming. No case of addiction among white people has been reported. It does not produce euphoria, and often is accompanied by disagreeable sensations, especially in the gastrointestinal sphere.

F. T. WERTHAM
JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

Mrs. Brown, chronicler of her mother-in law, lives in Washington. **Bernard Darwin**, of the London *Times*, applies inherited genius to golf. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is now in California. **Nancy Byrd Turner** is a Southern poet, now living in Boston. **Robert Dean Frisbie** shuns the publicity of his atoll and has betaken himself to one of the remoter islands of the Southern Pacific. **Stanley Casson** is an Oxford don whose archæological studies have given him a deserved reputation. Δ Two novels by **Maurice Bedel** have made a recent appearance in English. One, *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love*, received the distinguished Goncourt prize in his own country. 'A

Frenchman Looks at Fascism' was drawn from a small book and skillfully translated for the *Atlantic* by Marshall A. Best. **William Henry Chamberlin** has just completed the first adequate history of Soviet Russia, soon to be issued.

Much interesting personal comment has followed in the wake of the recent *Atlantic* paper on 'Fear.' Here is a thriller!

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on 'Fear,' in your August number, which I read with interest, reminded me of an incident that occurred when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old.

I was going to school in Wilkes-Barre, and living with a cousin and her niece. One night they went out, leaving me alone in the house. I was reading Poe's stories and that night started on 'The Black Cat.' Hardly had I finished it when the house seemed very cold and I thought the furnace needed attention, so I went down to the cellar to shake it. There, lying in front of the furnace, its throat cut from ear to ear, lay a black cat! I did not shake the furnace!

The cat did not belong to us, and how it got there or who cut its throat, we never knew.

Yours very truly,

OGDEN BROWER

The following letter will awaken kindred memories in many readers.

DAYTON, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read in the August *Atlantic* with a great deal of interest an article entitled 'Fear.' On several occasions I have experienced this psychic fear, but the most striking instance occurred on the morning of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, and my note made at that time is verbatim as follows: —

'Nov. 11, 1918, 7 A.M. — I wish to record the peculiar experience I had this morning while it is fresh in my memory. I awoke early, as I usually do, and was lying seemingly in the borderland between sleep and waking, when the feeling came to me that I was asking why, although I locked the door of my room last night, it was standing wide open this morning. Then I became conscious that there was some Presence in the room with me — something or someone, I know not what. Every faculty was frozen. I could not move, although I was, or seemed to be, wide awake. I fought with all the power of my will to move, and seemed to hear a confused murmur of voices, among which I recognized N——'s. With a supreme effort of will, I moved my frozen muscles and sat up in bed. The door was shut, everything was as usual, and it was 4.45 o'clock. What was it? Was it a peculiar mental condition caused by some physical irregularity, or — ?'

It will be noted that I left the question unanswered. The most striking feature of these experiences is that at the time I am absolutely frozen with fear and horror, unable to move a muscle, and can break the spell of immobility only by bringing all the force of my will to bear upon it. It will also be noted that the time of this experience of mine corresponded very closely with that of the author of 'Fear,' — i.e., very nearly five o'clock, — and such experiences have always occurred in the early morning hours. Unlike this author, however, I have always been immediately convinced of the subjectivity of the visions (in my case they might more accurately be called auditions, as the sense of hearing bears the brunt of the fear impulse). In his case, the experience was repeated merely because he expected it; just as I often hear the alarm clock several times before it actually rings, when a special time for arising has been set, and my mind is on the alert for it.

I have given the question some thought, and have reached the conclusion that the person who has an experience of this sort is not actually awake, although the impression is very strong that he is, and only sees or hears subjectively the matter that occasions his feeling of fear. He is not awake until he has shaken off the shackles of immobility and roused himself to the point of action.

Although having some points in common with what are ordinarily called nightmares, this feeling of mental fear shows some discrepancies, both in time of occurrence and in present and after effect. As a child I often had the familiar nightmare of being pursued by a savage wild animal, being unable to escape, or with movements so slow as to be entirely ineffectual. But for an absolute and overwhelming feeling of horror, the quasi-waking fear vision is infinitely worse than an ordinary nightmare.

Yours very truly,

P. E. WIGGLE

A quite extraordinary number of letters have contributed to our discussion of 'Shall I Retire?' It is a question dormant or active in the American man of fifty. Mr. Hilton, of Ginn and Company, pertinently suggests that the subject was never more fruitfully treated than by

Charles Lamb in 'The Superannuated Man,' to which we recommend our readers. The following trenchant communication, to which the writer does not wish to add his name, introduces new and fundamental questions.

'Shall I retire?' The business man who hires these partially interested employees reads their meditations in the *Atlantic* and ponders.

Without offense, clearly these are minor executives who after twenty years receive salaries of $6000.

What quid do they give for their quo? Value delivered in labor, $25 per week; value for judgments rendered, $1000 (above the judgment of the $25 man); good-will or respectability value — the interest, say, on $25,000 of invested capital, $1500. Total value, $3800. Overpayment, $2200.

A mild judgment, thinks the executive. Soft-heartedness, soft-headedness, the executive devil. He ponders further.

Year after year these eminently estimable gentlemen have remained on the rolls, collecting increasing toll for 'loyalty.' Year after year (the executive brain is now functioning efficiently on the problem) these loyal barnacles drag at the water as the engines of interested men and active capital drive through storm and calm against the resistance of Overhead, Collections and Sales, of Loans and Inventories, Advertising and Production, Shipping and Personnel — at best, reënforcers of the hull; at average, outsiders; at worst, parasites. Never are their brains taxed to know which way to turn. Their manner is placid, their manners agreeable. 'Good men,' pace-setters to the rank and file, insidiously slowing the pace of ambitious underlings. Tomorrow men. 'All's right with the world' to them; but not to Napoleon or Christ, to Leif Ericson or Lincoln — or to the head of the business.

(The executive becomes heated from the fires with which he vainly tries to warm these lay figures into life.)

Men who are not interested in business — men so unimaginative that they never see beyond the column of figures which is the first slight incline on the business road — such should retire, not at forty-five or fifty-five, but at twenty-five. The sooner the better for business.

I am the head of a business burdened with the problem of finding men interested in business. Yet all the periodicals, including the European, tell me Americans are absorbed in the fascinating game of business. 'Pull, pull together with your bodies between your knees.' False picture, tragically false to the head of the business.

Our business is young; we cannot afford the luxury of barnacles.

From the Executive Service Bureau flows an intermittent stream of 'the executive type' into and through my office. Some remain a month, some a year, while others are not found out for several years. Nearly all are Romantics — wishers for Success delivered on a breakfast tray. Interested in business?

The last four who passed on were interested — (1) a charming 'business woman' of thirty, keen supersalesman — in *husband;* (2) a man of twenty-five, well trained as a private secretary — in *tennis* and *necking;* (3) a man of twenty-eight, good salesman and manager of men — in *being considered a fine fellow;* (4) a man of thirty-eight, sales manager, graduate of the same New England college as 3 (now dishwasher on a tramp steamer) — in *drinking.*

These retired. Shall I retire?

Before I die I should like to draw one breath of air unmixed with soot, to hear one lark greet the sun and understand his song, to think thoughts wider than an accountant's page. But not yet. I am held by an obligation that did not pass with the Crusades, to put the thing through to the ultimate goal for stockholders who gave confidence and for employees who gave unstinted service because they too believed.

My present secretary is a steady man of thirty as interested in our success as I myself, if application to the job has meaning. His first novel is in the publisher's hands. Our business is not related to publishing or writing.

Americans are interested in business — but not much.

And here is a remarkable personal experience.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am writing this letter to the author of 'I Shall Retire.' There is dynamite in his sentence, 'I shall start a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I want to work,' and I make haste to sound a warning before he explodes the charge. Here is a chapter from experience in retiring, written because I feel a friendly pull on my heartstrings over every man with the courage to quit work.

I was born with a yearning for dinners of herbs and Contentment. (I follow your lead in the use of the capital.) As an employee I never earned over $12,000 a year, and we spent it. However, I started life early and while I was still in my thirties my four children had all grown old enough to get away to school. My wife and I decided to dispose of our establishment ('home' is the word of song and story),

take a three-room apartment, retrench on every possible expense, pursue (both of us) those well-known, so-called gainful occupations, save fifty thousand in five years — and retire. Those five years were a little interlude of perfect success. Or, say, 99.44 per cent perfect! We had a long new honeymoon. We saved the fifty. We retired. Yes, oh yes — *and I started a business of my own to keep myself occupied when I wanted to work.*

It was a little business, but my own. I devoted myself. What I planted, Apollos must have watered. It grew. It leaped from city to city. I made $125,000 in a year. I made $175,000. I made $240,000. I accumulated three fourths of a million. I was no longer living on a farm; I was maintaining a country club. In the place of a cottage I created an art gallery with sleeping apartments and six baths. The only advantage that Kublai Khan had over me was that where he merely decreed, I signed a whole checkbook, and liked it. We had three more children. We could surely afford it. The others bought automobiles. Dad had got rich! I decided to make an even million and once more show my force of character and retire. I put the business on a firm basis. I entered into long leases and contracts. I began to count off the days on the calendar. I got out old manuscripts and scrapbooks, to be all ready to enjoy my second retirement — with no little business of my own.

I got a bigger job for my right-hand man, so that he should not suffer when I quit. Then it began to show that everything that he had handled was honeycombed with obligations and prospective losses. No dishonesty. Just abysmal incompetence, with a blind confidence on my own part. It took a year's work and a quarter of a million to offset his deeds. I blame only myself. It was I who had started the little business of my own. Followed at once a series of business failures on the part of men and concerns owing me substantial sums. The first loss was $40,000. The second $70,000. There were seven in six months, and the aggregate losses to me, plus the various costs that these losses entailed, amounted to $228,000. My own assets became frozen. I was under a load of debts and obligations. I performed prodigies of effort, if not of results. My wife stepped back into harness at my side. We were able to pull in the loose ends, escape bankruptcy, and reduce the business to obligations of a mere $30,000 a year that will run for twenty years, if our creditors are patient. We must work that long anyway to bring up the three small children. We have cut our own immediate expenses to a third, but so difficult is it to be born again, to get back to small beginnings, that we cannot cut below three domestic helpers. Also, it seems impossible to put aside the obligations we assumed for support of all the ancient in-laws and maiden aunts and invalid sisters. If we are to avoid bankruptcy in law and in self-respect, we must produce $50,000 a year. We are both back at earning money. The years have enlarged our capacity. I can make $35,000 now, and my wife by dint of carrying four jobs is earning the other $15,000.

Can we at fifty stand the long years ahead that at thirty-five we were already seeking to avoid? Shall we be able to pay the price of that little business of our own? I realize the danger that I shall start again. I encourage my resistance with this letter. Next time I should probably make millions, and be forever slave to Mammon. If we can hold out as we are, we shall be free at seventy, and again we shall retire, and I shall get out my old notes and write 'The Gospel according to Thoreau.' We shall not start any little business of our own.

WALTER J. WILLIAMSON

The *Atlantic's* contribution, 'Prison Music,' suggests a new and happier approach to a problem, difficult and without parallel, in our modern life. The letter which follows comes to us from a musical director of European reputation. Herr Walter has conducted the Mozart Festivals at Salzburg for many years. He was for twelve years director of the Berlin Royal Opera Company, and for an almost equal period led the Royal Opera at Vienna.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Homer Henley's article, 'Prison Music,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, made a deep impression on me. I expressed to Mr. Henley my regret that so encouraging an experience as his activity described in his article has remained a single case without consequences. I told him that every real musician would be inclined to believe in the moral influence which he attributed to music. Music is without doubt — for the criminal's mentality — far less open to suspicion as a bridge to the world beyond and its moral influences than anything that can be taught to them by words. Its message (may I recall the famous word of Richard Wagner: 'Ich kann den Geist der Musik nur in der Liebe fassen'?) goes directly to the unconscious depths of their souls, if they are not — or not yet — perfectly unmovable, and of course if there is some 'musicality' in them. But these two conditions will certainly be found in the majority of the cases; and

thinking of the immense social importance of the question, and considering that we have here a new field which we are just beginning to cultivate, I certainly believe every promising and hopeful step should be taken and supported. Therefore it seems advisable that Mr. Henley's experiment should be repeated, but of course only by men who have, like him, the musical as well as the moral qualities for this task.

Yours very faithfully,

BRUNO WALTER

By way of personal testimony we must add this from Mrs. R. C. Augur: —

One of the hottest days on record this summer, I picked up the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Feeling sure I had read all the articles it contained, I was idly turning the pages when I came to 'Prison Music,' by Homer Henley. Knowing I had read it, and thinking it worth a second reading, I proceeded to do so, and, as during the first reading, I was carried back over forty-five years with the echoes which 'Prison Music' sent singing through my heart.

While in my teens I was studying music in a well-known conservatory of music in the Middle West. Finding my Sunday afternoons rather lonely, I strayed into a mission Sunday School in a poor part of the city. This happened to be the Sunday the pianist was absent. The Superintendent asked me if I could play and as a student I could not very well refuse. This privilege was mine for several months. I was then invited to take the class of an absent teacher whose wife was very ill. It was explained to me that the class consisted of seven very tough boys ranging in ages from fifteen to nineteen years — and that my only effort need be to keep them from disturbing the rest of the school.

They arrived, tardy, caps still on their heads, no collars or ties, the toughest-looking boys I had ever seen. One a wizened, shrimp-like chit weighing about ninety pounds. One a real bulldog weighing at least one hundred and eighty pounds. The rest somewhere between. When they found themselves, after a noisy entrance, facing a slender girl of eighteen, they settled down to go just as far as they dared. (An officer had been called in on former occasions to quiet them.) I will pass over the lesson period. When I went to the piano for the closing hymn, the boys made just as noisy an exit as entrance. I went home and went to bed exhausted each succeeding Sunday for three weeks.

When I remembered the homes these boys came from and my own Christian home I was ashamed. I knew there was some way to reach the best in those boys. Then I found they were roaming the streets most of the night, usually getting into trouble of some kind. I had gone to the court on one occasion to get one of the boys free by promising to be responsible for him.

My home at that time consisted of a large room in a private house, and as I had a piano for my conservatory work it occurred to me that perhaps I could reach their better selves through music. So with the consent of my landlady I invited them to my room — I could at least keep them off the streets a few hours.

The first thing I taught them was the simple song, 'Whistle and Hoe.' Of course they loved the jolly, rollicking swing of the song, and all could whistle. I then taught them how to form the notes, how to place them in the measure, and where to find them on the keyboard. Each one quickly learned to play the simple air on the piano. It was not very long before they brought me copies of music and words written in their homes from memory.

The time came when I had to tell the superintendent that I could not go on with the class. He said, 'I am sorry to hear you say that; they never fail now to take off their caps on entering the room, they all wear collars and ties, and they sing with understanding hearts — not just improve the chance while others are singing for rowdyism.'

I wish I could know what the last forty-five years have meant to the lives of those seven boys. I feel sure they were never bad boys again. I just lived 'Prison Music' all through with the author.

Concerning Count Keyserling's papers our correspondence is so copious — and so tumultuous — that were we to take it up we should have no space for topics less divisive.

Other deaths, it seems, were exaggerated before Mark Twain's. The vice president of the *Mobile Register* sends us the following anecdote of a once famous man of science: —

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, preceded Mark Twain in the exercise of the gentle art of 'spoofing' the report of his untimely departure from the land of the living. Twain treated the subject as a humorist; Proctor as a scientist, saying: 'I cannot but think that this is a mistake. A scientist must be extremely cautious in matters of fact; but, as far as my own observation extends, I find reason to believe that I am alive. My friends also seem to think me so. You must not think me dogmatic if — failing stronger evidence than yet possessed to the contrary — I decline to accept unhesitatingly the theory that I am no longer living.'

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1929

WRECK AND RESCUE[1]

BY CAPTAIN GARLAND ROTCH

ON BOARD SWEDISH BARK *Tana*
BOUND FOR NEW ORLEANS

DEAR MOTHER: —

Well, Mother, the Black Sheep came very near to going for good this time, but, as is usually the case, the bad penny turns up but the good honest dollar is lost.

I suppose you know by this time that the *Clark* foundered in a hurricane off the coast of Cuba. To the best of my knowledge there were but six of us saved. Until we arrive at New Orleans we shall not know for sure. I don't see how there was any chance for the rest, but after you have heard my tale you will see that you never can tell.

We jumped as the ship sank, caught a raft, and were adrift on it for seven days, without anything to eat or drink, before we were picked up by the *Tana* two days ago in pretty bum shape. I feel pretty well now, though still very weak. My feet are badly burned from exposure to the action of the sun and salt water. I cannot walk very well or wear shoes, but they are doing nicely. I will try and give you a more detailed account of what happened.

On the morning of Wednesday the sixteenth, I came on deck at four and found that the wind was blowing fresh from the northeast, though not hard enough to warrant calling the Captain. By seven it had reached the strength of a strong wind and I called the Old Man. He had a great dread of a hurricane and always was imagining that there was one brewing, and as soon as he came on deck he was sure that we were going to encounter one of those dreaded storms. Don't construe this to mean that the Skipper was at all afraid, as he sure had more nerve than most men, and did not know the meaning of fear for himself, though he was always afraid of losing his ship through one of these storms. I told him when he came on deck that I did not think we were going to encounter a hurricane, as there were none of the signs which usually precede these storms. Nevertheless he fished out all the charts and books that had any bearing on hurricanes and started to study the weather carefully.

The Skipper always took me into his confidence a great deal, and this day he asked me to stay on deck after I had had my breakfast and help him decide what it was we were running into. At eight o'clock it was blowing a moderate gale and the sky had a hardy, windy look. The barometer had fallen a bit, but not more than would be expected for the weather we were in then. There

[1] Of course this letter is genuine in every detail. — EDITOR

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are certain signs which usually give warning of the approach of a hurricane, but this morning there were none of these. The weather indications were the same as those of an ordinary heavy gale of wind. By ten-thirty the wind had not shifted and the glass had started to fall very rapidly, and after arguing the pro and con we decided that it was a hurricane that we were running into, and that we were in the track of the centre, the worst place to be. Our only hope lay in letting her go off and run before the wind, and endeavoring to cross the storm's path. This we did. By noon it was blowing very hard and a heavy sea was starting to run. We had five hundred barrels of fuel oil stowed on deck and the seas had started this several times, but each time we had relashed it, only losing a few barrels. We had a good dinner under difficulties and everyone felt confident.

At one, I went to the chart room and the Skipper asked me if I could get some oil on the water, as the seas were starting to roll dangerously across the decks. I called Johnson, the second mate, and taking axes we crawled down on the deck load and stove in the heads of two barrels on each side of the deck load. This allowed the oil to run over the side to the water, where we noticed it spread out and gave good results. The results to Johnson and myself were far from good, since, as soon as the head of the barrel was stove in and the oil exposed, the wind caught it up and blew it all over us, until we were just covered with oil from head to foot. We did not get it off until we were taken on board the *Tana*.

After that, we kept barrels stove in and oil running into the water until the seas were breaking over the ship so that we could not get down to the decks to break in any more barrels. We then started pumping it overboard from our own fuel tanks. We had splendid results from this oil, and I am firmly convinced that this was the only thing that kept the *Clark* afloat as long as she was.

By three, the hurricane was at its height. Mother, I wish that I could describe it to you, but I can't. I don't believe that any man could describe it so as half to do justice to the scene. The wind was terrific; that God could turn loose such a burst of fury was unbelievable. You could not face it and breathe. The wind would force the breath back into your body. To move without holding on to something was impossible. In going along the decks it was necessary to hold on to something all the time. The wind would pull and haul at you like a thousand demons trying to pull you away from your hold and drag you overboard. You could not see a hundred feet for the spray, which would whip from the crests of the waves and hurl through the air with the speed of rifle bullets. The force of the flying spray was such that it appeared to be lying in layers or a sort of strata in the air. The seas were like mountains, and it seemed as they towered above the little *Clark* that they were huge overhanging cliffs of water that would cave down and overwhelm the little ship. They were of such size that the ship would be on one side of a sea at a time — that is, you could look ahead and see the trough ahead of the ship and then look back and see the crest of the same sea far astern. The little boat rode them wonderfully; the oil on the water kept them from breaking dangerously, and the *Clark* would seem to slide out from under the towering masses of water just in time. It was wonderful to watch her. Many times I held my breath thinking that surely one of the seas must break entirely over her. She was taking very heavy water during this time. The deck

load was a jumbled mass of flying barrels and it was impossible to get down to try to do anything in the way of securing it. The water would make a clean sweep over the decks, hiding the entire forward end of the ship from view, then the bow would clear itself and the stern would submerge.

The ship was rolling terribly, and everything that was not secure in the rooms was on the floor and banging from side to side with each roll of the ship. The galley and mess rooms were a wreck. About three Johnson and I were going aft over the top of the house, and when passing the galley skylight we thought a cup of coffee would warm us up a little. As, with all the water on the decks, it was impossible to go through the doors on the main deck, we decided to go down through the skylight. A ventilator had fallen on the skylight and we had quite a time removing it. While we were working removing the ventilator we thought we heard someone calling. After we had the skylight opened what do you think we saw? The colored steward and the three colored cooks all on top of the galley stove and praying just as hard as they could. The galley was half full of water and everything in it was adrift except the stove. Such a mess — pots and pans, tables, bits of wood and other débris. And amid all this, the darkies on the stove with their life preservers on. I could n't help it, and neither could Johnson — we just roared. It was so funny.

The condition of the galley doomed our hopes for hot coffee, so we hauled the blacks out of the galley and put them in the wheelhouse, still with the life preservers on, as they refused to part with them.

At four, we were in the centre of the hurricane, the most dreaded part, and rightly so. There was no wind and a blue sky overhead. The sea was terrible. A confused, mountainous mass of jumbled water. There was no direction to the waves; they seemed to come from everywhere. Sometimes they would come together with an awful roar and a mountainous mass would drop bang. The poor little *Clark* was under water all the time. She had no chance. There was no way for her to ride seas coming from all four or five different directions at once. She did very well and struggled manfully to keep above water.

Just as we started to enter the other side of the storm, to fight our way out of what we had just come through, the steering engine blew a flange and we had to steer by hand. It was a hard job, as the hand gear was on top of the after house and exposed to the weather. There was no compass aft at the hand gear, and we steered the ship by the sheets of spray that the wind whipped from the crests of the waves. We just kept these sheets at a certain angle with the ship. She did fine, and in about a half-hour we had the engine fixed and were steering by steam again.

The trip out through the storm was terrible. It seemed as if every storm in creation was blowing against us, and instead of the regular sea which we had before, we had this awful confused sea. It made even the stoutest hearts sink a little as we thought that we had to go all through what we had already been through, though worse, and by this time the *Clark* was in a pretty badly crippled condition from the effects of the hard struggle she had had to get this far in the storm.

Things did not look very bright when we gathered in the wheelhouse for a supper of canned salmon and crackers. No one spoke about the outlook; the only conversation was a few jokes about what had happened during the day. At six o'clock the water was

coming into the engine room in streams and had started to gain, as one of the pumps had got plugged and the other one and the siphon were unable to keep the water down. At about eight the engineers got another pump going and managed to hold their own till about nine, when a sea stove in the door to the sailors' mess room and a ventilator which passed through this room to the engine room. About this time she smashed the shutters on the Chief Engineer's room, which allowed his room to fill up and run over into the engine room. At this rate it would not take long for the engine room to flood.

I took two men forward with me to try and get a spare door aft for the sailors' mess room. To bring it back, we had to bring it along the booms, as the decks were continually being swept with heavy seas. We had got about halfway aft when a heavy gust of wind blew it from our hands, knocking one of the men down on the decks, where he was washed overboard before he could get to his feet. The other man and I took the Captain's bedding and went into the mess room to try and plug the hole in the ventilator with the bedding, but it was impossible. The mess room was full of benches and barrels. Every time a sea would come over, it would fill this little room full of water. There we would be — barrels, men, bedding, benches, and the place full of water. We were washed out twice. The third time I was washed right around the stern of the ship, and climbed up from the decks on the other side of the ship. The sailor I never saw again. I don't know what happened to him. It was impossible to fix the windows in the Chief Engineer's room. I tried, but could not stand on the decks, as the seas were coming over one right after another. We had no material to use to board up or plug them.

At ten-thirty the water was up to the dynamos and the lights all went out. Just previous to this, I had been down in the engine room, and I wish that I could describe the sight to you as I saw it. There was about six feet of water in the engine room. It was washing from one side to the other, with the roll of the ship. The engineers, stripped to the waist, were working around one of the pumps. I remember just as I came down the first assistant engineer was diving down under water to get at some part of the pump. The heavy rods and cranks of the engine were running in the water, churning and splashing the water all over; bits of board and refuse would float in to the engine and be smashed to pieces and thrown all over. The noise was deafening. When the propeller would lift out of the water, the engine would go at an awful speed and by the noise would appear to be going to pieces. It was a sight I shall never forget.

When the water had reached the dynamos the pumps were also covered, and there was nothing more that the engineers could do in the engine room. They came out on deck, but left the engines running. They were a brave lot and stuck by their posts as long as they could. At a quarter to eleven a fusible plug blew out on the port boiler and the steam was shut off the engine. She was settling fast by the stern and everyone knew it was all over. A heavy sea swept over the whole after house, taking both boats.

The little Skipper was game to the core. He and I went into the chart room. I lighted my pipe and he a cigarette, and then he turned to me and said, 'This is hell, Rotch, is n't it? Just as we start to get out of the gale, the ship goes down.' I was n't going to let him have anything on me, so I took a couple of puffs of my pipe and said, 'Yeah,' just as unconcerned as I could. It was funny I did n't feel the least bit

worried or afraid. I told the Skipper that I thought the best thing to do would be to go forward, and if the bulkheads would hold she might float with her bow out of water. This was the only chance we should have, as the boats were gone. He could not think of anything better, so he ordered all hands forward. Going forward we had to climb along the booms, as the decks were impossible, with the remains of the deck load and the heavy seas washing over. It was hard work going along the booms. The man ahead of me was washed overboard. What was left of us got forward all right. The sailors put on their life preservers. The officers had none, as theirs were in their rooms aft, which were under water, the sailors and firemen being berthed forward.

The Old Man was pretty badly broken up and stood off to one side looking aft all the time. I mustered what was left of us and gave them a talking to. I told them if the ship started to go to watch and jump before she went too far and they were caught in the rigging. Those who had no life preservers on would have to trust to catching some bit of floating wreckage. Those that had life belts on, if they saw anything floating on the water, were not to catch it, as it might be the means of someone else being able to find something to support him.

The Skipper called to me then and said that he thought he heard someone calling from aft. I could plainly hear it then. The Old Man and I went as far aft as we could, and found that the second engineer and the cook had not got forward. I don't know how we missed them, as we went all over the after house before we left to make sure that everyone had gone forward. We could not get to them, as she had settled too far for us to get back as we had come. A minute after we went aft a big sea swept the after end and we heard them no more. It must have washed them overboard.

We stayed aft, as far as we dared, watching the after hatch to see how it was holding. The Old Man kept asking, 'Is she holding, Rotch?' It appeared to be holding all right, and all there was to worry about was the number three bulkhead.

All of a sudden, we felt her start to go down under our feet. We turned and ran forward. We had gone as far as the foremast when a big sea swept over us. I clung to the winches around the foremast while the Skipper ran on a little further and jumped up on number one hatch and held on to the booms. After the sea had passed, we started forward again with the Old Man a little ahead of me. He ran around to the port side of the ship to go up the port ladder to the forecastle head, as the starboard ladder had been washed away earlier in the day. By the time I reached the break of the forecastle head the water was so close to me that I did not have time to run around to the port side, so jumped up and caught the rail and pulled myself up on to the forecastle head. All of the crew were on the port side except Johnson, the second mate. He and I were the only ones on the starboard side.

By this time the ship was fast getting to a position nearly vertical. I looked over to the other side and could see them starting to jump over the side. I shouted to Johnson that I guessed it was time for us to go as well, so we kicked off our boots and jumped.

On deck we had had a raft that we used for painting the side of the ship. As soon as I struck the water, I started to swim for the surface. As soon as I reached the surface the first thing that I saw was something dark on the water, and reaching out I put my hand on this raft. Johnson came up

close beside me and we both climbed on to the raft. I did not have to swim.

After I had climbed on to the raft, I turned to have a last look at the *Clark*. She was standing on end, perfectly upright in the water. Her bow was about thirty feet out of the water. She seemed to hang that way for a minute or two, then, with a sort of sigh, made by the noise of the air rushing out of her, she very slowly sank out of sight. Mother, it was a weird sight to see that little boat sink, and it hurt. She was a good little boat and I had had some good times on her. We had a fine crowd of men, as they showed when it sank. There was no excitement. Those that went went as a sailor should go.

After the little boat had gone, I turned around to see who else was on the raft with us, as when I climbed on I noticed that there were two others already on. They proved to be the third assistant engineer and an oiler. The oiler had on a life preserver, and it made me so darn mad that I just kicked him off the raft. I thought of all those who had no life belts, and here was one of the men I had told not to use anything that was floating around, but to leave it for someone without a life belt. I shook my fist at him and told him not to come anywhere near the raft. He floated around for a while, and once when my back was turned Johnson let him on, and when I discovered it, there was no chance for anyone else to be around, so I let him stay.

We had not been on the raft long when we heard someone shouting and could see someone in the water. Johnson and I swam out and picked up the colored steward. He was just about all in. Soon we heard another call and we swam out again, and picked up a sailor. He, too, was just about all in and was very hard to help back to the raft. He had on oilskins and sea boots and they were full of water. We kept a sharp lookout for anyone else, but we could see or hear no one. Once we saw something black on the water and we swam out and found it was only a barrel. The wind and sea were drifting us fast from the scene of the wreck.

After Johnson had let the oiler back on, that left six of us on the raft. Johnson (the second officer), the third assistant engineer, the steward, the oiler, a sailor, and myself. Now, Mother, to appreciate our position you must picture our raft, which was nine feet long by four feet wide. Not as wide as your bed and only three feet longer, with six men on it. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink; in fact there was nothing on the raft but ourselves and what we stood in, which was not very much. None of us had on shoes except the sailor, who had boots. The most of us were clad in only shirts and trousers. There was just room for four to lie down at a time, and they had to fit right in. The others had to sit way on the end. There was no turning in your sleep unless everyone turned at the same time. The raft was only four inches out of the water, so the water was washing over it all the time. We were never dry at any time that we were on the raft. If anyone did any restless tossing in his sleep at night, overboard he would go. The steward did go overboard one night.

About an hour after the ship sank, Johnson and I put our backs together and, propped up this way, went off to sleep. The first thing I knew the raft was straight up on edge and then over, and we were all in the water. We had not gotten used to our raft and a sea turned it over. We soon got the knack of keeping her from tipping over. Every time a big sea would come we would all lean toward it and balance the raft. I can hear that cry now, 'Look out, here she comes!' and every-

one would start up and lean over toward the sea just as it broke. We had to hang on tight as well, to keep from being washed off the raft. There was no more sleep for anyone that night. A short cat nap and the cry of 'Hang on!' would wake you up.

Thursday morning broke, and we were all glad to see the sun and feel its warmth. It was still blowing pretty hard and quite a high sea was running. About all we did that day was to hang on and to keep the raft from turning over. We saw a good many sharks swimming by the raft. They did not stop at all, and it was easy to guess where they were going and the awful end that the poor fellows who were floating around in life belts had met. It was not a very pleasant thought and I banished it from my mind. Everyone must have had the same thought and no one mentioned it at all, though everyone was very quiet.

Nothing happened of note that day, and during the night in our exhausted state we all caught cat naps even though the water was washing over us all the time and the side of the body which was down was wet all the time.

Friday morning at daybreak we all started to keep a good lookout for ships, as the question of getting picked up was starting to come home. We saw nothing that morning. Sitting around doing nothing, I commenced to brood over our outlook, and, catching myself, I thought that would soon raise Cain with our spirits, so decided to put everyone on watch, and try to give everyone something to do. There was a little breeze and it would blow us on the Mexican coast, if we could last that long. I figured that it was about two hundred and fifty miles away. We took the cover off the life belt that the oiler had on and decided to use it for a sail. We tore some strips from the raft and made a small mast and yard to spread the sail on. The blocks of cork that were in the life belt we used for paddles to steer by. This kept two of the men busy all the time steering and was something on their minds. The trousers of the suit of oilskins that the sailor had on we used to make caps to protect our heads from the strong sun. To make these we just cut off sections from the legs.

This kept us busy all day and it was wonderful how fast the time passed, and everyone was in good spirits. It was a woefully small sail and did not move the raft very fast, but it was more for the moral effect that it had that I had it done. We were now divided into three watches of two men each, so that two men were always doing something and the others were resting. The two men were paddling and steering. We kept time by the sun in the day and the position of the stars at night.

After we had torn the piece off the side of the raft for our mast and sail, we found that it reduced the area so much that we decided to turn the raft over and use the other side. We spent quite a while making preparations, as we were very particular in saving every bit of wood and rope for some future use. This was very safely accomplished except that one of the men was afraid to let go of the raft as it turned over and went right around under water with it.

Friday night the men on watch called me and told me that they could see a light flashing in the sky and that they thought it was a lighthouse. I jumped up, and off to the northward there was a flash of light as from a lighthouse. We all took to our cork paddles and started to paddle toward it. Suddenly it went out and we did not see it for quite a while, and then we could see that it was the searchlight of a vessel. It only showed for a short while and

then went out. It was a great disappointment, but still it was cheering to know that there was someone around anyway. I did not see how it could have been a lighthouse, as I figured that we were about a hundred and twelve miles from Cape San Antonio just before the *Clark* sank. But still in a heavy gale of wind one is apt to be out in his reckoning.

Saturday at daybreak we saw a large steamer heading to pass close to us. We all got excited and happy with large visions of food and drink. We started to paddle toward where she would pass us. We figured that it was about six in the morning and that they would have fresh coffee made, and we made joking remarks about it. She passed about half a mile from us and kept going right on. They had not seen us. She passed so close to us that we could see the man at the wheel. We whistled and would all get together and holler at once. I don't see how they missed us, as we had a man waving a shirt all the time. She was an old tramp, and the officer was down having his coffee, I suppose. Her name was painted out, or we could have read it. It was a keen disappointment, as the pangs of hunger and thirst were beginning to make themselves felt. Our bodies were lame from sleeping on the bare boards, and sore from the salt-water sores which were commencing to come out all over our bodies, and especially on our feet.

You see, I had read somewhere that the pores of the skin would absorb water into the system and that people without water should keep their body wet and that the skin would absorb a lot. We kept our bodies wet with salt water all the time we were on the raft, and I think that this is the only thing that saved our lives. Whenever a man saw another's clothes starting to get dry he would sprinkle water over him until he was wet. The action of the salt water and sun, though, sure raised Cain with our skin, as we were all covered with small dirty yellow sores which had started to fester. Our lips had begun to crack, and the salt had gotten into the cracks and our mouths were nothing but yellow rings.

Saturday we had a small rain squall. It did not last very long, but we all opened our mouths and tried to catch what we could. We spread out the oilskin coat and caught just enough for a mouthful apiece. It was dirty and oily, but it did taste good. That was all the nourishment that we had all the time we were on the raft.

Sunday morning we saw the smoke of a steamer, but it did not come anywhere near to us. Later we saw something black on the water quite a way from the raft, so we paddled over to it, and found that it was one of the barrels that had been our deck load. It was the only bit of wreckage that we saw. There was no way that we could burst it open so that we could get the staves, so we looked it over and then proceeded on our way.

While we knew that the coast of Cuba was closer to us than the Mexican coast, I knew that we could never make headway against the Gulf Stream and that if we were to make any place it would be the coast of Mexico. That was a very slim chance, but I did not say anything and everybody was working with the idea of making Mexico, and so we let it go at that.

The waters around the raft were alive with fish, and we used to use all our spare time trying to catch them with our hands.

The nights were the worst part of all. When we lay down to sleep the water would be washing over us all the time. Those that had the weather side had the water splashing in their faces all the time. Imagine trying

to sleep with water splashing in your face. Though the night air was warm and so was the water, the drying effect made it very cold to the body. One could only sleep a short time and then would wake up cold and cramped. You could not turn over until everyone else turned over, as there was not room to lie back to back if one was at all curved. The two men nearest to the end of the raft used spare blocks of cork for pillows, and the other two used the first pair's hips for pillows.

Monday we started in to fish in earnest. By luck we caught two. One of them jumped right on to the raft and we caught it before it could flop back into the water. These we skinned and hung up on our raft in the sun. In the afternoon we had quite an exciting time. Some large fish started to chase the dolphin which were swimming around the raft. I don't know the name of the fish; we call them bottle-noses from the shape of their snouts. They are about fifteen to twenty feet long. They had no respect whatever for our raft, and gave it several hard bumps while they were chasing the dolphin, and for a while I was afraid that they would break up the raft. They played around for about a half-hour and then went off. While they were not harmful, we were not sorry to see them go, as they had us guessing for a while.

During the afternoon it was very warm and we suffered a great deal from the heat and thirst. Hunger by this time had ceased to bother us at all. Only the first two days did being hungry bother us. Of course we would not have turned down a turkey dinner. They say, though, that hunger ceases as soon as thirst sets in. I guess it does. We kept our clothing good and wet and that helped some. The men wanted to eat the fish, but I would not let them, as eating would increase the desire for water. We were watching for rain closely, and if we had had a good rain squall and could have caught some rain we would have eaten them. Several rain squalls passed us, but none came near the raft.

Monday night the steward and the oiler were on watch for the middle of the night. I guess the steward felt pretty sleepy, for he dozed off to sleep and toppled over backward into the water. The sound of his splashing woke me up. Seeing the oiler reach out to help him back, I called to him to look out for the fish that were hanging on a stick close to where he was. The poor steward thought that I meant for him to look out for a fish and thought fish could only mean shark. The way he came out of the water was not slow. He came out just as a seal does.

Tuesday morning I was sitting in the bow of the raft looking aft and thinking. Everyone else was asleep except the steward and the oiler; they were paddling at the stern. My eyes happened to look astern and I saw a great big shark following us. He was swimming up to the raft. He looked to me to be about fifty feet long, but afterwards when I compared his length to the raft he must have been between fifteen and twenty feet long. I did not say anything to the men, as I hoped he would go away and not be seen by them, as a shark at that time was not the best thing to keep up the spirits of the men. When he reached the end of the raft he curved in and passed close to the side where the oiler was paddling. When he saw the shark he was just putting his paddle into the water and could have touched it. He gave a cry of terror and, jumping up, rushed for the other side of the raft. It was fortunate that I was awake and watching, because I jumped for the opposite side just in time to balance the raft. He would have over-

turned it and had us all in the water at the mercy of the shark. The shark swam around the raft for about half an hour, and we kept very quiet, you may be sure. Once when it passed me it was so close I could have touched it. He was partly on his side and his mouth was open in a sort of fiendish grin as much as to say, 'I will get you yet.' His eyes seemed to be staring into mine. I stared right back at him and said to myself, 'Well, old man, you may think that you are going to have me, but you are not.' The sight of him did not make me feel any too good. I could feel funny little chills going up my spine. Everyone sighed a big sigh of relief when he was gone for good.

About noon we saw the smoke of another steamer. We watched it for quite a while, but it died away.

The afternoon was very hot, and thirst started to tell severely. Our mouths and tongues were badly swollen and we could only talk with an effort. I had to watch the steward and the oiler. They were dipping their fingers in the water and sucking them. That was the worst thing they could do, as it made them worse and was liable to drive them insane. I had spoken to all the men about this when we first were on the raft. As soon as I caught them doing it, I told them plainly that I was not going to jeopardize the lives of everyone on the raft by having one of them go insane. I told them that the first man I caught doing it I would throw overboard as protection for the rest. That kept them in their place for a while. Then the oiler thought that I was asleep and I saw him dip his hand into the water and drink out of it. It made me mad, and I jumped up and started for him. He went down on his knees and whimpered like a dog and begged that I give him another chance. I told him I would give him one chance, but that was all; then he would go overboard. That kept him straight; I did not see him do it any more. About three the steward gave out on us and we had quite a time getting him around.

When evening brought cooler weather we were all in more or less trouble with thirst. It was plainly to be seen that the end of another day would see some changes on the raft. I think Johnson and I were in the best shape.

The night relieved us a lot. A breeze sprang up and cooled the air a lot, though it kicked up a little chop which made it awfully sloppy on the raft. I remember how mad I got at Johnson. He was sleeping huddled close up to my back, the sailor and engineer sleeping with their heads on our hips. I had the weather side and every little chop would go right into my face. I stood it as long as I could, and when I woke the others up so we could turn over there was an awful holler.

Wednesday morning we saw a sailing ship heading to pass not far from us. Everyone woke up and we started to paddle for her. My, how we worked with only those small pieces of cork for paddles. In our exhausted condition it seemed as if they weighed a ton. It was discouraging work, as the raft barely moved. She passed about two miles from us and continued on her way. They had not seen us. Mother, I shall never forget that hopeless feeling that came over me, and I guess it came over the others. We just lay down in a heap too exhausted to move. The steward had not been paddling; we had had him waving a shirt for a flag. He still continued to wave this shirt. I lay where I could watch her. Mother, probably you can imagine some of the thoughts that were passing through my mind. Suddenly I saw her start to haul up one side of her mainsail, and, having been in sailing ships, I knew

that that meant she was going to turn around. That meant another chance for us, even if they had not seen us. They would pass near to us again. We kept the steward waving the shirt and we started again to paddle. It was soon apparent that they had seen us, for they were heading right for us. When she came close they called to us and asked who we were. I stood up and tried to tell them, but I could not talk; my mouth and throat were too swollen. I only made a sort of gurgling sound. They hove to and threw us a line and put a ladder over the side. Two of the men we had to have them hoist up; the rest of us climbed up the ladder.

I was the last to leave the raft. I cast off the line and then climbed halfway up the ladder and turned around and had a last farewell look at the old raft. I had a tender thought for it as I watched it drifting astern. Just as I reached the top and was putting my leg over the rail, I gave out, and if there had not been two men there to grab me I should have fallen back into the water. It was funny; my legs just were no good; I was conscious, but I could not walk. They helped us all to the cabin, where they gave us a small glass of water to wash our mouths with; then they gave us a small cup of coffee and a small square of bread and butter.

They let us rest a while. We could talk then, as the first bit of water loosened up our tongues right away. After a while they took us out on deck and scrubbed us in a big tub. Scrubbed us with regular scrubbing brushes like you use on the floor. Mother, you should have seen Johnson, and I guess I was as bad. They took us out in twos and Johnson and I were taken out together, and as I looked at him standing up in that tub he was a sight. First he was covered with crude oil and looked like a black man. His head was all blistered from the hot sun, and the salt water had made the blisters into sores which were full of yellow matter. His lips were the same; they were just yellow. Then he was so thin I could count every rib in his body. Where his stomach should have been there was only a hollow. He was a terrible-looking thing.

After they had washed us and bandaged our feet, which were the worst part of us, they put us to bed. None of us slept very long; we were too lame and sore and excited. When we got up, they gave us another small cup of coffee and a small piece of bread. That is all they would give us all that day, and yesterday until supper time. They would give us this bread and either coffee or water every hour or so, but no more. Last night we had our first meal.

Our feet are in very bad shape. The engineer's are the worst; he cannot get out of bed. The rest of us hobble around without shoes or socks. Our bodies are all covered with little bubbles. They don't itch, but if you break them they are all full of water.

The Captain is splendid, very simple and religious, and does everything possible for him to do for us.

Well, Mother, luck does not seem to run my way. I have nothing in the world but a shirt and a pair of trousers; even the chronometer is gone. I don't know what I shall do when I arrive in New Orleans.

Don't know yet where you can write me.

Well, good-bye. This little picture shows how we looked to one of the sailors on the *Tana* when they were picking us up. I took in six inches in my belt the six days and twelve hours that we were on the raft.

Lovingly,

GARLAND

MY ADULT EDUCATION

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

THERE were fourteen of us — father, mother, and twelve children. Our house was a little stone cabin in a back alley in the town of Antrim, in Ulster. Five passed away in infancy. The rest of us left one by one as we were able to shift for ourselves.

I can see that cabin now. I can feel the dampness of the mud floor and count the patches where the plaster had fallen from the whitewashed walls. My father was a cobbler, but, our little world being largely a community of barefooted people, work was scarce. As a result we were hungry most of the time. There were various ways of supplementing the family food supply, especially in the summer, when we roamed the glens and hillsides for wild fruits or set night lines in the river to catch eels. Our water supply being at a distance, I often earned bread and butter or cold potatoes by acting as water carrier for the neighbors.

Poor as we were, we had always a 'sup' or a 'bite' for the beggars, of whom there seemed to be an endless procession. When I was nine or ten years of age I peddled newspapers, and that added between sixpence and a shilling a week to the family exchequer. Two great events cheered our poor souls each year. We looked forward to them as children in more favored homes look forward to Santa Claus. One was the annual Christmas Soirée of the Methodists. I had an attenuated attachment to the parish church, but I deserted the fold each year long enough to qualify for the Methodist feast. We had buns and coffee. The other event was a Christmas gift from the baker, of a currant loaf. I have often wondered why the butcher and the pawnbroker did n't chip in some moiety as well, but perhaps the volume of our business did n't warrant such benevolence.

When hunger became acute, and it often did, my mother would tell us fairy stories, stories of miraculous supply by the leprechaun. The stories were convincing, but my own last resort was to stand with my bare feet on the baker's cellar grating, or in the doorway of the bakery, and inhale the fumes of new-made bread. And that was before the advent of either Coué or Mrs. Eddy.

At 'the bottom of the world,' as my mother called our alley, we had as close neighbors the chimney sweeps, the local ragman, a process server, and a lot of widows and orphans and wastrels and derelicts who were uncataloguable. How they all managed to eke out existence has always been a mystery to me.

The word 'poverty' inadequately describes the condition of life in that alley. It was stark destitution. We were all chronically, hopelessly hungry and utterly unconscious that there was anything unusual about it. We never complained. We never connected our condition with economic systems or governments good or bad. As a child I had an idea — dim and hazy, it is

true — that things in the world were just about as God ordered them. 'The Man above only knows,' my father would say to some of our questionings, 'and He won't let on.'

Despite the rags and dirt and hunger and cold, despite the limitations, economic, physical, and mental, we were, on the whole, a happy lot. We were acquainted with sorrow, but there was always more laughter than tears. The sun never took a peep into that drab stone cabin, but we had light and warmth in the personality of my mother, who radiated sweetness and cheer. We often went to bed supperless, but never without wonderful stories, of which my mother had an inexhaustible supply.

Between my seventh and fourteenth birthdays was the magic period of my youth. I used to speak of those years as wasted time. I think differently now. I was idly dreaming, getting acquainted with life — the life of birds and beasts, of men and women, of trees and flowers. I helped the fishermen on the Lough, gathered scallops, willow sticks for thatching, ran errands, sold papers, played shinny, shot marbles, spun tops, went birdnesting, whistled from pillar to post with my hands in my pockets, with a tously head of red hair and scarcely enough clothing on me to dust a violin, a thing of 'shreds and patches,' but dreaming — always dreaming.

In my age of puberty occurred four outstanding events. Each made a deep impression on me. Two of them influenced my whole after life. In a potato field I lay down to rest one day. I stretched myself out at full length on my back and fell asleep. When I awoke, a very beautiful girl stood there looking at me. She was a visitor at the land steward's and I had conducted her over the trails in the woods and taught her the names of many wild flowers. I jumped to my feet and smilingly apologized. I was startled at first, and my embarrassment put out of gear the mechanism of speech. I was as startled as I had been a few days previously when at a sharp turn in the footpath in the ravine I had suddenly come upon a fawn. The beautiful thing fascinated me. I wanted a word, a word of conciliation, of kindness. Graceful as a nymph it stood there, nerve-strained like a bow bent for the discharge of an arrow, its head poised in the air, fire shooting from its eyes. It remained but an instant, then with a frightened plunge it cleared the clump of laurel bushes and disappeared.

When I stood before the beautiful city girl, I remembered the fawn and half expected the girl to vanish instantly out of sight. There was something of the fawn in her graceful form, some of the fire in her blue eyes, and in her merry laughter a suggestion of mountain and glen. Strange new emotions swept through me and I faintly realized that I had crossed the bridge that separates the boy from the man.

On another occasion, in the same field, I had an experience which seemed to raise me from the condition of an inert clod of clay to soul-consciousness. I was sitting on the fence at the close of day awaiting the ringing of the bell which called the laborers from the fields. I had been daydreaming, humming the lines of a hymn, feeling akin to all around me. A beautiful sunset made the heavens a symphony of brilliant colors. Something within responded. There was a sense of awe. I sat still and quiet, gazing in rapture at the rapidly changing scene. Suddenly an extraordinary emotion swept through my being. It seemed as if some life-giving fluid had been poured into my blood. Tears came and flowed freely. Then I was seized with a desire to cry aloud, to shout, to scream.

I rushed into the wood, fell on my knees, and began to pray. What I prayed for or about I do not know. I had heard of people acting like this under some deep conviction of sin. I had no such conviction. It seemed rather a convincement of love. Some of my friends have made various and conflicting guesses at the riddle of this experience. It is easy to err in giving a name to such things. Judged by its aftermath, it seemed to me to be the birth of a soul.

As I went through the farmyard that night on my way home, some of the workers peered into my face, and, seeing there an unusual expression, inquired in tones of amazement as to its meaning. I evaded answering their questions and sped home like the wind. That night in my little attic place beneath the roof I think I found myself. Something very beautiful had been born in my mind or heart or soul — how could I know which? I was under the spell of an afflatus. I was very happy, but afraid of sleep lest I should awaken and find it gone.

II

The first reaction to the new ideal was a chemical one. I wanted to be clean. Facilities were meagre. I made the most of them and began at once. Soap was cheap, water was plentiful, and the family hair comb stood the strain. I could n't quite make out what had happened, but when I went to work next morning I was in love with life. My idea of God at this period was that He was a big man in the skies. I prayed to Him for the things I considered necessary. When a new job came I looked upon the advancement as an act of the Divine, and I was grateful. I went into the hunting stables of a rich man who was a member of Parliament for our county. Here I was fitted out with clothes becoming the position of stableboy.

A year at the 'big house' gave me my first insight into the life and manners of the aristocracy. It gave me also a love for horses and a knowledge of their management and care. 'The master' was a gentleman of the old school, passionately fond of fine horses. When he came into the courtyard to mount a horse he would take out of his pocket a silk handkerchief, crumple it in his hand, and then run it over the side of the horse. If the handkerchief showed the slightest sign of dust or dirt, the horse went back to the stable and the head groom was in trouble. This action made a strange impression upon me. How could I help comparing the luxurious life of a horse with the lives of the grooms, and especially with my own life? It meant much to be a horse; to have good food, a good bed, and an attendant. It meant much less to be a man.

With a new mind and a decent outfit of clothes I gravitated toward the parish church and Sunday School. I joined a Bible class, and at the end of a year, though I could neither read nor write, I had memorized more texts than anybody in the school. In an examination I took first prize for the largest number of memorized passages. When asked what I wanted for the prize I naïvely asked for a suit of clothes. The superintendent thought it a good joke. He had forgotten that I could n't read, so he gave me a book. I attended, without invitation, the vicar's Bible class which met on Monday evenings. When the members discovered that I could n't read they asked the vicar to exclude me or to keep me from asking questions. He was not inclined to do either, but I saved him from embarrassment by staying away.

There was a Y. M. C. A. Some of the respectable young men of the town got

a room in the Court House and met once a week. I made known my desire to join, but I didn't measure up to the requirements socially. I was told plainly that it was for the better class of young men. The thing died shortly after I left. It must have died of respectability.

In our vicinity there was a drunken stonemason. I thought somebody should get close to him and help him to live a more human life. Failing to find anybody willing, I undertook the job myself. He signed the pledge and I organized him into the town's first temperance society, when there were only enough of us to fill the offices. It looked for a day or so as if I might be elected to something. I was doomed again to disappointment. We elected the stonemason president. It sounded nice and he was very proud of it. His effort to smooth my slightly ruffled feelings left much to be desired in delicacy.

'You're a great hand at gettin' an oul' throllop t' sign the pledge,' he said, 'but of coorse whin it comes to office ye're too damned ig'rant.'

The vicar prepared me for confirmation. Illiteracy was more than a handicap. It was a matter of shame. I had looked forward to being the support of my father and mother. That was one of my dreams; but spiritual quickening gave me discontent with ignorance. I felt that I must do something. To do it in Antrim seemed impossible. I must go away and shed my ignorance among strangers. That seemed cruel to the old people. The others had gone and were contributing nothing. I had resented that. Now I was thinking of doing the same thing.

As I walked down the aisle of the old church to receive confirmation I experienced a return of the radiance. I was poor and ignorant, but possessed of something which wealth could not buy nor culture guarantee. The conflict between my dream of intelligence and my sense of duty continued and intensified. I prayed, but the heavens were silent. I stated my problem to my mother and Willie Withero, the stonebreaker.

'Ye've got a good head, me bhoy,' said the stone-breaker, 'but there's nothin' in it. Get somethin' in it or ye'll be cleanin' oul' horses or breakin' stones, like me, fur the rest of yer natural life.'

'I gave ye to God before ye were born, dear,' my mother said, 'and it would be terrible bad manners to tell Him what to do with you.'

My father was not so easily satisfied. He seemed to see in me something different and naturally wanted to hold on. He was rough-hewn, illiterate, and inefficient, but he had a great heart, and the delicacy and tenderness of his devotion to my mother were beyond praise. 'God's a gintleman!' he said. 'He'll look afther our bhoy.'

The fourth event was a lecture on 'Lincoln, the Rail-splitter.' I was still selling newspapers when this occurred. It was a very cold winter's night. Something was going on at the only hall in the town. I went there in the hope of selling the tail end of my day's supply. I was barefooted. My clothing was scant. I stood at the door with my papers under my arm and shivering with cold. The man at the door, touched, I suppose, with a sense of pity, invited me inside.

I had never heard of Lincoln, and I had n't the faintest idea what a rail-splitter was; but the story of Lincoln was plainly told, and as I sat on a bench at the back of the hall, with my feet dangling six inches from the floor, I became imbued with a great ideal. The lecturer, in a series of vivid word pictures, gave us the story of Lincoln, his humble origin, his struggles for enlightenment, and his ultimate success.

That night when I left the hall I had a hero in my heart. I had also a firm conviction that I could escape from the bondage of ignorance.

III

At eighteen I was still a stableboy. My mind was a sort of mental haggis. As a whole it moved me forward. I had diagnosed the experience in the potato field as religion, but it had lost its radiance as I participated in the mutual hostility of the dominant creeds. I was mingling freely with men and absorbing naturally the narrow views of those around me. I had an inferiority complex and worshiped at the shrine of the conservative demigods. My mother saw the trend of my mind and warned me.

The last three months as groom or groom's helper were months of comfort. The master had a country place on a hill by the edge of the sea. His horses and family went there every summer. His favorite horse was a distinguished racer called the Fisherman, and when I was ordered to ride him to the castle by the sea I was thrilled with the first great honor that had come my way. That ride of fifty miles was a triumphal experience. Every village I passed through turned out to see the famous horse. Every farmer felt honored when I rode into his yard for food or water. I was to use my own judgment as to time and care. This honor was not unalloyed. It created jealousy. The head groom advised that a more experienced man be sent. But the order stood. The master was satisfied that I was competent and he knew that I was the only man in his stables who had no use for public houses.

At the castle on the hill I was given a room. It was my first room and in it was the first bed I had ever used. A room and a bed and bathing facilities were all luxuries. They were things of a world I had not known. At the end of the summer, with only enough money to pay the train fare to the capital of the north, I started my pilgrimage and burned my bridges as I went along.

I did not linger long in Belfast. I became coachman for a business man who used me also to deliver goods. I did n't mind what I did. The really important thing at this temporary stopover was listening to 'Roarin' Hugh Hanna' thunder his preachments from the pulpit of St. Enoch's. After a few months I moved on to the coal fields of Scotland, where I had three brothers. A fully experienced miner in those days was paid about four shillings for a twelve-hour day. I became a miner's mucker at one shilling a day. The work was hard, exacting, and dangerous. The contrast between this blackened underworld and the freedom and sunshine of my last three months in Ireland was very sharp. We worked half naked. We wore little oil lamps on our brows. In a few days my face was blistered, my body racked with pain. We worked like beasts and behaved like animals. I did n't mind that in the pit, but the sordidness of the shack we lived in and the brutality and vulgarity of the life around me made the place to me a hell on earth.

Keir Hardie and Bob Smillie were stirring the sluggish souls of men in that very region at that time. I had no social conscience. I could only see my own problem — the conquest of ignorance. There were times when the difficulties seemed to paralyze all effort. I became discouraged often, but never caved in. One night I was passing a drab, cheerless-looking building and curiosity carried me in. A tall, princely-looking young man clad in a gray suit was addressing about a hundred miners. The talk was over my head, but the personality of the man

thrilled me. The man was Professor Henry Drummond — one of God's signposts. I had five minutes' conversation with him after the meeting, and the next morning, with about as much baggage as I could stuff in my hat, I went into the wilderness of Glasgow.

There was romance in roaming the streets by night and doggedly searching for work during the day; but when a day's rain soaked me and hunger had reduced my energy to exhaustion, the romance vanished. I could neither beg nor steal. In such a condition I went to the docks one night in the hope of creeping under cover somewhere, somehow. An empty dry-goods case seemed a hopeful relief. I put my hand in. It rested on a human head. In Gothic language a Scotch voice ordered me off the earth. Courtesy and culture are wonderful things when one can afford them. That night I had none to spare. Like a bundle of wet rags I dumped myself in on top of this human. Then followed in Scotch and Irish a conversation accompanied by all the pothooks and hangers in the physical alphabet. When it was over we were both very warm and somewhat smeared. Together we occupied that dry-goods hotel for the night and together next morning went in search of the gayly bedecked men who were fishing in the muddy waters of the city for just such fish as we were.

The origin of the impulsive move occurred in the night. Sitting there stewing in the juice of unfortuitous circumstances, an idea came to me. I remembered that in our town a young man became a soldier. He could neither read nor write. Five years later he returned. He had been transformed. He could read and write, he walked straight, — nobody else in the town could, — and he shaved every day. It was an illumination. I became enthusiastic and longed for daylight.

When I spoke of my plans to my fellow guest he thought that he might accompany me at least to the rendezvous, but after that I was to go my own way and he would go his. He had a reputation to sustain — his father was a hearse-driver. At the rendezvous he changed his mind. He would take a chance on me. We would enlist together. So we did, but we had difficulty in selecting just what we wanted. All branches of the service were represented: Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery. I could n't distinguish between a Horse-guardsman and a stovepipe. I had never seen such a glorious display of color, swords, bayonets, and sashes, dangling and clanking. We were as pleased as children in a toy shop. They walked up and they walked down. They twirled their little canes and pulled at the wisps on their upper lips.

'Let's join this!' I ventured, as a ponderous being in red and gold strode down toward us.

'What dae ye think it is?' he asked.

'God knows,' I said, 'but did ye iver see anything finer in yer life?'

He never did, so we took the Queen's shilling and were shipped off to the depot. We imagined the swanky being we chose was a Guardsman, but he was n't. He was a Red Marine, so we had joined neither the Army nor the Navy.

I had one object in entering the service. I never for a moment lost sight of it. I wanted a school, and here it was. From the military point of view it was an unnecessary frill, but the Royal Marines had made it an efficient branch of the training. By a blunder I had stumbled into the best school in the whole of the British service.

I was one of twenty men in a large room, each with a cot bed and space for his kit. We ate together, drilled together, and fitted as best we could into each other's lives. Most of them were

rough specimens. I was dubbed 'sky pilot' before I had been there a week. I was rather slow in assimilating military knowledge, but in school I absorbed what they gave me as a sponge absorbs water. I made a record. But I was n't there to be a scholar. I was a soldier in the making, and they had their own peculiar methods of reminding me of it. I was at the training depot for a year. My body responded to discipline and training. The constant drill, with gymnasium exercises, whipped me into shape in a short time. My mind responded with less alacrity to words of command on the drill field. There used to be an idea that before a man could be made a good soldier it was necessary to break his spirit. A later idea was that if a man had any spirit he could be aroused out of incompetence and lethargy by a thrashing. I was an easy victim of the new idea.

A boxing instructor was told off to attend to this. Under pretext of teaching me how to box, he pasted me all over the floor, to the amusement of three hundred men. In my case the experiment was successful. I was more than awakened. I was a nonresistant from principle and a soldier from necessity, but the humiliation awakened the animal in me and I set aside the principle for the time being. There was a young Scotsman in our room who knew the boxing game so well that he found it difficult to persuade any of his roommates to practise with him. I offered myself as a punching bag. He saw my eagerness and knew my nature, so he charged me sixpence a lesson. I did n't mind the sixpence, but I had an appetite in those days, the memory of which makes me hungry even now. I needed the Queen's allowance of money to supplement her limited rations. After six weeks' training I went back, and in an Irish brogue which I could n't even imitate now I asked for another lesson from the boxing instructor.

In this comeback I did n't box. I had no intention of boxing. I just unleashed the tiger in my blood and played the jungle man. I fought eighteen rounds that night, but with six different men. I was master of the floor in every session. I became a savage. I enjoyed a savage's delight and received a savage's reward — cheap applause. I recovered. I recovered on my knees down by the Goodwin Sands, where by divine help I resolved to tie up the tiger.

IV

When I arrived at corps headquarters my record from the training station testified to efficiency and good character. I was thankful then, I am thankful now, for that chance to develop my mind and body. The passion for learning grew. I loved life. I exulted in access to books. I had a childlike delight in beautiful things.

A few outstanding events occurred during my brief stay in a garrison town. I read my first novel, I heard a great orator, I saw Irving play Hamlet, and I had a thrilling experience with prayer. My first novel was *John Halifax, Gentleman*. When as yet I was but learning to read I had been advised to read it. In a box marked '3*d*. each' at a bookseller's door I found a copy. The poverty and illiteracy of the hero's youth were like my own. He became my first hero in fiction. Little bits of the book wove themselves into the texture of my life.

One night I heard Henry Irving play Hamlet. It was the first play I had ever seen in a theatre. I was tremendously moved. Next day I secured a copy of the play and in a few more weeks had memorized it from beginning to end. Irving had opened the door.

I heard all the great orators of the later Victorian period and the early part of the present century. The greatest of them all was Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist. One Sunday afternoon I was one of several thousand who listened to him as he endeavored to demolish the idea of God. The foundations of my faith had a rude shaking. I was probably the most ignorant person in that assembly, but when the speaker volunteered to answer questions I arose in my place and awaited recognition. It seemed a mile to where he stood on the platform. I was in scarlet uniform. He saw me and called for my question. I was so scared that words would n't come. I seemed choked. Imagining that my voice was merely low, he invited me to the platform. I suppose the sight of my uniform reminded him of the days when he had worn such an outfit himself. He saw my embarrassment and laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder. Encouraged, I said my little piece — brief, pointed.

'I have a hope in my heart which inspires and gives me joy. I call it God. Would Mr. Bradlaugh take it away from me and put nothing in its place?'

He might have, could have, given a scathing answer. He did n't.

'No, my lad,' he said. 'Charles Bradlaugh would be the last man on earth to take a pleasure from a soldier lad, even though it be a belief in God.' There were giants in those days, and Bradlaugh was one of them.

I learned that fifty men were to be drafted for the Mediterranean fleet and that I was to be one of them. Only one thing interested me in this outlook: which of the ships had the best library? The flagship, I was told, had the best library of any ship afloat. I prayed that God would have me sent there. God was the big man in the skies who knew everybody. My prayer was a sort of *ex parte* bargain that if He would give me the education which the big ship could furnish I would give Him all my life. My faith was childlike, simple, and primitive. Somehow I felt sure that my prayer would be answered. When the roll was called and our ship assignments made, I was detailed for a gunboat which had no library and few men. I was so amazed that I had courage — the courage of desperation — to ask if there was n't some mistake. I was threatened with punishment for questioning the roll call. To my simple mind the wheel of life had slipped a cog — several cogs. I was in despair, but consoled myself with the thought that God was punishing me for being too sure or for something else I had done in my ignorance.

The following day, after our parade and inspection, the color sergeant called my name. A mistake had been made, so he said, and I was to join the flagship! I partly exploded there and then, and fully exploded in my barrack room, where in a twinkling I divested myself of kit and accoutrements and offered to fight any two men in the room, just to show how kindly I felt toward the world! There was a roar of laughter, but no fighters. I explained and shouted, 'Hurrah for God!' Childish? Oh yes, very childish; but I go back to that period often and wonder.

The fifteen men in my mess were all good fellows, though rough and vulgar. Conversation usually wallowed in obscenity and profanity. The absence of either set a man apart, as odd, a 'sky pilot,' or effeminate. It was not easy to be unaffected by the constant impact of these blistering words. A little knowledge of psychology would have helped considerably; but I knew nothing about it. We had a small group of Bible students — fundamentalists, and then some. I became one of them, but they were constantly deploring my worldli-

ness, which consisted of a jubilant nature, hearty laughter, fairy stories, quick wit in repartee, and my inability to take literally their creeds. Life to them seemed an evil to be endured. To me it was an urn of joy.

I needed but four hours' sleep — never slept more until I was over fifty years of age. Four hours of work or duty and sixteen for study. When I hid myself behind a stanchion in order to listen to the schoolmaster, I was discovered and forced to explain. The explanation secured for me help in my most difficult study. I had observed since my earliest mental awakenment the slovenly use of language. I determined to speak English correctly. In order to take full advantage of the opportunities around me I became a waiter. The English language was spoken as purely and correctly by the officers I served as in any university faculty. I had a pad and pencil handy and jotted down words which were strange and new to me. Under a night lamp in the flats below, when the crew were asleep, I made their acquaintance with the aid of a dictionary. I had an Irish brogue. I made strenuous efforts to shed it. I memorized ten pages at a time of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, and when ashore would repeat them aloud in some solitary place.

At the end of the first year I occupied a niche in that little world. We were constantly cruising around the Mediterranean. To me it was a dream world. The histories of those countries on its borders were full of romance. Before we entered a port I had made myself acquainted with its history. Half the crew looked to me for information on the places we visited. When we reached the Piræus I had special leave to visit Athens. One night in Greek waters I was doing duty for a comrade on the upper deck — sentry duty. A man in evening dress came from the Admiral's cabin and walked back and forth with me for half an hour. He seemed amazed that a common marine should be acquainted with Greek history. I had been ashore and was going again. He asked if I had visited the Palace and I told him the ruins of the age of Pericles were of more interest.

'You must see the Palace,' he said. 'I will give you a card which will admit you.'

I did n't look at it just then — it was really a little scrap of paper on which I supposed he had written his name. When I politely asked him his name, he said, 'George.' Next morning I discovered that I had been talking to a king.

V.

With a passion for knowledge, abundance of books, and sixteen hours a day at my disposal, I made progress. In reading I averaged a novel a day. A third assistant steward taught me Italian. In the rudiments of French a midshipman was my teacher. I absorbed as much knowledge from persons and places as from books. When the fleet lay at anchor outside Joppa, I was given special leave to visit the Holy Land. The journey from Joppa to Jerusalem in those days was full of thrills. For a simple-minded peasant lad, devoted to religion, the visit to the scenes of the life of Jesus was of the nature of an intensified exaltation. Everything that had happened to me since my awakenment seemed a special providence. This visit seemed to cap the climax of all privileges.

While off Limasol in Cyprus I had a vacation during which I saw Ohnefalch-Richter, the German archæologist, digging for the remains of ruined empires. Thirteen civilizations were buried there. When on the coast of Asia Minor I went boar hunting in the wilds and visited the tomb of Polycarp

on the way back. The Adriatic and Ægean Seas were books of ancient history perused in a leisurely cruise which lasted six months. We touched every land bordering on the great sea, and each had its own story, running back into the origin of nations and races. No university could offer such educational facilities, yet I was the only man in a crew of a thousand who was taking full advantage of them. The men of the rank and file could tell all about the number and variety of saloons, brothels, and amusements. Of historic values or the life of the nations we visited they knew nothing.

Our commander was a seaman of the old school. He loved sail drill in rough weather. I think I hear him now: 'Stand by! Away aloft! Bear out on the yardarm!' The day when the order to bear out on the yardarm was given, the captain of the foretop lost his nerve or his grip and dropped dead on the deck at my feet. The evolution was suspended. Next day we began the same drill. When the same order was given the new captain bungled somehow and fell to the deck in the same manner. We buried them together in old Famagusta that afternoon. The next day we went at the same evolution. The new captain was a jovial chap who was one of the best seamen in the Navy; but often when he went ashore he forgot the name of his ship and the number of his mess. Drink was his master. He had been sober for a long time and was again eligible for promotion. He was made captain of the foretop, but the superstition of the sea gripped us all — two men out, the third *had* to go! But the new captain did n't go. He performed his stuff and came down full of laughter. He was probably the most popular man on the ship. We all wanted to hug him as he descended the rigging with the agility of a cat.

A few days later I got a side light on his success. One of our officers was entertaining a friend from another ship. At tea the visitor asked if we had a man on board called Hicks. He was informed we had.

'We were thirty miles out at sea the other night when I saw a light flashing on the dark clouds,' he said, 'and I told our signalman to take down the code. This is what he gave me: —

'God, this is Billy Hicks. I ain't afraid of no bloomin' man nor devil. I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones's bleedin' locker, neither. I don't ask for no favors but just one. This is it. When I strike the foretops to-morrow let me do it with the guts of a man what is clean, and God, dear God, from this-'ere day give me the feelin' I used to have long ago when I knelt at my mother's knee and said, "Our Father." Good night, dear God.'

Hicks had been a signalman, and when the superstition of the 'third' man seized him he sought help from the clouds. I kept track of him for some years. He became a chief petty officer.

I had seen General Gordon in Alexandria on his way to the Sudan. When he was hemmed in at Khartum and Osman Digna was leading his native troops against the British in the desert beyond Suakin, over half of my comrades were sent to the front. Being a waiter and batman, I was not drafted. Some months later an officer was drafted. His servant was passé and somewhat faded physically. I offered him my bank account to let me go in his place. As he was considering offering his savings for a substitute he was easily persuaded, and off I went to the relief of Gordon.

VI

Some poisoned arrows have been shot at the character of General Gordon in these latter days. What he was in

reality I do not know. I do know that among us common rank-and-file fighting men his name had a magic spell. Our devotion to the soldier-saint was based more on the saint than on the soldier. We loved the man and were willing to die for him. When we heard that he had been killed in Khartum we were grief-stricken and had no more interest in fighting the Arabs. We drove Osman Digna into the hills and scattered his men, but we had no hatred. These wild Fuzzy-wuzzies came out with their long spears and shields and obsolete rifles, met us, and fought us with a courage that seemed to us madness.

My only reading matter in the desert was a pocket Testament and a small copy of Chapman's Homer. Even here I was in the school of life.

When the long dreary campaign was over I returned with the troops and in boyish glee enjoyed the momentary glory which such a return always involves. Military glory seemed a shallow thing to me. I could see through it. I saw through it all. I was more grateful than words can express — grateful for the chance of an education, grateful for association with officers and men. Now I had earned it. The score was as even as I could make it and I wanted to move on; but the way was not yet open. I spent seven years in uniform. Those years were full of thrills, full of growth, full of valuable experience. I matriculated into Oxford as a passman and remained long enough to know Dr. Benjamin Jowett and to fall in love with the most fascinating city on earth. I had n't the money or the social prestige. I was a square peg in a round hole. I felt it in every fibre of my being, and I was ill at ease all the brief time I was there. Dr. Jowett had wisdom. He advised me, and once again I was out on my pilgrimage — literally without either scrip or staff.

When I returned to Antrim I had an incentive, an ambition. I could tell my mother of it. She understood and had faith in me. I wanted to be a missionary or a minister in order to help men. My mother had given me a name in baptism which means 'helper of men.' I did n't know then that to my sainted mother good-bye was farewell.

'We shall meet again, Mother,' I said as I was leaving.

'Oh, aye, dear, we shall — out there beyond the meadows and the clouds.'

When I landed in New York I had one dollar in my pocket. My other assets were a strong body, a willing mind, and faith in God. I might perhaps add that I had faith in myself. Through what paths, and to what work, these led me I shall tell elsewhere.

VII

Many years passed before I went back to Ireland. My mother had then been dead some time. My father still lived. In the scenes of my childhood I seemed to be in another world. I was a stranger in the land of my birth. Everybody and everything seemed so small, so drab, so ancient.

The door of our old stone cabin was like the gate of a public park — open to all comers. Folks of our neighborhood walked in and out as people walk in and out of a department store. This was as I would have it, up to a certain point. Then familiarity became something else. I wanted to be alone with my father and sister.

The chimney corner — my mother's place — was vacant. In all my life I have never felt an emptiness so keenly. She would have understood everything. My father and sister had not traveled far along the spiritual pathway of understanding. I went out to the potato field — to the spot from which the long pilgrimage started. I visited

the stone pile where my childhood chum was breaking stones. He took the wire net from his eyes and looked at me. He expected me to look as I did when I left and talk in the old vernacular. He was disappointed in both. I was another person and he was the same. I expected some of the old fervor of companionship to return. There was no thrill, no common ground. A wide gulf separated us. It was of the mind.

I went to the churchyard and stood by the grave of the most saintly woman I have ever known. Everything I was and hoped to be I owed to her — to her love and faith. Perhaps she heard me as I said this at her grave. In the home nothing was changed. In the town all was as it had been except that a new generation carried on. The news of my return spread quickly. At night the house was so full we could hardly move. The people would have remained all night if I had n't taken my coat off and announced that I was going to take everything else off and have a bath in my father's old tub. That cleared the house. We barred the door and were alone.

My father had become so deaf that they heard outside nearly everything said to him anyway. What puzzled them was where I was going to sleep. It puzzled my father also. He could n't imagine my climbing the little ladder and sliding in beneath the roof as I did for so many years when a boy. I had provided for the emergency. I spread a laprobe on the mud floor beside the fire and went to sleep. Next day I took my father to a hillside outside Belfast in order to explain many things to him. In the mind of the poor in Ireland, America spelled wealth. I had remained poor. There was a blank look in his eyes when I tried to explain that in the career I had cut out for myself the only wealth was of the mind and soul. If I had told him the whole truth he would have been utterly mystified.

While in Belfast I was invited to preach in a large church. My father was there. When he saw me in a Geneva gown delivering a sermon his eyes filled with tears and I knew he was thinking about my mother. This was her dream. When it was over and I was surrounded by friends, he put his arms around me and said he wished they 'd 'hap him up' beside her now, as he had nothing more to live for. By a curious coincidence the mother of the girl I had met in the potato field sat beside my father in church. The girl had wedded a tragedy and was then in the United States.

I went to Glasgow to visit a brother and sister. I took my father with me. Every day we took long walks. We talked of things one talks of on the edge of the grave — life, death, immortality. When he said, in language more forceful than elegant, that 'God would n't be so damned niggardly' as to keep him from my mother, there was neither profanity nor irreverence in the expression. I reminded him of his own words, 'God's a gintleman.'

'Oh, aye, ye can bate on that,' he said, 'an' if He tuk oul' Withero in, He'll not bar the dour on me.'

At the station a group of curious bystanders stood on the platform watching the trembling old man clinging to me and dreading to let me go.

'We have just one minute more, Father.'

'Aye, aye, wan minute — my God, jist wan minute; why could n't ye stay a wee while longer?'

'There are so many voices calling me over the sea.'

He saw the people watching us and impulsively dragged me toward a waiting room. He realized that the time

was up. He stopped, grabbed me around the neck, and kissed me passionately over and over again. The whistle blew.

'All aboard!'

He clutched me and held me with the grip of a drowning man. I had to break loose, gently, lovingly, tears bedimming my own eyes. I caught a glimpse of him as the train moved out, despair and a picture of death on his face. His lips were trembling and he could n't see me any more. His eyes were too full of tears. A few months later they buried him beside my mother.

(The next installment of Mr. Irvine's story will be 'A Batman at Large')

THE FRENCH MIND

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

France does not resemble any other country, for her conception of production, of politics, and of life is essentially her own. Also the scale of values in the modern world has altered to such an extent that generally she is not understood, and often is isolated. To those of the French who do not travel this statement would seem paradoxical in the extreme, for they would be tempted to believe that the civilized world still looks in their direction, just as it did a century ago. The wellspring of our influence is still living and fresh, but the world has changed. We are mostly appreciated by those who preserve a certain conception — now out-of-date — of individuality, liberty, and culture. This conception gives us our numerous, although sporadic and nearly always individual, friends. One is bound to think of France in terms of individuals!

Economically France is not the contemporary of the countries which lead the world to-day, a fact we must bear in mind if we are to understand French politics. The United States, Germany, and even England are all of recent formation economically. We are watching the American captain of industry and the American workman develop under our very eyes, and the German business man is the creation of the last two decades of the nineteenth century only.

The French personality, on the contrary, was a finished product by the end of the eighteenth century. Our peasants and artisans both come from the Middle Ages, and deep heart-searching reveals that every essential of our character already existed at the time of the 1789 Revolution. We are not a new country, and, like all other highly developed organisms, we are staid and do not take kindly to change. We are hard because we are old. Among so many peoples who are young or rejuvenated — sometimes almost childishly so — the French give a definite impression of being adult.

Since the completion of this our national individuality in that already far-distant past, two world-wide forces of tremendous consequence have arisen: first, the Industrial Revolution has

transformed all methods of production and indeed every aspect of material life; and secondly, the development of the countries overseas has been so rapid that the very centre of gravity of the planet has been altered and all our traditional measures of greatness, and even the comparative proportions of the nations, have been completely upset. France was great in the last century with her 204,000 square miles, but where is she to-day with the 2,900,000 square miles of the United States?

The transformation of the world goes deeper still, for we are now confronted with an entirely new theory of life. Quality has given way to quantity, the individual to the gang or the machine. In a word, humanity has entered upon a new phase. But what is to become of France, conceived and constructed for another age? If she is to adapt herself to these new conditions she must alter her outlook on life, the character of her production, her manner of living, and her ancient conception of political life, which some of us still believe to be in the forefront of progress. Or is there possibly still a corner in this modern world for France, born of individuality and the Revolution? The problem is almost tragic, for what is really at stake is the French personality and the original character of a civilization.

Now, French politics happen to be less than anything else adapted to the preoccupations which are now dominating the world, and this contrast will provide the basis of the present essay.

I

Even after a century of intense industrial life, the social structure of France is still essentially built up of peasants, artisans, and bourgeois.

In spite of the drift to the cities, which seems to be part of the normal development of our Western civilization, the mainstay of French life is still the peasant. The census of 1921 estimates at 54 per cent the rural population of France, as against 49 per cent in the United States, and only 20 per cent in England. In contrast with the English farmer and the grain grower and stock raiser of the United States, the Frenchman may be considered as the very type of the peasant; a small landowner and solitary worker, who lives by cultivating his own plot of land. Out of 8,591,000 farmers in France, 5,000,000 are their own masters. This is a fact of supreme importance in our study of the French point of view, for the peasant heritage is always close at hand even in the heart of the cities; and although they may be far from the land the French continue to feel and react like peasants. Paul Morand speaks of the extraordinary persistence of this peasant spirit: 'It is the vegetable garden, the pride of our middle and working classes, which even in this age of machinery draws the Frenchman to the soil. It is the vegetable garden with its strawberries and radishes that means home to him out in the colonies, while to the British the chief preoccupation is tennis or golf. At the end of his day's work the English miner departs to play football, but the French miner, being essentially a peasant, goes into his garden.'

Industry has by no means influenced French character to the same extent. Even after the Treaty of Versailles, which has shifted the centre of gravity of the nation to the metallurgical industry in the Northeast, one may still say that our great manufacturing production remains strictly localized and that its influence does not permeate the mass of the people. No doubt Flanders or Lorraine taken separately would deny this impression, but if we study the statistics we realize that in-

dustry as such occupies only second place in the economic system of the nation. Out of 21,721,000 individuals who make up our working population, 6,181,000, or 28 per cent only, can be counted as contributing to manufacturing production. Again, out of these 6,181,000 only 4,270,000, or about 69 per cent, draw regular salaries, but of the remainder 1,162,000 are workers on their own account (19 per cent), and no fewer than 683,000 (11 per cent) are employers of labor. If we note that British industry is made up of 90 per cent wage earners, 6.3 per cent workers on their own account, and only 3 per cent employers, we can well comprehend the difference in the structure of the two countries. France contains far more small employers, and above all a considerable number of independent workers free from the discipline of collective production. Furthermore, the staffs in the great factories are astonishingly small, for, according to the census of 1921, out of 4,000,000 wage earners there were only 774,000 in plants having more than 500 workmen.

The secondary importance of the working classes is reflected in the limited number of trade-union members, only 1,846,000 in 1925. In this same year the Confédération Générale du Travail had only 605,000 members (*Year Book of the International Federation of Amsterdam, 1925*), and in 1928 the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire had only 525,000 (figures given by *La Vie Ouvrière*). Even these two figures are actually overoptimistic, and yet they seem exceedingly low, especially if we recall that during the 1920 period of prosperity the membership of the British trade-unions exceeded 8,000,000! As a matter of fact, and although the number of persons engaged in large plants is increasing (as the 1931 census will doubtless show), France remains primarily a country of craftsmen.

We find typical craftsmen on every side, such as the village joiner, who can, if necessary, make a piece of fine furniture; the mechanic of the small town, who can construct an automobile as well as make repairs; the dressmaker, who also designs dresses; and also the nurseryman and the wine grower, who should, I think, although both country people, be classified with the artisans. These people are so wrapped up in their work that they occasionally will dream of it at night till it becomes part of their very being. Often they have a knack for solving problems which seem far above their comprehension. In this age of Henry Ford, France may seem out-of-date; nevertheless it is in the individuality of the worker, if only it can survive, that our true personality lies.

France is also a country of bourgeois. For our word *bourgeois* I would suggest as a definition, 'a man with some accumulated savings.' As a type the bourgeois is complex, mingling caution and ambition with a delicate sense of balance. Class egotism exists side by side with devotion to class, while materialism rubs shoulders with culture. Our bourgeois values property for the independence it gives him, an independence that guarantees him a standard of living which not only distinguishes him socially, but also provides an inheritance for his family.

As M. Johannet rightly notes, 'the bourgeoisie is the result of an effort born of self-control.' This effort to attain a certain social standing for the sake of the children is nowhere more common than in France. In this sense almost all French people, including even many communists, possess the bourgeois spirit. One can hardly say that Americans have the bourgeois spirit, since there are no class distinc-

tions in the United States and in nine cases out of ten the fruits of success are not in fact personally kept by the next generation.

In France, on the contrary, the bourgeois spirit is everywhere latent. The artisan, the peasant, the small shopkeeper, and indeed all the little people, come under this heading. The well-kept houses, where the linen although mended is in perfect order, are typically bourgeois, especially in comparison with other countries, where the careless housekeeper will hurry through her mending and finish it off with safety pins. We find the same thing if we look into a Frenchman's private account book. He usually has contrived to make both ends meet, even if the State budget is in deficit. This is in striking contrast to the English community, where the private budget may show a deficit, while the State finances generally will be balanced majestically. Finally we must note the astonishing instinct for saving which lies deep in the character of every Frenchman.

It is no wonder that a foreigner is completely at a loss when he tries to understand us, let alone judge us, for he has no opportunity of meeting the people that we consider most typical of our country. How could he possibly get into contact with the peasant? Also we must not overlook the fact that to an American the word 'peasant' means a serf attached to the soil, and therefore he often judges our agricultural workers erroneously.

The visitor will run up against a craftsman if he has occasion to have something repaired — that is, of course, if he does not throw the article away instead. If he chances upon the traditional type of French workman he is first amazed and then often as enchanted as if someone had presented him with a new and rare specimen. With the bourgeois he can only hope to have the most formal relationship, for he will seldom be invited to dinner in his home, and over this it must be confessed there is a good deal of heart-burning. If he were to have access to the life of our bourgeoisie, he would discover that the French, who he imagines are rather fast and addicted to night life, are quite the reverse and follow a rigid routine of work, occasionally so severe, indeed, that even he himself would rebel against it. In brief, those of us who mix with foreigners are generally not representative of the French people, especially in respect of their political life. On this point, I dare say, many Parisians are quite as ignorant as foreigners, for one can frequent the salons of Paris for months without coming across a single Frenchman who is politically of the right vintage. It is in the provinces, and only there, that one must look for the men who really count politically.

II

The France of to-day is not economically what she was before the war, and yet her chief economic feature remains the same, for she still feels independent economically of other countries.

Looking back, the best description that one can give of pre-war France is that it was a happy country. Many other countries had a larger foreign trade, but France enjoyed the fortunate situation of scarcely needing the outside world either as a market for her manufactures or as a source of raw materials, a fact which was reflected in the small foreign trade, and especially in the low volume of our exports, for which we earned the reproach of our expansionists. Nevertheless any adverse balance of trade was automatically adjusted without the slightest difficulty either by our investments

abroad or by invisible exports. These easy circumstances, coupled with the self-sufficiency of the nation, led to a widespread feeling of economic security, in spite of the political insecurity of a menaced frontier. This feeling of economic security nations like England can never understand. Other countries were apt to feel envious about this, for by our undisguised self-satisfaction we showed only too clearly how indifferent we were to the rest of the world.

This atmosphere, as M. Paul Morand recalls, is not entirely of the past: 'Other countries may be parts of a continent or of the world, but France is an integral unit, a separate entity, not in the least interested in Europe, although Europe is certainly interested in her. One can almost feel the German villages quiver at the sound of a Russian army manœuvre, and Spain gets quite worked up over an attempt on the life of a governor of one of her Moroccan dependencies. London, the nerve centre of the world, trembles, and with cause, at the announcement of a new oil gusher in Mexico or a political murder in the Punjab. But Paris, egotistical Paris, never turns a hair! News of universal upheavals comes flickering over the wires, is passed on to the editorial staffs and caricaturists, and then to a mocking public which makes limericks out of the items. On leaving France one has a distinct feeling of having freed one's self from a contented domesticity and avoided the dangers that lie in living with one woman who suffices.'

Basically this description still holds good, although France is now more concerned than before with international affairs. Her imports of raw materials are heavy, as she is obliged to go abroad for all her cotton, for more than nine tenths of her wool and raw silk, for at least one fifth of her coal, and for over half her coke and practically all her oil. On the other hand she has within her own boundaries almost all the foodstuff she requires, and, although her colonial produce naturally comes from overseas, her imports of meat are negligible and decreasing. As for wheat, she produces almost 90 per cent of her consumption, and in a bad year she may need no more than 15 or 20 per cent imports. If we compare this with England, where the imports of meat amount to two fifths and wheat to two thirds of the country's consumption, we can appreciate that the anxiety that haunts all importing countries is never felt in France.

The export situation is very similar. France sends abroad principally prepared or at any rate refined foodstuffs, raw materials that have been partly worked till they can be classed as half-finished products, and high-grade manufactured articles which, though not necessarily luxuries, as is usually believed, are nearly always of high quality. In 1928, wearing apparel and textiles accounted for 46 per cent of the exports of manufactured articles.

Since the war we find a surprising increase in our exports of raw materials, a remarkable innovation in a country like France. Expressed by weight, our exports in 1928 reached the total of 41 million tons, 34 millions representing raw materials, of which 32 millions were ores or half-finished metal products. This development is due to the acquisition of the Lorraine iron and steel industry, which has an important bearing on our balance of trade as a whole.

The proportion of our manufacturing production, however, that is exported is relatively low. Certain exceptions exist, such as the silk industry, which sends abroad 50 to 75 per cent of its production, and steel, which exports sometimes up to 40 per cent, but other industries of equal significance export

relatively little. The woolen industry, for example, exports only one third of its production, and cotton only 3 per cent of its yarn and 35 per cent of its piece goods, half the latter going to our own colonies. Thus we work principally for the home market; and again it is interesting to compare with England, which exports four fifths of her cotton, two thirds of her metal products, and quite half her woolens, thereby creating an entirely different atmosphere — one might say a different economic climate.

The effects of this balance on the French attitude toward other countries can hardly be overemphasized. From the moment that a country is not obliged to go abroad for its foodstuffs or to market its own productions, it ceases to be interested in the affairs of the world in general. Many of our most important exporting industries, such as the women's fashion trade, do not even need to look for their foreign customers in other countries, for these foreign buyers flock to Paris every year by hundreds of thousands, and what they take away with them must be reckoned as invisible exports, as it does not appear in the government trade returns. Under these circumstances the export complex, as Freud would say, hardly exists in France, although certain exceptions exist to prove the rule, such as Lyons, Alsace, Bordeaux, Paris, and the North. The French manufacturer pays little heed to other countries, and instead of worrying about new markets he is anxious to keep intact what he has already, and especially his home market. Only international matters of first rank can ever hope to command the attention of the French Parliament. A maritime or colonial question will only interest some fifty members, and leave completely indifferent three hundred others. Contrast this with England, where the representative of the exporter, the shipper, the financier, of the City of London always has the last word.

III

A Frenchman is above all an individualist, and therein lies not only his strength but also his weakness. He wants to be self-sufficient intellectually, and some hidden instinct prompts him to make himself self-sufficient economically also. To acquire a little property, a little house, a little business, a little income from investments, is the dream of millions of French people — a dream that is narrow and devoid of romance. It is the counsel of wisdom, if you will, but the result borders on mediocrity.

The Frenchman is said to be sociable. Yes, so long as he is assured of stimulating conversation. Where his family, his business, and his private affairs are concerned, he is reserved and almost impenetrable. In no other country can one feel so utterly alone as in France, where people barricade themselves in their homes as if they were fortresses. Yet these same people are usually prepossessing, and even charming, if you meet them on neutral ground. All the Frenchman desires is to be independent, and to this end he will amass and hoard his hard-earned savings in order to build a little house, even at the price of endless efforts. It is always this personal independence — possibly under another name — which he hopes to secure in his old age, and which he values above worldly success. 'The most striking characteristic of democracy is that it is antisocial,' writes Alain, who concludes that every democratic movement, in contrast with natural association, has an antisocial tendency. This is a far-reaching assertion, and actually is true only of France, for the Anglo-

Saxon democracies are hardly based on that kind of individualism; in fact they are perhaps the reverse.

With such basic traits the Frenchman has many serious faults. He is even unsympathetic at times. It must be admitted that he is incurably suspicious — as suspicious as a country lawyer, and with no thought of granting credit even when it would be to his advantage to do so. He is jealous, partly from envy and partly from a latent fear that the rich and powerful will dominate him. He is astonishingly devoid of sentiment when his interests are at stake, and he takes into his calculations matters that seem to have but the remotest bearing on the subject. He is wonderfully calculating about matrimony, and equally so when it comes to adding to the population. (Although they had certainly never heard of Malthus, the French bourgeoisie and peasants of the nineteenth century were really the first Malthusians.) When at last he considers himself to be independent, with enough for his own wants, he ignores with beaming self-satisfaction everything that does not appertain to his own community, almost to his own person. Materially he falls into a rut, and geographically he shuts himself in as if he were alone in the world.

Yes, all this is true, but part and parcel of it is a brilliant quality which, in the apostle's phrase, covers a multitude of sins. The Frenchman is essentially an adult. He looks life straight in the face, with no trace of hypocrisy or childishness, and with no illusions. If you talk with him he has something to say, for he has usually pondered much on the problems of life. He is wise with a wisdom based less on books, magazines, and newspapers than on personal experience and a time-honored tradition passed down to him by earlier generations. At present, when the achievements of the masses dominate everything, he bears aloft the torch of individuality. In spite of all we may say, he is a superb idealist.

Corresponding to these national characteristics we find a traditional conception of production in France, which is threatened by the present transition to new methods and habits of life. An instinct for work dominates the peasant, an instinct irresistible as a natural law, which binds him to the soil by a tie amounting almost to devotion.

These inspiring lines from François Mauriac are not in the least exaggerated: 'Ceres has more worshipers in France than Christ, for the peasant has one religion only, and that the religion of the soil. He possesses the land . . . or rather he is possessed by it, for he consecrates his life to it and the land devours him alive. A veritable sheet anchor was required to attach to the land a part of the human race which was destined to nourish the rest.'

Anglo-Saxons can neither understand nor love our peasants. The intensive toil of our cultivator bowed over the ground from dawn to dusk — is it progress in the light of the eight-hour day of the British workman? Does not such passion for independence fly in the face of modern evolution, based on coöperation? And does not the narrow conservatism of the small proprietor lead to a narrow, selfish routine that is really an insurmountable obstacle to progress? In this almost unconscious antagonism lies the gulf that separates an industrial from an agricultural democracy. The industrial worker lives by a type of production that is more complex and more collective, in immense agglomerations where independence means nothing and a recluse cannot survive. The cultivator wrests his livelihood from the soil, which lends itself more readily to in-

dividual exploitation and admits of a more relaxed relationship between proprietors, whose work is similar and independent rather than coöperative. Now the English, by contrast, have been enticed away from the land by a century of intensive city life, until they have lost that love of the soil so characteristic of the French. They look upon the country as a place in which to spend their holidays, and no longer understand the peasant type of civilization, which they neither admire nor envy. We, however, appreciate the strength of the peasants and what they mean to a country; in fact we respect them to such a point that politically we hesitate to antagonize them.

The character of our workingman is well expressed in that most French of French traditions, the honor of work well done. If he is not discouraged by inadequate pay or disgusted by bad conditions of work, he will be absolutely devoted to his trade and his workshop. As any captain of industry will tell you, for intelligence and initiative he is unsurpassed the world over. In spite of the great changes brought about by modern methods, the spirit of the craftsman survives with us to an amazing degree. Referring to the poor quarter of Orléans where Péguy lived in his youth, the Tharaud brothers write: 'This ancient type of civilization had a culture of its own, formed partly by local tradition and partly by centuries of experience, and owing nothing or almost nothing to the outside world. These people still lived close to the soil, a community of peasant-workmen, of artisans who had hitherto been rustic. They brought to their workshops those old, old virtues of the land, an unbelievable pride in work and the religion of the task well done. This old-world community resembled less the France of our time than the France of the ancient régime.'

This atmosphere of craftsmanship actually existed fifty years ago, and its archaic substrata still lie close to the surface, for the past fifty years have not been able to replace the mark of fifteen centuries. Until recently the French culture was based on a civilization of peasants and small tradesmen. The Industrial Revolution created a superstructure, but it did not assimilate the original foundation, and therefore even to-day we must take into consideration the effect of the artisan and the peasant on the French national character. Here again contrast with England is interesting. The Englishman has a perfect genius for trading; he deals in constantly changing values, and handles them with an ease which we can scarcely comprehend. But big business generally remains a closed book to the Frenchman, who is still as eager as he was in the Middle Ages to create a masterpiece, and still old-fashioned enough to linger over a fine bit of work.

Meanwhile, water is running rapidly under the bridges, and we are living in a great industrial age. The French mind, as expounded three centuries ago in Descartes's philosophy, has nowadays proved itself capable of 'rationalization' — but, after all, theoretically that is not remarkable. In the manufacturing world, as well as everywhere else, the qualities and faults of the French are true to type, as they always arise from the same source, individualism. Unlike the Germans, the French are never tied down to organization. In reality they put more faith in their own intelligence than in the experience of others, no matter how reliable, being almost too inclined to believe that by taking thought they can accomplish anything. 'Self-help' will work miracles, no doubt, but it cannot replace preparation, method, discipline, and patient coöperation.

Though the French understand organization as well as anyone, they will coöperate only in emergency. Normally they prefer to work alone, and rarely believe that anything can surpass the sterling worth of the individual or that collectivity constitutes an end in itself. In the scholastic sense they are nominalists, for to them the world is made up of individuals. The French political mind is saturated with this philosophy, while another conception appeals to the German and American.

IV

According to the Chinese it is right and proper to steal from the State in order to support an aged parent. At heart the French share this opinion, for according to the dictates of their conscience the family certainly comes before the State, and their obligations to the community seem far off and unreal. The emphasis they place on the home is simply a form of intersexual egotism, while the molecule which forms the family provides a social cement of incomparable solidity. In the last analysis the nation loses nothing, for in this family pride, no longer individualistic, lies a latent altruism. In a critical period, the State has always had completely at its disposal great reserves, which, however, were not accumulated in response to civic virtue.

As the essence of the French nation is social rather than political, an outsider will often mistake a rowdy parliamentary session for a serious national crisis. In a way, France resembles China, where life does not follow any political plan but is attracted to a centre of gravity that lies far deeper and is therefore more stable. We are the despair of the political moralists of the best tradition, for we never mean to borrow our prosperity from our political institutions. As the penetrating and delightful Robert de Jouvenel observes, 'France is a happy land where the soil is rich, workmen are ingenious, and wealth widely distributed. Politics are the concern only of those who have a bent that way, but are not of paramount importance even to them.'

We must now consider the conception of wealth which arises from this. It is peculiar to France, and, as the war has not altered it, it affords an interesting anachronism. In France riches are not regarded as public property as they are in England, but are, on the contrary, entirely a private matter. A Frenchman does not place his money at the disposal of the community, and if by chance it falls into the hands of the State it is quite against his will. At the back of his mind is always the thought that his savings are not for the benefit of others, but for himself, or at any rate his heirs. The French do not give generously to charity. One does not hear of a magnificent donation to universities or social institutions, as in England or America. The use of wealth with us is considered less as a social duty according to the feudal tradition than under the aspect of the right which we have to keep it and defend it, according to the bourgeois ethics. This idea, hard and clear as one may glean it from the writings of Balzac, gives the nation a foundation of astonishing solidity. No matter what an ass a man may make of himself politically, as an individual he will stand firmly on his feet, so that, being perfectly self-possessed, he may indulge in any foolishness he likes in the realm of ideals. We are too inclined to look for the typical Frenchman among the people who frequent the Paris salons, or among the Southerners, so eloquent or astute. Actually we are more likely to find him in the great

central section of the country, among the brown-haired brachycephalic *bougnats* in the province of Auvergne. How thickset and awkward they are, and how indefatigable when it comes to gathering in the shekels!

Could the spirit of citizenship ever hope to flourish in such an atmosphere? Hardly, I think, if we take the Anglo-Saxon meaning, which is that morals and personal interests work closely together toward the same material ends, for obviously this aspect of citizenship is not French. This is perhaps because we have drifted away from Protestant ideals, for as soon as we cross the Swiss frontier it reappears.

We have our own type of citizenship, however. Ask a Frenchman for his money to save his country, and perhaps he will not give it to you, even at the very moment when he shows himself ready to sacrifice his life. But appeal to him if you are defending, not a political platform of interests, but ideals like liberty, equality, or the Republic, and you will find yourself surrounded by hundreds and thousands of enthusiastic supporters. Anyone who has been in personal contact with our electorate knows also that it can be swayed by sentiment quite as easily as by its own interests. Such a conception of citizenship is limited, no doubt, since it comes from a party spirit which expands and rises above itself, but it is real. It gave us the revolutionary citizen of 1792 and the *quarante-huitard*, the *bon républicain* of Gambetta, the militant supporters of the Left and possibly of the Right, the militant syndicalists, and it may be many of our communists. It is somewhat akin to the classical citizenship, made up of the teachings of Titus Livius and Cicero.

This list of good qualities and bad — it is not easy to say which are good and which are bad — is exceedingly perplexing to the foreigner, who, when he attempts to judge us, frequently goes sadly astray. He considers us frivolous, while in reality we are serious, methodical workers; he finds us changeable, although we stick to our opinions through thick and thin; he thinks we are tricky, but high professional conscience is as common here as anywhere; actually we are more bourgeois than he is himself, as conservative and well balanced, but he insists that we are revolutionary; he fears we are decadent, but the race is socially sound and biologically indestructible.

Instinctively one turns to China for a simile: 'There is a striking likeness between the Chinese and ourselves,' writes Paul Morand; 'the same passion for economy by making things last by repairing them endlessly, the same genius for cooking, the same caution and old-world courtesy; an inveterate but passive hatred of foreigners, conservatism tempered by social gales, lack of public spirit, and the same indestructible vitality of old people who have passed the age of illness. Should not we think that all ancient civilizations have much in common?'

In fact these traits essentially belong to the old-world civilization of craftsmen and peasants to which I referred earlier, but they have been moulded by social life and disciplined by an administration which has been fully aware of the importance of its task. One quickly notices the qualities which are lacking: the sense of what credit and big business are, a collective banking and industrial tradition, as distinct from the individual worth of business directors — in fact, a national economic doctrine and the equivalent of Manchester and the City of London. We have, of course, many centres of industry that are rich in genius and tradition, but geographically they are strictly localized, and any coöperation

between our captains of industry is quite recent. France, when all is said, remains a nation of scattered organizations.

V

Out of this atmosphere has arisen a political system suitable to the individual and based on his needs. This system holds its own against the *ancien régime*, which, at least in its essence, allowed more for organization.

Now comes a new school of thought, chiefly from the United States, based on different principles which bid fair to dominate the world. Instead of personal work, we are confronted with a theory of coöperation; instead of individualism, with discipline; instead of liberty, with efficiency. This new system, like ours, admits of political ideals which are not necessarily anti-democratic, but which almost inevitably assert themselves as anti-individualistic. In the modern world emphasis is no longer laid on the individual, but on the group.

What, then, is to become of France? Economically she would rather continue along the road of individuality and quality, but she is disposed, if necessary, to and is certainly capable of evolution toward mass production. No doubt she will prove sufficiently adaptable to make the change.

Politically, however, such an evolution is not in the way of being achieved. At the very moment when the France of 1789 is already superseded by new social structures, she is still obliged to devote a great deal of her energy to struggling against the traditions of the *ancien régime*. In fact she does not feel tempted to give up the ideology of the individual in favor of a programme of social efficiency. She remains, then, politically a community of small people, consecrated to a somewhat narrow individualism, suspicious of every form of economic hierarchy, and largely indifferent to the mystical passion for production that is intoxicating and transfiguring the world of our time.

True, but let us not forget that although this democracy may appear mediocre it is teeming with brains and intelligence, alert and ready with infinite possibilities. It is for this very reason that France, as she sticks to ideals of the pre-industrial phase, is politically behind the times. If the individual is to perish in the effort for collective production, France also will perish. But if it is written that the individual will reappear triumphant, France also will rise eternal.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

I

WHAT a story, — as incredible as it is ineffable, — telling how, in a tiny town, in a stall in a stable, under a singing sky, at 'the end of the way of a wandering star,' God was born a Babe, bringing a new pity and joy into the life of man, dividing time into before and after! Once aloft and aloof, cloud-robed and shrouded in awe, God drew near, striving to enter our fleeting life, trying all doors, and finally making Himself small as a little child and lying down on the doorstep of the world, until the world, moved by the cry of a Babe, opened the door that had been barred to threats and thunders, and took the Child in. Was any story ever more fantastic, at once more impossible and more enchanting?

It is unthinkable, say the wise, — knowing not what they say, — because the Infinite One who inhabits eternity cannot take the form of man. But God is not truly great unless He can reveal Himself in little things, in a cosy room and a hearth side, in the love of the home and the family. If He is too high to be lowly, He is too small to be God. Love is lost in immensities; it comes in simple, gentle ways, and that is why, on Christmas, religion is so homey and full of caresses, showing how we are 'caught in the coil of God's romances' and held in His arms. Hence the joy that sets the world singing, and a haunting loveliness in the heart — warm, tender, glad. God did not come a giant to little folk; He took our tiny shape and let us hold Him in our arms.

If there were no Christmas, our idea of God might be august and awful; it could never be homey and happy. A God who revealed Himself only in suns and systems would remain remote; He could never be intimately near. Such words as 'eternity' and 'infinity' chill our spirits and make our minds reel. They tell of a God who sits in silence on the far-away hills of wonder, dim and unapproachable, a dweller in the distance. But Christmas reveals a Little God, joyous and gentle, at once eternal and humble, nestling in the heart.

If, stated starkly, the story reads like a leaf out of a fairy book, we must remember that only the thinnest of veils divides fairyland from the truth. Alas, the veil may be as thick as a stone wall, unless we have kept something easily lost in the rough ways of the world, as a page from a well-beloved book will show. In the *Journal* of Amiel we meet a man sensitive, shy, smitten with the malady of thought, and often sad, albeit rich in varied insight. One entry tells of the tumult of his mind as he finished reading Schopenhauer, now so much in vogue, as if the petulant pessimism of the philosopher had infected his spirit. It left him all awry, groping amid dim dogmas, cloudy creeds, and a wisdom that is not wise. When he asked himself, as so many ask to-day, 'What, then, do I believe in?' he did not know. Then, suddenly, in the depth of his heart he

felt a stir, and heard the laugh of a child: —

> Folly! I believe in goodness, and hope that goodness will prevail. Deep within this ironical and disappointed being of mine there is a child hidden — a frank, sad, simple creature, who believes in the ideal, in love, in holiness, and all the heavenly superstitions. A whole millennium of idyls sleep in my heart: I am a pseudo-skeptic, a pseudo-scoffer.

Aye, happy is the man deep down in whose heart the gay laugh of a child — free, trustful, joyous — makes his grim, gray philosophy seem foolish. It is to a hidden child in us, sleeping but never dead, that Christmas makes its appeal, and that is why, when the clouds are off our souls and we are most truly ourselves, free from the pose of being wise, we know that it is true. The highest truth is never known by logic, but by love. God is an artist and does not hang His pictures in a cold, dim light. The life of God, which is beyond our ken, may be more like the heart of an unspoiled child than like that of a king on his throne, to whom cringing men bow down. There may be nothing in the universe, even with its light-year measurements, greater than the love that forgives a penitent man and binds up a broken heart. So Jesus taught, — He whose generation and affinity are with elemental and eternal things, — and by following Him we come at last, not to the child that once we were, but to the child we never yet have been.

II

For, in a true sense, the urge into childhood, as it is called, is not backward but forward, not a return into an old but a growth and unfolding into a new childhood. After all, children, as someone has said, are rather symbols of youth than youth itself; they are unconsciously young. Whereas, in later life, if we be truly wise, we have the power of converting the symbol into the reality, of being young and knowing it. As Jesus told us, unless we become, *not* little children, but *as* little children, we shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Such words should give us pause, since Jesus, whom our age is trying so hard to understand, so often insists that unless we have the child attitude toward God and life and man we cannot even see His kingdom, much less enter it.

Put plainly, if the words of Jesus mean anything, they mean that if we are losing — or rather, if we have failed to attain — the spirit of the child, we are losing the gospel, or can never find it; losing it utterly, and need to be born again — as the Teacher told the grave and courteous scholar who visited Him by night — if we are to regain or find it. Our scholarship, it would seem, of which we are so proud, is quite futile. Some artist ought to paint the puzzled look on the face of Nicodemus when he asked how a man who is old can be born again, and the sweet wonder on the face of Jesus, who was astonished that a teacher of faith should not know what He meant.

Here, no less, is the pathos of our generation, with its bright, brittle, bitter sophistication and the tiresome egotism of an all-analyzing self-consciousness which has brought it to the verge of spiritual paralysis and futilitarianism. It is fascinated with Jesus, haunted by Him, pitying and patronizing Him by turns, trying to know Him, but failing, finding His mind naïve, childish, and primitive, and His faith in a divine Father an infantile complex. Yet even those who have broken with the Christian tradition find themselves in the presence of Jesus, unable to escape Him, enthralled by His personality, as if He knew a secret which our supercleverness has missed, and without

which life loses its meaning and lustre. Evermore Jesus passes by on His errand, and men follow His figure with wistful eyes, but not with their minds and feet.

Life is in little fragments to-day, set under a microscope for inspection — when it is not being flung on a screen so that we may watch our heart beat, note its score, and check its response to injected stimuli. Actually, we have a race that knows itself and is so fascinated with the knowledge that it cannot stop looking at itself. There is no longer any privacy, scarcely sincerity — all is pose and posture. Jesus warned us not to do our alms or say our prayers to be seen of men, but, alas, that is the least of our troubles — the awful trouble is that we do everything to be seen of ourselves! Has a self-conscious self-knowledge robbed us of that wholeness and simplicity which alone make Jesus intelligible? Has His word, 'The kingdom of God is within you,' taken up by the devil of introspection, become not a haven but a horror? Have we looked into everything and through everything so long that we now overlook the little door that leads into the land of Christmas, where love is just love, and beauty is just beauty?

III

To say it otherwise: can the sophisticated modern mind, so wise in its own estimate, so mature in its own judgment, and so emancipated, ever enter into the simplicity, the humility, the wonder and sweet wisdom of the Jesus way of thinking? Most of the elements in its make-up run exactly counter to His faith and the spirit of His life. Take the story of Tolstoi, so typical of our restless age, going without arriving, seeking without finding; a great, God-haunted soul, — the man was humanity! — to whom the most terrible shadow was not death, but the meaninglessness of life. After trying everything, after going everywhere, and finding neither truth nor peace, he turned to Jesus, as all must do sooner or later. But, alas, unable to become as a little child, like Dostoevski, — who kept, or won, the child heart, and saw all souls as troops of little children, some with dirty faces and bedraggled frocks, — Tolstoi came to Jesus not in humility, but in humiliation; and so missed a great secret. Let us not chide Tolstoi; his quest is also our quest, and happy is he who finds. There is mystery enough in life to rebuke the proud, and light enough, if we follow the gleam, to revive the spirit of the humble.

If the wise and witty mind of our day, so bewilderingly intelligent and capable, will not bow at the Manger, like the Magi of old, what has it to offer? Surely it dare not give up the quest and resign itself to the religion of despair, lest its own wisdom be impeached as the ultimate folly, ending in obfuscation. It is only fair to ask that it set to work to discover a meaning in life, or to invent a meaning for it, else we all fall together into a hound's ditch. For, if life is futile and without meaning, by the same token our zeal to know about it is futile and silly, since the true is no better than the false, both being vanity. In the past Wisdom might dwell in an ivory tower, aloof from direct interest in actual life, a kind of umpire of its issues. But that is no longer possible, if only because the very value of Wisdom itself is in debate, and it must defend its tower. For the first time the real issue is clearly seen, and may not be evaded: the fact of an adequate value in life, and a valid worth in human effort, is as much an issue for the wise men of the world as it is for those who follow the Christmas star. Which way, then, lies the clearest light and the truest vision?

For some of us, something in the spirit of Christmas makes it plain that the cocksure sophistication of our day is pathetically superficial, its glittering cleverness profoundly stupid, and its towering pride tragically pitiful. As one listens again to the old, immortal story, and sings carols that echo adown the ages, the scene which many think is only a fairy dream which we have agreed to dream for a day, and then forget, seems nearer to the truth than all our dim philosophies, if only because it does not seek too high for what is near by. After all, perhaps the most terrible error of our smart and giddy-paced age is that we have mistaken knowledge for truth, and cleverness for wisdom, and have forgotten to distinguish between the 'childish things,' which Saint Paul said should be put aside, and the great childlike things, which abide, and to which we owe the strength and sanity of life.

IV

By an odd freak of fact, the men in our day who are nearest to the spirit and mind of Jesus in their method and approach are men of science. Long ago Huxley — the elder Huxley, not his descendant who shows us in an exquisite art the humor, irony, and pathos of futility — said that the words of Jesus, 'Except ye . . . become as little children,' are the most perfect description of the spirit of science in its search for reality. If a man would know scientific truth, Huxley said, he must sit down before fact as a child, eager, humble, teachable, rich in wonder and pure in heart; and such a spirit is no less the secret of finding the truth of faith. And it is the glory of Christmas that it makes known a truth which can never be uttered, but can only be incarnated and acted.

To the man of science, to say it once more, the simplicity and wonder of a childlike faith are no difficulty; they are his habit of mind and heart. In his laboratory to-day he is like Alice in Wonderland, only his findings are more fantastic. Nor is he averse to imagery as an aid, since his world view is far remote from that of the rationalist, with its neat logical perfection, and he must be content with imperfect symbols of truth, if that is the only alternative available. For example, the Rutherford-Bohr atom is an inherently impossible entity; but every physicist believes in it as the best picture, so far devised, of ultimate facts. The only alternative is to feign contentment with a mass of dynamical equations, which mean little and suggest nothing in the absence of the mental image of the atom.

In other words, as a man of science has to content himself with conceptions which are consciously symbolic, inadequate, and lacking even in consistency, so a religious man is justified in adopting a childlike faith, unless some more perfect knowledge is available to him. And if, in exchange for such a faith, he is offered the commonplaces of thought, or high-flown metaphysics, or dull dogma decked out in fine phrases, a sound instinct will justify him in rejecting them, trusting a deeper prompting, and knowing that the time when he need no longer 'see through a glass, darkly,' has not yet arrived. Nor may he hope to find an imagery of reality at once more intimate and august than the Christmas picture, with the brooding beauty of Mother and Child and the white star of the ideal in the sky.

For, unless our race is love-lifted and star-led, what hope have we that war will ever end, and the slum be cleansed, and mankind attain to a collective life that is just and merciful and full of joy? There is no valid fact against a great-

spirited coöperation of nations and races but this — that we have a childish fear and lack a happy, childlike faith in the impossible things, which are alone worth the doing. As with the boys and girls in the market place whom Jesus watched at play, envy, spite, greed, petty pride, and, above all, jealousy — these are the real obstacles to those brave large reconstructions, those daring brotherly feats of generosity, that will yet turn human life — of which our lives are tiny parts — into a glad, gracious, and triumphant fraternity all around this sunlit earth.

Ages ago Juliana of Norwich, whose name is still as fair and as fragrant as a blackthorn against a sky of vivid blue, and as tender as mother love and child trust, wrote this line: 'To me was shown no higher stature than childhood'; and all the great mystics agree with her vision. They know what Jesus meant when He said: 'Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me.' George Macdonald, who was half a child and half an angel, tried in his *Unspoken Sermons* to expound that text, and failed — inevitably so, because it is a white truth which human words discolor!

A BOUNTIFUL PROVIDENCE

BY A. W. SMITH

I

Shigrams have rather gone out of fashion in Bombay in these days of motors, but occasionally one may still see one on iron-tired wheels trundling behind a horse. The body of the vehicle is square. Square everywhere; straight up and down sides, and roof with the slightest camber. The windows are wooden slat blinds and the whole is finished in shiny brown varnish with plenty of bright brass fittings. They are not as common as they used to be, — one would be hard put to it to find a place to buy a new one, — and those few on the streets, belonging to a generation ago, are the property of conservative Indian merchants whose sons and grandsons prefer the speed and convenience of the motor.

The driver of the shigram sits high on the roof, perched on a little box, his bare feet on a wooden ledge provided with a pedal which works a bell. The bell is hardly necessary in these days when the shigram is one of the slowest-moving units in the mass of traffic on Queen's Road of a morning, but that does not prevent the driver from using it. One sometimes sees a coachman of a day gone by flicking the withers of his horse with the cracker of his long whip. All in white with blue puttees, he gayly clangs his bell at every corner, and brings his vehicle to a stop outside the office door with great flourish and dignity.

It is proverbial that the Bombay monsoon breaks on a Saturday afternoon just about lunch time, when all the offices are closing for the week-end. After a breathlessly hot morning, overcast and windless, the first storm comes

with a flurry and roar of wind, to rain five, six, or seven inches in four or five hours. The storm-water drains, choked with rubbish after eight months of dry weather, cannot cope with the flow, and the low-lying roads on the east of Sandhurst Bridge run two and three feet in water. The streets are littered with cars, great and small, caught where they stand like beasts shot in flight, some slewed across the road in the act of turning, some where they should be — in the gutters. Then the shigram comes into its own. Driver oilskin clad, elbows squared, looking neither to right nor to left, whip held just so, bare feet braced against the ledge, horse clopping through the water, wheels scuttering up spray, bell clanging gayly, the shigram at least gets home.

II

It was no thought of practicality that led the Little Sisters of the Poor to own and use a shigram. The workings of a bountiful Providence had provided it in the first instance, and it never occurred to the Little Sisters to question the wisdom of its provision.

Before even Sister Veronica came to Bombay, some forty years ago, that particular shigram had been the pride of the House of the Sisterhood in the slums off Grant Road. Then it was black and new and shiny. Now it was still moderately black, but no longer new or shiny, and the hair had long ago begun to come through the leather of the cushions. All the same, it was still known as the 'new shigram,' for in those dim and distant days when fodder was cheap and wages low and a horse could be kept for twenty rupees a month or less the Sisters had owned two shigrams and three horses.

Then it was that the new shigram was really new, and it remained the new shigram even after Banoo, a little drunk, though the Little Sisters did not realize it, had scraped a wheel off the old shigram on a gatepost at the Rattanbhai Hospital and finished it forever. By that time keeping a horse was more expensive. It now cost twenty-two rupees a month, and twenty-three if one was not very careful about the amount of 'foot oil' the syce included in his monthly bills. The trams, too, had arrived, swaying and clanging all the way from Colaba to Parel, so that there was really no point in keeping more than one horse and the new shigram.

It was a bitter blow to Aloysius Francis when the Little Sisters came to the point of keeping only the new shigram and one horse. He had been with the Little Sisters before even Sister Veronica came on the scene, and when Banoo had his accident with the old shigram he was in the position of head coachman, with two men under him and commission from the bunnia on all the corn that was bought and the right to put in the monthly bills for shoeing, mane hogging, grass, repairs to saddlery, and new brooms and baskets. His most guarded privilege was, of course, the elastic item at the bottom for foot oil, a composition which syces consider indispensable for keeping the walls of the hoof in good condition. This always brought his bills to a pie or two on either side of the ten rupees, seven annas, and six pies for the three horses which he had long ago discovered was about the limit of what the Little Sisters would pay without asking any questions.

Sister Veronica, when she first came out from Dublin, told him flatly that he was merely using kerosene oil stolen from the kitchen. That accusation had cost him two months of paying real money for turpentine and coconut oil. However, daily production of the tin in which the concoction was kept and

ostentatious swabbing of the walls of the hoof before starting out on the daily round soon convinced Sister Veronica that she could take a reasonable view of these matters. Everything returned to the *status quo ante*, and the cook again found a market for the surplus kerosene.

It was never quite clear how Aloysius Francis got to the position of head syce. Providence again, presumably, but without doing any injustice to anyone one would suspect that Providence was ably assisted by Aloysius Francis himself. To begin with, of course, he was not called Aloysius Francis. He was merely a low-caste Hindu lad of the syce class — what they call a 'Hindustani wallah' in Bombay, meaning that he came from somewhere round Benares, which is the English name for the holy city of Kashi.

Quite early in his career he had realized that his opportunity lay in becoming head syce to the Sisters. Few other places could offer the same chances — the Sisters knew little or nothing about horses and the prices of grain and foot oil. Aloysius Francis — or Ganesh, as he was then — had had only too recent experience of one of those sunburned Englishmen who kept two Australians and a country-bred to hunt from the Jackal Club. They all seemed to know the price of everything to a pie, and Ganesh still smarted from the tongue-lashing he had got for not reporting a sore back; only a little sore, too — hardly greater than a two-anna bit.

No, the Little Sisters offered an opportunity and he settled down to take it. Quite early in his career he became a Christian and Aloysius Francis and, not long after, head syce. It mattered not a scrap to him, the boycott he received from his caste men. He was Aloysius Francis, head syce, and he squared his lean shoulders and, setting himself on the box, handled whip and rein as if he were driving four-in-hand. There was certainly style about him, but the Little Sisters paid for it.

When Banoo scraped off the wheel Aloysius Francis was very angry indeed, but his anger was tempered by the knowledge that repair would mean more rupees slipping through his fingers, some of which would be bound to stick. When, however, he heard that there were to be no repairs, that the shigram had been sold where it lay, and that two of the three horses in the stable were to be sold, his anger knew no bounds. He kicked and cuffed poor Banoo, who never had been very bright, and finally threw him out of the compound. He then set to work immediately to find another job. The glory and most of the profit of being head syce were gone.

He went to syces he knew all over Bombay, but in each case the answer was the same: virtually, that horses were few and becoming fewer, and there were not enough jobs to go around, and why should they — good Hindus — put him on to a job when their caste brothers also wanted them.

He made the best of his bad luck. He shrugged his shoulders and stayed to work at the House of the Little Sisters. The one horse that was kept after Banoo's adventure with the gatepost was reasonably young, a dark gray Australian, big-boned, with feet like soup plates, a Roman nose, and a large head set not quite badly enough for him to be called ewe-necked. He had a long, raking, loose-actioned trot, a regular delivery-cart style, but little Aloysius Francis, perched high on the box, managed somehow to collect him into some kind of action.

For ten years Aloysius Francis drove the gray, harnessing him daily into the new shigram and driving him round

from the stables at the back of the Sisterhood House. Daily on those patrols from poverty-stricken house to poverty-stricken house the Little Sisters rode pair and pair behind the gray with Aloysius Francis high on his box ever striving for style.

Whenever she could manage it, Sister Veronica came across the dusty compound where ragged crotons flamed in the sunshine to talk to the old horse in his stall. Aloysius Francis could generally be found on his string bed outside his quarters, and as she came he would bring, wrapped in a dirty cloth, carrots, little pieces of sugar cane, or brown balls of the raw sugar they call *ghur*.

The old gray could recognize Sister Veronica in her white habit almost before she had come round the corner of the verandah and he would whinny in his stall until she came across to talk to him. As she leaned over the bars of his stall and whispered to him of things she would never see again, — round green hills with firm galloping turf, stone walls, grass banks and blackthorn hedges, racing skies and hounds streaming away on the far side of a valley, — he would nuzzle and blow into her sleeve and pretend to try to eat the beads of her rosary.

III

The old gray began to get very old, but the Little Sisters still drove behind him. He was now nearly twenty-five and his Roman nose was more Roman than ever, the hollows above his eyes more pronounced. His back grew more and more dipped and the withers stood up high and bony. He had come to a stage when he could no longer take the new shigram with its blistered faded paint over even Camballa Hill and he now had to be driven round by the sea along Warden Road or else through the heavy traffic in the streets behind the Willingdon Club.

One day — one of those days in May when Bombay bakes in stillness under a low heavy sky — Sister Veronica and Sister Barbara had to drive down into Colaba to one of the poor quarters near the Sassoon Dock. As they went down Marine Lines they found a semblance of a breeze from the sea and the heat became more bearable, but in the lanes between the high tenement chawls in the city there was no breath to stir the heavy human smell.

No one who could avoid it was out in that heat. The policemen in blue cotton drill and primrose-colored turbans gasped in the shade at the corners, the sweat streaming down bare sinewy brown legs. Office messengers and water sellers, the only other people who really had to be out, panted under umbrellas. The old gray trotted listlessly in front of the clanging bell. In the narrow lanes — what are called gullies in Bombay — nothing stirred. In the little shops, mere holes in the walls where they sold onions, grains, and mustard-seed oil, the ghi — the clear yellow butter of India — melted and dripped from the kerosene-oil tins in which it was packed, and the smell of cardamons and tamarins grew thicker and sweeter. The fat bunnias, the grain sellers, paunchy with thick rolls of flesh, sitting cross-legged in the little shops, dozed and sweated by turns and together.

Over the fat sweets, all butter and sugar, swam flies until the white almond *halwa* was black with them. Even the sellers of betel nut and pan leaves sat in the black shadows — there was no chance of business until later, when the shadows would begin to lengthen. Then when dusk came with the sun setting through a thick cloak of dust all Bombay would go abroad to gather what of coolness it might find.

Now there was only heat and smell, and high up in one of the chawls a baby crying a thin hopeless wail, and across the way a woman, her voice strident in anger, shrieking obscenity.

Sister Veronica, old and bent in the service of the poor, leaned back in the shigram and wiped the sweat which dimmed the lenses of her steel-rimmed spectacles. With a thin hand she pushed the veil back a little from her forehead where the starched white linen stuck in the heat. She stole a look at Sister Barbara beside her. Sister Veronica forgot the heat and her own troubles in sympathy for the younger woman whose life was before her. There were so many hot Bombay days to come for Little Sister Barbara. So many enterings of squalid rooms, so many monsoons, so much of walking pair and pair, head bent, indistinguishable under the standardizing veil, in and out of the same crowded tenements. Sister Veronica had no illusions. Forty years had cured her belief in picturesque poverty.

She sighed and looked out of the window. They had turned away from the sea and into narrow streets between tall buildings. A solid wave of heat struck her face, bringing with it all the varied smells of humanity. As she looked she felt the old horse stumble between the shafts. There was nothing new in that, for of late he had stumbled more than once. She felt Aloysius Francis pull him to his feet again. She knew, although she could not see, that the little man had braced himself against his ledge and she heard the crack of the whip as the new shigram resumed its leisurely progress through the streets. Aloysius Francis clanged the bell twice to show what confidence he had.

There were a few more paces; the even clip-clop of the broad shallow feet faltered; another stumble, another recovery, and then the old gray horse went down for good.

By the time Sister Veronica had got out of the shigram Aloysius Francis was already at the horse's head, undoing the throat lash and slipping the cracked bridle over the ears. The old gray lay with head outstretched and legs crumpled loosely under him. He had broken his knees in his fall, and there was a tiny trickle of blood where the skin was cut.

Sister Veronica turned to Sister Barbara, who stood behind her. The child seemed to live in a gilded mystical world of her own.

'You go on, child,' she said. 'You know the way. I will see what can be done and follow as soon as I can.'

There was nothing to be done, she knew, except to telephone to the municipality for a cart to take away the old gray and to tell Aloysius Francis to arrange for the new shigram to be taken back to the House off Grant Road. She had seen horses die in the street from heat stroke before, and the sight of the municipal cart with four stiff legs pointing to the sky was not unfamiliar. She suddenly felt old and defenseless. Aloysius Francis, standing waiting for orders, the bridle in his hands, watched her in silence.

A policeman in dark blue cotton uniform pushed through the crowd that had collected, the crowd which with empty brown faces pushed and surged in a ring, the crowd which became instantly greater. Here were doings indeed. A *mem-sahib*, a dead horse, a shigram, and a policeman — enough to talk about for a week.

A driver of a victoria for hire stopped his horse and offered professional advice; it was not taken. He spat and passed on.

The policeman was friendly, but could offer little advice. He stood and belched twice, for he had just had a

good meal, and in appreciation of it he offered such thanks as he could. He smiled amiably, but did nothing useful. He boxed the ears of a naked little boy who pushed too close and ordered off a woman who came to beg with skinny hand outstretched. No one paid any attention to him.

Sister Veronica took charge. The incident was over.

IV

The House of the Little Sisters off Grant Road lies in what is known as Byculla. The 'Road' is notorious in Bombay, which is probably why the Little Sisters chose it for their home. The House itself, built on a generous scale in the days when this quarter was respectable and rich, is a largish affair standing in a dusty compound of some extent. The compound, which elsewhere would be known as the yard or garden, is enclosed in four walls and carries no crop except a few orange and yellow cannas that have regenerated themselves yearly and in the process become more and more spindly, and some straggling crotons whose scarlet leaves make spots of brilliant color in the hot sunshine.

Both the House and the four walls enclosing the compound are plastered. What color the plaster was at one time is not known, and, after all, when one comes to think of it, it hardly matters. Now it is black and stained in patches, each successive monsoon dealing more hardly with it than the last. Various people have tried to smarten the place up a little by gifts of money, but somehow whenever the Little Sisters get hold of any money other uses are always found for it.

At the back of the House are the servants' quarters, a row of a dozen rooms, each separate from the others, and the stables, six stalls in a row, all telling of the days before the arrival of the Little Sisters when the House could afford to keep its plaster on its walls and to color-wash it after every monsoon. The servants' quarters are all but empty of servants, but they seem to have collected most of the riffraff of Bombay to live under the wing of the Little Sisters. In the end room next the stables Aloysius Francis lived with his wife and family. One might generally find him in the evening sitting on a string cot smoking. If the evening was hot he would lie in the open; if cool he would pull his cot under the shelter of the stable roof. Stables in India are sheds, open-fronted, without doors, and with only a bar across the stall to keep the horse in.

Behind the servants' quarters lies the city. The city of Bombay is largely engaged in cotton milling, but Byculla for some reason even in these unregenerate days is given up to horses. Possibly it is because it is near the race course, which would account for one or two training stables, but there must be other reasons, and one can only imagine that the horses are there for the best of reasons — that it has always been like that.

The presence of horses in Byculla, however, did not help the Little Sisters much now that they needed something to replace the gray. Sister Veronica, more from habit than anything else walking round the corner of the verandah, suddenly realized that he was there no longer. The problem was how to replace him.

In the past their horses had been given to them, but nowadays no one seemed to have any horses — at least not one to spare. Even Father Picaute, whose wealthy parishioners lived in big houses on Malabar Hill, could offer no suggestions. All he could do was to smile sympathetically as he rubbed his hands when they went to interview him

about it in the dark cool of his big study.

Aloysius Francis was the most concerned. He could see quite clearly that, having no horse, the Little Sisters would soon have no use for a head syce. His reasoning was sound. Standing before Sister Veronica on one brown skinny foot and scratching in the dust with the toe of the other, he gave it as his opinion that the best way to get another horse was to buy one.

And the cost might be what?

Aloysius Francis looked around him. He sought information from the sky, the trees, a kite wheeling in the air, from the ground. He was wondering how much he dared say.

'Well, say two hundred rupees,' he hazarded at last, 'but of course that would not be a very good one.'

'As good as the gray?'

'Yes, about as good as the gray, he supposed. Indeed, as luck would have it, he had a friend in the bazaar who had just what the Little Sister Mem-sahib wanted, but this friend was asking three hundred rupees. However, leave it to him and he thought he could arrange it for two hundred.

Aloysius Francis thought lovingly of the fat silver rupees that would pass through his hands in the transaction, and the commission, the 10 per cent *dustur* which is customary.

Armed with information, Sister Veronica returned to the House.

The following morning as she was going out to take a tram for Parel she met Aloysius Francis in the compound.

'Are the Sister Mem-sahibs going to buy the new horse?' he asked.

'No,' said Sister Veronica sadly, 'the Sister Mem-sahibs have no money to buy a new one, but one will be provided. Let us ask and we shall receive, Aloysius Francis. We believe, and one will be provided,' and she went on her way.

A week passed and nothing happened. Although the matter was not mentioned again, each of the Little Sisters knew that the question of the new horse was uppermost in the others' minds. Surely one must be provided. Not one of them admitted a doubt that some day they would drive out again in the city behind a new horse in the new shigram. How it would come about no one of them could tell, but they knew that it would come about.

After the week of waiting Aloysius Francis had doubts about the efficacy of the plan. He was old and in his experience of a hard world of nothing for nothing and precious little for an anna horses were not things that were 'provided.' They could be bought and sold, but who had ever heard of one being provided?

The week flowed into a second week and Bombay became hotter and muggier. The skies were heavy and leaden-colored and the wind seemed uncertain of the quarter from which it intended to blow. The harbor was empty of small craft. Everything waited for the first fury of storm that would bring in the monsoon blowing steadily from the southwest.

Every evening Sister Veronica went out to the empty stables just as she had done when there were horses there to feed with carrots. It was a habit of forty years, and she stood every night leaning over the bars looking at the stable clean-swept and bare.

Aloysius Francis watched her and wondered if anyone really could believe that a horse could be provided. If he expressed a doubt he would get the same answer, so that even he would be convinced — for a moment.

V

Then a night came when the sun sank white and silvery like a huge

moon into a glassy, steely sea. From the sands at Kennedy Sea Face the line of Malabar Hill stood out strong and clear in detail, and Colaba Light four miles away seemed so close that one could pick out the bands of color in which it is painted. That hot still evening was followed by a storm of wind and rain. Heavy drops lashed on to wet pavements, the palms on Marine Lines bent double, and cars honking like frogs felt their way home through flooded streets. The temperature fell by tens of degrees, and Bombay woke to a new world, clean-washed and comparatively cool.

Sister Veronica, looking from the top verandah of the House in the clear light of early morning, was not surprised to see a horse, bright bay with a white sock on the near fore, grazing in the compound. The horse had been provided.

Even to her eye he was more of a horse than any she had seen before. His satiny skin shone, though a little draggled after the rain. The muscles rippled over his quarters as he moved.

She chirruped at him and he raised his small head and stood looking, ears cocked, the very picture of what a horse should be.

Sister Veronica went downstairs, and taking a piece of bread she liberally salted it. She went out into the compound. The bright bay came willingly to her hand and felt with a soft muzzle for the salted bread. He licked up the last speck of salt.

She called for Aloysius Francis.

'The horse has come,' she said. 'Get the bridle and let us put him into the new shigram.'

Aloysius Francis seemed a little doubtful when he came round the corner of the house, bridle in hand. He looked over the bay with an appraising eye.

'Is that the horse?' he asked.

'Yes, we have got our horse,' Sister Veronica replied. 'He has been provided. Put the bridle on him and get out the new shigram.'

Aloysius Francis approached him rather gingerly. The throat lash and cheek pieces had to be let out a couple of holes, but the horse quietly let himself be bitted, and Aloysius Francis felt his confidence return. He backed him in between the shafts and hooked on the traces. Sister Veronica stood back to survey his work.

The bay seemed somewhat uncertain of what was expected of him, but he allowed himself to be led docilely enough. At first he started and laid his ears back at the rumble of wheels behind him, but at a word from Aloysius Francis his ears went forward. Aloysius Francis mounted the box.

'Wait here,' said Sister Veronica; 'I have to go to Mazagon. I shall be ready in a moment.'

Aloysius Francis picked up the reins. The bay started to fidget, so he moved him quietly forward at a walk round the compound, the bay stepping daintily. Aloysius Francis felt a surge of pride. No other head syce in Bombay had such a horse. More from habit than anything else he took up the whip and lightly flicked the shining withers. Immediately he wished he had n't.

The gate stood open, and fortunately at that early hour the Road was clear of traffic. Aloysius Francis was powerless. All he could do was to watch those shoulders working like pistons and hope for the best.

VI

It was Crown Sergeant O'Neill of the Mounted Police who stopped them. Twenty-one years in the cavalry had taught him something of horses, and it took him a moment to recover his senses when he saw a bit of real blood

in front of a machine like that. He galvanized into action.

A moment later he stood dismounted at the head of the bay, his own horse standing obediently by the roadside. Aloysius Francis climbed stiffly down from the box.

'Here, where did you get this horse?' asked Crown Sergeant O'Neill suspiciously.

Aloysius Francis's teeth were chattering when he replied.

'He was sent to us,' he said. 'We needed a horse for the Mem-sahibs and he came to us.'

'Oh, he did, did he?' said the Crown Sergeant. 'Where do you come from, anyway?'

'I am the head syce and coachman to the Little Sisters Mem-sahibs,' said Aloysius Francis proudly.

'Oh, the Little Sisters,' said the Crown Sergeant, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. 'Well, you'd better take that horse's head and lead him back where you got him, and I will come with you. Now, no monkey tricks,' he went on warningly, 'or you'll get something you won't like.'

The Crown Sergeant mounted, and together they returned to the House on Grant Road.

'But he was sent to us,' said Sister Veronica. 'We lost our horse from heat stroke in Colaba and prayed for another, and here he is.'

The Crown Sergeant tried to hide a smile under his moustache. 'I am very sorry, Sister,' he said. 'Providence may provide, but it does n't provide horses like that,' and he looked at the bay with an admiring eye. She knew that it was true.

'You had better let me have him to take him back where he belongs,' he went on.

'Do you think you know where he belongs?' asked Sister Veronica disconsolately.

The Crown Sergeant thought a moment. 'We-e-ell,' he said slowly, 'maybe I do and maybe I don't, but he looks to me very much like Friday's Child.'

'Friday's Child? What's that?' said Sister Veronica inquiringly.

'Why, Friday's Child? Not know Mr. Gaunt's Friday's Child that won the Governor's Cup last December and then made the double with the Melbourne Stakes? Why, of course, he's Friday's Child!'

'But I don't understand,' said Sister Veronica. 'What are the Governor's Cup and the Melbourne Stakes?'

'Well, I suppose you would n't understand. They're races and this is a race horse, one of the finest ever imported from Australia. He must have got out last night in the storm. Well, I'll be taking him along now, Miss.'

VII

Gaunt was glad to have his horse back. He ran his hands down the clean forelegs, and even he could find nothing amiss after the adventure.

He laughed a good deal when the Crown Sergeant told his story, and then he thoughtfully lit a strong cigar, pushed his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and walked down to the long line of stables where the thirty or forty horses under his care were being fed and watered.

He stopped when he came to the end stall. In it was a liver chestnut, old and gone in the wind, but still good for light work. He took out a pencil and notebook and wrote: —

DEAR MADAM: —

I am sending another horse which I think will be more suitable for your work than the one provided this morning. Next time you want a horse you come to me and I will see what I can do for you. Don't tempt Providence again.

SMALLER AND BETTER MUSEUMS

A Commentary and a Suggestion

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

WITHIN a little more than half a century hundreds of art museums have been formed in America, and the few pioneer museums have steadily grown from modest beginnings to such formidable piles as the museum buildings of Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York.

The extent and often the quality of the expansion stagger the imagination and compel admiration. We are tempted to accept a quantitative ideal for the museum as we do for the factory. On the museum side, the appeal for bigger buildings and more exhibits is incessant. This cumulative and quantitative policy has found its fullest and best expression in the Metropolitan Museum, which has actually become what half a dozen American art museums are rapidly becoming, and what fifty more will become when they shall have worked up the requisite patronage.

Accordingly my discussion will concern mainly the Metropolitan Museum, and it will readily be seen that I shall be challenging not the acts or intentions of individuals past or present, but rather that almost automatic and largely undirected growth which has made the great American art museums an eloquent expression of our general tendency toward jumboism. And I shall be writing nothing of which the more enlightened museum officials themselves are unaware. Indeed I write in the hope of giving them courage to oppose those counsels of mere expansion which a heedless generosity and good will everywhere impose on our museums as on kindred educational institutions.

Why is n't the vast growth a correspondingly great blessing? Simply because it makes the art museums difficult and fatiguing to see. Last winter I had the privilege of holding a class in the Metropolitan Museum. After the talk I took the group for twenty minutes of conference in the galleries. We entered the elevator near the classroom at Eighty-third Street. Arrived at the gallery level, we passed through many galleries of enticing Levantine rugs and potteries; then through a hundred yards of cases of Far Eastern potteries and cabinet objects; here we had a choice of two suites of period rooms, — about a hundred yards of such, — and at last we had reached our objective, at Eighty-first Street, the Altman Collection, thoroughly distracted by the various attractions of the route, or equally fatigued by the conscious effort to resist these attractions.[1]

I am renewing, of course, the oldest

[1] By an opportune chance, a member of this month's Contributors' Club pointedly discusses this very difficulty. See 'Horrors of Museum Trotting and a Remedy.' — EDITOR

sort of complaint. For years it has been understood by an intelligent Londoner that, whereas he goes to the National Gallery for pleasure, he goes to the Victoria and Albert for some other reason — special study, curiosity. And about twenty years ago the staff of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts made a thorough and classic study of this whole matter. They found certain theoretical remedies and certain practical palliatives for the ills of an unrestricted growth. In particular they wisely reduced their public exhibition, relegating minor historical objects to study galleries, from which the public, while not excluded, was at least warned away. And they introduced a partial system of noncommunicating circuits, by which the visitor should be kept fairly on one æsthetic track. But as the Boston Museum grew in area, the excellent system of circuits largely broke down. It will always break down until some board of trustees and some architect really conscious of the problem design a series of galleries or museums in the form of a wheel, with communication only at or near the hub. And even this obvious architectural device will in turn fail as long as each of our great American museums persists in covering the fields of art which it takes five or six European museums to deal with properly.

Here we are at the nub of the matter. The Metropolitan Museum is conducting more activities than can possibly be conducted properly under one roof and under one administration. To cover the ground of ancient, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern art, the decorative or applied arts separately, the arts of the East, arms and armor, our contemporary national art — to cover these fields, Berlin provides five museums, Paris as many, and London, with the Tower as an armory, six. A smaller capital like Florence would still have five general museums. Indeed, five is usually the European number. Throughout in this calculation only large comprehensive collections are considered, all small, private, and special collections being disregarded.

II

While the distribution of the field to specialized museums is not strictly standardized in Europe, being naturally subject to historic and personal considerations, there is after all a reasonable uniformity of procedure. It is worthy of our study if only because the classification is what we are repudiating in our own practice.

1. There is generally a Museum of Fine Arts, exhibiting only older or fully approved works. The Uffizi-Pitti and Louvre are the high examples of this class.

Often there is a chronological subdivision, into classical (Altes Museum, Berlin; British Museum) and post-classical (Kaiser Friedrich Museum; National Gallery), and sometimes there is a topical division by painting (National Gallery) and sculpture (Victoria and Albert).

What is essential in this classification, which for the art-loving public is the all-important one, is that it respects the old category of the fine arts, believes them for museum purposes to be painting and sculpture, while it keeps what we may roughly call, from its origins, Mediterranean art apart from that of the Orient.

2. Parallel with such museums of fine arts are similarly designated museums devoted to the art of the present and recent past (Luxembourg; Tate Gallery; Neues Museum, Berlin, and so forth). The function of this sort of museum is to encourage new talent by courageous and opportune purchase of works of living artists, and ultimately

to pass on to museums of Class I such works as have stood the test of time.

3. There is generally a museum devoted to the decorative and applied arts. (Musée des Arts Décoratifs; Victoria and Albert; Kunstgewerbe Museum, Berlin.) These are usually study and antiquarian collections, but are also of obvious use to the present-day designer.

4. Often the national arts, especially the decorative arts, are separately exhibited. The great national museums at Munich and at Zurich are the high type.

5. Arms and armor are usually shown in an armory apart, as, most effectually, at London, Madrid, and Vienna.

6. Oriental art — better, Asiatic art — is usually assigned to its own museum, as in Paris, Berlin, and Cologne.

7. Collections of prints and drawings, which have not been reckoned in the statistics above, are quite variously treated, as independent, or attached to fine-arts museums, great libraries, and so forth.

Now the art museums of New York, Chicago, and Boston are exercising all these seven functions, and smaller but vigorously growing museums like those of Cleveland, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Detroit are following the same universal programme to the extent of their ability. Is it not the moment to inquire whether this is a wholesome and hopeful growth, or whether it tends to that form of national elephantiasis which has been designated more genially as jumboism?

III

For these vast centralized collections there is only one argument, and that a bad one. It may be maintained that for the special student it is actually an advantage to make prompt comparisons which can be carried out only under one roof — to study, for example, a drawing by Hokusai a few minutes after you have seen one by Rembrandt. There is really very little in the plea. The specialist is usually the last man to be making such comparisons, and in the rare event of a specialist who is also a discursive critic the inconveniences of making such observations in a general museum outweigh the conveniences. Such a student has a highly trained visual memory; he understands the right use of facsimiles; he has the run of print rooms and private collections where such comparisons may be made under the most easy and pleasant conditions. You are doing him no favor to bring the art of the world into unnatural and often compromising juxtaposition, while you are doing the simple art lover a great disservice.

Here there is no need of arguing a case that is generally admitted. If such limited and coherent collections as the National Gallery and the Uffizi have found it desirable to remove, each, hundreds of excellent pictures from general exhibition, in a higher degree the Metropolitan Museum and its public would gain by relegating contemporary American painting and sculpture, decorative arts, the American historical collections, and the casts, to so many separate museums. The decentralization might go farther than that, but I wish to urge only sure cases. In particular the American wing, which has a diminished, home-made look as compared with the glories of the Morgan collection, would be entirely charming if it could be moved off and given its needful isolation.

In general, the surplusage and consequent confusion of our great American art museums are a matter of daily

and just comment. It is a situation that urgently calls for a remedy. If the case is clear from the point of view of the public, a reasonable decentralization is equally called for in the interest of right internal administration. To administer wisely such vast enterprises as the great museums of New York and Boston is not humanly possible. The very form of organization is defective. Every department slips away from a necessarily weak central control. An aggressive departmentalism makes anything like a sound general development impossible. The department that is energetic and lucky enough to finance itself — and there are many such — naturally attains a quasi autonomy. The department that has no such resources is neglected or thrown to the caprices of incompetent trustee committees. The museum ceases to be a real organization and becomes a congeries of competitive organizations and personalities.

Apart from such purely administrative infelicities, incompatible tasks are thrust upon the curators. The kind of man who is an ideal keeper of painting for the Louvre or the National Gallery is for that very reason an indifferent or positively poor keeper for the Luxembourg or the Tate Gallery. The former task requires the maximum of caution and conservatism; the latter task the maximum of audacity and generous chance taking. No European nation or city dreams of entrusting these incompatible functions to a single person or organization. We Americans do it everywhere, and naturally with the unhappy result of a general mediocrity in both activities.

Indeed, in order to get a true idea of what our American museums have done through their own organization, one must first think away the great gifts. There would remain a handsome residuum of credit to the staff, — the Egyptian and classical collections of New York and Boston, the armory at New York, the early American and Far Eastern collections at Boston, the Far Eastern collections in the two Philadelphia museums, — but there would also remain, especially in the field of painting, a rather lamentable situation which, perfectly well known to all insiders, it would be unkind to advertise to the outsider.

IV

Moreover, the prevalent jumboism encourages capricious and ill-advised exhibition in order to adorn unreasonably great spaces. Thus we get such archæological and space-wasting features as the frigid Roman court at New York, in which the fine Greek exhibits are virtually lost; tedious and perplexing suites of composite period rooms, effected at Detroit and vigorously progressing at Philadelphia; everywhere the pursuit of 'atmosphere' at the expense of æsthetic realities. And we find elaborate organizations for direct teaching, much of it good, some of it bad; whereas if much of this teaching money were put into really fine things, they would teach silently without any beating of the pedagogical drum. And we mark everywhere, as the museums are made increasingly confusing and difficult for the public, an attempt at compensations of a Barnumistic sort — endeavors to wheedle the public into the museums instead of attracting them by the legitimate method of acquiring beautiful things and exhibiting them well.

In short, our æsthetic jumboism everywhere transfers that confidence which should be felt in the great work of art itself to all manner of marginal activities conducted more or less rel-

evantly about works of art of the second or third order. Such are the patent evils of our museum situation, and I think no well-informed person in or out of an art museum will seriously contest these allegations.

It should in fairness be added that this unrestricted expansion on a generally mediocre scale has not arisen from the fault of any staff or board of trustees. It represents a pioneer condition, which, more or less inevitable at its time, we now have outgrown. It represents a natural but unhappy continuation of foundation propaganda when the necessity for such propaganda has passed.

When an American art museum is founded, in order to survive it must literally be all things to all men; it must appeal on the broadest and most miscellaneous basis to everybody who may give it support. Accordingly it would be unimaginative and unkind to mock at what was done in the nonage of most of our art museums. When I first saw the Pennsylvania Museum, it contained the queerest hall I have ever visited in many years of frequenting galleries. It was the hall of small personal bequests. It was filled with small show cases of almost uniform size, each containing the artistic remains of some patrician lady of Philadelphia. The cases were of singularly even contents. The major exhibit was a cashmere shawl or a Spanish mantilla. About it were set a carved ivory fan from Paris, a poor filagree box from Genoa, a bad Indian bronze or two, a few mediocre miniatures, a bit of modern Japanese porcelain, an enameled snuff box of doubtful period — in short, the contents of madam's whatnot, and the record of her travels.

This quaint and pathetic display has vanished with the snows of yesteryear and the ladies of bygone times. Time cures all but the major ills; these require study and conscious reform. I do not so much as poke fun at the administration that accepted these bequests, while I highly approve the administration that keeps them from public gaze. These bequests were after all a symbol of the loyalty and attachment of old Philadelphia for its bantling museum, and had these gifts been refused, it might have discouraged or actually have quenched that splendid generosity in which to-day the Pennsylvania Museum rejoices.

This case is a parable for the whole situation. A grown-up museum need not and should not act like an infant museum that is having hard work to grow at all.

V

I am writing in the hope of establishing a general principle, that of decentralizing our overgrown art museums in the interest of the pleasure of the public and of a more reasonable administration of the museums themselves. Into details of policy and technical programmes I do not wish to enter. These will vary somewhat here as they do in Europe. But at least the broad lines of a programme may be suggested.

The old division into the fine and applied arts, while perhaps æsthetically and historically invalid, remains sound for practical museum purposes. The museum that is best visited and makes most strongly for general culture will be here, as it is in Europe, the museum of European (taking the term very broadly) painting and sculpture. That is the museum of the type of the Louvre before its accretions of the last generation.

The richness of European collections has dictated a further subdivi-

sion into the classical and postclassical fields, and sometimes into painting and sculpture. It is doubtful if our American art museums will ever be rich enough in really fine objects to necessitate these subdivisions.

The starting point of a reform, then, would be to isolate museums of the fine arts in the strict sense. One can imagine what a joy the museums of Boston and New York would be if they were restricted to the classical and Egyptian collections, European and American painting and sculpture, and the respective print rooms. Such a reorganization would not merely make these museums available for delight, but would also reveal unsparingly their weak spots and gaps. In short, a systematic development at the top, which is now thwarted and confused by a multiplicity of activities, would become possible and inevitable.

Next there should be a special museum to deal with contemporary art, and it should not be in any way subordinate to the museum whose scope is retrospective.

Whenever collections of Oriental art or of specialties like arms or armor become sufficiently large and important, it will be in everybody's interest to house and administer them separately.

Finally the great category of the decorative and applied arts is best handled by organizations devoted to that subject. Even from the point of view of the public, while there are sound theoretical reasons for keeping these closely allied branches under one roof, to do so produces a confusing and overgrown museum. In every practical way, the art lover does better to take his fine and his decorative arts 'neat' in the museum, mixing them at his own pleasure, if he wishes, as a collector.

Naturally I am perfectly aware of the formidable financial and even legal difficulties involved in the decentralization of our great art museums. With similar difficulties we constantly cope successfully in the fields of business, education, and charity. For a material gain, such desirable reorganizations are readily undertaken. I am merely urging a similar lucidity and courage upon the corporations governing our great art museums, in the interest of that sure spiritual gain which comes whenever an ideal of quality takes hold of and controls a habit of mere expansion.

MORE PAGES FROM A POET'S NOTEBOOK

SHAME not the flute if it fails as a stick
for the war drum.

Regulation, with its shears, is shocked
because branches are irregular.

Easy success is a small pittance
mercifully allowed to mediocrity.

Praise frightens me
lest it be proved my debt.

The coward is terribly indiscriminate.

The god of the weak is a tyrant.

Proud arithmetic is offended at the shocking insolence
of incalculable profits.

My moments signed by God
need not be appraised at the market.

The slave is busy making whips for his master.

A gourmet in gossip uses indignation as a spice
to enjoy vicarious vice.

The savagery of slander poisons with lies
the arrow tips of broken facts
to make them meanly perfect.

Men may be proud of their misdeeds
while ashamed of their mistakes.

The Devil has his advantage over the divine powers,
for it is easy to hurt and bafflingly hard to heal.

The glass pane to the bewildered sparrow
offers prohibition that ceaselessly invites.

Gods are amused when the busy river
condemns the cloud as an unpractical dream.

Dreamers leave behind them in the dust
failures that sprout into fruition.

The hill veiled by mist
seems like God's great whisper.

God would remain imperfect
if He could not at the same time be a man.

The suns have floated up like definite bubbles
from the infinite vague.

The gold guards its prestige by its rareness,
the flower fears not the touch of the commonplace world.

The mountains dream of a golden age
when they were birds with wings and a voice.

The storm that shattered my flower has vanished,
but the flower has not died in her death.

Beauty is an overpayment of some love
which keeps no account of our worth.

Creation is an enigma that ceases if the final answer be given.

The meaning of the seed waits in the heart of Time.
But, what is Time?

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A DAY THAT IS DONE

BY LEONORE HAMILTON WILSON

I

When my mother left Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1859 to go as a bride to Hagerstown, Maryland, it was indeed a far cry from the old town on the rushing Piscataqua, with its life, culture, and tradition bound up with the restless sea, to that other town in the heart of the Cumberland Valley held in the gentle embrace of the benign Blue Ridge Mountains.

The story of how it happened was an enchanting one to us children. How my father, who was a member of Congress at the time, had met my grandfather, Mr. Richard Jenness, in Washington. How the older man had taken a liking to the young Mr. Hamilton and invited him to make a visit in Portsmouth. And how one fateful morning as he entered the walk-way leading to the red-brick, elm-shaded house on Pleasant Street the door opened, and framed in the slender columns, with the delicate fanlight above, stood a lovely young lady in a lavender dress and lavender bonnet with pink roses under the brim. Whether it was the bonnet or the face beneath, I do not know, but this is certain — my father opened the gate a free man and stood at the foot of the steps twenty paces away in bondage for life. A year later they were married.

Portsmouth was already a hundred years old when Mr. Jonathan Hager, a German gentleman of means, venturing into this unsettled hinterland of Maryland, bought from the Lord Proprietor a section of land, named it Hager's First Choice, and over a never-failing spring in a lovely oak dale built a sturdy stone house, half home, half fortress. Soon other Germans came, and on Hager's Second Choice the village began to grow in pathetic duplication of the old towns across the sea; the low story-and-a-half red-brick houses, with little white dormer windows looking from the roofs like wise eyes, stood elbow to elbow and flush with the brick herringbone pavements. Behind each house ran its long walled flower and vegetable garden. As years went by and people found they could go for water some distance away without remaining at the spring neatly impaled on an arrow, or could return home with their scalps where nature intended them to be, Mr. Hager bought another piece of land on a hill commanding a lovely view of the thirty-mile-wide valley. Here on Mount Prospect, or Hager's Delight, early in the nineteenth century a fine large Georgian house was built after a design by Benjamin Latrobe. At this house one warm September evening, having left the train in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, twenty miles away, the young New England girl and her husband alighted from the stage and entered its doors to take up their new life.

While she had been spending the previous winter in Boston in the family of Professor Agassiz, pursuing her studies, my grandfather had procured the plan of the Hagerstown house, each piece of furniture had been made in

Boston for its appointed place, and all was complete, even to the 'twelve fruit cakes on the pantry shelf.' Also installed were two Pennsylvania Dutch servants, who took their young mistress by complete surprise with their extraordinary English and the still more extraordinary dishes of *Schnitz* and *Knepp*, *Sauerkraut* and *Schmierkäse*, they presented her to eat. It was not long, however, before a colored cook was established in the kitchen, whose dishes were more to her comprehension and liking.

The town founded by the Germans was still German in character, but pressing close to its doors were the large estates of the English county families — estates granted in lavish fashion by the Charleses and Georges.

I wonder if anywhere else in the country there are such stately or quaint names for what the dry legal phrase calls 'parcels of land.' Merely to read the title deeds is to step into the country of romance. To the great places the finest names — 'Fountain Rock,' 'My Lady's Manor,' 'Rose Hill,' 'Stafford Hall,' 'Montpelier,' 'Tammany,' 'Long Meadows,' and many, many more. But if we have 'Paradise' we have also 'Strife,' and if there is 'Peace and Plenty' there is also 'None Left,' 'Nancy's Last Shift,' and even 'Little I Thought It.' Of one of these the tale is told that Lord Baltimore, traveling to Virginia, stopped overnight near Hagerstown, or Elizabeth Town as it was first called, at the small house of a Mr. Galloway. He was made heartily welcome, supped, and enjoyed a most quiet night's sleep. On taking coach the next morning he was informed by his happy host that during the night his good lady had presented him with twins. So pleased was his lordship with his undisturbed rest under such untoward circumstances that on his return home a large grant of land was made to Mr. Galloway. That in all fairness it was due Mrs. Galloway seems to have occurred to no one in the transaction.

To these lovely places the bride from far away was made welcome, and went to many a gay party in the wide-halled houses, in spite of the fact that the black figure of War was daily coming nearer and nearer to tramp with bloody feet the length and breadth of the Valley.

II

Our house was fairly representative of the strange mixture of races that made life in the little town. As we children came along, the kitchen was of all places the most entrancing. Aside from the delightful possibilities of the capacious oven, we listened with breathless interest to the most thrilling conversations and debates held between my beloved black Aunt Kate and my next-oldest sister's German nurse, Barbara. There was waged a never-ending conflict of ideas — generally concerning matters medical and spiritual. For instance, Barbara held stoutly that a pale, languid child, undoubtedly the victim of 'opnemma,' must be taken to an old German dame, who would divest it of clothing, grease it all over, and after swinging it by the heels, the meantime muttering the proper mysterious formula, return it right side up completely cured, the opnemma presumably having dripped out of the top of its head. Sniffing scornfully, Aunt Kate would disclaim any belief in 'them old Hexes,' and to prove it displayed, tied around my fat little neck, a cord on which hung a small bag procured from an old colored crone. (On secret investigation this was found to contain a bloody chicken feather and some gravel.) This kept any and all disasters at bay as far as I was concerned. Totally unconscious that we were listening to the exposition of the

old enchantments descended from the African jungle or the dim mists of Saxon forests, we impartially believed in both, and enjoyed it in the daytime. It was a different matter at night. Then in the big dark bedroom 'ha'nts' and 'Dutch Hexes' were somewhat prone to gather at the foot of the bed and glare at their trembling victims.

In the brave hours of daylight, I remember, we essayed the gentle art of hexing on the well-hated French governess of the three older children. (At the time of which I write there were six of us, with two still to come.) A piece of wax candle was cut to resemble remotely a human figure, and, having stuck this full of pins, we set it in the sun to melt, the idea being that pains and discomforts would seize upon Mam'selle as the figure dwindled. Our incantations must have lacked some proper quality, however, for the intended victim only waxed daily healthier and more obnoxious.

A big-eyed listener with us to all these weighty matters was a little darky named Virgil, the son of the laundress. 'Why did you call him Virgil?' my mother asked one day, regarding perplexedly the extremely unclassical-looking mite. 'Laws, Mis' Hamilton, ain't you never *heard* of the Virgil Mary?' responded the shocked Bessie.

The colored coachman who slipped in at mealtime did not enter into the discussions, but it must have been about this time he was married, for I find in the family scrapbook the newspaper account of the wedding, which may be of assistance to some present-day bride in search of novelty. After naming the contracting parties and their costumes, it goes on to say: 'A pleasing feature of the ceremony was the presence of ten young ladies dressed in white and each holding a lighted lamp in representation of the ten wise [*sic*] virgins.'

If the German witches were of terrifying quality, the other delightful German customs we enjoyed quite offset them. Such Christmas trees, for instance! Hung with the beautiful marzipans (tinted fruits made of an edible paste) and clear candies of red and yellow in quaint shapes, camels, roosters, and what not. Festooned with ropes of gilt paper cut in lacy patterns and further adorned with fat gilded gingerbread men and horses. Twinkling with red lit candles, and underneath the tree the fenced-in yard, with house and barn, trees and animals, fashioned with loving care by the German cabinet-makers. Carefully treasured, the little figures and furniture were handed down from generation to generation. Alas! of ours there remains only one small bureau of inlaid cherry and a tiny hickory Windsor chair. We did not, but many people did, have the Inn at Bethlehem under the tree, with Joseph, Mary, the Holy Babe, and the Wise Men on their camels, sometimes beautifully modeled in wax, but more often in carved and painted wood.

Bright and early on Easter morning we ran eagerly to the little old house on Franklin Street where our maiden aunts lived, to hunt for the nests of colored eggs in the tall grass in the upper 'lot.' We no more doubted the Easter Rabbit laid them than we doubted the sun danced on that one sacred morning as it rose above the mountain, although we never quite got up in time to see it.

We also had *Bellsnickels* at Christmas time — did you ever hear of Bellsnickels? Bands of young people, with terrifying masks and fantastic dress, bursting into the houses and only consenting to go out when given largesse of candies and cakes.

You must not think, when I write of our family of eight, that it was in any way remarkable. In our acquaintance of ten mothers there numbered one

hundred and three children. Of course we had a flying start with two families of fifteen each and four of ten. So eight was getting on the smallish side. To be sure, when any of our proud matrons journeyed over the mountain to Frederick, twenty-six miles away, she hung a diminished head before the sixteen girls and two boys of a family there. Not every child of these families lived to grow up, and we went often with a little friend to the cemetery to gaze with respect on two tombstones, on one of which was inscribed 'Dudley, aged ten minutes,' and on the other 'Walter M., aged half an hour.'

When one hears of the appalling amount of money it takes now to introduce an infant into this vale of tears one's heart might well faint at the thought of fifteen. It was quite a different matter in the sixties and seventies, for the doctor's fee was twenty-five dollars if the arrival was a boy and ten if a girl. A naïve but unmistakable expression of the comparative value of the sexes. The nurse, usually a colored freedwoman who had been brought up in the household of a careful mistress, got five dollars a week. This was in line with the general standard of wages. For years after my mother came to Hagerstown a cook was paid one dollar and a quarter a week and a housemaid seventy-five cents; and excellent servants they were, too, who expected to, and did, stay in one household for years — we had one cook for twenty-five years — and were closely knit with the family life.

III

Writing of the cemetery, a few lines back, naturally turned my thoughts to mourning. And how we did mourn! The father of one of our young friends passed on, and for three mortal years that young girl wore a heavy nun's-veiling veil over her face. Looking about the church on Sunday one would naturally have inferred a great national calamity had taken place, so prevalent were the dense black garments and long crape veils — many of them worn after the faces of the dear departed could have been but dim memories. Our banner case was a handsome, stately woman who, left a widow with four children at the age of nineteen, died at the age of eighty-one, still wearing the badge of woe. A far cry indeed from the casual mourning of to-day. A bitter gentlewoman of the old school remarked caustically, not long ago, 'Nowadays, nobody stays at home but the corpse.'

In these days of chain stores and impersonal relations between merchant and customer it is pleasant to remember our little shops of yesteryear. They were mostly converted dwellings, and tinkling bells heralded a buyer into what had originally been a parlor. On the hot summer evenings those in the ice-cream parlors tinkled themselves quite hoarse, so many customers went in to sit at the marble-topped tables. The very young gentlemen of our 'set' escorted us to these abodes of delight, and if they were flush we each had a five-cent saucer. If in straitened circumstances, we had one saucer with two spoons. I think in the latter case the kindly presiding genius saw to it that the saucer held all it possibly could.

Our shoes were half-soled and reheeled by a German cobbler, encouraged in his labors by two or three taciturn friends the color of old leather and a chattering and extremely odoriferous monkey. In the intervals of work the cobbler read and digested Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Kant, and discussed them with such of his customers as could cope with them. We eagerly took our shoes to him, not, I regret to say, for the intellectual fare offered, but for

the never-failing fascination of the monkey. We loved, too, to go to the Saturday market, where the rosy-cheeked, placid Dunkard women and girls, dressed in their sober habit and bonnets, dispensed very shrewdly the profusion of the kindly fruits of the earth that surrounded them. It was strange, and no doubt irritating, to our elders that we had no difficulty in picking up the outlandish phrases of the Pennsylvania Dutch heard at all the stalls, while we resisted learning Mam'selle's polished French to the utmost of our abilities.

Another delight was the Clock Mender. He moved in his world of wheels and delicate instruments like a gentle old necromancer, his spectacles pushed up on the soft white hair and the faded blue eyes peering intently at his invalid clocks in the dusk of the little shop. You will enjoy one of his delightful bills preserved in the scrapbook.

May 14, 1877

To Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton and Lady:

I have the pleasure to let you know that through the assistance of Him who giveth wisdom and understanding to the humble and feeble the work I undertook on the second day of April last, viz: The repairing of your clock is finished and completed and I have also the pleasure now to congratulate you upon looking on that time honored relic again for the study of the accurate movements of the hours of the days and likewise the showing of the moon's phases by night and the date of each day.

Respectfully your humble servant,

J. WOESSNER

When people say, 'Oh, life was so much simpler then,' I wonder what thought they give the catchword. 'Simple' does not seem to describe that life as I remember it. I see a big house overflowing with life. I see two laundresses in the English basement washing and ironing the week through that we might be turned out morning and evening in spotless and apparently countless small garments. I see a busy seamstress, week in and week out, making and mending those garments — for there were no 'ready-to-wears.' As Hagerstown had no waterworks, water had to be carried from the cisterns in the yard to nine bedrooms and carried away twice a day. The house had a furnace that made but a feeble effort to heat, and all the upstairs rooms had Stanley stoves, and what seemed a forest of wood was fed into their voracious maws. Downstairs the big fireplaces glowed with cannel coal.

I see the long walnut table with rarely less than ten and generally more around it, for those were the days of visitors who came to stay anywhere from a week to three months. Not for us the scrap of toast and cup of coffee that constitute a breakfast now. At six o'clock sounded the pound of old Laura's mallet on the block, and at the eight o'clock breakfast, beside the fresh hot beaten biscuit, were the great beefsteaks and fried potatoes and an untold number of corn or buckwheat cakes.

There had been a much earlier breakfast for my father, who was up by half-past five. A lawyer by profession, he had a passion for land and, as he accumulated money, accumulated farms. So in the early morning he drove off to one farm or the other. The apple of his eye was a place he had loved from the time he was a small boy. In those days Maryland imprisoned for debt, and often he stood on the sidewalk and watched the handsome, gay owner riding on his fine horse, with his colored body servant in fine livery riding behind, on their way to the little stone jail, where they took up their abode in the Sheriff's house — the servant to wait on his master, and the

master to play cards with his friends who gathered to make durance less vile. I suppose he won enough from someone occasionally to restore him to his family. It was not remarkable that, piece by piece, his heritage slipped from him, and finally the coveted place was sold and my father got his heart's desire.

As we lived in a limestone country, with its free-blowing, gritty dust, house cleaning took on activities that a dirt-free New England town never dreamed of. Every spring the heavy carpets must be taken up — for every room was carpeted to the walls — and cool mattings put down, except in the long parlors, where heavy linen crash was put over the carpets, on which we danced the summer through. The furniture turned ghostly in its linen covers, and, instead of the long velvet curtains, Venetian blinds let just enough light filter through airy lace ones. The twined grape leaves of the bronze chandeliers were bridelike in tarlatan, and the Belleek and Wedgwood vases on the mantels saw but dim reflections of their white beauty in the veiled mirrors. Over every bed hung great tents of mosquito netting, for screens there were none, and as at the end of every garden was a stable, a supply of flies was bred yearly that would have done amply for the whole of the country. I remember our joy in two strange contrivances of wrought iron, at each end of the dining table, shaped like little towers. When wound up, horizontal wings of gauze revolved rapidly and discouraged the flies from taking all the food before we could get any.

My pretty, charming mother had brought with her from New England that special quality called 'faculty,' and this complicated household moved along with the smoothness of her serene and well-balanced nature. To add to the 'simple' living, every winter for many years the caravan was packed up and moved away, for after three terms in Congress my father was elected to the Senate, and following that was Governor of Maryland.

IV

It does not seem much now, nor is it, to go to Baltimore, for the automobile makes light work of the mountain range and the seventy miles, but it was something else to travel on the old main line of the B. & O. for five weary hours. To begin with, the train left at six in the morning, if you please, which meant rising at four to get us dressed and breakfasted and duly installed in the train, together with the large basket of lunch, the little dog Dick, the canary, and a loathsome family of white mice belonging to my next-oldest brother. By the time we had reached Weverton, twenty-five miles away, the lunch had been consumed and we were clamoring for bananas. And alas! when the train lurched around the curves of the Patapsco Valley with a motion only equaled, I imagine, by the waves of the Roaring Forties, the red plush, cinder-encrusted seats were sure to be adorned by three or four prostrate and utterly car-sick little Hamiltons.

Surely never were there such entertaining parties as the Hagerstown parties; nor did any small town ever have so many. After all these years I can see two lines of chairs ranged the forty-foot length of the two parlors. My father sat at the head of one, Judge Syester at the other; the game, twenty questions. Hagerstown then had a brilliant Bar, men who knew their classics as well as their law, but it often befell that after the Solons had bent their best minds on the mystery some sharp-witted woman would casually pick the answer out of the air,

as it were, leaving them completely overthrown and confounded.

Vast was our excitement when the great men of the Civil War came in these after years to visit Antietam Battlefield, but twelve miles from the town. We girls would beg to have the maids displaced so that we could hand the refreshments to the Count of Paris, General McClellan, or whoever might be the celebrity of the occasion. We found Federal or Confederate equally thrilling. But these were affairs of the outside world and did not have the flavor of our own efforts. For instance, the plight of one hostess who decided to have two parties a week apart. This seemed innocent, even if an innovation, but unfortunately some malicious-minded person spread the word that we had been divided into Cream and Skim Milk. So it happened that the first or Cream was a great success, but the Skim Milks stayed away to a man, leaving the family to eat fried oysters and chicken salad steadily for a week.

It was the same hostess who gave the Famous Lovers party, the idea being that one drew a paper on which was written one lover, whereupon he sought his mate for the evening. It was not a great success, as unfortunately our general education did not rise to the occasion, and as Laura had never heard of Petrarch, nor Dante of Beatrice, and so on *ad infinitum*, we milled aimlessly around the rooms rather like a flock of mildly anxious sheep, and the party went off like damp fireworks.

We were much excited when we heard that another hostess had put the house in the hands of the decorators, which raised the affair at once from a party to a function. The lone potted geranium on the piano somewhat fell below our expectation of what a decorator with carte blanche might achieve, but I dare say we enjoyed the party just the same.

I include private theatricals in our parties, for they were little more than that, except for the one grand occasion when *Julius Cæsar* was essayed. I think we can modestly claim that to Hagerstown alone belongs the honor of having presented Cæsar adorned with luxuriant red whiskers — treasures which our tragedian could on no account be induced to part with — and the chaste Julia and her ladies in large bustles beneath their severely proper nightgowns.

It was only in the eighties, when the town began to spread a bit, that we ceased to walk to our parties. Then, in rivalry with Paris, a cab system appeared — ten cents a trip to anywhere in town, and fifty cents for a grand function like the New Year's Ball, which was an all-night affair. There was one cab in particular much in demand — not for its comfort, for it was an open Dayton with cold leather seats, nor for its celerity, for the old gray horse, blind of one eye, that drew it was no Maud S. The attraction was the owner and driver of the equipage, such a character as only a small town can produce. In a sense his patrons were his guests, for with perfect bonhomie he shared in all the conversations, and his shrewd remarks, accompanied by a hoarse, low chuckle, were retailed with delight. I remember his dry comment on a member of his family who had spent thirty-five years, off and on, in the penitentiary. 'The old man was all right,' said Jerry, meditatively flicking the old horse; 'the only trouble was, he could n't leave nuthin' lay.'

On one occasion we had a young lady visitor from New York, whose life had run along strictly formal lines. Engaging Jerry to drive us to a dinner party, in deference to our guest we

pled for a general clean-up. 'Leave it to me,' said Jerry; 'I've got a new cab, and we'll show New York.' We did. New York never saw the like. It was all the faithful 'gray flier' could do to pull the heavy secondhand brougham up the hill to a triumphant halt at the door. Every window glittered, and was furthermore adorned with stiff Nottingham lace curtains tied back with red ribbon bows. A large bunch of paper roses in a glass vase added the last touch of beauty. Jerry himself sat, proud as Lucifer, on the box resplendent in a tight blue brass-buttoned coat and rakish semi-jockey cap. Somewhat stricken, but game, the last word in Paris fashions took its place beside me and we drove down Washington Street in the bright light of a spring evening, attracting most deserved attention.

After a week or so of driving, Jerry, who could neither read nor write, would collaborate with his small boy and a bill would be evolved and presented. I append one, which, if not a model of spelling, at least left no doubt as to the items.

For tending a party at Tamany House with Miss Lena	30 cts.
For tending a party this week at Missis Minney with Missis Hamilton	30 cts.
For shopping with Missis Hamilton	50 cts.
For halling Miss Julia home	10 cts.
For halling Miss Lena and the lady from New York to Major Douglas and halling them home again	20 cts.
For halling Miss Lena to Miss Fanny Mason's wedding and going back and waiting in the lane for Dick and halling them home again	50 cts.

V

We took our politics seriously, and with good reason. If you will trouble to glance at the map of Maryland, you will see that Hagerstown lies in the little western neck of land between Pennsylvania and Virginia. The Pennsylvania line but four miles away and the Virginia line six. Truly the battlefield of different sentiments. In addition to the Northern and Southern difference of opinion, there was the deep-rooted republicanism of the German farmers and the equally strong democracy of the slave-holding land owners, or descendants therefrom, and professional men. At election time these various cross currents met in a lively and sometimes violent maelstrom, with fights and broken heads galore. The fact that in those halcyon days mountain whiskey was peddled through the streets and sold from the cart's tail for fifteen cents a gallon helped make election day one which kept the feminine part of the population off the streets.

The town elections were particularly hard-fought, and there was a classic of a very close one where the astute Democrats, on the promise of a dollar each and plenty of whiskey, had locked forty colored citizens in a stable for safe keeping until voting time. Alas for the best-laid plans! The unprincipled Republicans stole them away, in the dead of night, and, raising the one dollar to two, triumphantly carried the day.

Such parades as we had! Certainly no town ever produced a band that played so valiantly. To be sure, the instruments were generally more than secondhand, and each performer seemed to follow his own sweet will as regards the tune and time; but any small defects were lost in the grand enthusiasm displayed and the overwhelming magnificence of the drum major. A phenomenally tall, lithe negro, in private life the town whitewasher, in his gold-laced uniform, and twirling his baton with incredible agility, he was transformed, in the eyes of youth, into something more than mortal.

The funeral hacks with the tops down were converted into chariots of state and were filled with prominent

citizens, selected not so much for personal merit as for being the possessors of the *sine qua non* for a political procession, a silk hat. We as a family had a peculiar and personal interest in these demonstrations, for if the celebration was Democratic our house was lit all over, the double front doors thrown open, the high porch thronged, and the band in passing nearly blew our ears off out of compliment to my father. If Republican, however, not a light gleamed, and the band marched by with a dreary drum-tapping that chilled the blood, only to burst into riotous and derisive clamor four doors down the hill, while we peeped at the display behind the drawn shades.

At the time of Cleveland's second election, when we fairly outdid ourselves in jubilation, there came at the end of the procession a number of open carts, each one bearing a man carrying a transparency with pregnant sentences from the campaign speeches printed thereon. Just as the last one went by and we read the stately words, 'It is not a theory but a condition that confronts us,' the bearer with a loud hiccough and a feeble ''Ray for Hamilton!' fell with a crash from his perch and went peacefully to sleep in the middle of the street. Could there have been an apter illustration?

Ah, well! It was all very small-town, and we might count it now dull, but somehow as I think back it seems to have had a savor that no longer abides with us. People were not forms flying by in motor cars, but persons with characters and peculiarities, almost as interesting and well known to us as our own. Their sorrows were ours, their joys ours, and we were knit together by a thousand ties of happiness and grief.

Would that I could see again one of those summer nights, the white dresses flitting under the drooping linden trees, the porches so gay with bright cushions, the moon outshining the few and feeble gas lamps, the simple enjoyment in the cool sweet air after the torrid day. Just a summer night in an old Maryland village — a compound of thousands of hundred-leaf roses and honeysuckle and the strange dusty fragrance from the wheat fields that so closely beleaguered the town.

In the nineties Progress raised his head over the Blue Ridge and lo! we were not the same. On the streets appeared a bobtailed little trolley car in which now and then there was a passenger. Before me lies the first transfer. At the bottom to the left, crudely printed, three pictured faces — a little girl with a pigtail, a matronly countenance, and a terrifying old lady with huge spectacles. Three male portraits in kind adorned the right-hand corner. It was the duty of the harassed conductor to scrutinize his passengers and punch the face according to age. Either Southern chivalry or prudence was the watchword, for the old lady was never known to be punched.

Little did we dream it, but the clanging bell of that trolley car sounded the death knell of the old town. Suddenly in a day it was no more and in its place stood an active, modern little city. The old residences had to make way for the new stores and apartments, and the paved streets killed the lindens and with them went the friendly shades of the past that in the dark of the moon seemed to pass beneath them.

Mr. Jonathan Hager's house still stands, a very King Lear of a house. Neglected and surrounded by dismal shacks, it raises its still sturdy walls to gaze from its desolation, over railroad tracks, to the beautiful city park teeming with happy life, once Mr. Hager's solitary pleasure ground.

More gayly the little guardian of the town's destiny stands on top of the belfry of the Town Hall, our Little Heis-

kell. Long before the iron forges in the county made cannon balls for the Revolutionary armies, some worker in wrought iron fashioned the small figure in the brave costume of Cresap's Rangers and named him for a Mr. Heiskell. And no mere toy soldier he, for during the Civil War he was drilled through and through by a well-aimed bullet, but, jesting at scars, never for an instant did he falter in his duty. And now after all these years he hourly faces now west, now east, now north, now south, to repel all attacks on his beloved town. Alas! Little Heiskell, there is one foe your dauntless musket is powerless against — the enemy of all old things, Time and Change.

POOR LITTLE AMERICA!

BY J. MILTON FRENCH

I

AMERICA is slowly wasting away from fear. A nation of 120,000,000 souls is gradually succumbing to the terrors of suggestion. We have been diagnosed so often of late, and the doctors have found so many things wrong with our internal economy, that we have despaired of recovery. Every morning when we pick up the paper we shiver in anticipation of what the front page will reveal. When an imported lecturer — or the average domestic product, for that matter — comes to the fore to tell us what is wrong with us, we crowd into the halls, fearing the worst and yet powerless to stay away. Like the snake-fascinated rabbit or the Ancient Mariner's wedding guest, we are hypnotized by the prospect of the unknown. Every book hot from the presses, every magazine that the postman flings at our doors, every course that we attend in college or night school, reveals a new humiliation, a fresh cancer of the body politic.

This is far from being an exaggeration. Consider for a moment some of our so-called mortal ailments. We are a nation of gold grabbers, we are told, intent on the almighty dollar at any cost. We have no culture — no music, no art, no literature, no architecture, no art of conversation beyond the sales talk. We are a nation of Babbitts, of Rotarians. Our native stock is being swamped by immigrants. Our traffic situation will tie us up in bowknots within twenty years. We are machine-ridden, helpless robots, soulless automatons. We do not know how to play games. We are Puritanical hypocrites. We are squandering all our resources; in a hundred years we shall have neither fuel, clothes, nor building materials. We are speed-mad. We are despoiling the beauties of nature with safety-razor and cigarette advertisements and filling stations. We are insular, provincial, ignorant of the world. We are imperialistic, would-be monarchs of all we survey. We extol disarmament in one breath and build new cruisers in the next. Our so-called democracy is a sham and a pretense. Our educational system is crumbling to bits; in fifty years our college graduates will have

learned nothing but millinery, canoeing, and cookery. Our young people are without religion or morals. Our cherished classics are sickly pabulum for a three-year-old infant. The Victorians were fools and idiots, and we who read and admire them are worse than they. Washington was a self-centred aristocrat and Lincoln a gawky rustic with a flair for shady anecdotes. We have created our heroes in the image of our ideals, and been bewitched like Pygmalion by our own creation. Only a fool would believe in heroes.

But I need not continue the list. After the first sentence we recognize the familiar sinking of the heart. We agree *in toto* and *in futuro* to the whole indictment, plead guilty to every count.

II

Now just there comes the rub. We are becoming a nation of underdogs. We specialize in pleading guilty. We have developed a technique of bowing to the lash of the satirist and calumniator. In this age of statistics, we are helpless before a row of figures. To anyone who says, 'I have studied with infinite care the population of a Mid-Western town of 32,649 people, and I find that there are 32 murders, 95 divorces, and 127 deaths from alcoholism to the thousand, 25 cinema palaces and a library of 2175 books, 2 churches and 73 bootleggers,' we say meekly, 'Yes, sir.' We swallow any number over two figures, no matter how absurd or incredible. And we believe that anyone who rips us up the back must necessarily, *ipso facto*, be a teller of truth and the friend of humanity. If a man tells us we have some good points, we cry, 'Hypocrite! Victorian! Puritan!' and rush away from him as from the pestilence. But let one excoriate us, tell us we are criminals, Philistines, and morons, and we fall on his neck. We live on the theory that an ounce of blame is worth a pound of praise.

We have, after all, the same point of view that used to prevail in the pews of John Donne and Jonathan Edwards. Those fiery denunciators used to ascend their pulpits and draw for their congregations such a lurid picture of hell-fire and the souls of the unregenerate or unelect dangling over the blazing fires of eternity that the members of the congregation would froth at the mouth and writhe on the floor in agony — and come back the next Sunday for more. The Donnes and the Edwardses nowadays preach from the lecture platforms, the magazines, and the novels, but we writhe just the same — and come back for more. Our hell has changed from fire and brimstone to the survival of the unfittest and to rows upon rows of figures stretching off into the desolate wastes of a frozen eternity, but the feeling is the same. We love the rod of the chastiser.

We dote on melodrama. It has moved from the theatres to the halls of respectability, from Broadway to Newspaper Row, but it is with us still. If the villain still pursues on the stage, and the hero and the heroine live happily ever afterwards, we laugh with ridicule. But in the daily news we gobble it up. What Oscar Wilde maintained as a piquant paradox is come true in sober reality. Nature is meekly imitating art. Crime waves, suicide waves, Babbitt waves, robot waves, have flowed out of our novels into the headlines.

The joke is that we realize, when we stop to think about it, that we are the victims of a colossal hoax. We are like the sermon connoisseur of an earlier day, who listened avidly to the minister's invectives against drunkenness, adultery, and avarice, and thought how well they fitted Thomas, Richard, and Henry across the aisle. Faced with the accusations against ourselves, we

should be shocked at their inapplicability. But we will believe anything — against someone else. All that we can safely be sure of is that the other nine tenths of us are guilty. We ignore the rules of common sense and legal decency and condemn them without a hearing, judging our neighbors guilty till they are proved innocent.

The stupidity of some of these accusations needs only to be seen to be appreciated, as the real-estate dealers say. Take the theory that mechanical work deadens because of its monotony. Now by that theory Mozart and Wagner, who practised tiresome and mechanical scales many hours a day on a very complicated machine, — a piano, — must have lost all their intelligence by the age of fourteen. A clergyman who repeats the old familiar prayers week after week must degenerate into a mere piece of clockwork. The teacher who repeats the same course year after year and corrects thousands of similar themes and reports can watch his *pia mater* shrivel to a crisp. The doctor who listens to hundreds of pulses in a week comes to think of the whole world as one sick pulse.

Obviously, then, the only sensible course for us all to pursue is to go home and shut the windows, turn on the gas, and end it all here and now. Yet it is seldom that even the well-known robot who attaches the Ford nut to the famous Ford bolt ends it all in such a way. On the contrary it is usually the man who has achieved the most freedom from monotony who commits suicide.

In short, life even at its worst cannot be wholly monotonous or mechanical. And our present age may be no worse than preceding ones and probably is not nearly so bad. I doubt whether even the Russian serf of past ages, who was as remote from our mechanized civilization as he well could be, and who never saw a machine, was filled with the joy of life to a much greater extent than the Ford nut-fitter of to-day. 'Slave of the machine' is a beautiful phrase, as is *fin de siècle*, but neither of them has any basis in fact. No one can be a slave of a machine any more than a century can be juvenile, adolescent, or senescent. Some people have a more restricted life and outlook than others, and there is undoubtedly some relation between work and the point of view. But a poet need be no less a poet for having to put nuts on bolts; neither will a clod become a poet by sitting on the peaks of the Sierras. In fact, a case might be made for the factory as a better training ground for poets than the Sierras; but that is aside from my point.

III

What we need is to stop fretting and to cultivate serenity. This suggestion involves more than Emerson's doctrine of self-reliance; it includes a tolerance and optimism that are not necessarily implied in his phrase. Nervousness is a sign of adolescence, and America, as we are so often told, is coming of age. It is high time, then, that we settled back and began to enjoy ourselves. A country three hundred years old ought to have outgrown its childish fear of the dark.

There is no reason why we should n't be serene. The accusations which make us shiver are obviously overdrawn, exaggerated. Only a negligible per cent of us know anything at first hand about murder, arson, divorce, lawlessness. We live decent, orderly, and comparatively contented lives. Most of our horrors are the result of exaggeration. Figures will prove anything, but they are dead, and America is very much alive.

Our lack of serenity is based on neglect of the ancient virtue of the golden mean. We insist on extremes. To a poet, only a poet has a right to be alive: all other people cumber the earth. We can see only black and white; we recognize no grays. There can be no compromise. We must be either emancipated radicals or hidebound conservatives, Puritans or iconoclasts, Republicans or Democrats, Babbitts or Goethes. The middle-grounder is a piker, a weakling, a trimmer, a dud. Sir Roger de Coverley, of beloved memory, who lived on the assumption that there was much to be said on both sides, would meet with short shrift in our times. Tennyson is not a poet with certain merits or defects: he is either an absurd, driveling Victorian or an archangel, and if you cannot prove that he is an archangel you must perforce admit that he is a driveler. Ibsen is the only dramatist since Shakespeare: the only way to meet the assertion is to prove conclusively that he was a moron whose plays were the outgrowth of a cancer.

This course is fatally easy to follow. Exaggeration lends itself to epigrams; epigrams are easy to remember. No one whose motto is 'There is much to be said on both sides' can hope to impress. But one who maintains that Homer was a woman; that Shakespeare was Bacon; that there has been no poet since Dante; that there is only one good theatre in America and that that one is in South Dakota; that 99 per cent of Americans are mentally only twelve years old; that the idea of God is merely a sop to infants; that there are only two classes of politicians, those who are grafters and admit it and those who don't admit it — a man who proclaims these extreme theses rides to popularity on a golden chariot with silver klaxons clearing his path.

Yet many of the world's greatest seers have recognized the beauty of the life of the mean, of serenity. Horace took life pretty much as he found it and has charmed all succeeding generations. Molière hammered into his audiences and readers the absurdity of the extremist in all fields of life, and steadily taught the value of the golden mean. Shakespeare's Falstaff and Hamlet and Lear and Sir Toby Belch and Rosalind mean more to the world to-day than do Ben Jonson's Volpone and Sir Epicure Mammon.

It is high time for us to aspire to moderation and serenity. Everything in reason, and nothing to excess — this is a good guide to life. We need some business men, some poets, some hewers of wood — even some critics. All have their place, but never to the exclusion of the others. We have come of age, and we need no longer cringe to every critic. Let the sun and the wind and the rain have their way with us and we shall grow and germinate and bring forth fruit. All we need to do is to wait quietly and serenely and let Nature do her work. She knows her job and will see us through.

THE TRADER'S WIFE

Part Three

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

De Sopo was not of an ill humor — he did not resent his expulsion from a domesticity so remote from his own experience and so unexpected; he gave small attention to Harford's schemes for an unnatural and emasculated trade; he congratulated him elaborately on his marriage with a lady so evidently illustrious, so beautiful, so gracious, and he trusted that his presence in the neighborhood, and the presence of his slaves, would not be offensive. He had got his girl from a partner who had died in the interior, with whom he had been making his way from the upper reaches of the Muni River to the Nkomo. A hard country to travel until they struck the navigable river, by which time his partner had died. De Sopo had missed the aid of a partner, but his slaves — who were a half day behind him — were a poor-spirited lot and amenable to his Benga overseers. Harford was disarmed more than he had thought to be; they parted on a civil note.

'I could not have him here,' he told Lucy that night, 'as he had hoped to be — both on your account and on my own, because of the reputation I am earning for another sort of trade. But I should like him sometimes to come to see us, unless that would displease you.'

Lucy had not dealt with the matter of De Sopo so definitely; she would have been led in any case by Harford. The girl, Harford told her, was doubtless lonely. She had belonged to another man; De Sopo hardly could be attractive to a beautiful girl like that — though it was strange, he said, how now and again you found a girl who seemed to form such an attachment.

Lucy lay upon her bed, watching Harford move about the room. A silence followed this comment; he saw Lucy perfectly still, her breath suspended, looking at him with a child's amazement. The girl — what was she to De Sopo?

'She is his woman,' Harford told her reasonably, but a flood of sympathy filled him when he saw her struggle with this. 'It is natural,' he told her; 'he is a man alone, living in dreary places, and she is a woman, clean, clever — she looks clever — she gives him pleasure — it is customary.' Harford felt his way along, and Lucy turned to stone.

'Customary,' Lucy murmured; and then she breathed her question into the silence where Harford had felt, curiously enough, so safe: —

'Did you?'

'Yes,' said Harford, looking at her without dissimulation; and he had more to say, but she turned to the wall. He waited until his words had sunk back into his heart, and he went away.

Atemba was sitting under the eaves

of one of the cabins, and Harford sent him down in the moonlight to invite De Sopo for a drink. The moments dragged until he came. Harford felt a need of masculine conversation; it was almost with relief that he heard the account of the capture of the slaves, who were all war captives, the Fang having raided the villages of the Makae. De Sopo had been gathering food for them on his way down the river; he was expecting old Otolo and his people to bring in several canoe loads of plantain and cassava before the noonday; he had ten hunters out for game, and what rice he had was already under cover — 'though the niggers of these parts will not eat rice unless they are starving.' But with all he could do by way of provision either out of his stock or by purchase from the Fang, he felt a shortage. He had been a long time coming overland, and the Fang by the way had been grudging of their food, seeing that the slaves were Makae. He hoped that Harford had rice and salt to spare, else he would have to go down the river to Taylor, as he had salt for no more than a week, and while he expected news of the *Arrow* within that time, there was no certainty, as Harford knew. And he wondered whether Harford would be able, when the time of shipment came, to lend him five or six canoes.

Harford sighed with irritation; he assured De Sopo that he must not look to him for any help, as his equipment was no more than adequate for his own needs, and he was concerned that the Fang should not have occasion to associate him with any other trade than his own. De Sopo amiably agreed; the idiosyncrasies of his companion were curious, and might perhaps be explained as the Fang were explaining them. Old Otolo had told De Sopo that Hallifodi had a strong taboo and must not trade in slaves. De Sopo had acquired some taboos himself; he could only be grateful that these were minor and not of a nature to interfere with business. He was glad of Harford's presence in the neighborhood, for the barracoon was not of the best, having been hastily made, without proper stronghold; he knew that the presence of a white man's factory would intimidate the slaves, and this, in default of his dead partner, was an end much to be desired. They were in poor shape, he told Harford, having suffered from the journey.

The two men remembered old times — days of youth, captains of ships, old and fantastic headmen; traders and their adventures, their girls, their deaths, the fates of their half-breed children, were remembered until the moon was low and De Sopo must go back to his cabin in the village that was nearest the barracoon. The slaves, he said, should be coming along in the morning. He had a crew of Benga men with them, an armed man to a canoe, and that was not enough.

He went down to the clearing, his shadow, with its broad hat, black behind him. Harford marked how thin the Spaniard was — as he had already marked his pallor. De Sopo walked like a man without a care in the world. As for himself — he looked about his clearing where his goods were stored and his crew of Fang were sleeping, to the cabin where his wife lay and where a light still shone at the window, and he felt a kind of envy of homeless, reckless, disreputable vagabonds.

With the dawn there came a wailing on the river; Harford wakened to the sound and wondered that De Sopo would put up with it — he should be able, Harford thought, to control the wailing of his slaves. The wailing grew as the canoes multiplied at the landing — the high desolate wailing

that is the voice of the sorrows of Africa. That rhythmic crying presently filled the river valley. The devil must have a million of them, Harford thought. And he heard a sobbing at the door of the factory — thinking it a strange thing, until he knew it to be Lucy. She fell against him sobbing; she could not get her breath to ask him what it was she heard, and her terror released in him a fresh sense of the authentic anguish of the wailing. He took her to his bed and warmed her, soothing her; he gave her brandy that she took with a child's obedience, sobbing as she put her lip against the cup. He lay beside her, telling her that she must be reassured, that it was the slaves come down the river into the barracoon. And when he was done, the sound of wailing filled the room; his wife wept against him. Neither of them ever spoke again of the union of black girls and white men.

II

With the morning there was silence in the river valley. The clearing between the walls of the barracoon was alive with human activities; above the thatch which roofed the lean-to that ran along the inner walls smoke rose; fires burned here and there in the compound, and pots were on the fires. Harford could see, with his eye to his spyglass, all that remembered routine of the encampment waiting shipment; he noted that the slaves were ill-fed, and he thought, in view of the disrepair of the stockade, that this was a good thing. The lot was mixed in age and sex, though women were in the majority, as is customary among captives of tribal wars. The men were chained in pairs, but the women were not shackled.

When he put his glass down Lucy picked it up. She was not expert in its use, and into the frame of its single round there swung the green wall of the forest across the river, where, among the branches of a tree in flower, a golden snake imperceptibly drew its length. She lowered the glass; there was a canoe, brown on the brown flood of the river. Bracing the barrel of the glass against a stanchion of the verandah, she got the range of the barracoon and she caught her breath. On that day, and on the days that followed, for hour after hour she inspected the barracoon.

Harford's attention was presently caught; he watched her, wondering at her concentration. He saw the glass, shifted delicately, rake the sunny open and the shadows under the thatch of the long roof. He saw that Lucy was pale and that she leaned against the stanchion, but she would not be dissuaded. 'I see them living,' she told her husband when he asked her what was there. And was again absorbed.

The slaves were ten days in the barracoon before Harford forbade Lucy the use of the spyglass. He had been away overnight, little as he liked to leave his wife alone at the factory; but he trusted Atemba, and he took advantage of the presence of De Sopo, knowing that the Spaniard was within hail. He returned light-hearted, with three ivories bought from under the bamboo bed of a difficult old headman. His carriers sang as they came out of the forest path into the factory clearing; Harford thought that Lucy would be hearing them, and glad of his return. But Lucy, in the blaze of the afternoon sun, was on the verandah, looking through the glass. Harford was on the steps before she took account of him. The degree of her preoccupation repelled him; her dress was disordered and her hair unkempt; their greetings were brief. She returned to her post at the stanchion, and pointed her glass again with a practised hand.

Atemba brought him his food, and Lucy did not join him. Harford observed her from where he sat at table behind the bamboo screen that shaded the north end of the little verandah — it came into his mind that she might be ill. He bade her go to the shade of her room, and this she did, but with reluctance. Later in the afternoon she came to him where he was alone in the musty gloom of the storehouse; she was then hysterical — telling him that she could not bear her life and must get away. He turned from the shelves where he was going over his bales of calico. 'This,' he thought, 'is nostalgia' — and he thought himself to be overtaken by the difficulties he had foreseen from the first day of his marriage. She said again that she must get away, and she wrung her hands. He considered her seriously; he told her that when he had finished with an ivory deal now pending with Efa Ngoto they would take a holiday down the river — though he sighed when he said this, and did not see his way clear. 'It will be a long time, perhaps,' he told her, and said that she must not count on it.

Lucy turned her back and leaned her forehead on the door jamb; he felt her struggle to control her voice. 'It is the slaves,' she said. 'I can't — I can't — Mr. Harford, the children —' But she could not bring herself to tell him more.

He drew her out of the storeroom; with his habit of caution he paused to lock the door. Going to the verandah, he trained the glass on the barracoon. He must see for himself what it was that so possessed his wife — though it was a fever in the making, he told himself. He swept his eye about that clearing, full of late afternoon sunlight and of slaves. The accommodations were certainly not of the best — De Sopo had been doing a makeshift sort of business, and there was obviously a shortage of food. He especially observed the women and children, as Lucy had done; he tried to see them with her eyes, and he agreed that it was a sorry sight. When he lowered the glass he put it away in a chest of his own belongings, telling her that she must oblige him by not using it again so long as the slaves were there — 'and that will not be long,' he told her; De Sopo was hoping to send them down the river any day and any hour. He begged her to contain herself. His own business was urgent for the time, and he could not go away.

'Let me go with Atemba,' she urged. 'I could go down the river with Atemba — we should be safe.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and find yourself in a fleet of slave canoes — or sleeping in Taylor's house when the cargo is landing! You must content yourself,' he told her, 'for you are a trader's wife. It will not be long.'

But it was long. Two long days from then, when Lucy sat before a dressing table she had made of packing boxes and muslin, De Sopo came to confer with Harford, and his Mpongwe girl — breaking bounds — came with him. Lucy saw her shadow in the mirror, dark against the orange daylight at the door. She turned and looked at her; the girl moved into the room as though Lucy's glance were a summons; she came near, looking gravely about at the white woman's possessions.

'How you health, Mamee?' she said in her soft insinuating voice. And the aura of her femininity, fostered as it was and cultured in its kind, startled Lucy, so long used to men and to the hardy alien Fang women.

'What for you come here, Mamee?' asked the girl. 'This never be proper town for beach woman.'

'What for you come here?' asked Lucy.

'My white man come; he speak for you man. He ask you man: "What for you no fit for give proper food for them slaves? They live for die they no catch food. Plenty pickaninny die; night come we throw him for bush!" My massa ask you man: "What for you no give proper chop? You like all my slaves die, we throw him for river?"'

Lucy sat staring at the girl, not knowing all that she had said. And the soft voice went on: 'Hallifodi say he never be fit for feed all them slaves. My massa say, "You please feed all them sick slaves, all them pickaninny — those women holler all night you never feed them!" Hallifodi say, "No, goddam, I never feed them slaves — I got big taboo, I never feed slaves!"'

Lucy's hand fell from her head, letting her hair fall, and the Mpongwe, grown bolder, touched it softly as she had often wished to do. She sang a little chant of admiration in her own tongue. Lucy did not draw away; she was grown used to the pleasure of black women in her hair and skin. She answered Esala perfunctorily when the girl asked, 'What tribe be your slave Atemba? Where you get that boy?' She was sunk in dark thoughts. She did not know when Esala went away.

At table that night she asked Harford if De Sopo came to see him, and when he answered 'Yes' and no more, she asked him, 'Why?'

'He cannot let me alone about food for his slaves — he says they will starve if Taylor does n't send for them soon. He has cleaned out the Fang — they had little to spare. And he cannot agree that I am not here to sell him food.'

'Cannot you?' questioned Lucy heavily.

'I cannot. I have vowed that I am not a slaver, nor a partner of slavers. Either I do a legitimate trade in Africa or I get out!' Harford flung himself sidewise to the table — he had hoped to put away this palaver long enough to eat his palm-oil chop and baked plantain. He felt himself to be harried to death. De Sopo would go down the river that night, he told her, to see what could be done, though fearing to leave the barracoon in charge of the crew of Benga. A gang of slaves should be under the surveillance of not less than three white men.

'He says he cannot trust the Benga not to sleep at night. He had the hardihood to ask me if I would not serve him in his absence. He is n't such a bad fellow, either; I'd do him a service if I could, and I pity him.'

Harford presently went down to the landing to see De Sopo off; he asked Lucy if she could spare half a dozen of her soda biscuits for De Sopo, and a pot of the preserve she had made of an edible forest fruit. She made a little pack of these; she saw her husband go away with his hurricane lamp, and she went to his chest, from which she took his spyglass.

Atemba lighted her way to her cabin, as was his habit at night. The soft dark of the tropics was vibrant with the ineluctable unbroken singing of insects in the grass at the edge of the forest wall. The rains were near again and the insects and the frogs spread an immense fabric beneath the stars. There was no moon; the drumming in the villages was desultory. Suddenly the slaves wailed — faintly, and stronger, and fully, the voice of wailing filled the river valley. Lucy trembled; she sank upon the lower step of her cabin.

'Oh, why, Atemba,' she shuddered, 'do they wail?' And he told her they wailed because their father was going away. De Sopo was going down the river, so they wailed.

But how was he their father, she asked. Had he not bought them, and

would he not sell them? How was he their father? 'He is certainly that,' Atemba told her, 'their father. Without him they would starve, and they fear to see him go. They say, "O our Father, O! We die of hunger, O! Pity your children, O! Do not leave us, lest we starve!" And perhaps they will starve,' Atemba added dispassionately.

The wailing flowed like a river through the dark. Atemba listened to his mistress's anguished command that he go to the slaves and beg them not to wail. He thought this a silly invention, but he did not cross his white woman. He would go, he said, if they did not stop — but it would not be a long wailing, for it was no more than a farewell.

It ceased. Atemba went away, and an hour later Harford found Lucy seated on the step of her cabin, the light from her hurricane lamp shining sweetly on her white dress and up into her face. Her mournful dark eyes met his that answered them sternly. 'This woman,' he thought, 'is out of place.'

III

At noon the next day, Harford, who was surrounded by a rustic group and was weighing ivory, did not see Lucy return his glass to his chest. At their midday meal she questioned him closely as to De Sopo's plans and whether he would be home the next day or the day after that. Not for three days, he told her, and added that the cargo canoes would be longer in coming than that. It was De Sopo's plan to make a place for the slaves on the beach, although that was against his interest and judgment; but the loss if they were to remain in the barracoon, with food so scarce, would be heavy. He must risk the move to the beach.

Harford hoped — and he wished, in his present preoccupation, to believe — that Lucy did not know the death rate among the slaves. He was glad to forget what he could not see his way to help, and he was elated at the spread of his trade. A company from Ayos had traveled three days by canoe to sell him their ivories; they came, trailing their leopard skins and speaking a modified dialect, from a remote people whose trade he had labored to develop. When night came, and the last man and dog on leash had gone down the hill and off up the river, Harford sank into his chair with a tot of rum, and he could have wished to be alone in his clearing. He wished he need not see his wife at table lest she trouble him with questions. But she was as silent as himself. Had he looked at her he would not have known her for the laughing girl who had hung on his arm when they had first climbed the hill to the factory not a year ago. He would have been struck, had he looked at her, by her thinness, her look of strain, her pallor, her rough and broken hair. But, after the custom of companions who live together without lapse, neither of these two was attentive to the aspect of the other, and Lucy sank away into the shadow of her obsession unobserved.

When Atemba lit the lamp in her cabin that night, Lucy spoke with him. She asked him if he had been born a slave. Atemba was a headman's son, he told her. 'It is a strange thing,' he thought, 'how long the white people are in framing the first of questions.' She asked him if the big gate to the barracoon was locked with a key. Atemba said it was, barred and locked with a key, and that there were other precautions about the outer wall — there was an outer wall and an inner door. A passage, very short, led from the gate to the inner door. All the building, Atemba told her, was rough. The barracoon in which he

himself had been imprisoned once was strong; none could have looked into that barracoon. And with that memory a terrible excitement began to flow into his heart, threatening his control. He felt a current of intention, obscure as yet, lift him from his accepted groove. He gave his attention, suddenly creative, subtly perceptive, to Lucy — trying to penetrate her secret thought, conscious of an intense dynamic at work beneath her fixed composure.

She asked him who had the key to the gate — if De Sopo had it; and he said he did not know. He was silent. And then he said there was one who knew who had the key, and if his Mamee commanded him to ask that one he would do so. When Lucy pressed him for the name of that one, he said it was Esala, De Sopo's woman. She would know who had the key. If his Mamee commanded him to do so, he would return, when night was in the middle, with that knowledge.

While Lucy pondered upon this, he looked in her mirror, taking counsel with the dark and secret image that spoke to him there, eye to eye. Behind him in the dim reflection stood the white woman listening to a strong inner voice. She would tell him to go. And if she did not tell him, still he would go — for he felt an irresistible quickening toward a course that was clearing, like a path when dawn reveals it. When Lucy told him that he must do as he had said, his going was a passion of acquiescence. The swift withdrawal of his energy from her cabin and from the clearing left Lucy like a castaway, with the tide on the ebb — she felt a vast fatigue and the hurry of her heart beating.

Harford's window shed an orange light and then was dark; there was now no light in the forest. Upon the dark the Southern Cross was erected and leaned again to its decline; occasionally a bird called or a band of monkeys clamored briefly; a late moon rose behind the cabins, and their black shadows bit into the flooding light.

At something like two o'clock Atemba stood in the shadow of Lucy's west window; he had the key and gave it to her. Esala, he said, had given him the key to hold until the dark before the dawn. 'What shall I tell the white woman,' he thought, 'if she asks me why Esala gave me the key?' But Lucy did not ask that or any other question — she seemed to dream.

Atemba came to the door and opened it; beyond the shadow where he stood there was a wash of moonlight in the clearing. 'Mamee,' he asked her with an utmost urgence, 'when you let the slaves go — am I then free?'

He saw Lucy startle as if she woke. She asked him if he saw the Benga guards and if they were sleeping. He had found them sleeping — and that was because their master was away and because the slaves, they knew, were weak from sickness and from hunger. Atemba had wakened the guards as he passed, telling them there was a leopard abroad in the clearing on moonlight nights. Only strangers and white men, he told them, were ignorant of this — all others seeking a shelter to sleep in. The Benga men, he said, had given him thanks and had said that they must lie outside to watch the slaves. There was a house, he had told them, near the gate; they had better lie there. If the leopard caught them, who would watch the slaves? Would their master not then blame them that they had not listened to the warning of Hallifodi's man? After which reasoning, Atemba told Lucy, they had risen from their bed of leaves upon the ground and had gone away into the house. The house, Atemba told her, looked away from the barracoon. It was a strange thing,

he told her, but they went into that house. 'Ah, Mamee,' he said in a voice of profoundest passion, 'when you let the slaves go —'

She did not answer him — she moved past him down the steps into the moonlight. She took no account of him. But later, when they were in the shadow of the trail to the river, he pressed his fate again: 'Ah, Mamee, am I, too, free? When it is taboo for you to have a slave, and it is taboo for Hallifodi to have a slave, am I free?' He was behind her in the trail; he heard her say yes. He took the key from her hand; her hand was hot, and, with his faculty of perception at its highest level, he was aware, among a multitude of impressions, that she had a fever. He wished that her dress were dark; it glimmered, and her skirt was noisy among the grasses. He wished that she were sure to do as he might find occasion to tell her; he wished that he were in control, as a man should be — and his will leaped before him in the path. When she came to the end of the shadowed trail and to the verge of the clearing about the barracoon, he bade her wait, and they stood still.

In the mild clear light of the moon the stockade of the barracoon rose to the height of about twelve feet; they were standing a hundred feet from its southeast corner. Midway of the eastern wall there was, curiously, a great tree; it was incorporated in the stockade, and it made, of a morning, shade upon the glare on the floor of the barracoon. It is to be supposed that De Sopo had left it there because it presented difficulties in felling, and its crest of branches, high upon the pillar of its bole, was not hospitable to escape. The river ran fifty yards from the west wall; the space between was cleared and was now in shadow. The gate was in the south wall; it was barred, and the lock was a padlock. The guards were not in sight; the fire by which they had slept was sunk to embers, and their leafy beds were dark on the ground. There was no sound of life, only the river's running.

Suddenly from behind the wall of the barracoon there rose a woman's faint and plaintive wailing — like a thread of smoke from a small fire on a windless air. Atemba knew it for a cry of remembrance. Without warning Lucy floated out into the moonlight; she was at the gate before he was; her hand was at her lip while he unlocked the gate. They stepped swiftly into the passage; Atemba drew the gate to; the key was in his hand. The passage was eight feet long — the depth of the lean-to that ran about the inner wall; the door at the end of this short passage was barred but not locked. The delicate cry rose again. Lucy threw up the iron bar, and they were in the yard of the barracoon.

IV

The moon was above the eastern wall; the shadow of the great tree was upon the trodden ground of the western half of the enclosure. Under the thatch of the lean-to the slaves slept in the shadow. Lucy — who had brooded so many days upon the comings and goings of the many dark bodies, now cooking, now eating, now lamenting — was alone with the moonlight in the clearing. She was arrested in a still enchantment. Atemba saw that she did not see a woman gray with dust who lay upon the earth, and swifter than her perception he sprang to where the woman lay. Catching her about the middle, he brought her to her feet, one hand over her mouth. Her eyes stared at Lucy while he dragged her to the passageway. Atemba summoned Lucy with a movement of his head; they were in the passage before she had

caught her breath, and Atemba was speaking in the woman's ear. He instructed her; Lucy saw her eyes focus on his words. He released her — she was a young woman ravaged with hunger; she was gone back into the compound like the flowing of water.

Atemba drew Lucy through the outer gate; he closed it, and they slid by the south wall in the moonlight to the shadow under the west wall. In that shadow Lucy fell to trembling, her teeth chattered, and she leaned against the wall. Presently she vomited. Atemba, seeing that she could not stand, supported her. She moaned, and he was appalled, but his decision was as swift as breath. He carried her to the water's edge; the jetty was in moonlight, and he was too much a forest creature to move that way; he laid Lucy among the leaves at the foot of the forest wall, first stirring them with his foot; he covered her white dress with his own dark cloth. He let himself down into the water that ran deep by this bank, and returned with a small canoe — it was the ferryman's canoe and its anchorage well known. Lucy was past speech. He laid her in the seepage in the bottom of the canoe; drawing her dress along her sides, he laid his cloth over her and pushed off into the stream. He could see a flowing of dark bodies along the bright south wall of the barracoon; they disappeared into the shadow of the west wall. He dipped his paddle, making upstream.

A river silence fell on the canoe; Lucy's sigh was light. Coming to a little beach landing, the canoe wavered. Atemba gave a bird call; there was no answer. Under the deep shade of a wooded bank he whistled again and waited, but not long; Lucy moaned and stirred; he cleared the bank and paddled upstream. He dipped his paddle three or four times before he heard an answer to his call — a bird whistled among the branches that swung from the near margin. Atemba held the canoe and scanned the forest wall. He drew in to a log and found a backwater in the thicket; the river glittered in midstream, but here was a moon dusk. Esala crept out on the log, and Atemba held out to her the key. She took it, thrusting it into a basket under her arm; drawing the canoe alongside, she boarded, startling when she felt Lucy's body under the cloth. The paddle sank into the water, the canoe shot out into the stream, and there was silence on the river.

In the moonlight Atemba saw that Esala had whitened her face with clay, after the manner of the Fang who mourn, and that she was as naked as a Fang woman, that she had painted dark designs on her body, which was smooth and without the inevitable Fang tattoo. He understood that she was joining her fate with his, and he felt a rush of pride and passion. It was true of Atemba that he was a chief's son and of no mean tribe. How far his home was, or where it might be, he could not know; he could look up at the stars and take counsel of them; soon, too, he must counsel with Esala. It did not appear to him what he must do with the white woman; his swift planning had not foreseen the present difficulty — he had thought that Lucy would steal away to her cabin when they had left the barracoon. But there was no hope of that now; he knew the course of her fevers, and that she would be helpless for not less than a day. Nothing in his heart swerved from his intention of escape; he was as single as an arrow that has been released from the bow; all his wisdom was fused to an instinct, and he knew that he must go upriver swiftly all the night — and without words.

Neither he nor Esala could pass in

prolonged intercourse as Fang. A canoe from upriver hailed them, surveyed them in the moonlight, and, seeing the ashen face of Esala, the paddler asked them who had died. 'A child,' said Atemba. Esala wailed faintly, and the canoe went its way. But Lucy, when Esala wailed, stirred again, moaned, and would have sat up. Atemba steered into a backwater; the canoe stole up this dark shallow until he knew by the evil smell that he was at the end of the inlet, and in a pool where the women of a village were used to soak their manioc. He shipped his paddle and crept along the length of the canoe to Esala in the bow. He began to speak to her softly in their only common tongue, which was Fang. Under the intense dark Lucy sighed and slept.

Presently from the forest the guinea fowl called the near approach of morning, and in the dark the two dark heads drew apart, the murmur of voices ceased, the canoe slid back to the river. Time was pressing, but they knew what they must do. Before the pallor of dawn Esala had guided Atemba to a trodden beach; it was the landing of the headman Efa Ngoto, who had a village near by in the forest. She knew that place well, having camped there with De Sopo more than once. A shelter with three walls under thatch was in common use at the landing. It stood clear of the forest, which was here of great trees, and open. They must work quickly before day. Coming ashore, they drew up the canoe, and Atemba lifted Lucy, who was now in a stupor. Esala was before him in the shelter; she found the embers of a fire that was always there upon the ground of the hut, and that would be renewed many times in the day by the villagers as they came and went upon the river. With a burning log for a light, she looked about the hut; there was no snake, no filth, no menace. Atemba, standing with Lucy across his shoulder, watched her; he was ready at the signal to lay his mistress down. She sighed, relaxing on the bed and turning her head away upon the wooden pillow. Esala adjusted her dress. Atemba would have thrown his cloth about her, but Esala caught it up; she drew the logs together, and a thread of smoke rose. Swift as shadows the two were gone, and the canoe, dark a moment on the glitter of the river, disappeared.

V

The smoke among the logs became a flame; the mists of morning rose in the moonlight; the river spoke and spoke against the little beach; a monkey looked into the open shelter with surprise, and was intimidated; with the gray light a million parrots woke to their domestic disagreements and were articulate. The clamor of day woke in the forest. And the first fisherman coming down the village trail looked in at the hut. As if he were winged, he stood again in the street of the village. 'There is a magic by the river!' he told his friends. 'An enchantment is there!'

But the headman, when he saw the enchantment, knew it for the wife of Hallifodi, having seen that woman many times. He was appalled.

Behind him and pressing upon him and upon one another, the people of his village crowded, struck with wonder. Their voices, discreet at first, grew in volume and in stress, but Lucy did not move until an old woman broke into a high crying wail. Other women wailed, and the white woman, moaning faintly, moved her head, moved her hand, and was still again.

'She lives! She breathes!' cried out the agitated people of the village of Efa Ngoto.

Efa himself, though much against his will, — for who knew how the matter stood either with the white woman's husband or in the more supernatural implications? — got himself ready to go to Hallifodi. He was deliberate in his preparations, wishing that his experience had fitted him for the present adventure and for the part he had to play. He put on the best he had — and that was a military coat and a red fez cap, both bought of Hallifodi himself. He chose swift rowers. He gave instructions that no one of his village was to approach the white woman, none was to go under the thatch, but that his head wife herself, with those women whom she should choose, was to watch from without the hut. Only Evina was not to watch. She was his present favorite wife and was with child; she must beware dark powers. He went away in the sunlight.

It was presently warm in the shadow of the thatch, and with the passage of the day the sun shone there. The women, four and five at a time, pitied the white woman with their eyes. They sang plaintive songs — spontaneous little ballads about the white woman who had come to lie upon the bed of their village. She had come by the river, O! She had no child, O! Alone she had come, O! She said no word, O! Her beautiful hair, O! Her fine white cloth, O! They struck their hands softly for an accompaniment to their songs.

The white woman whimpered and sighed, and the black women more than ever sang their plaintive songs. These songs, they thought, were good for that magic, for with the afternoon Lucy was still. Harford heard them singing at the bend of the river, and his heart turned over.

The Fang women fell away when the white man came to look at his woman. They had not gone near her all day; they could in no way be to blame for her death — if indeed she was dead.

She was dead. The women saw her hand fall from Harford's. They saw him look into her eyes. They burst into a wail, and the entire village of Efa Ngoto wailed.

Harford sat down on a piece of firewood; he could no longer stand on his feet. Nothing of all this was clear to him. The face of his wife was a secret silence in a great clamor. He had not eaten that day; news of the empty barracoon had shattered his morning, and with noon Efa Ngoto had stood at the door with news of a wife he had hardly missed. No, he had not missed her; he had been all morning with the Benga guards and with the straggling slaves who had returned to beg from him a handful of rice.

How had she come here, and why? Was this really his wife? A laughing girl, a chatterer — now to be lying so pale and sunken in this rude shelter — lost here in a strange forest. Lying here without a word. No answer. How had she come here? Had she been poisoned? Her dress was draggled. Her hair was disordered. He stooped to put her poor hands beside her, and on the dust of the ground he saw a key. Abstractedly with his foot he pushed it aside — the headman should have a care of his keys.

(The End)

COME DOWN, SHEEP!

Once I was a shepherdess
Clambering the mountain-side,
Calling to my feeding sheep,
'Come down,' at eventide;
Breaking stalks of asphodel,
Loosening the stones that fell
Tinkling down the mountain-side,
Calling, calling, 'Down, come down,
Come down,' at eventide.

Like a waterfall above me,
Like a cloud of bees,
Murmuring and humming, coming,
Swaying down the mountain-side
Garlanded with falling foam,
'Come down, my flock;
At eventide I guide
You home.'

Mist is rising from the hollow
Like the mist of sleep,
Silvery as lambs that follow
My reluctant sheep,
Trotting hoof and nodding head
On the roadway streaming down;
I have wound my spindle-thread,
Tucked my distaff in my gown —
I shall spin no more to-day.

Artemis and great Apollo,
At your shrine I lay
Purple wool and leaves of laurel
And I pray
That the sweet lonely season of summer
May loiter away;
That the sweet lonely days of my herding
May stay.

Harriet Sampson

THE ART OF BEING OUTSHONE

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

SOMEBODY is forever sending me literature about how to shine at dinners and in the social circle generally. It seems there are books full of anecdotes, repartees, and bright remarks, which, if memorized and opportunely remembered, are supposed to enliven these occasions. The master of these books dazzles and entertains every circle he enters. He holds the spotlight and the centre of the stage. Murmurs of admiration attend his brilliant sallies. He is, in short, the life of the party.

Others, it appears, just as good as he, go home depressed and disheartened. They have not shone. The spotlight has not rested well-pleased upon them. They have been obscure. Sound cause for gloom! Their minds, destitute of the thousand epigrams of the master spirits of the ages, have contributed nothing brilliant to the conversation.

It is evident from the amount and tone of this literature that one must shine to be happy. Without shining, life is not worth while. One is a failure, and might as well give up. It is the obviousness of this truth that provides a public for the literature. People have, indeed, often felt the sense of discouragement these circulars describe, and are glad to find a promise of relief, even though at the fateful moment they fumble in memory for the bright saying of Marcus Aurelius or Mark Twain which the occasion so pressingly demands. Perhaps, after all, it may be more practical to go to a dinner with just one bright but borrowed remark stored up for the occasion, and, watching narrowly your opportunity, to hurl that, like Bruce's heart, into the fray, than to carry in such a sackful of anecdotes gathered at random from five hundred minds.

There is of course nothing new about this yearning for notice and conspicuousness. It is an inheritance from childhood and even from antiquity. Epictetus discussed it. It is hard, he admits, to hear another man discoursing brightly on a subject beyond your depth, and on which you have nothing to say. But courage! Another time the talk will be of grammar, and it will be your turn to shine.

The illuminating thing about this is that the fine old Stoic himself was not above the common desire to shine, only he had sense enough to see that no sensible person expects or wishes to do all the shining. Every dog is entitled to his day — that is, of course, if he can get it. I do not say he would have ordered the books advertised above; he knew he needed no such meretricious aids to luminosity, being convinced that, taking the season together, he and every other well-disciplined philosopher were sure in due time to get their conversational innings. But he was evidently strongly disposed to have those innings soon or late.

It is odd that it did not occur to the ancient Stoic or the modern Epicurean that the true solution of the problem, which is evidently so vital to them, is the cultivation of the art of transition.

To the master of transition, it matters not whether the talk be of the Taj Mahal or of the composition of rubber. Give him but the suspicion of a lull in the conversation and he will with a mere phrase bring it round to port.

Only last night on the way into the dining room I heard an accomplished converser lamenting the general lack of interest in Africa — one of his best themes. What weakness! Let him but contrive a set of good transitions, and I'll warrant he can bring the talk back to Africa though it have strayed as far afield as the nebula of Andromeda or the Great Hereafter. As thus: 'How different that is from Africa, now!' or 'You don't say so! Well, I remember once in Africa . . .'

Of course we all know the conversational superman; he has been with us since boyhood, to which period of development he properly belongs. He is always capping your modest contributions with something bigger. If you have slain your thousands, he has slain his tens of thousands. You timidly intimate that your assessed valuation is two thousand dollars; he cries that his is four. You say that you are to speak in Freeport; he says that they had previously asked him. You tell how long it took to drive a certain route; his time was better by hours. It does not matter that you happen later to detect much exaggeration in these quick rejoinders — as that his assessment is only about half yours. The mischief is done, or, rather, the success achieved. For evidently the skill of the thing lay in thinking quickly of the better story and putting it over convincingly. It is not a matter of fact, but of art.

Such men are not liars. They are great hearty boys who have never learned the art of being outshone. Their fish are always bigger, their scores lower, their losses greater, their winnings larger, their operations dreadfuler than yours. They have no need of the thousand best epigrams of the world's five hundred brightest minds, nor need they, like Epictetus, wait for another day when the talk is of grammar in order to shine. Their simple art is to snatch a reflected glory from every other's remark and multiply it thirty, sixty, a hundred fold.

What a good thing it is that there are no such women! Yet this may seem to have an ungracious ring; which reminds us: Let us now praise gracious women, the noble army of hostesses and dinner partners who listen patiently and with interest marvelously sustained — or simulated — to your interminable anecdotes and expositions, which are often no better than the thousand best efforts of the world's master minds, to say the least. Surely if there be pretense in this, the Recording Angel, if he must jot it down, will never be better occupied than in dropping some of his tears upon the page.

II

I have just had a delightful interview with a charming old gentleman. I enjoyed it exceedingly, but as I look back upon it two or three things emerge like islands from a sea. He was, it appeared, the best student and the best speaker his ancient college had ever produced, and to this day his record has not been surpassed. He next formed the laudable ambition of making himself the best preacher in the country, and, from all I can gather, he made decided progress in that direction. But I am fearful that he has never progressed far in the gentler art of being outshone.

A distinguished editor, on being asked on what principle he chose the articles that he printed, said that if a thing was so absorbing that a man

would stop eating his roast beef to listen to it, he thought it worth publishing. No fairer description of prandial achievement can well be framed. And yet, with hundreds of thousands of copies of the select epigrams of the master minds flying about and equipping the most ordinary people overnight to hold dinner tables spellbound, even the roast-beef test may fail. To have the art, literature, history, politics, and business of the world on the tip of your tongue (What a tongue, to have such a tip!) may deceive even the elect into supposing that you know something about them. Better not make any pauses, — except for the inevitable murmurs of admiration, which, it seems, are guaranteed, — else some dull, malicious fellow may ask a disconcerting question. Still, not if he is spellbound; the thing is unthinkable. But for safety's sake a good dashing transition should always be taken along, as a kind of conversational parachute, in case your gas fails.

I have long been thinking that our artists should be painting scenes in real life, such as an automobile salesman and his prey. But whose pencil could portray the dinner table at which two accomplished possessors of the thousand epigrams of the master spirits should meet? The imagination reels at the picture. Gastronomically, the dinner would of course be a failure, for no one would have a moment's attention to give the food. One would inevitably get the jump upon the other at the start, and then, pausing presently for the inevitable murmur of admiration, would be dismayed to hear the other strike in with some apposite observation of Josh Billings or Hippocrates, and feel the spotlight fading from his brow. Can he regain it? His adversary is forewarned by now, and, if he knows his stuff, will give him no further chance, but rather a much-needed lesson in the Art of Being Outshone.

This 'hyperlampophobia,' or dread of being outshone, has begun to affect literature. Where is the so-called hero of yore? In many a modern tale the hero is really the simplest, fondest, most blundering being in the whole cast. Is it not clear that the old-style smart individual who easily gets his own way in all circumstances — an obvious aristocratic type — is out of date? The modern hero does not command your homage; he appeals to your compassion. You perceive that the poor fellow needs help, and how you long to be at his side and warn and cheer him, as, helpless with horror, you behold him blindly plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties. Only when his situation has become absolutely irremediable does the author let up on him. All this, of course, is for your good, so that you may not feel yourself too palpably outshone.

Take the old detective story. All was hopelessly obscure until the great detective entered. It presented no particular difficulties to him. A few blood drops, cigarette stubs, or bits of tweed, and the thing was done, all by himself. But nowadays there is a whole school of detective literature from which the detective hero has actually disappeared! He has simply vanished, leaving no trace. The truth is, we have grown tired of the omniscient detective who finds everything so easy, and prefer to see difficulties more democratically unraveled by a number of people, each contributing his bit and making the solution a social process.

Modern publicity methods have long since accustomed us to having our failings of every kind familiarly assumed and played upon, and we do not so much mind this unless our moral characters are impugned. Thus the frank challenge, 'Why let Blunders in speech and writing put you at a Dis-

advantage? Beware of shabby English! Errors in Pronunciation can ruin the whole Effect of what you say!' while perhaps unconventional, does not offend us. Our English may be blundersome, shabby, and mispronounced, as the advertiser so calmly assumes, but if it is a bit informal at times, it is our own business, no doubt. But to approach us on the cool supposition that we go home from a party unhappy if we have not done all the talking is a different matter, and seems to assume that we are all indeed but children of a larger growth, if even that. To monopolize conversation is a thing no civilized man should ever want to do.

Psychologists suggest that it is really better for our mental health to do a good deal of listening, claiming that in this way we may get some of the stimulus and intellectual pabulum that our spirits require. Experienced diners-out, with a large and quick turnover, will certainly confirm this, telling to-night the best things they heard last night, but keeping silent long enough to pick up a few new trifles for to-morrow, when they sincerely hope to encounter a new circle of guests to try them on.

Such is, we believe, the democratic way of life, but it is not that of the conversational crammers, on the one hand, or of Epictetus on the other. They both aim at a larger but slower business; at least, Epictetus did. This was his professorial bent: unhappy except when lecturing; an evident stranger to the joyful activity of the intercreative mind. But how much better, really, to match wits with some capable table companion, until some new phase of common experience or interpretation emerges, to the general joy! A far better thing this than lecturing each other alternate evenings, you to-night, I to-morrow night! Little genius in such division of labor.

For what we are here concerned with is of course nothing less than the art of conversation. How many a man who thinks he is talking well, if lengthily, has really been launched and steered upon his course by the unobtrusive skill of his neighbor at table, who listens with apparent delight as he details the exploits of his lifelong hero: —

'I said, "Stand up; tell your story." He did. I said, "Sit down. Now tell yours." She did. I said, "You were right; he was wrong,"' and so on.

Such people are doomed to starvation, psychologists declare. They merely recite their little Odyssey until they are exhausted, and when rested up recite it over again, never giving themselves any chance to take in new ideas. It is perhaps comforting to reflect upon this righteous law of conversational compensations; and yet it is too often we rather than they who suffer the direct effects of their famine.

III

I am not exactly a hermit. To me the most interesting thing about this world through which I am passing is the people who live in it. They are also the most amusing thing in it. This is the heart of humanism — the world of personality over against the material world. The latter sometimes seems to engross us, and it is heresy to depreciate it. But, vast as it is, I sometimes wonder if it is any more stupendous than a great man's idea of it. Wonderful as it is, is it any more wonderful than that he can form and carry in his mind an image, however imperfect, of it? Yet he is but one of millions, every one of whom forms and carries such an image, material, social, moral, economic. Every person carries a world about with him of his own creation or, at least, discovery. None of these images is wholly true, yet every one of them possesses some truth. No two of them

are alike; perhaps no two of them should be alike. They are of an inexhaustible variety, of attitude, opinion, information. It is a mistake to suppose that only the intelligent have definite opinions; the most definite opinions are held by the unintelligent, and they also hold them most strongly.

It is this that literature seeks to mirror, catching perhaps a hundred-millionth part, the best or worst, and 'reducing it to writing,' as we rightly say — for how much it is reduced! Which is what gives to literature such interest and glory as it possesses. But the thing itself is vastly greater than any record or even experience — not to say fancy — of it.

You see a man coming up the street, a person perhaps of little social, political, or financial standing. None the less, he carries about with him a private individual universe, as definite as your own, and in some parts, at least, sounder than yours. In it he alone is judge; his estimates and opinions prevail. You yourself are to him but a part of it, and subject to his verdicts and appraisals. If he is informed, capable, and wise, his ideas will be sounder; but many an ignorant and prejudiced person, if he be reflective and kind, carries about a universe well worth knowing.

Everybody is, in short, a kind of peripatetic Atlas bearing a world upon his shoulders. More than a world — a universe. It is no great flight of fancy to imagine the city streets filled with people so occupied. Yet most of them give no sign of finding the task burdensome. They are more like people carrying balloons. This is certainly a better figure, for if some are weighed down with the weight of their universe, others are plainly buoyed up by theirs. These balloons are of very different sizes, so that while one is hardly visible, another fills the whole sky. But, you will say, this means endless collisions between rival universes. And of course that is precisely what is constantly taking place, unless one knows how to handle his private universe with good taste and good manners. It is like the conflict of umbrellas on a crowded street on a rainy day, only on a much grander and more serious scale. The balloons are also of very different densities, and of different colors — black, blue, gray, brown, rose, yellow, purple, and orange. Everyone is very sensitive about his own particular one; nobody likes to have any liberties taken with his universe. And how fortunate it is that they are really or nearly invisible! Otherwise we should all be too often and too palpably outshone.

YOURS LOVINGLY

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

THE Indian disciplinarian at the Rosehill Government Indian School strolled into the office of the assistant clerk, leaned against a filing cabinet, and took off his hat.

'Miss Canby,' he said, 'you 'member that Pokagan boy that come in las' month? Julius, his name is. Well, he's got T. B.'

'Oh, dear!' Miss Canby murmured.

'Yeh. Bad, I guess. He's got them sores. You know — on his neck. He's got that kind of T. B.'

'Tchk, tchk, tchk,' said Miss Canby, commiseratingly, 'and the medical certificate in his application never so much as mentioned —' She stopped, aghast. 'You don't mean you've got him in the boys' building!'

'Yeh,' said the disciplinarian, 'that's where I've got him. Right there with one hundred and thirty-eight other boys. He coughs that bad nobody can sleep.'

'But — but why didn't you send him to the hospital?'

'Aw, the hospital! I sent him there the first thing when he come in an' I seen them sores, but the doctor says he can't keep T. B. cases there. So I says, "Well, can you fix it up so he can go to the Indian sanitarium?" An' he said sending kids to sanitariums was n't none of his business. He said for me to see the superintendent.'

'Did you see Mr. Gooby?'

'Yeh, I saw Mr. Gooby. I saw him four times.'

'And what did he say?'

The disciplinarian shifted his weight from his left foot to his right, twined the left leg around the right, crossed his arms, and, gently tapping his shoulder with his hat, looked at the ceiling.

'He said, "Is that so?" I said, "Mr. Gooby, that boy, Julius Pokagan, he's got T. B. He's gonna die," I says, "if we don't do sumpin." An' he says, "Is that so?" Four times I went to him. "Oh, is that so?" he says. Gee, I bet if I was to show him Julius Pokagan he would n't know if he was a pupil here or the President o' the Unite' States. Gee, he sure is dumb, that fella.'

'He — he's so busy, Mr. Eagle Man.'

'Yeh. To-day, f'r instance, he's makin' a speech at the Ladies' Aid or sumpin.'

'It's really my job to look after the pupils, you know; their records and — and everything. I'll see Mr. Gooby as soon as he comes in and I'll fix everything up for Julius. And — er — in the meantime, Mr. Eagle Man, could you — Well, if you could arrange to keep Julius sort of by himself, don't you know —'

'Keep him by himself! Where? Where'd I keep him? In the root cellar? The way it stands now I've got five boys in rooms that was made for two. Some places I got two boys sleeping in one bed. Yeah! Sure! And a single bed at that.'

'Well — well, I'll fix him up, Mr. Eagle Man.'

'All right. That's good.'

And Mr. Eagle Man, having unwound his legs, plodded out and back to his building, carrying his hat in his hand and thinking bitter thoughts.

At a quarter after five Mr. Gooby, the superintendent, returned. Miss Canby followed him into his office.

'Mr. Gooby, you know that Pokagan boy that came in about a month ago? Well, he has tuberculosis. The doctor says he'll be all right if he can be sent somewhere where he can have the proper treatment. He's in the boys' building just now, and, of course, all the other boys are in there with him. . . . Well, anyway, he's pretty sick.'

'Is that so?' said Mr. Gooby.

Miss Canby winced.

'He should be sent away, don't you think?' she suggested gently.

'Yeh. Sure. Send him to the government sanitarium at Toledo. That's the place for him. We don't want no T. B. around here.'

'They can't take him at Toledo. They're full. I wired.'

'Is that so?'

'Yes.'

'Well.' Mr. Gooby's blue eyes looked blank.

'The only thing we can do under the circumstances is to have him —'

Here the telephone rang. Mr. Gooby picked it up, leaned as far back as his swivel chair would permit without spilling him out entirely, and put the receiver to his ear.

'Hello! . . . Yeh, this is Mr. Gooby speaking. . . . Huh? Who? . . . Oh! Oh, hello, Van! . . . Yeh? I was out. . . . Well, say, that's too bad. Yeh. But say. . . . Well, I could n't help it really. I promised those women at the Child Welfare Club. . . . What's that? Yeh, I promised 'em. . . . Yeh, I was lecturing before the Child Welfare Club. I do quite a bit of that, you know. I was telling 'em all about health conditions among the Indians. It's hell, you know, the way T. B. gets 'em. . . . What? What ja say? . . . Well, say, Van, that's too bad. But listen. . . . Listen, Van. . . . Yeh, listen. I'll meet you at the corner of Main and Broadway, right there in front of the bank. Say, who else is goin' to play anyway? . . . What! Those two duds! Huh? Say, listen, when I play golf I play, see? . . . Yeh, but those two fellows . . .'

It went on and on and on, but eventually it was settled that Mr. Gooby would meet Van in front of the bank, pick him up in his car, and from there the two of them would proceed to the reformed log cabin which was known as the country club, where they would be joined by two other sporting gentlemen who, in Mr. Gooby's opinion and to his chagrin, knew regrettably little about golf, but with whom he would condescend to play as a personal favor to his friend Van.

'The only thing we can do with Julius Pokagan,' Miss Canby began, as soon as Mr. Gooby had righted himself and hung up the receiver.

'Who's Julius Pokagan?' Mr. Gooby asked, with a mild baby-blue stare.

'He's a boy who came in a month ago,' Miss Canby recited with admirable self-restraint, 'and he has tuberculosis and he's there in the boys' building with one hundred and thirty-eight other boys.'

'What did you say was the matter with him?'

'He has tuberculosis.' Miss Canby wanted to shout it, but she did n't.

'Is that so?'

Miss Canby took a long breath and swallowed hard.

'Yes.'

'Well.'

'The doctor says he'll be all right in a short time, though I must say I think he looks pretty bad; but the sanatorium

at Toledo is full, and I can't think of anything except to try and have him committed to the State University Hospital —'

She was interrupted by a groan from Mr. Gooby. 'Oh, Miss Canby, that's too much trouble. Too much trouble. Entirely too much trouble. I'll tell you —' He rose and picked up his cap. 'Just send him home. Send him back to his home; he'll like that better anyway.'

'But, Mr. Gooby,' Miss Canby expostulated, following him determinedly to the door, 'he has n't any home.'

'Is that so?'

Miss Canby swallowed again, her eyes a little glassy.

'I looked up his record and it says his mother is dead and his father is away in the woods somewhere looking for work in the lumber camps. Just now no one seems to know where he is, not even Julius. There is absolutely no one Julius can go home to; I asked him. He's absolutely alone in the world.'

'Well, that's too bad,' said Mr. Gooby regretfully, opening the door. 'That's too bad.' And seeing the screen door, which everybody but himself knew should have been taken down long ago, and fancying himself on the outside instead of the inside of it, he fanned off a lot of imaginary flies before opening it, and, having passed out, painstakingly closed it behind him. 'I'm always careful not to let any flies into the office,' he said, hoping the hint would sink in.

'But what are we going to do with Julius Pokagan?' Miss Canby wailed through the screen.

Mr. Gooby obligingly paused where the concrete walk turned toward his house and called back good-naturedly: 'Say, I'll tell you. You just send him back to the place he came from. See? To the same railroad station. That's the best way. Then we won't have no responsibility.'

Miss Canby stood in the doorway looking at him through the screen until he had disappeared within his own house, then she clicked her teeth hungrily three times, whispered, 'The poor simp,' shivered in the chill air, closed the door, and went into the chief clerk's office.

'Mr. Rollins,' she said, arranging a cushion on top of the radiator prior to sitting down on it, 'would it be any good tackling the county authorities about another charity case for the University Hospital?'

Mr. Rollins sighed. 'What kind of case is it this time?'

'Tuberculosis.'

'Oh, Lord!' he groaned.

'He's a new boy. His mother's dead and his father's sort of disappeared or something. Anyway, he's alone. I never saw anything so much alone. And he's sixteen and he's got a shape something like that ruler there on your desk. He sits all day on the edge of a bed and coughs. Anybody's bed. Unless, of course, he happens to be in the classroom. Or the dining room. You won't believe it, but he was detailed to the dairy. But the disciplinarian excused him.'

'Is that all?' asked Mr. Rollins.

'He says he's homesick.'

Mr. Rollins made an entry in the cashbook, blotted it, then looked out of the window.

'Why,' he asked presently, 'don't you go way somewhere all by yourself and scream?'

'Because I'd make too much noise,' she answered simply. 'You start a thing like that and — Well, you know how it is. . . .'

'Hunh-hunh,' nodded Mr. Rollins thoughtfully. 'All very jolly and — er — homelike, is n't it?' he said after a

long pause and with an elaborately elegant accent.

'Oh, quite,' Miss Canby agreed, as elegantly.

Mr. Rollins pulled down the lid of his roll-top desk and rose. 'I'll go to the courthouse and see what can be done for your orphan.'

II

Superintendent Gooby's dread that getting Julius Pokagan into the State University Hospital would be too much trouble proved a well-grounded fear. For days Miss Canby filled blanks — she had n't known there were that many blanks in the world — answering the interminable rows and ranks and columns and tiers of questions with which all the forms bristled: What disease was Julius Pokagan suffering from? (Which was easy.) And where had he contracted it? And why? (Which was not so easy.) Was his father living? And how? And was his mother dead? And what for? And what had all his grandfathers and all his grandmothers died of? And where? And when? And where were all his brothers and all his sisters? And if he had none, why? And why could n't his father pay his expenses at the hospital? They positively dared Miss Canby to prove he could not afford it.

Miss Canby would sit on the edge of a bed in the boys' building, or on the porch if it was a sunny day, and interview Julius. She would ask him all about his grandfathers and all about his grandmothers, the home which his father did not have, his father's past, present, and future financial status, his own dead mother, his dead brothers, his dead sisters, his poverty, his illness, his inability to support himself, his utter destitution and misery, stopping only at why in the world he had ever been born. And to everything Julius would answer patiently that he did not know. Miss Canby would then return to her office, sit down at her typewriter, and as answer to about three fourths of the questions write 'Unknown' and 'Information not procurable,' varying this at thoughtful intervals with a 'Not known.' Then she would mail all the papers and get them all back within a week because of 'insufficient information,' whereupon she would repeat her performance, squeezing stray bits of minor information from Julius each time, and get the same results.

One day she told herself she'd had enough of this and sat down and typed neat and appropriate answers to all the questions — answers as compatible with the truth as the meagre facts at her command and common sense would warrant — and, behold, the papers were approved.

They were about to be returned to her for certification and the superintendent's signature when a sharp young man at the courthouse drew the attention of all and sundry to the undeniable fact that Clarabella County, in which the Indian school was situated and from which the application was being filed, was not the county in which Julius Pokagan claimed legal residence (as if Julius had ever claimed anything anywhere, thought Miss Canby), and that therefore the said Julius Pokagan could not lawfully receive financial aid from the said Clarabella County.

As far as Julius himself knew, he never had lived in any county whatever. Then, as if to make up for this deficiency, he presented them with a most appalling list of towns, communities, lumber camps, cities, fisheries, villages, basket factories, and berry fields where he at some time or other had had his being.

From this list Miss Canby eventu-

ally picked out a town which she thought Julius seemed to like somewhat better than any of the other places mentioned, surrounded it with a county, and wrote to the authorities thereof, who, of course, wrote back expressing doubt as to the legality of Julius's residence there. So she wrote again, and they wrote again. The argument lasted two weeks. Then, totally exhausted by such an onslaught of letters, telegrams, and affidavits as they had never experienced before, the enemy surrendered.

This time Miss Canby, having profited by her previous experience, did not waste valuable hours consulting the harassed Julius, and he was permitted to cough without interruption while she put the right answers in the right places; and Mr. Rollins, a man of many accomplishments, put his seal where all good notaries' seals should be.

At last everything was ready, but, the weather being particularly fine just then, Mr. Gooby was very busy. Indeed, it was all of two days before Mr. Gooby could be enticed into his office to sign the stack of papers and letters that had accumulated on his desk. When finally he did come, Miss Canby, looking her youngest and most guileless, tripped in girlishly after him.

'Oh, Mr. Gooby,' she trilled, 'I'm awfully sorry to have been so long at these papers. I know how terribly anxious you were to get Julius Pokagan into that hospital, but —'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'Why, he's the boy you told me to send to the University Hospital. I know you think I should have had these papers ready long ago, but — See? To save time I've checked with a red pencil all the places where you are to sign. I know how awfully busy you are. I'm so sorry, really; I know so well how much you like to have everything done promptly, particularly if it's anything that concerns the pupils.'

'Er —' Mr. Gooby had signed in two places where there were red check marks and was now scratching his head with the pen. 'This boy's goin' to the hospital, is he?'

'Yes. He's the one you've been worrying about so. . . . Right there where the red mark is. I think it was wonderful of you to think of the University Hospital. I could n't think of anything. . . . Yes, right there where the red mark is. You've no idea the amount of work there was to these papers, Julius living so — here's another one — Julius living so far away. . . . No, no! Oh my, no! Here where you see the red mark. That's it. I'll take them down myself and mail them right on the train; that will save at least one day. I know how you feel about all this delay.'

Mr. Gooby had not the faintest idea what it was all about, but could see no reason why he should say so. Probably something he had told Miss Canby to attend to. Gee, you had to hand it to Miss Canby; she never forgot anything he told her. She sure was a peach of a clerk.

A few days later Miss Canby sat down at her desk, drew the Register of Pupils to her, opened it at the *P*'s, slid her finger down to Pokagan, Julius; followed this line to age, sixteen; tribe, Pottowatomi, full-blood; father, Louis Pokagan; latest residence, Star Village; and so on through to the 'Remarks' column. There she wrote: 'T.B.; Com. S. U. Hosp. Nov. 10.'

III

Now Mr. Gooby, busy man that he was, could not very well be bothered with applications for the enrollment of children, letters from parents to their children at the school, or to him about

the latest development in 'my little Nora's itch, and I don't think that doctor you got is any good,' or Johnny's ambition to play in the band, 'and please let him blow one them big musics, Mr. Gooby, becuz I no he can do fine in dat biznis.'

These letters Mr. Gooby prided himself he could identify by a single glance at the dingy envelopes with the slanting addresses written in lead pencil and smeared with the prints of soiled fingers. Anxious to save all the time possible, — especially if it was the hunting season, or the fishing season, or the golf season, or any other kind of season, — he would lay aside unopened all these 'Indian letters,' as he called them, and when he was through with the rest of the mail deposit them in a neat pile on Miss Canby's desk for her attention. Miss Canby, he knew, was well acquainted with the children, their parents, and all their affairs, so that there was no reason why he should waste his time on 'that kind of junk.' Besides, it made very little difference how the letters were answered, because the Indians were bound to kick about something anyhow.

Among these letters a week later Miss Canby found one from Julius Pokagan. He said the hospital was fine, the doctors were fine, the nurses were fine, and he himself was feeling fine, and would Mr. Gooby please send him a suit of underwear and a pair of socks, if the government would let him, because the nurse said he ought to have a change, and could he please have a nightgown, always provided the government had no objections, because the nurse said he ought to have one.

Miss Canby went in to see the superintendent, who, on account of the rain, was actually in his office just when he was wanted.

'Mr. Gooby,' said Miss Canby, 'you know Julius Pokagan —'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'He's that boy you sent to the University Hospital.' One could state plain facts like that to Mr. Gooby and be assured he would accept them without asking a lot of embarrassing questions, because Mr. Gooby was very proud of the quality of his memory, and it would be unlike him to admit he had forgotten all about whatever it was one was talking about.

'Who — me?' said Mr. Gooby, looking surprised in spite of himself.

'Yes. And they sent him away without any extra clothing. They actually did,' said Miss Canby, looking very indignant, 'after all you said about outfitting him completely.' Mr. Gooby's blue eyes blinked as he tried to remember all this. 'He went away with nothing! Nothing at all except what he had on his back!'

'Is that so?'

'Yes. And he wants to know if you would be so awfully kind as to send him some — er — some shirts and — well, everything.'

'M'm . . .' Mr. Gooby pondered seriously; he was n't going to let anybody put anything over on him. 'Er — is he an Indian?'

Miss Canby stared. Even for Mr. Gooby this was going a bit far.

'You see,' Mr. Gooby explained kindly, as one might to a child who was, perhaps, just a bit dull, which was exactly what Miss Canby looked like just then, 'we could n't send government stuff to anyone who was n't an Indian, you know.'

'Why — why, but he's a pupil of this school!'

'Is that so?' said Mr. Gooby, with new interest.

'Shall I send him what he needs?'

'Huh?' Mr. Gooby looked startled.

'Shall I send him some underwear and socks and everything?'

'Does he want underwear?'

'Yes. And he wants a nightgown.'

Mr. Gooby pondered again, heavily. And then all of a sudden he became a big man, a big man interrupted in the plotting of large affairs for the purpose of considering a problem of no importance whatever.

'It is of no consequence,' he said, just the way he once had heard a man say it; 'it is of no consequence whatever.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gooby. Oh, thank you,' said Miss Canby.

Back in her office she leaned against the wall and feebly beat her head against it. But not for long — Julius had been without a nightgown too long already. She must see the property clerk.

Underwear, socks, a belt, handkerchiefs, shoes, shirts, corduroy trousers, a sweater, and three flannelette nightshirts.

'It will cheer him up receiving packages in the mail,' Miss Canby told Mr. Rollins, as she wrapped each article in a separate bundle, — they would be franked anyway, — 'and the greater the number of packages the cheerfuler he will be. And that's good for him.'

In the greasy little pile on her desk a few days later Miss Canby found another letter from Julius. 'Dear Mr. Gooby,' he wrote, 'I just got the packages you sent me. I like everything you sent just fine. The nightgown was fine and I sure was glad to get it. I felt kinda cheap sleeping in my drawers. I sure thank you a lot for everything. I had to stay in bed three days because I was kinda tired, but I am up now and feeling fine. And I don't mind going to bed any more now I got a nightgown like the other guys. I wrote to my father but I got no anser. I wanted a quarter so I could get a haircut, I look funny this way. Yours truly, Julius Pokagan. P.S. How are the boys getting along with their basketball? Did they win that game at Lima? I sure wish I could of been there to see them play. I'll be glad to get back to school. It's fine here but there aint much for a guy to do. I'll be back soon.'

'The poor kid!' Miss Canby whispered to herself, and forthwith wrote him a long letter. She wrote it on the typewriter, three pages long, single-spaced. It told all about the basketball game at Lima, a later one at Rosedale, and another at Grover. At the bottom she affixed Mr. Gooby's flamboyant signature by means of a rubber stamp, because she liked to save Mr. Gooby as much trouble as possible, and such were his instructions anyhow.

And Julius wrote right back, with a stamp 'the nurse give me,' and said that sure was a fine letter Mr. Gooby had written him and he 'sure appreshated it.' This he repeated three times, after thanking Mr. Gooby for sending him to such a fine hospital, after saying how fine he felt, and after expressing his certainty of being back at the school 'in a week maybe,' and from then on he wove it in and out, among wistful references to a haircut, unconscious revelations of loneliness, and badly concealed yearning for his father.

With Christmas so near Miss Canby was very busy, but, her desk finally cleared, she went to the school building. Having obtained permission from the teachers, — Miss Canby was a tactful person if nothing else, and she knew that a man jealous of his wife is sweetness and light when compared to an Indian school employee jealous of his authority, — she asked each class if anyone among them knew Louis Pokagan, the father of Julius Pokagan.

A few knew him, several had heard of him, but no one could tell her where he was. A few gave addresses, more or less exact, of lumber camps where it

was rumored Mr. Pokagan had been seen.

She returned to the office with eleven addresses in all, and wrote to Louis Pokagan at every one of them. Two addresses she forwarded to Julius, with a note signed with Mr. Gooby's name, enclosing a book of stamps and, 'under separate cover,' a tablet, some envelopes, a pencil and pencil sharpener.

Julius's reply was almost hysterical. He said Mr. Gooby was the finest and the kindest man he had ever known. Now he was writing to his father and he had counted the days and he was sure the answer would come next Tuesday. He was so happy he felt 'kinda crazy like,' he said. It seemed he could not wait until he heard from his father and got the money for that haircut. He was not homesick or anything; he just wanted a haircut. And what were the boys at the school going to do at Christmas? And was it really true they were going to get presents by mail? He had never heard of such a thing, he said, but he thought it was a swell idea.

Miss Canby wrote him another long letter — over Mr. Gooby's name — in which she told him they had written to his father and as soon as they received a reply they would notify him. She closed by saying the boys were going to write to him and give him all the news.

At the boys' building she sought out the disciplinarian — occupied just then in removing some live rats from a drawer in the bureau of an enterprising young hunter who, already having sold the rats' tails for a bounty, was now herding the rats in his dresser in the fond belief that they would soon produce another crop of tails for further merchandising — and had a nice talk with him. Mr. Eagle Man approved of everything she said, and at noon when she passed the boys' building on her way to her dinner at the club his voice, raucously orating, came to her from the basement where the boys were lined up for their march to the dining room. 'Hey, you guys,' he was saying, 'what's matter with you? Ain't you got no heart? There's that fella, Julius Pokagan, so sick he's gonna die maybe, an' not one of you's got the kindness to write him even a li'l letter. Listen to me, you guys! You write that fella a letter, see? You write him an' tell him what's goin' on here, see? And say, listen, to-night I'm gonna ask you did you write to him, an' if you ain't — well, there's gonna be no trip to town for you nex' Sat'day. See? You don't write a letter to Julius Pokagan an' you don't get no trip to town nex' Sat'day. Un'stand? . . .'

IV

By December 18 the eleven letters sent out to Mr. Louis Pokagan had all been returned, marked 'Unknown' and 'Not called for.' On December 19 Julius wrote. He had received thirteen letters from the boys at the school, he said, and it was with great pleasure he had read them all.

There was, of course, the inevitable postscript. 'I want to see my father, Mr. Gooby,' wrote Julius. 'I mean I want to get a letter from him. I want him to write to me because I just got to have a haircut. I was in bed with a cold but I am well now, and I don't like to ask for another favor after all you already done for me, Mr. Gooby, but if you can find my father I sure will appreshate it. Do you think you can find him soon? He did n't anser my letters.'

The poor, poor kid! Was there anywhere in the world anything as sad as sad children at Christmas, Miss Canby wondered. Children . . . children at Christmas. . . .

But it was no good fussing; it always would be like that. There always would be forgotten, lonely, unloved, unwanted children. There always had been. Even the first Christmas: night and lighted windows and a star, and a Child for whom there had been no room. . . .

'My, are n't the days getting short, though?' It was Mrs. Twoheart, a small, glib woman who had recently learned to spell her name in one word instead of two, and, even more recently, to call her oldest boy Junior. 'Just think, there's Junior not back from school yet and it's dark already. That's why I had to come after the mail myself, because Mr. Twoheart's got to take my cousin down to the train. She's been visiting me, but now she wants to get back home for Christmas. Mrs. St. Jean, her name is. She's part French like me — Chippewa and French. There's lots like that around Star Village there where she lives.'

'Star Village?'

'Yeh. That's my home, too. And my cousin —'

'Mrs. Twoheart! Mrs. Twoheart, do you know Louis Pokagan?'

'No, I don't know him. But my cousin, Mrs. St. Jean, she knows him. Her husband saw him at a lumber camp not long ago.'

'Just a minute! Please wait just a minute!'

Miss Canby was typing furiously. The letter ripped out of the machine and an envelope went in. 'Louis Pokagan,' she wrote, and tore the envelope out, slapped the stamp with Mr. Gooby's name at the bottom of the letter, jumped up, grabbed her sweater with one hand and Mrs. Twoheart with the other, and made for the door.

Ten minutes later she was back in her office sorting Christmas packages. Mrs. St. Jean, in the back seat of Mr. Twoheart's automobile, had promised Miss Canby, on the running board, that she would do all she could to find Louis Pokagan and place in his hands the letter Miss Canby had given her.

All the next day Miss Canby sorted packages, rewrapping the damaged ones and pasting labels on each gift that Santa Claus might make no mistake when handing them out on Christmas Eve and break a heart by giving a package to the wrong child.

But there was no package for Julius Pokagan. Obviously Julius was going to be among those left out — that pitiful quota of unremembered children who yearly sat waiting in vain for Santa Claus to call their names. Miss Canby remembered the stiff smiles which they all, without exception, placed on their shamed, disappointed faces. 'I'll just have to do something about it this year,' she told herself.

That night after she had gone to bed she had an idea. A women's club in Chicago had 'adopted' some children at the school. These children were not registered with the club by name, but merely as 'fifteen boys' and 'fifteen girls,' all to be 'strictly full-blooded Chippewas.'

In this day and age! scoffed Miss Canby. And with four tribes living as one within the confines of one state! And how many strictly full-blooded anythings are there anywhere?

She would open that box and select appropriate gifts for each of the 'left-outs,' as they were called. And after this foray if anything was left the strictly full-blooded protégées could have it. Of course, if nothing was left it would be too bad, and she hoped the Chicago ladies would not mind. . . .

But she could not send Julius a haircut. She might send him a dollar, however. . . .

She thought hard for several moments, then slipped a nice white sheet

into her typewriter and wrote: 'Julius Pokagan, one of our pupils, is ill at the State University Hospital. He is alone and without money; will you subscribe ten cents so that he may have at least a few pennies for Christmas?' And below she listed the names of the forty-two men and women employed at the school.

All but three subscribed. Two of these were away, and the third, Superintendent Gooby, said he did n't believe in it, because, 'lookit,' they'd never done it before and it would be a fine thing, would n't it, if they started giving ten cents to every boy and girl that got sick! He said it would be establishing a bad precedent, and Miss Canby knew it would.

Three dollars and ninety cents. Miss Canby added one dollar and ten cents from her own purse, deeming this only fair since she was the promoter of the unique enterprise, and poured the whole five dollars in nickels and dimes into a box and wrapped it up like the others.

'But why put it in a box?' Mr. Rollins asked. 'Why not send him your check for the amount? Or buy him a money order?'

'Men,' said Miss Canby sententiously, 'have no imagination.'

V

At one o'clock the day before Christmas Miss Canby walked into the office and found Julius Pokagan's father sitting near the door — a clean, tranquil little Indian man in a large overcoat. He said Mrs. St. Jean had given him a letter from a man 'by name Mr. Gooby,' and that the letter said his boy Julius was sick and that he was to write to him at the hospital.

'I can't write,' said Mr. Pokagan simply, 'so I am going to the hospital to talk to Julius. But I have to change cars in this town, and while I am waiting for my train I walk up here to tell Mr. Gooby he is very kind to write to me about my boy.'

Miss Canby, restraining an impulse to hug the little man, told him Mr. Gooby was very busy. But she promised to deliver Mr. Pokagan's message of gratitude as soon as Mr. Gooby returned.

'I'll drive you back to the station in the government car,' she said, 'because I'm afraid you 're a bit late.'

Which she did. And which was wrong, even if Mr. Pokagan had only twelve minutes in which to make his train and one mile to go, because the rules and regulations state that no government-owned vehicle may be used except on official business. This grave infraction she rectified, however, by calling at the post office for a load of mail before returning to the school, thus legitimatizing the expedition. Incidentally, she did n't think of this clever expedient for circumventing the law because she was bright, but because she had seen it done some few thousand times.

Christmas was on Tuesday. Wednesday afternoon a letter arrived from Julius, his usually neat and precise handwriting an almost illegible scrawl that rambled and zigzagged all over the paper and finally fell over the edges.

Miss Canby read it. Having reached the last page she sat for a long time looking at it. Then she went into the chief clerk's office. She looked awed. 'Read it,' she said, and laid Julius's letter on Mr. Rollins's desk. 'I'm going to the washroom to make a fool of myself.'

There were six pages of it, each page more incoherent than the last, more despairing of adequate words. The tormented effort of a sensitive boy, shy, inarticulate product of generations

of repression, to speak a joy for which no words sublime enough had ever been written.

Then at the end: 'I feel kinda cheap writing to you like this so mushy like, but gee, I got to say something and believe me it aint nothing to the way I feel.' And, strengthened by this brief respite, he flung reticence and every inhibition to the winds with fine abandon and signed himself, 'Yours lovingly, Julius.'

Yours *lovingly*. Mr. Rollins stared at the two words incredulously, and then, because he knew his Indians, shivered a little. Yours lovingly! Julius Pokagan, Pottowatomi full-blood, stirred to despair by the coldness of English words, in a moment of transcending emotion had taken his heart in his bare, tremulous hands and laid it, all stark and quivering, at the feet of Mr. Gooby.

Across the bottom of the page a last line straggled: 'This is the happiest Christmas of my life.'

'It's really Mr. Gooby's letter,' Miss Canby, her face freshly powdered, said thoughtfully a few moments later.

'Is it?' said Mr. Rollins.

'Don't you think that if he were to read it, perhaps —' She sighed. 'Suppose at the end he were to say, "Who's Julius Pokagan?"'

'Which he would. Provided he read that far. Which he would not.'

But Miss Canby was n't satisfied; she felt that somehow, in some way, something precious was being wasted.

The next morning she was in the chief clerk's office taking a telegram over the telephone when Mr. Gooby came in, all crisp and cold and shining, and looking like the entire Christmas season all by himself.

'Merry Christmas!' he cried genially. 'I could n't come to the office yesterday; I had some business out of town. How's every little thing?'

'All right, I guess,' Mr. Rollins told him.

'Merry Christmas, Miss Canby!' said Mr. Gooby, irrepressibly.

Miss Canby made a last pothook on the little pad beside the telephone and turned.

'Merry Christmas,' she said, a little absently.

'Anything new?'

'Well . . .' She was looking at him thoughtfully. 'Mr. Gooby, you remember Julius Pokagan?'

'Who?'

'Julius Pokagan.'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'Don't you remember, Mr. Gooby? We sent him to the State University Hospital. Please try to remember,' she said, with sudden intensity. 'Please! We sent him clothes and — and things.'

'Clothes?'

'Yes! Yes! And he — he —' She turned to him suddenly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glistening. 'He wrote you a letter, Mr. Gooby; won't you read it? Please! It's in my office. It's a beautiful letter. I'll go get —'

'Not just now, Miss Canby, not just now.' Goodness, Miss Canby had looked as if she had been about to go and get the letter then and there. 'I'm busy just now; I've got to go to town. Besides — well — well, I'll tell you, Miss Canby: *you* answer it. You know all about these children, and really it does n't make much difference what you say to them, you know. If it's anything about clothes — I suppose that's what he wants. Give an Indian something once and you've got him on your back for the rest of your life. Well, if it's anything about clothes —' Mr. Gooby frowned portentously. 'Well — well, I don't know that I'd send him any more clothes, Miss Canby. No. No, I would n't send him anything more. Gee whiz, what's he think this is, anyhow — the

Salvation Army? Where did you say he was?'

'It does n't matter, Mr. Gooby. It does n't matter at all. And I won't send him anything more,' she said quietly, and went into her own office.

There! Now he supposed he'd hurt her feelings. Too bad, of course, because it really did not matter what she sent to — er — What's-his-name; but — well, it was the principle of the thing. You just had to let your employees know every once in so often that you were right there on the job. You had to be firm, that's all; ruthless, even. Every big executive was. That was why he got along so well, got such wonderful results. Everybody knew he was boss! . . .

Alone in her office Miss Canby laid the little slip of paper with the mysterious hooks, curves, and dots that was a telegram on the desk before her and sat looking at it. Presently she drew the Register of Pupils toward her, opened it at the *P*'s, slid her finger down until she came to Pokagan, Julius; followed that line to age, sixteen; tribe, Pottowatomi, full-blood; father, Louis Pokagan; and so on through to the 'Remarks' column. She picked up her pen and under 'T. B.; Com. S. U. Hosp. Nov. 10,' wrote 'Died Dec. 26,' and closed the book.

ARE WE TO HAVE A NON-MORAL RELIGION?

BY MILES H. KRUMBINE

I

Religion stepped into the American scene wearing the homely dress of a prophet of righteousness. The Puritans were narrow, says Lowell, 'as the sword of righteousness is narrow.' Religion and morality were to them one and the same thing. Theological beliefs were largely weapons to wield in the interests of right conduct; the doctrine of an angry God was preached to gain control of sinners.

Religion was not only moral, but it presumed to include the most trivial and minute details of conduct within the scope of its authority. We recall the unfortunate sea captain who was put in the stocks for several hours for kissing his wife on the Sabbath day, as she met him at the gate upon his return from a two years' voyage. If John Newton, back in Olney, boasted that twelve people went mad after one of his sermons, many a preacher over here must have fortified his soul with glee as he saw his hearers tremble under the threat of his preaching. The plain fact is that in our early history the man of religion was the centre of social authority, known and accepted as such. No realm of private conduct or public morals was immune from the scrutiny of his eye or the proscription of his preaching. When a new colony set forth from New England to subdue the hinterland, it invariably comprised forty men who could bear arms, two kegs of whiskey, and a preacher. The preacher was teacher, judge, and mentor of the moral life.

Throughout our history, until very

recent years, the right of religion to concern itself with morals has remained undenied. The reason why Freud gained widespread popularity was because the inhibitions which Puritanism laid on us were so abundant. Our modern novelists would be hard put to it for themes were it not for those same inhibitions. But now the revolt against Puritanism has finally taken on the proportions of a revolution. If Prohibition be credited to the moral fervor generated by religious conviction, then its unpopularity is a fruit of the resentment we now feel toward a religion that presumes to be a conscience to the social order. Twenty years ago Edith Wharton wrote *Ethan Frome*. It is a story of desire in conflict with convention. It ends in disaster. Less than three years ago Sinclair Lewis wrote *Elmer Gantry*. It, too, is a story of a similar conflict, but it ends in the triumph of desire. A generation ago Walt Whitman called religion 'that aimless sleepwalking of the Middle Ages.' How long will it be before someone will be shrewd enough to call morality 'that futile tight-rope walking of the Victorian Age'?

The historic technique of Christianity has been to suggest that, in any situation where it is difficult to square desire with fulfillment, one should abate desire in the hope of future satisfaction; that one should retire within the comforting habit of ascetic practice when the full control of social habit is denied. Even that technique seems destined to fail to-day because we are living in a world where, if we do not admit attainment of the ends set by our desires, we at least insist that they are attainable. Obviously, in a world where desire reigns and its fulfillment is undenied, religion that insists on a moral emphasis has a difficult time.

The process of our development as a nation has blunted the edge of our morality. Were one to choose one word to sum up our history, that word would certainly be 'emancipation.' The Pilgrim came to these shores to emancipate himself from an order that had become unpleasant. No sooner had he come here than he faced the necessity of winning emancipation from an inhospitable soil and a no more friendly red man. The Colonial era culminated in the elimination of an unnecessary foreign ruler. The Scotch Presbyterians moved out to the conquest of the Alleghenies; the Norwegian Lutherans, as we now see them in Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, subdued the prairie and made it serve the needs of man, all in the interests of physical emancipation. The trail of the covered wagon to Oregon was strewn with the bones of a sacrificial effort to achieve the same end. Even the black man benefited by our general passion for emancipation. After the Civil War began that long and effective thrust at economic insecurity. To-day the long struggle for freedom seems to most of us to have ended: America is yielding a larger measure of economic well-being for the common man than any other state in history. We are free from a recalcitrant soil, a cruel red man, and the spectre of economic insecurity.

Like most free people, we now heap malediction on the very disciplines that won us our freedom. We insult the institutions we erected to vouchsafe our security. While the struggle was on, we disciplined ourselves for the effort. Necessity held us in check while we accomplished our task. Much has been made of the superior morality of the earliest Pilgrim community. From 1620 to 1690 its population ran way up into the thousands, yet there were only six divorces and very few cases of sex delinquency. In contrast, modern life appears to come off very

badly, with a divorce rate that, in one city at least, has reached the alarming proportion of one divorce to every two marriages. But suppose one of those Pilgrim wives had wanted to leave her husband — where would she have gone? Moral rebellion in those harder days entailed disaster. Right conduct was not of free will but of necessity. Not so to-day. We are facing, it may be for the first time in history, the great experiment of establishing a morality that is self-imposed. While Moses is up in the mountain communing with God in the interests of moral well-being, we are always tempted to pool our golden earrings and other trinkets that Aaron may fashion a calf of gold for us to worship. What another age would have considered a tragedy of morals, it has been suggested, we have turned into a comedy of manners.

The order of American life has shifted. When Roger Williams founded the first modern state based on the principle of taking the control of religious matters entirely out of the hands of the civil government, he at the same time set in operation a force that has finally taken out of the control of religion the affairs of civil and social life generally. Religion in the institution of the church came in conflict with the state. In that conflict religion has finally lost, in America. The centre of social authority now resides in the secular institution. That conflict was really decided when, less than a century ago, education became a function of the state. Religion as an institution of dogma came in conflict with science. The issue is still joined, but no one need be in doubt as to the outcome. The authority of the scientific spirit is so universally acknowledged that it is safe to say that the authority of religion in matters intellectual, except in the sphere peculiarly its own, is pared down almost to the vanishing point. Religion stands before the modern world, its face covered with confusion.

II

Religion as a cultural force is apt to be like a stream that takes color from the soil through which it flows. When Christianity penetrated the Greek world, its devotion to righteousness faded out before the seductive charm of metaphysical speculation. The Hebraic view of religion as trust in a personal friend gave way to the Greek view of it as belief in a dogma. Similarly the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Empire soon begot the imposing splendor of the mediæval ecclesiastical structure. The age of commercial expansion was followed by an era of missionary enterprise that leaves no one in doubt as to its parentage. To-day, John Dewey says, 'prosperity is our God.' As may be expected, our religion is already showing the effects of this environing medium.

It is too early to say what the full psychological consequences of a protracted era of prosperity are likely to be. Even if American prosperity be proved finally to be — as many believe — a myth, we Americans at least think we are prosperous and, thinking so, we develop all the psychological traits of a prosperous people.

'Men are always apt to impute their good fortune to their merit,' according to Clutton-Brock. Wherefore, we have been only too apt to conclude that because we are so very prosperous we must be unusually meritorious. We are prosperous, in short, because we deserve it. The richest blessing of heaven is none too good for such as we. And so we have been pushed back, religiously, to the days of pre-prophetic Israel, identifying material blessings with the approval of God, the experi-

ence of good fortune with the achievement of righteousness.

It is very difficult to induce a man to think critically of his own conduct when he is so very able to bear the expense of that conduct. It is difficult to get a man to care very greatly about God or the Decalogue when he has a comfortable balance at the bank. A balance at the bank gives one a thrill of independence, confers a sense of dignity, develops a feeling of personal assurance. To induce a prosperous man to consider the Sermon on the Mount in any but a liturgical sense is utterly impossible. This is not pessimism, but everyday experience. Prosperity is hard on idealism, just as victory is death to discipline. If defeat turns an army into a mob and success turns a convention into a riot, then surely prosperity turns a nation into a country club. Prophets do not flourish in country clubs. The only one who ever tried was Amos at Samaria, and he failed. He has had no imitators.

What ails our youth perhaps as much as the green sickness caused by an overindulgence of unripe instincts is the ardent seriousness with which they took our preaching of idealism. They thought we meant it when we preached brotherhood; they thought we meant it when we preached industrial justice; they thought we meant it when we preached redemption. So they descend upon us, these young idealists, naïvely and embarrassingly serious, only to find that we do want a redeemed world, but are unwilling to go to the expense of having a changed world; that we do want a just order of economic life, but only within limits that will protect our own stake in the economic order; that we do want a warless world, but only on warlike terms. Our preaching has raised hopes that preaching cannot satisfy, but for the practice we have not the heart.

It is only fair to add at once that the modern world loves, praises, and encourages idealism, provided it is of the uncreative sort. Industry loves and adopts the most extravagant and expensive schemes of welfare work, so long as they will help to hide effectively the more unlovely aspects of capitalism. Nations love and sign the most exacting peace pacts, so long as they leave them their gleaming swords. Churches love and consider the most unselfish projects of institutional cooperation, so long as they tend to strengthen present denominational lines. At least part of the popularity science is enjoying to-day is due to the extraordinarily practical value in dollars and cents of the scientists' discoveries. But the moment you play the fires of a refining idealism on the system of modern social organization rather than on its spurious and malignant growths merely, the alarm is raised.

Prosperity disposes the mind to vanity, as idealism generates humility. Vanity is the premature high blood pressure that overtakes cultures and civilizations from time to time. In 1835 Macaulay wrote, 'The English have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw. They have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us. They have speculated, with exquisite subtlety, on the operations of the human mind and have become the acknowledged leaders of the human race on the career of political improvement.' A century and a half before Macaulay, a brilliant essayist at the court of Louis XIV of France, Charles Perrault, wrote: 'Our age has, in some sort, arrived at the summit of perfection. And since for some years the rate of progress is much slower and appears now almost insensible, it is pleasant to

think that probably there are not many things for which we need envy future generations.' Less than a century after Macaulay, a German, not to be outdone by others, — a grandson of Queen Victoria, William II, now resting quietly in Holland, — said in his own peculiarly modest way: 'God would never have taken such pains with our German Fatherland and its people if he had not been preparing us for something still greater. We are the salt of the earth.'

But when was an American struck speechless in a tournament of boasting? (Only none of these are boasts. They are the mature convictions of the civilizations that they symbolize and, as such, grow out of the prevailing assumptions of the time.) America has not been outdone. Only recently the committee on citizenship of the American Bar Association, so *Whither Mankind* assures us, put in its creed for the salvation of America this article: 'I believe that we Americans have the best government that has ever been created, the freest and most just for all people; that as an American citizen the Constitution of the United States ought to be as actual a part of my life and my religion as the Sermon on the Mount.' Frankly, I myself believe that. So do most of us. That is why religion in modern America is confused. How can you continue to promote a religion of redemption in a world where there is nothing to redeem; a gospel of improvement where nothing needs improving? One may be excused for feeling like Goethe, who, in his old age as he looked out over the world at the conclusion of the peace of Vienna, said, 'I thank God I am no longer young in a world so thoroughly finished.'

In such an age of complacency the man of religious passion, informed by ethical insight, must feel 'like a beached fish on the ebb of the tide.' The medium in which our idealism can live and flourish has subsided and left us to flap out our futile careers. And that is exactly where prosperity is likely to leave religion if religion keeps insisting on an ethical emphasis.

Prosperity, of course, rests on achievement. Past achievement is apt to develop a sense of power to achieve. Increasing areas of life are looked upon as within the range of man's capacity for achievement. Proud of our achievement, we soon learn to be just as proud of our power to achieve and refuse to deny it any limitations. That we fail makes no difference. All we think we need is a better technique. Our power seems quite adequate. Siegfried still insists that the most American thing he found in an America come of age was a national convention of 'morticians,' who were met in Chicago to discuss the vexing question, 'The death rate is falling; what are we going to do about it?' When man is so conscious of his own sufficiency, when every incentive of modern life encourages him to trust himself to accomplish anything, how can he be expected to act as if he felt dependent upon God? Humanism may yet prove to be the characteristic religion of our age, except that it will be not the humanism of Erasmus so much as that of, say, Henry Ford — a very different brand indeed.

Religion in the modern world finds itself at the confluence of two streams of social tendency: the one the calm and even flow of the historic development of American life; the other the turbulent and swirling whirlpool of contemporary prosperity. Either one of these tendencies would have been sufficient to direct religious emphasis toward the non-moral. The conjunction of the two tendencies more than tempts religion to abandon creative moral

thought and leadership and to give itself to other kinds of endeavor.

III

Religion, of course, will not die, for it is deathless. It will change. Like other disciplines of the cultural world, it will fashion moulds into which it will run its stream of glowing emotion. Industry in the day of the automatic machine reduces man to an adjunct to that machine and strips him of the perquisites peculiar to personality (though it endows him, too, with the wealth of a mediæval prince); along comes a discouragingly popular philosophy to console him with the reminder that he is really not a personality, but only the victim of a series of conditioned reflexes and so ought to be very contented with his lot. The occupations of men first impoverish the spirits of men, and out of that impoverishment philosophy fashions a convincing doctrine of futility. With less boldness but equal logic, religion proceeds to a really imposing series of outward evidences of an inner fervor which it suspects it lacks. Cathedrals, liturgies, and neatly prepared prayers for private devotions lend every incentive to at least a show of life in a world that denies scope and elbowroom to a really redemptive enterprise of religion. We are all beginning to find satisfaction in these newer works of religion. And they do have the virtue of raising no moral issues.

The modern world is not likely to give up religion; indeed, it will probably have more rather than less. Nor is it likely to admit that its religion does not function in establishing and maintaining moral codes. And in a limited sense it will be correct: the religion which adapts itself to the new era will have some interest in morals. But morals are of two kinds: those ideals and aspirations that are creative in intention, and those codes and formulas that are merely protective of the established order. Christianity ought to be interested chiefly in the first kind, at least so far as it derives from Jesus. Whatever be the final conclusion about the ethical insight of Jesus, he has raised hopes for a better world by what he taught, and, for its attainment, an attitude of acquiescence is not enough. But what the modern world is likely to demand from religion is the teaching of morality as a means of social control, and I think it is fair to refer to a religion that will sponsor that kind of morality as fundamentally a non-moral religion.

To look upon religion as the means of keeping people subservient to the dominant powers of the time is to hold what may very fairly be called 'the Napoleonic view of religion.' When Napoleon, his hands dripping with the blood of a dozen nations, stepped inside the Cathedral of Chartres, he exclaimed, 'How can anyone be an atheist here?' To the Council of State he said, as First Consul, 'What I see in religion is not the mystery of the incarnation, but social order. It associates with heaven an idea of equality, which prevents the poor from massacring the rich. Religion has the same sort of value as vaccination. It gratifies our taste for the miraculous, and protects us from quacks, for the priests are worth more than the Cagliostros, the Kants, and all the German dreamers. Society cannot exist without inequality of property; but this latter cannot exist without religion. One who is dying of hunger, when the man next him is feasting on dainties, can only be sustained by a belief in a higher power, and by the conviction that in another world there will be a different distribution of goods.'

Pious awe is the cheapest form of

social control. Communist Russia found it necessary, for the sake of its own well-being, to turn Communism into a religion. Mussolini soon discovered that it was advisable to make his peace with the Pope. Thus have modern times again ratified the insight of Voltaire, who cried, 'If there were not a God, we should have to create one.' An eighteenth-century atheist insisted that his servants go to church regularly that they might neither rob nor murder him.

To the student of society, the most amazing fact about the modern world is that its large enterprises are in the control of Christian people. The followers of Jesus literally and specifically hold the balance of power in the business and political world to-day. The same student, having marked that fact, would immediately point out that the ethical effect of these large enterprises on the lives of men and women is certainly not controlled by any influence that has descended upon it from Jesus' teaching. The world, as it now is, is organized by the followers of Jesus, but distinctly apart from the moral aims and ideals of Jesus. Religious people carry forward the enterprise of life in ways that convince one that their religion makes no moral demands on them. Obviously, the dominant religion of the modern world is non-moral in its effect on life. The Great War, of course, is the most tangible evidence on which this argument rests. Indeed, the only nations, with possibly one exception, which are fully armed to-day and able to negotiate another war of colossal proportions are the nations whose citizens are followers of the Prince of Peace. All of which creates the suspicion in one's mind that the Napoleonic view of religion is still in vogue.

It may be that non-moral religion is the only kind that can live in a world where the legitimacy of the acquisitive instinct is taken for granted. To attempt to interpret, in terms of modern industrial enterprise, the self-renouncing, nonacquisitive, simple way of life of Jesus in our self-assertive, aggressive, acquisitive industrial and commercial world would be like tampering with the foundations of an enormous building at the very moment when ten new stories are being added at the top. Ever since the collapse of feudalism and the rise of the middle class, acquisitiveness has been achieving increasing respectability. To-day it is almost universally accepted as a proper motive of life. We worship success, industry, thrift, achievement, as sincerely as the Italians of the Renaissance worshiped leisure, beauty, insight, and creative æsthetic effort.

Whether consciously or not, religion is giving itself to the erection of works amenable to the attitude of our times. It is institutionalizing the modern spirit and installing it within the portals of the church. The first, and at this date perhaps most visible, result is the widespread trend toward liturgy and liturgical practice that has overtaken religion.

IV

The trend to liturgy has much to commend it to our good sense. It may be our instinctive attempt to do something, not by way of preparation for doing something else, but for its very own sake. As such, it may be a legitimate revolt against the philosophy of instrumentalism, as John Dewey calls it. By the widest possible stretch of the imagination, one can see no ulterior purpose being served by much of the modern liturgical practice. It is not designed to prepare us for something else; it exists for its own sake and its own sake only. The thrill of

the moment, the sense of interaction with reality that liturgy confers, is its only justification. It is worship, pure and undefiled. Setting aside its genesis and earlier implications, for many now it implies no preparation for work; it cherishes no illusion as to any possible usefulness that may result from its practice. It is a process by which man isolates himself from the secular world and transports himself to a realm of independent spiritual enjoyment and ecstasy. And while man carries with him into the secular world the mellowing consequences of the liturgical experience, those consequences stand in marked contrast to the secular experience. Liturgy is really the one emphatic protest that religion is making on behalf of man as an end and not a means only.

It is only natural that, in a world where secularism is dissolving the fixed and substantial attainments of religion, as acid dissolves metal, religion should attempt to guarantee the preservation of those attainments. Liturgy too often to-day is the spiritual varnish that religion is laying on material things to ensure their preservation. It is an attempt to guarantee permanence to beliefs and formulas that are plainly threatened by the disintegrating influence of secularism. But it is religion mummified, and, unfortunately, 'mummies do not beget children.'

The supreme danger of liturgy is that, like the symbolist movement in literature, it will always tempt us to sacrifice truth to effect; it will induce us to exploit the mysterious; it will put us 'more at home in Zion,' in the phrase of Carlyle, 'than any man has a right to be.' You can't raise money for cathedral building by asking embarrassing questions about the way money is made in modern times. That would be poor salesmanship. You can't promote mammoth processions down cathedral aisles by asking the meaning of the slogans that rule those processions. That would be an uncivil and paralyzing question. The fresh air and glowing sunshine and riotous color of the hillside by the lake dull the splendor of robes and vestments no more than the dim light and vaulted arches of the cathedral deaden the strident tones of the prophet. The age of moral fervor is ending; the era of the æsthete has begun. The raucous voice of the prophet must take on the soothing modulation of the priest. The voice crying in the wilderness must somehow manage to chant in a cathedral. The camel's-hair shirt is giving way to the silk gown, a much more agreeable garment.

The dominant spirit of the age, the spirit of getting on in ways that men may see and praise, has so smitten us that we are prepared to go to very extreme lengths for its fulfillment. Time was when a Pope made an emperor stand at Canossa for days and nights barefooted in the snow; to-day a Pope comes halfway to meet a dictator. The significance of the fact is that the Pope is willing to come. Not only has that transformation taken place in a distant land and under another sky, but, even in this land of the free and home of the brave, as one of our historians points out, the fathers of the Constitution have displaced the fathers of the church and the flag has outmoded the cross in popular fashion.

V

But the life of religion consists not in yielding to the dominant spirit of the age, but in thwarting it; not in acquiescence, but in resistance. Its continuity through the ages has been by the way of the creative personalities who, like Saint Francis of Assisi, Luther, and Wesley, were created by

their age only to oppose that age, asserting the independence of their inner integrity. There is no virtue, of course, in being peculiar. Too many people think they are inspired when they are only peculiar. On the other hand, the very destiny of a civilization informed by the passion and insight of religion turns on those truly inspired personalities who, while they are made by that civilization, yet are endowed with an insight adequate to remake it. The priest as we know him is usually a child of his age and is content to behave himself. The prophet is no less a child of his age, but, accepting his inheritance, he dedicates himself to the reinvestment of it in the interests of greater returns.

The danger we are facing is that we may discover that American prosperity rests on geographical good luck and the grace of geology rather than on any divine intention to make us a chosen people. When that discovery is made — if it is not already made — may we not come full upon the disconcerting thought that, after all, religion is n't so important to this civilization of ours? Robert Hall is said to have been upset for a week in the performance of his clerical functions because, by reading Miss Edgeworth, he saw a picture of a world of happy, active people without any visible interference of religion. It was a sensible and, on the whole, a very healthy world, and yet a world without warnings and exhortations, without any apparent terrors concerning the state of souls. The sanctions, restraints, and aspirations that religion confers were totally lacking, and yet the world was happy, prosperous, and well off. If one had to make a phrase for that sort of experience, one would call it 'optimistic agnosticism.' Are we not on the verge of exactly that experience?

If we are, then this turning to the cult of beauty may be an unconsciously clever little trap that we are setting to capture God for modern life. We shall undoubtedly succeed in capturing Him. When we have Him, what shall we do with Him? The prophet alone can tell us. Our only hope will turn on the emergence of a group of prophets who can again socialize and moralize God as a group of prophets did once, eight centuries before Christ. Meanwhile, that depressed minority of troubled souls who yearn for an effective release through our institutions of religion for their creative moral energy must confess their despair and humiliation before the fact and tendency of modern life.

Oddly enough, this humiliation before the thoroughly secularized intention of modern society is really the very opportunity of the church. Who can tell what one good-sized Calvary in the modern world — when, daring greatly and speaking bravely, the forces of religion fail completely and confess it — would do, both to the modern world and to the life of religion itself? One such failure, convincing in nature and offering no relieving prospect of later success, would go very far, not to build up the church, but to rehabilitate religion and undergird civilization. What ails the forces of religion really is that they are entirely too anxious to be fighting always on the winning side.

TRY THE SPIRITS

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

'Of course you get those superstitions from the Negroes,' said my friend.

We had been talking about her daughter's wedding, and as the conversation eddied around details of color schemes and bridesmaids' costumes I had asked, as one does at home, 'What will the bride have for "something old, something borrowed, and something blue"? She certainly will have no lack of "something new."'

Then it was that my friend responded, 'I never heard of such a notion. Of course you Southern people get those superstitions from the Negroes.'

Since I have lived away from my own state I must have heard that remark a hundred times. Hitherto I had accepted it unchallenged, but this time doubt arose. Was it really probable that a Caucasian people had received from Negroes a custom that had to do with clothes and weddings?

The mental question sent me off upon a search for which I was not scholastically prepared. I went after the history of superstitions current in my own part of the country much as Bo-Peep went after her flock — vague as to pathways, but 'determined for to find them.'

And find them I did, in English literature and in English speech and in the parts of the Southern states where Negro influence is least in evidence, till there seemed no doubt that our superstitions of every kind, with one exception, came to us from the British Isles. My second discovery was that they are n't superstitions at all, but soothsayings in the exact sense, a summing up of popular observation, and that they are, or have been, true.

The old wedding-dress rhyme is an example. She *is* a happy bride who does not lose touch with the past, but loyally brings 'something old' as well as 'something new' for her setting out, who has the confidence of friends for 'something borrowed,' and who may wear 'something blue,' which is the color of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

As with the last item in this count, there is undoubtedly, as all folklorists elaborate, religious origin or association either obvious or hidden in most of these old sayings, but the salt of common sense seems to be their preservative.

The belief that it is unlucky to begin anything on Friday can hardly be dissociated from the central tragedy of history that happened on Good Friday, but surely common sense has kept the saying current. A task of any significance is n't often finished in a day, and if we begin it on Friday there is *vis inertiæ* to be overcome on Monday, whether a Sabbath or a 'week-end' intervene.

'If thirteen sit down at the table, one of them will die within the year.' This, and no feeble-minded talk about thirteen as an unlucky number *per se*, is the adage that has come down through the centuries, maybe through nineteen hundred years. That it derives from the Last Supper seems certain, but it is

a fair guess that if the vital statistics of even two centuries ago were available one could see why the belief persisted.

To glance, but not quite to turn, away from the religious character of the old auguries, the woman in the Appalachian Mountains who to-day refuses to handle a broom after sunset admits, 'A body's simple to hold to such old ways. But,' she adds, 'a body has got to quit sometime, and when the sun drops is as good a time as any.' There you have the practical side of the matter for our time, and when that bit of folklore was lodged in her great-great-grandmother's brain it may well have been all a woman's life was worth to be seen with a broom after sunset, whether back home in quiet Shropshire or in Cotton Mather's parish.

'When the candle weaves a winding sheet there will be a death in the family.' In spite of twentieth-century science, some of us shiver when we see a candle gutter in the wind. It is a direct draft that weaves that 'winding sheet,' and even in our day a great Scotch doctor gives no student his diploma until he has taught him this rhyme: —

> Keen wind through a small hole,
> Make your will and prepare your soul.

It is not surprising, then, that when in our warm modern houses a candle gutters unaccustomedly it brings a picture of days, not very long ago, when in drafty houses old people, for their dim eyes' sake, sat closest to the candles, and thin old shoulders bent shrinking from a sudden draft, while the candle wove a winding sheet, and pneumonia, 'the old people's friend,' stole in.

Of sayings such as these, part of the truth has disappeared and just enough is left to keep them alive. There is another group, perhaps more simply the outgrowth of general observation, that is just as true as ever.

'See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck.' There is not a school child in America that doubts it, and the children are right, as usual. They *are* well-omened days when eyes are clear, attention is alert, and there is energy to spare for trifles.

'If you catch the first lizard you see in the spring, you will conquer your laziness' — so Virginia children are taught. The naturalists, who know how well our little lizards have earned their name of 'swifts,' will realize that before he can be caught the battle with 'your laziness' is already won.

When the mountain woman tells you, 'Woman company is bad luck when you are making soap, but man company is good luck p'int-blank,' she is repeating a proverb that comes of watching many a kettle of soap. (Does 'proverb,' by the way, mean 'proved word'?) In our Southern mountains, soap making is one of the housemother's many tasks. It is a delicate business — simple, but requiring undivided attention. 'Woman company' takes the attention of the hostess at a moment that may be fatal to the whole 'kittle and b'iling,' but 'man company' takes the head of the house out from underfoot!

'If you make a wish on a falling star, your wish will surely come true.' I have no defense for such a sudden leap, — unless it be *per aspera ad astra*, — but this pretty saying, on which our Southern boys and girls depend while shooting stars illumine the pansy-blue of August skies at home, has psychological endorsement everywhere. That which we wish we bring to pass, these wise ones tell us, and a wish must hold the mental field if it occur to consciousness before a falling star flashes and disappears.

Old-fashioned farmers wherever I

have met them stubbornly do their planting by the moon, undaunted by the jibes of sons fresh home from agricultural college. And lo! the very latest discoveries as to light and plant metabolism tend to show that the older man may laugh last, after all. In this, as in the other fragments of the lore of other days that we have kept, down home, our forebears seem to have been long on observation and short on ratiocination.

Weaning by the zodiac lacks scientific confirmation still, but live-stock breeders in the South can show skeptical veterinarians that if 'the sign' be disregarded the mares will whinny and fret and even sicken and the colt will 'dwine' or at best be slow in learning to eat, but if some old Negro has told the boss when the zodiacal sign is 'edzac'ly right' the mare will hardly lift her head from grazing and the weanling colt will flourish undisturbed.

I say we get this lore 'from some old Negro,' for if most of our local superstitions may be found in Chaucer, in chapbooks, in Samuel Pepys's *Diary*, and in English literature generally, 'from then till now,' our bywords about animals seem to come to us from Africa. They, too, may have been sound wisdom in the jungle, but on that unfamiliar ground the reason is hard to trace for those who are not jungle-wise, and it does n't always hold good for folk of other blood in other latitudes.

For us it would be silly to turn back if a black cat crossed our path, but if the big cats of Africa prowl black in the dark jungle it may be only common sense to go back to one's village with its fence and fires.

The African Anthology of Blaise Cendrars has Negro myths that are oddly familiar to every Southern child. That assiduous scholar has laid hold of many a tale that sounds for all the world like Uncle Remus talking about Brer Rabbit and his neighbors. These are distinctly out of bounds of Anglo-Saxon common sense. The Southern child knows that Brer Rabbit running from left to right can't really 'carry your luck away,' nor, running from right to left, fetch you good fortune. But have n't we been taught before we left the nursery, and by the same wise, simple, and unfathomable friends who told the stories of Brer Rabbit, that 'manners and behavior never hurt anybody'? It does n't really do any *harm* to say to the bunny that bounds across your path, 'Howdy, Mr. Rabbit. How's your family?'

JERUSALEM IN FERMENT

BY HALLEN VINEY

I

LYING comfortably on my back in the strange, buoyant waters of the Dead Sea, staring at the blue sky overhead, and speculating vaguely about an appetizing smell of fried something or other which floated across from our picnic pitch on the beach — that was the way the first day of the Palestine riots opened for me.

It was a morning of perfect peace, and typified the peaceful spirit in which we had come on an instructional trip to Palestine, forty-two of us, mostly from Wycliffe Hall, Theological Seminary, Oxford.

Two years before, Wycliffe had celebrated its Jubilee Year by undertaking a similar trip. The course at Wycliffe includes four terms of instruction every year, one of which, falling in August, had been 'kept' in Jerusalem. At a moment when educated people are everywhere showing indifference toward the Church, the need for better-trained clergymen is obvious, and it was felt that the students' training would be immensely improved if they could but see the Holy Land itself and be able to read the Bible with first-hand knowledge of the country it describes. But there was another and deeper reason for such a visit. Would not anyone come to feel a more profound knowledge of our Lord after seeing the places where He lived and in some cases the stones on which He trod?

This first trip had been so successful that it was decided to repeat the experiment, and with these thoughts in mind we, the second group of students, had come on this pilgrimage.

But all was not peaceful in Jerusalem. There had been some mutterings before the storm. A party of young Zionists had made a demonstration; a Jew had been killed by an Arab, and the police had quite rightly, for fear of further trouble, refused to permit his funeral procession to pass through the old city. Unfortunately this refusal was only enforced by a baton charge. And coming back from our Dead Sea picnic we ran into trouble in earnest — a large crowd of angry people with sticks, closely pursued by others with knives. At lunch there was a row outside, and an explosion, and two Moslems hastily took refuge inside the garden gate from a Jewish crowd outside. Walking back to our quarter at St. Georges, I found a large crowd of Jews held in by police; apparently there had been some Jewish bomb throwing and several people killed. I gathered afterward that the Moslems had started the riot by attacking the Jewish quarters round the city.

During the afternoon the commandant of police asked whether Wycliffe Hall would volunteer as special constables. So at tea time our principal gave us a short talk. He said that there were times when the restoration of peace and the protection of life and property were the first duty of every Christian, and in such protection stern

measures were justified. In view of the Government's message, he felt that such a time had arrived and that it was our duty as Christians and as English gentlemen to give what assistance we could; but he was willing to talk with anyone who conscientiously felt otherwise.

After tea we all walked to the Government Headquarters in the Russian Buildings in a careful straggle, for we had been asked only that morning to avoid anything in the nature of a religious procession. Arriving there, we found a hive of warlike activity in the courtyard which before the war had seen so many Russian pilgrims to the Holy Land. Those of us who were familiar with firearms were retained and the rest were sent home.

Half an hour later thirty theological students could have been seen practising rifle drill under their principal, who was somewhat rusty in the words of command, as it was ten years or more since he had been demobilized from the Army. Smartening up, we 'formed fours' quite efficiently and marched back to St. Georges as a small military squad — 'The Church Militant.' After some food, several of us assembled for prayer for the innocent, who so often suffer more than the combatants. It was one of those scenes not easily forgotten — the single lamp, the kneeling figures, and the rifles piled in the background while their users sought the presence of God.

Fifteen minutes later we were back in the Government Headquarters once more. Everywhere there was great activity: men suddenly taken from peaceful occupations now walking about with armlets and rifles as special constables; people and motor cars coming and going; every now and then a shout for Corporal So-and-so, Captain So-and-so, etc., etc. We sat around in the half darkness awaiting orders until at last a dozen of us were packed into a truck with two policemen and sent off into the darkness to patrol the road to Motza. So it came about that the day which for me had opened with a bath in the Dead Sea closed with my sitting on the floor of a truck clutching a rifle, with fifty rounds of ammunition slung round me.

II

We swung out down the road with one of the policemen sitting up in front and the other on the tailboard with his rifle on his knee — 'like guarding the American mails,' as he expressed it.

I was just thinking how peaceful everything looked under the moon when my thoughts were interrupted by the sudden stopping of the truck. Excited female voices came out of the darkness: 'It is not safe.' 'Can you not leave an armed man behind?' 'The Arabs might attack us.' Apparently these were a few Jewish families living together, and they were in desperate fear of attack. The policeman did his best to reassure them by telling them that there would be an armed patrol down the road every hour. Most reluctantly they let us go, and we rumbled off across the valley to Motza. Everything seemed quiet, so we stayed a moment and then returned to Jerusalem, stopping again to reassure the Jewish families on the way back.

We had barely reached Jerusalem when shots broke out behind us; we listened carefully, but all was quiet. Turning around, we ran through to Motza again, hearing nothing, and finally we returned to the Government Headquarters in Jerusalem to find the rest of our party still sitting where we had left them. 'How did you get on?' 'What happened?' They pelted us with questions, which soon died away as they were summoned to go off in the same truck to Ramemah, where they

supported the regular police in raiding a house for arms. Meantime we found a canteen in the basement of the Government Headquarters and polished off some ham and bread, washed down with beer or soda water.

After food, sleep — on some army stretchers with a couple of blankets. We were awakened at dawn, and climbed sleepily into a truck to set off down the same patrol to Motza. Everything was quiet, and the country looked lovely in the early morning light, with Ain Karim, John the Baptist's birthplace, sleeping peacefully across the valley.

But on the way back my thoughts of the beauty of the country were rudely interrupted by a few shots whistling overhead. We dismounted immediately — a truck is too good a target — and took cover with rifles ready. Another shot sang harmlessly overhead. The enemy seemed to be concealed among some houses gleaming white on the hill above Lifta.

The range was too long and their cover too effective to do anything from where we were. 'Let's go and turn 'em out,' our commander said suddenly. So two by two, in small rushes, we tumbled into the truck and set off at full speed up the road. Dismounting behind a house, we proceeded up the street by the undignified method of crawling along the side of the road, taking cover behind piles of stones. But life is worth more than dignity! At last the enemy was discovered behind a wall, and the front of our party opened fire round the corner of a house.

After many swallowings, and saying 'One, two, three!' to myself, I made a run across the open and landed next to one of our policemen behind the house. Together we proceeded up a byroad to outflank the enemy, running across the open and taking cover behind walls and houses. Eventually we arrived at the end house and caught the enemy nicely as he retreated before the main body. But meanwhile a sniper had found us in turn and we retired hastily to the garden of the house, being careful not to tread on the flowers — such is one's nursery training!

From the garden we spotted a large pit out in the open. 'I'm going across there,' the policeman said to me. 'When I get there, you follow — see?' And before I could reply he was off. As soon as he landed safely, I set out. It seemed a terribly long way with that sniper so close at hand, but I accomplished the journey in record time, my progress being greatly accelerated by a bullet which sang behind me. 'That nearly got you,' said the policeman when I reached him.

In the pit I found another 'special,' large and fat, with the sweat pouring off him, blazing away for all he was worth, tremendously proud of a bullet hole in his hat and obviously enjoying himself enormously. I lay down beside him and endeavored to make sure that none of the enemy reached cover. It seemed queer training for a parson and I said as much to the policeman. 'Well,' he said, 'it's in a righteous cause.'

By this time the enemy, including our friend the sniper, had retreated to a hill a long way off, where it was obviously impossible for us to pursue. As we withdrew, the front doors of shuttered houses cautiously opened and the inhabitants began to appear. It seemed strange to stand safely in the garden which had recently been a death trap and enjoy a much-needed drink supplied by the grateful householder.

Returning to the main road, we sat about on piles of stones and had a very welcome breakfast of food which the neighboring families gladly brought us.

Our only casualty was one man with a badly grazed knee, which he proceeded to treat with iodine.

III

After breakfast we set off to attend to some more firing from the other side of the main road. A run over a perfectly vile byroad brought us to a suburb where the sound of firing was plainly audible. We dismounted and advanced in open formation. Hearing more firing to our right, I went off to investigate and found a Palestinian Police Post very excited and firing away across the valley at some Arabs behind a wall. In view of the many statements in the press as to the partiality of the native police force during the troubles, it is well to state here quite definitely that these were Arab policemen firing as policemen on an Arab enemy.

At this point a message arrived from the commander telling me to take two men and outflank the Arabs he was engaging. An attempt to do this was immediately stopped by fire from across the valley, and I went back to report the existence of this section of the enemy hidden from the commander by the shoulder of the hill.

I found the rest of the party extended across the field, firing from the cover of convenient rocks. The commander was lying with another man farther up the field. He seemed a long way off, but a run from rock to rock soon brought me to him. The enemy, dislodged from his original position, was now concealed among the rocks on a neighboring hill. Like most of Palestine, the country is ideal for snipers, and concealment is possible everywhere. This fact accounts for the many successful raids in Biblical history.

As it seemed impossible to dislodge the enemy further, the commander ordered a retreat. His companion left first and ran back to cover, and I followed. Some Arab sniper must have had that path covered nicely, for before I got back there was a whiz, and a red-hot poker seemed to go through my shoulder. One of the specials instantly rushed up, and before I could tell him to seek cover he was badly wounded.

For some reason the firing seemed to die away after that, and I felt utterly alone with a dying man and a painful shoulder. It was then that, grasping his hand, I turned to prayer, and seldom has the presence of God seemed more real. All the tenseness left my mind and a great sense of calm filled it. With this absolute spiritual strength I began the painful undertaking of dragging him back to cover. In safety at last, almost helpless, I could feel the blood soaking my back. It seemed an age but actually was not long before the principal of our college, who had run a dangerous course across the open, rushed up and knelt down by my companion. It was a scene I shall never forget — the sun beating down fiercely overhead, the sound of renewed firing, while beside me the principal prayed for him who had died, a gallant English gentleman.

Leaning on the principal's arm, I made my way to a neighboring house filled with frightened people. An old woman wringing her hands in horror, several young men with sticks, an old gentleman with a beard — they all seemed to me like actors on some remote stage as I lay on the bed and longed to be left in peace.

But the ambulance, a commandeered bus, had now arrived, and I was led half-running across the open space toward it.

To my dismay, it was filled with Palestinian people all talking at once. For hours, it seemed, I lay on the seat and longed for the bus to start. At last

another wounded man, an elderly Jew, lying on a piece of corrugated iron, was thrust in, and off we went back down that vile byroad.

The heat was almost unbearable, the flies were worse, and as we crashed and jolted along the babble of tongues increased, while a Palestinian policeman on the seat opposite fired airily out of the window over my left ear! It was a journey I should not care to repeat.

We arrived at last at the Hadassah Jewish Hospital, where another equally talkative crowd rushed to help me. At last I reached the operating room, and thence to bed. Thus ended my personal part in the outbreak.

But reënforcements had arrived at the scene of our late action, and the Arabs were at last driven off with heavy losses, chiefly by machine-gun fire.

Meanwhile Arab attacks were developing all over the country, the force of British police being too small numerically to cope with all of them. At Tal Pioth attacks began on Friday night; there were several casualties on both sides, and Professor Klausner's library was severely damaged. On Saturday some of our party were sent out there, and had a very hot time until relieved by an armored car which drove the Arabs off. Other places underwent similar attacks, but were not so successfully defended. This was particularly the case at Hebron, where grave massacres of Jews occurred. These would have been much worse if it had not been for the brave action of Mr. Cafferata, the local British police officer, who, almost single-handed, defended Hebron. For this he has not received a word of thanks or acknowledgment in the Jewish press.

There is no doubt that crimes have been committed on both sides, but there is also no doubt that the Moslems have been the worst offenders. Cases of mutilation and atrocious acts are alleged and are now being investigated, though these are not so numerous as some sections of the press would have us believe. The frequency and simultaneous nature of the attacks in different places give the appearance of a preorganized effort, but, taking into account how quickly news travels in the East and the smallness of the country, it is just possible that the initial flare-up in Jerusalem set fire to the country quite naturally.

The attacks started on Friday night; by Saturday afternoon the first troops arrived by air, and they have been pouring into the country ever since. Order was restored almost within two days, with the exception of spasmodic outbreaks, one of which, at Safed, proved serious. Indeed, so quiet was the country that some of the special constables were demobilized. Our party was dismissed on Saturday, having served for eight days, and was addressed by Sir John Chancellor, the High Commissioner, in the following words: —

Captain Graham Brown and members of Wycliffe Hall

I am very pleased and honored to have an opportunity of seeing you and saying a few words to you of gratitude and appreciation for the services you have rendered to Palestine, and indeed to England, during the last fortnight.

You will, I am sure, understand that it is not out of lack of consideration for you that I have not had time to prepare a formal speech. In the present circumstances I have to do the thing that first comes to hand. But I could not let you leave Palestine without telling you how deeply grateful I am for the immeasurable services that you have rendered to Palestine in the appalling crisis that confronted her. You came here with a very different object from that of fighting. You are going to become clergymen of the Church of England, and you

came to the Holy Land expecting to find a place of peace where you could study your religion and learn about the holy places. You find yourselves in the middle of a state of violence and savagery the like of which I have not read of for a hundred years. It is quite alien to your career to take up arms, but there are moments in this world when your duty is to save life.

You are not a large body, and your support to our native police was far beyond your numbers, and of the greatest value in giving them confidence. You have had an experience — a horrible one — which you will never forget. It will teach you things about human beings that you would never otherwise have learned. I want to say good-bye to you and to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your services.

I should like to add that you may be proud of the police uniforms you are wearing. The general conduct of the police force, and the many cases of individual heroism, will, I am sure, make you proud to have been associated with them, and to wear at any rate part of their uniform.

I wish you all success in the careers in front of you. May they be rich lives, full of service to Christ and to humanity.

IV

It is difficult to trace the causes of the outbreak, but a week in Cairo before coming to Jerusalem certainly enabled us to understand something of the Moslem outlook which contributed to the trouble. One gathered that Mohammedanism is a strange blend of Judaism, superstition, and mysticism. It is not to be wondered at that the educated effendi class are becoming indifferent to it, and this opinion was confirmed by a visit to the El Azhar Mosque, the oldest and probably the largest university in the world. As it was vacation time, there were few pupils, but a number of classes were in session, sitting in circles around their sheik teachers. One class was sitting around a decrepit blackboard learning to multiply one number by another. Hardly, one feels, a university subject, but it is the start of an effort to teach scientific subjects. If even in their central university Moslems are so backward, is it to be wondered at that tribes of Moslem Arabs, in small country villages, can be preyed on and hoodwinked into rising for almost any cause?

In addition to this visit in Cairo, two other visits helped us to understand how the trouble arose — one to the Temple Area and the other to the Jewish colonies.

The Temple Area is an enormous plateau on the southeast corner of the city and is one of the best authenticated of the holy sites. In the middle is the Dome of the Rock, sometimes erroneously called the Mosque of Omar. Actually it is not a mosque, but a Moslem shrine, and consists of a dome built over the naked rock, which is undoubtedly the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite. It was here that the Altar of Burnt Sacrifice stood in Solomon's Temple, and there is a large hole leading to a cave underneath to drain off the blood. Here also the Crusaders used the present seventh-century Moslem building as a church; part of the rock was flattened to form the base of their High Altar, and they built the Temple Church in London on the same pattern. But here also Mahomet hid in the cave beneath, so that the spot actually typifies the religious problem of Palestine — the problem of one sacred site claimed by three religions.

Coming across the court, once more in the open, we looked down from a window in the mosque on to the famous Wailing Wall of the Jews. A narrow alleyway, leading to a few houses at the other end and flanked on one side by the identical stones of the Temple of Solomon — this is the place where the

pious Jews of every age have come to weep for their departed glories. Sometimes they have been allowed there only once a year, and even then only through bribes, 'having to buy even their tears,' as one of their poets has expressed it. No one can look on such a sight unmoved. Empires have come and gone, Greek, Roman, Persian, Ottoman, and yet there is still the Jew. In spite of hardships and incredible suffering, — often, to our shame, inflicted by Christian people, — the Jew still lives.

Actually the Wailing Place is wakf property — that is, a Moslem charitable trust. It thus belongs to the Moslems, and recently they constructed staircases through the far end, so that the Wailing Wall, instead of leading only to some houses, now leads, via these steps and a passageway, to one of the entrances to the Haramesh-Sherif (Temple Area). The Government sought the advice of the highest law officer in England before granting permission for this alteration, but was unable to prevent the Moslems from doing what they would with their own property. The Jews complain, with reason, that the steps have not been necessary up to date and were only constructed to increase the volume of Moslem traffic through the Wailing Place and thus disturb the Jews at their devotions.

Under the Turk, the Jews in Palestine were numerically few and politically unimportant. Most of them were supported by contributions from abroad and existed to say their prayers and to weep for their relatives, who could not come to pray in person. Moreover, those were the good old days of baksheesh, and a coin into the hand of the Turkish policeman ensured peace. Few Moslems went to the Wailing Place, and for years services were held there undisturbed. But now all is changed. With the new Zionist policy, Jewish immigration is proceeding on a huge scale and the Jewish population of the country is mounting rapidly. Not unnaturally the Arab, in spite of the great benefits the Jewish settlers have brought him, views this phenomenon with suspicion. The Wailing Place, the point where the western wall of the Haramesh-Sherif touches the sacred spot of Judaism, is the obvious place where this racial tension is felt.

Since the Wailing Wall is Moslem property and, incidentally, a right of way, the Jew is not permitted to put up fixtures. This he has sometimes been inclined to do — benches for the old to sit upon, tables for prayer books, and the like. Under the Turkish rule, a few piastres soon squared up any trouble of that sort, but now, with the Moslem jealousy aroused, any suspicion of a fixture is reported at once to a long-suffering British Government as an infringement of Moslem rights.

It was such a fixture which caused the trouble at the Wall a year ago and pointed the way to the present outbreak. Some of the pious Jews erected a partition at the Wall, of lath and canvas, to separate the women from the men, holding that the presence of women distracts the men from pure devotion. This was at once reported to the Government by the ever-watchful Moslem, and, since it was technically an infringement, the Jews were ordered to remove the partition. Unfortunately they left it there until the next day, the Day of Atonement, when no work could possibly be done by any Orthodox Jew, and the police had to take it away. Through ignorance of the Jewish ritual, they arrived to do this at the most sacred part of the service. Thus the famous Wailing Wall is at present the tinder box, where at any moment a spark may be struck between Jew and Moslem. It should be

added that the situation is not made any easier by the occasional arrival of Young Zionists who are not inspired by religious motives, but who merely wish to make a demonstration.

V

The other expedition which threw a flood of light upon the trouble was our tour of some of the Jewish colonies the day before the rioting began. We set off in three buses, under officials of the Zionist organization. We went out along the Motza road, past a large orphanage and a beautiful sanatorium, surrounded by lovely grounds, all put up by Jewish enterprise.

Our first real glimpse of the difficulties of colonization was at Kiryath Anavim (Village of Grapes). Here, in a barren wady, without even water, a small community of thirty Jews are making the desert blossom. They have terraced the hillside and planted trees, having even to bring earth for the terraces. The water problem they have solved by constructing an enormous reservoir of concrete which collects during the rainy season enough water to last through the summer. The colony is run on communal lines; the individuals have no money and their wants are met by communal purchase. We gathered that public opinion is sufficiently strong to force the slacker to depart. They all live in standard-pattern houses, one of which is used for a kindergarten school. Like all Zionists, they are very keen on education. Drawn by the great ideal of Jewish Nationalism, they came from many parts of Europe to this barren spot, financed by those who stay to make money in Babylon. We understood that they were typical of many colonies up and down the country.

It was interesting to compare this with Rishon-le-Zion, one of the oldest colonies. Its chief products are wine and fruit, and it looked remarkably attractive. But perhaps the most interesting was Tel-Aviv, whose growth has been phenomenal. We were told it exceeded any mushroom city in America. On what were once sand dunes, north of Jaffa, the Jew has built a new town, — houses, roads, shops, villas, — all erected within the last few years. It is the only town in the world which is entirely Jewish from top to bottom — municipal government, residents, police, crossing sweepers, and so forth. Here, for the first time in generations, the Jew can hold up his head, a free man in a free Jewish town.

It might be added that Tel-Aviv is excessively ugly, but that is a fault common to all mushroom towns, and will, no doubt, be remedied in time. Actually the country cannot naturally support such a large town, and it is largely composed of residents who derive their income from abroad and live here for patriotic reasons.

Everywhere the Jews are buying up the land. One Arab village after another wakes up to the fact that the best land is gone forever and that it has been left to scratch a living off some barren hilltop. It is true that the Arabs need not sell, and that the Jews, by reason of greater wealth and driving force, are developing the country to the larger benefit of everyone; but still the Arabs are aggrieved, and their fear and suspicion of the Jews, coupled with unwise exaggeration on the part of the Zionist leaders, are at the base of the present trouble, far more than any religious motive.

VI

It would be improper at this time, before the finding of the Commission of Inquiry, now on its way from England, to express any opinion as

to the conduct of the British Administration in Palestine. The 'Balfour Declaration' states that 'His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, without prejudice to the rights of existing communities.' But whether it is possible for a third party, C, to assist in establishing B in A's country without prejudice to A is a question. It may be said that Palestine morally belongs to the Jew, but that can hardly be the view of the Arab who has established the right of user and who naturally looks upon the country as his, tending to regard the Jew as an invader. But the Arab has many countries, whereas the Jew has only one.

In nearly every other case of invasion, force has been either used or implied, but here is an attempt of one nation to invade the country of another by legitimate purchase, backed, if need be, by the force of a third party. Some will say that purchase of land is not quite the same thing as invasion, but purchase on the scale adopted by the Jews very nearly amounts to invasion — an invasion with weapons of gold.

That all this is morally right is the view of the Western World, supported by — it would be unfair to say inspired by — the world-wide Jewish organization and its access to the press. Let there be an 'incident' in Palestine involving Jewish rights, real or alleged, and immediately there is a mass meeting in Chicago, a deputation waits upon the Prime Minister in London, and a letter is written to the *Melbourne Times*. Thus the Jewish point of view is continuously presented to the world, whereas that of the Arab is confined to a few newspapers of limited circulation, written in Arabic.

Living here in a Jewish hospital, I tend to see the 100 per cent Jewish point of view. The Jews say that they, as a civilized race, are merely colonizing and developing the land of a backward, savage race. For this there are many precedents, and clearly their method of conquest by legitimate purchase is a far more moral way of opening up a country than the methods other nations have often adopted to add to their dominions. But the driving force seems to be a narrow nationalism, almost devoid of religion, which one fears will only increase the intolerance of which the Jew is so often accused.

The Jews have certainly suffered much in these outbreaks, both in life and in property. When I first came to this hospital, new cases were being brought in hourly, with ghastly knife wounds, and there were many deaths. This must have been typical of Jewish hospitals all over Palestine during the first Friday and Saturday. It will be very hard to start again without feelings of bitterness and hatred, but if peace is to be lasting the Jew will have to give the Arab a lead in spiritual matters as he now does in material ones.

The difficult command to love one's enemies, no part of the Zionist or the Moslem creed, is especially hard when your enemy has murdered some close relative. But the responsibility of the Jew lies just here. Can he rise to the spiritual vision of Deutero-Isaiah, or will he keep to the nationalism of Haggai? Can he build up the character of the Arab by example, as he is building up his material well-being by energy and industry? If not, one feels that the next generation of Jews, brought up in the atmosphere of Jewish nationalism and in fear or suspicion of the Arab, will make the problem of peace in Palestine ten times harder.

Such are some of the thoughts in-

duced by the recent events in Palestine. We, from Wycliffe, came on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We little thought, as the train pulled out of Victoria Station in London, that we should see fighting over the hill country of Judea before our return. Setting out with thoughts of Biblical scenes, we have been forced to think of the problems of the Administration. The case is like that of a Moslem with two wives, each watching the other jealously to see that there is no extra favor or concession. The problem is further complicated by the fact that one of the wives has an influential father-in-law in the shape of the Jewish press organization and the other a crafty one with a knife.

Whatever else one thinks, reflection on the matter has probably given all of us a great sympathy for Pontius Pilate. Perhaps, after all, the Abyssinian Church is right to make him a saint! For he judged and found no fault.

FORMOSA — JAPAN'S EXPERIMENT

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

'Doctors, not soldiers, won Taiwan for Japan,' Count Shimpei Goto, whose death was recently mourned at Tokyo, often said to me. Himself a doctor, he took pardonable pride in the system of public health and sanitation he had established on the island when he was its Civil Governor, from 1898 to 1906, the most critical period in the administration of the then newly acquired Japanese territory. So successful in Japanese estimate was that system that to this day it is maintained in all its essential features, and the Japanese often point to it as a distinct contribution to the world's store of knowledge and experience in colonial management. This pride I had always thought very much exaggerated until a recent accident imposed upon me a month first of agony and then of forced idleness in the government hospital at Taihoku, the capital of the island. The experience was even more unwelcome than unexpected, but it was one which I did not regret, as it afforded me an opportunity of seeing for myself what Count Goto meant by his favorite expression, 'the conquest of Taiwan by medicine.'

I

To the West, Taiwan is known as Formosa. It was the Portuguese who bestowed this poetic appellation upon the island. Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese, having established a base of operation at Macao near Canton, fitted out an expedition in quest of land in Chinese waters. When the mariners were greeted by the alluring sight of a large island, they cried, 'Ilha Formosa!' ('Beautiful Isle!') Never was a more expressive name conferred upon an isle of the sea, for Formosa, with its verdure, its azure mountain ranges, its lofty peaks rising majestically above the clouds, is one of the most attractive islands in the world.

Beautiful to the eye, Formosa was, when Japan took possession of it, far from a bed of roses. Its Chinese population, 2,900,000 strong, consisted for the most part of insurgents, brigands, and bandits, keeping the country in constant turmoil. As for the aborigines, they looked upon all foreigners, whether Japanese, Chinese, or Europeans, as sworn enemies whose skulls furnished grim ornaments for their family shelves. The whole island seethed with lawlessness, and all peace-loving souls went about their daily tasks literally carrying their lives in their hands.

Nor were insurgency, banditry, headhunting, and general lawlessness Japan's worst heritage from the Chinese régime. Dangerous as they were, she was prepared to cope with them. What confounded her was the hydra of opium, holding in its toils the population of the island in appalling numbers. Under Chinese rule opium smoking or eating was not unlawful, with the result that by the time Japan succeeded China as the mistress of Formosa one Chinese out of every eighteen had become an incurable addict. To paraphrase De Quincey, opium, that mysterious key, had opened for the Chinese the doors both to paradise and to perdition, and Japan found it impracticable to close them in the face of the clamoring multitude. Had she declared the old practice abolished by a stroke of the pen and backed up the declaration by force, all Formosa would have risen in rebellion, the law-abiding joining the lawless in one great and violent protest. To the islanders the use of opium had long been a legitimate recreation, and to prohibit it, for reasons which seemed to them at best specious and unconvincing, would have been unpardonable, depriving them of their birthright and, what was worse, inflicting upon them unnecessary suffering. It was not only irresistible craving for the sensual satisfaction afforded by opium, but the intense pain caused by a sudden denial of the drug, which rendered an abrupt suppression of the practice extremely difficult.

As an American authority tells us, an addict, if suddenly forbidden to smoke, 'coughs and chokes and suffers excruciating pains in his feet and legs. He becomes so weak presently that he cannot stand; he falls and writhes in convulsions; he vomits and doubles up with abdominal pain; his face becomes pinched and drawn; perspiration rolls from his tortured body. He may die in complete collapse. Suicide sometimes terminates the unendurable agony.'

Imagine 160,000 or more addicts in this frightful condition in a territory of 13,800 square miles. Surely the non-addict half of the population would have sided with the addicts against an inhumane government causing such a widespread suffering. The resultant upheaval would have strained the administrative capacity of the colonial government and overtaxed its military resources. Add to this the perils of malarial fevers and plagues levying periodic toll of human lives, and the task of the Japanese in Formosa was anything but enviable.

II

Such was the condition which confronted Japan in Formosa in 1896. Her immediate task was to suppress insurgency and brigandage by force of arms. Apparently this was not so difficult, though in reality military operations, unless coupled with humanitarian measures, could never win over a rebellious people. As for the opium evil, the administration was frankly at a loss to know what should be done about it. Not a few urged

drastic measures of suppression backed, if necessary, by military force. They argued that unless the drug habit was stamped out at once the Japanese immigrating to the island could not long be free from its contamination.

Thus the first two years of Japanese rule in Formosa passed in a state of uncertainty and suspense. The country, pacified only apparently, still seethed with lawlessness and discontent, while the opium vice, plagues, and fevers continued to play havoc among the natives. It was at this critical moment that Dr. Goto came to the island as Civil Governor. Enjoying the full confidence of Baron Gentaro Kodama, Governor-General, Goto was given a free hand in civil administration.

We may pause a moment for a glimpse of Goto himself, for without doubt he was one of the most interesting, most brilliant personalities upon the political stage of modern Japan. Born of a poor family in a rural town, he studied medicine while working at odd jobs, and started his professional career in a small local hospital. Who could foretell that this country physician would so distinguish himself as governor of Formosa that he would later be given four portfolios in four different cabinets? While still a minor official in the Department of Home Affairs at Tokyo, he leaped into the limelight in a most dramatic fashion. He had heard of a former feudal lord, Count Soma by name, who had been held in captivity at his own mansion by his entourage, conspiring to depose him upon the 'framed-up' ground of insanity. The whole affair was stranger than fiction, a great romance of love and jealousy, of loyalty and knavery; and Goto, inspired by a sense of justice, not, perhaps, unmixed with a love of adventure, plunged into the drama determined to expose the intrigue of which he thought the unfortunate peer a victim. For this knight-errantry Goto was arrested and incarcerated by the machination of the same crooks who plotted the riddance of Count Soma. In the end, however, Goto was exonerated and emerged a great hero, an idol of the people, inspiring songs and stories in praise of his gallantry.

The episode gives a clue to the character of the man who, in seven short years, put Formosa upon its own legs. He had both vision and courage, and conceived his ideas not merely to meet immediate needs, but with a view to posterity. When Goto assumed his duties in Formosa, one of the first things he did was to establish at Taihoku an extensive research laboratory for the twofold purpose of studying local diseases and of investigating the natural resources of the island. At the same time he launched the plan of binding the whole island, so to speak, with a chain of hospitals. First, he built twelve main hospitals in twelve important centres of population, each on a scale so large that people thought them so many white elephants on the hands of an administration still unable to support itself. Then the island was divided into twelve sanitary or health districts, each with a main hospital in the largest city and a number of branch hospitals and dispensaries in smaller towns and in villages.

In adopting these ambitious measures, apparently unjustified by actual needs, Goto had in view not only public health, but also the political and military situation still pregnant with evil possibilities. He argued that suppressive measures carried out at the point of the gun might strike fear and hatred into the hearts of recalcitrant natives, but could never inspire genuine respect, much less affection, and that, unless something was done to

ameliorate the ill feeling already excited, Japan had no alternative but to face long weary years of futile struggle. It was, therefore, imperative that the colonial administration should take some steps of humanitarian nature to win the hearts of the island people, and the most effective means of attaining this end was, as Goto saw it, to check the diseases to which the natives had succumbed in droves.

III

And so a great army of efficient doctors were invited to Formosa from Japan to take charge of the hospitals erected and equipped regardless of cost. With them also came biologists, chemists, and pharmacologists in large numbers. It was soon ascertained that the malarial fevers were spread by mosquitoes, and that there were at least ten varieties of these disease-carrying insects. Exterminate the mosquitoes, and the fevers would be exterminated. At once the government-general ordered a general mobilization for 'house cleaning' throughout the island. And house cleaning in this case did not merely mean sweeping or washing the inside of dwellings — it meant also cleaning the gardens, the yards, and even the fields. Under official surveillance marshes and stagnant waters were drained or sprinkled with kerosene, sewers and cesspools were covered, brush around dwellings was cleared — everything, in fact, was done to destroy the haunts and breeding places of the mosquitoes. The process was repeated as often as the authorities thought necessary.

In addition the government ordered that all houses should be cleaned twice a year. To this day this order is enforced with unvarying regularity every spring and autumn. During my recent visit in Formosa I chanced upon one of these house-cleaning days in Taihoku, the capital. Walking through the Chinese section, I saw all furniture, all household utensils, all mats and rugs, and even merchandise, piled up pell-mell in front of houses and shops, while the process of scouring and scrubbing was going on inside with all the vigor a Chinaman would bring to bear upon his task when under an official vigilance. The regulation, of course, also applies to the Japanese. Thus twice a year all Formosa, purified from head to foot, as it were, experiences a reassuring sensation that at least for the next half year the dread plagues which used to prey upon the inhabitants will have no chance to creep into its homes and shops.

To the native all this was a new-fangled idea, at first incomprehensible, useless, irksome. He could not see any earthly relationship between the malarial fevers and the brush and sewers and cesspools around his house. They had stood there for ages and had served useful purposes, and if the fevers got the better of him once in a while that was because he had somehow or other angered one god or another which stood guard over his ancestral abode. And as for the semiannual house cleaning, why so much patter and pother when he was sure that the gods would visit the scourge of plague upon him whenever and wherever they saw fit? Even the hospital, opened largely for his benefit at enormous cost, he failed to appreciate. He even thought it a place where the Japanese tortured the sick to death.

Such was the first response of the natives to the health measures. Disconcerting as this seemed, it was anticipated from the beginning. But under a persistent campaign of education, coupled with the demonstrated efficacy of modern therapy, native

skepticism gradually gave way to sympathy and appreciation. Soon the hospitals were crowded with patients, and the Japanese doctors, once objects of fear and suspicion, became good Samaritans in native eyes. Even the periodic cleaning so meticulously carried out under official orders ceased to be irksome. Nor is this surprising, for no normal man can fail to appreciate the fact that plagues have virtually disappeared and that mortality by malarial and other local fevers has been reduced by 60 per cent. Nowhere else, perhaps, can the sick and wounded be tended so cheaply at such well-appointed hospitals as in Formosa. In all seriousness, the Japanese advise you to go to Formosa if you expect to be sick or wounded!

As is evident from the foregoing, the government, with its network of hospitals and dispensaries, established a virtual monopoly in the medical profession. This was, however, a temporary expedient to meet urgent needs in the first stage of the new régime. As the government medical school turned out in increasing numbers native practitioners trained in modern science, branch hospitals and dispensaries in towns and villages were gradually abolished, leaving only the twelve main hospitals in twelve larger cities. In addition there are thirty hospitals for infectious diseases maintained by provincial governments. My personal experience in one of the twelve main institutions is so enlightening that I am tempted to describe it at some length.

IV

It happened this way. I was going to a village of savage aborigines, head-hunters until recently, up in the mountains some ten miles from Taihoku. I was riding in a sort of chair car, a four-wheeled two-passenger affair propelled by a Chinese coolie upon a narrow track of frail rails winding up the foothills. At a sharp curve our car collided with another loaded with coal, for the track was single. I was pinched between the two vehicles, and as a result acquired a couple of fractured ribs and cut and bruised legs. The coolies improvised a stretcher and carried me on it down to the foot of the hill, where a motor ambulance from the government hospital at Taihoku was awaiting me.

And now about the hospital. As my pain subsided I began to learn something of the extraordinary nature of the institution. I found out to my great amazement that being a patient there cost only one third as much as it would to live at a first-class hotel in the same city. I was given a suite of two rooms — the larger one for myself, the smaller for my two nurses. The price was only four yen, or less than two dollars, a day, including the necessary surgical attendance and materials and medicines. The room rent did not include the cost of food, but you would hardly believe me if I were to tell you what I paid for my food. For three wholesome, even delicious, meals brought to my bed on a dainty lacquered tray I paid only one yen and eighty sen, or less than ninety cents, a day. For breakfast I had a hot soup *à la japonaise* and three dishes, occasionally including two soft-boiled eggs. For tiffin and dinner I had another bowl of soup and four or five dishes of fish, eggs, vegetables, and occasionally a little meat. All this for ninety cents! If I was too sick to eat or preferred to have food sent in from outside for a change, I did not pay the hospital for the meals so omitted.

Charges for operation are equally low. Operation fee for appendicitis, for example, is from twenty-five yen

($12.50) to thirty-five yen ($17.50). What struck me as most extraordinary was that the fee for an ordinary maternity case is only three yen, or about $1.50. Including all other hospital charges, a Formosan mother can bring her child into the light of day for a few dollars in the accepted modern way. I know a number of my friends in New York, all men of modest means, whose hospital bills for a confinement case amounted to a thousand dollars. One paid two thousand for his first-born, and became then and there an advocate of Sangerism! The government of Formosa, it seems to me, might raise the charges at the maternity hospitals to the American level, if it would preserve the island for Japanese immigration.

As it is, the government maintains the hospitals at a great loss. Annual expenditure of the twelve hospitals runs well over a million yen, while their income is less than half a million. The hospital at Taihoku, the largest of the twelve, is housed in enormous brick buildings erected at a cost of 3,200,000 yen. It is equipped for four hundred in-patients and hundreds of out-patients. The number of patients treated at this single institution is more than six hundred thousand a year.

V

So much for the hospitals and the control of plagues and fevers. Even more difficult was the control of opium. Again the genius of Goto proved equal to the task, conceiving the idea of exterminating the drug evil by weeding out addicts by a license and ration system, coupled with a government monopoly which would regulate according to actual needs the importation of raw material and the manufacture of refined opium therefrom. Under this system no one without a license issued by the proper authorities was permitted either to sell or to obtain opium. An addict could obtain a license only when the fact of his addiction was established by examination by an authorized physician. The quantity of opium for daily consumption was determined by the degree of addiction, and was designated on the license, as well as in the pass book with which each licensed addict was provided and which he must produce whenever he wished to obtain his ration from the licensed dealer. The quantity of opium the dealer was permitted to sell an addict at a time should not exceed his (the addict's) ration for three days. The dealer was required to enter in his retail book the names and addresses of the addicts who obtained opium of him, together with the quantities and prices of opium sold to each. Should the entries in the dealer's retail book disagree with the entries in the addict's pass book, the police authorities might investigate the discrepancy, thus minimizing the chances of the addict's purchases exceeding his prescribed ration.

This Japanese system is, contrary to popular understanding, widely different from the system which is in effect in all European colonies in Asia — India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Brunei, Mauritius, Hongkong, Iraq, the Netherlands East Indies, and French Indo-China. Under the Japanese system both opium dealers and addicts are licensed; under the European system dealers are licensed, but addicts are not. In practical operation the two systems bring about vastly different results.

India furnishes the best illustration of the European system. There the addict neither is licensed nor has his ration regulated by the authorities.

The only restriction is that no licensed dealer may, to quote from *The Truth about India Opium*, published by the India Office of the British Government, 'sell to any one person at one time more than the quantity of opium which an individual may lawfully possess.' Note the language used in designating an opium buyer. This document significantly uses the term 'any one person' or 'an individual,' instead of 'a licensed addict.' Anyone in India, whether an addict or a non-addict, may obtain opium from any licensed druggist or vendor. True, the quantity he may buy at a time is limited to something between 360 and 540 grains according to locality, but as there is no rationing system enforced by means of license and purchase book, he may make repeated purchases at different shops by disposing of the amount of one purchase between times. In India not even minors are prohibited from smoking opium, while in Formosa no minor is permitted to smoke.

In order to put the license and ration system into effect, the Formosa Government had to ascertain the number of addicts. This was no easy task, as Formosa under the old régime had never taken a census. But without waiting until the enumeration was completed the government in 1898 licensed 95,449 addicts. In 1900, as a result of a more thoroughgoing survey, the number increased to 165,752. During the following ten years 50,000 more addicts, who had escaped the previous enumerations, were given a license. Yet in spite of this addition the total of addicts decreased year by year. In 1900 total addicts, as we have seen, numbered 165,752. By 1926 these had decreased to 33,755. As the government issues no license either to non-addicts or to minors, the majority of the licensed addicts at present are over fifty-five years of age. Only a few, less than twenty, are between twenty-one and thirty years of age, while about 24,000 are of various ages between fifty-one and seventy. Therefore, in fifteen or twenty years hence the opium-using population will become a negligible quantity, thus fulfilling Goto's prediction that in fifty years Formosa would rid itself of opium addicts.

The monopoly and license system in Formosa has killed two birds with one stone — solving the opium question on one hand, and on the other providing the natives with modern hospitals and other means of improving public health.

The system, as conceived by Goto, was not a means of revenue. Whatever profit it has made has been expended for hospitals and general health measures. The average yearly receipts of the opium monopoly are about 1 per cent of the total revenue of the island. Compare this with similar receipts in other colonies. The opium revenue of the British Administration in India is about 3 per cent of the total, while in the Straits Settlements (British) it varies between 30 and 60 per cent. In the Federated Malay States (British) one fifth of the total revenue comes from opium, while the Dutch East Indies get 11 per cent of their revenue from the same source. The British Administration in India conducts the cultivation of the poppy, as well as the manufacture and sale of opium, as a government monopoly. It issues a license to whoever wishes to cultivate the poppy, and advances the necessary funds to enable the planter to tide over the period between the sowing and harvesting. The crop, when ripe, is collected by a government agent and taken to the government factory at Ghazipur. Opium thus manufactured is either exported or

turned over to the Excise Department, which retails the drug to the natives through some 6400 licensed shops.

Perhaps the greatest significance of the Japanese system in Formosa lies in the new moral idea it has created. The rigid governmental supervision has made the natives, especially those of the new generation, look upon opium smoking as a vice — something which fixes odium upon those who indulge in the practice. The young Formosans have little desire to seek the questionable pleasure at the expense of their honor and reputation. This moral change is even more important than the tangible achievements of Japan's opium policy in Formosa.

VI

Thus far we have dealt largely with the Chinese population of Formosa. Besides the Chinese, there are 85,000 aborigines still remaining outside the purview of civilization. What has been done for them in the way of health improvement?

Strangely the savages have, with few exceptions, been free from opium smoking. This is largely due to the fact that they had no real contact with the Chinese when the Chinese were free to use and sell opium without restriction. For two hundred years the Chinese abused and maltreated the aborigines, cheating them out of their lands and crops and robbing them of what few chattels they possessed, even their Lares and Penates. Thus the savages of the mountains came to regard all Chinese of the plains as their deadly enemies, thirsting for their blood and hunting for their heads. Occasionally there was barter between the mountaineers and the plainsmen, but the Chinese seldom offered the savages so costly an article as opium. So the aborigines escaped the curse of the drug.

But the very cause of their immunity from opium proved a serious obstacle to the Japanese administration in its efforts to extend modern health and therapeutic measures to the savage districts, for the head-hunters, having been illtreated by the Chinese, had come to look upon all foreigners as their enemies. To make them the more dangerous, not a few of them had guns, possibly taken from their Chinese victims. In these circumstances the employment of force by the authorities was inevitable, at least in the first stages of pacification. One after another the tribes have surrendered before forcible measures, handing over their rifles to the police with great reluctance.

With the savages reasonably tamed, the government has launched health measures in their districts. But it has been found impracticable to station official doctors or persuade private practitioners to settle in such districts. As an expedient the police assigned to savage regions have, in many instances, been trained to minister to the sick and wounded. At first these primitive folk were even more suspicious of modern therapeutics than were their Chinese cousins, and their suspicion is not yet entirely dissipated. To convince them that the medicine contains no poison, the policeman-doctor often has to partake of a dose before giving it to his patients. Imagine his predicament when he has to make rounds of calls among his savage patients! Another difficulty is that these childlike mountaineers expect the doctor to work miracles. If a medicine does not produce immediate effect they think it useless and the doctor a fraud. But with a persistent campaign of education and with the extension of the public-school system to the savage

districts, such obstacles will be gradually removed. Already some of the tribes are sufficiently civilized to produce from among their own numbers a few physicians trained at the government medical school.

The savages are susceptible to all sorts of ailments and diseases to which humanity is heir, and mortality among them has been inordinately high. Malarial fevers, smallpox, and other epidemics are very common. To the aborigines all sicknesses are ordained by the gods, and the only way to alleviate the former is to appease the latter. They are particularly fearful of epidemics, looking upon them as the most terrific form of divine wrath. A man afflicted with an epidemic is left utterly alone to die or pull through; for all, not excepting his closest kin, run away from him as one cursed by the gods. Naturally, before the advent of the Japanese, the savages had no doctor, not even a quack, among them. All they did to dispel a sickness was to appease the gods by sacrificing a pig or a fowl, or to hire a diviner who would rub a stone or a twig over the head and affected parts of the patient, repeating the while a sort of prayer.

One of the most unsanitary practices in the savage community was that of burying the dead within the hut of the surviving family. A hut, commonly eight or nine feet square, has four beds built directly on the ground, one in each corner. The usual custom was to bury the corpse under the bed used by the nearest relative of the deceased. As the hole was not dug deep the odor was unbearable, not to mention its effect upon the health of the occupants of the hut. When a few years ago the government ordered this practice stopped, the savages lifted their hands in holy horror, declaring that the spirit of the deceased would never rest if his body were buried out in the open field. But the hue and cry was short-lived, for the aborigines soon found out the benefits, both spiritual and material, of the innovation.

The abolition of tattooing was another salutary change, at first opposed but now heartily welcomed by the savages. Tattooing as practised among the Tayals, the largest of the nine Formosa tribes, was frightfully crude and barbarous — something totally different from 'civilized' tattooing. The tool used was a piece of wood, about an inch wide and some six inches long, planted with rows of metal needles. This sort of metal brush, after being dipped in a pigment of pine soot, was repeatedly hammered into the flesh. The process was completed at one sitting, or rather 'lying,' lasting for three or four hours. For the boy, the ceremony used to take place at fourteen or fifteen years of age, usually after he had cut off a head, in commemoration of his entry upon man's estate. For the girl, too, it was observed at about the same age. The boy was tattooed on the forehead, the girl on both cheeks, extending from mouth to ear. He or she would lie heroically on a mat while the teeth of the brush were pounded through the skin. The pain must have been terrific, and when the operation was over the whole face was so swollen and feverish that the victim of this savage custom had to endure days of agony.

When the government issued orders against this practice, the old folk complained bitterly. 'If our boys and girls were not properly tattooed,' said they, 'we should not know when they passed their childhood, and how homely they would look!' The younger folk welcomed the decree, at first rather timidly. Though they were glad that it would spare them the ordeal of tattooing, they were not certain whether

they would look 'nice' without observing the established custom, and, what was more important, whether the gods would be pleased. But as tattooless children grew up and married with nothing evil happening to them, both young and old were convinced that the government was more beneficent than the gods, and how happy they are now that the new generation need no longer suffer the terrible torture which the old endured with stoical resignation.

VII

It is not my intention to give the impression that Japan's colonial administration in Formosa is ideal. Politically and commercially, her policy there is frankly one of imperialism, and like all policies of this nature it has its weaknesses, which for lack of space I cannot discuss. Yet, considering that Japan had no colonial experience until she acquired this island, what she has achieved here may be regarded as a fair success. Towards the natives the administration has been benevolent, if absolute. Financially, it became independent of the home treasury in less than ten years, and, what is more, has since always had a comfortable surplus. Under its financial protection Japanese ships have developed trade between Formosa and the islands to the southward. Already the exports of the island have reached 263,300,000 yen, as against imports of 186,400,000 yen. All this has created a prosperity undreamed of under the Chinese régime. One might think that the natives would be happy and contented. But they are not. They are beginning to be restive, clamoring for participation in government with a view to ultimate home rule. Nor is this surprising, as the Japanese administration itself has helped to create native interest in politics by a modern system of education. It has established eight hundred and sixty-two primary schools, nine intermediate schools, eleven girls' high schools, and sixteen technical schools. In addition there are three normal schools, a higher middle school, a medical college, three commercial schools, an industrial school, and a school of agriculture and forestry. Even a university is now being established at Taihoku. If education be a source of enlightenment as well as of discontent, the school system Japan has developed and is still developing in Formosa may yet prove her own sorrow.

A TALE OF TWO PIGS

BY HERBERT B. ELLISTON

'THE time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.'
— Tweedledee, in *Through the Looking-glass*

IT has not escaped the revisionists that the pig figures among the war guilty. Not the whole realm of pigdom, but a particular pig — to be precise, the *porcus Serbianus*.

In pre-war days this Serbian member of the species led Serbia by the nose. It thrust her into foreign trade; it started her on the path of industrialization. The one led to ill feeling with Austria-Hungary so intense that it attained the dimensions of a pig war. Both of them combined to promote a national spirit which asserted itself vigorously against the pretensions of Vienna. Serbian swine were thus artificers of Serajevo as well as Serbia.

Not only was Serbia's agricultural economy dominated by pigs, but pigs were the peasant's 'cash crop.' Dean Swift's famous specific for correcting the evil of excessive fertility among the poor — namely, to kill the babies for food — could not apply in the case of Serbian pigs, for the digestive system, slow in any case to dispose of pork, would rebel at too much pork. The peasant had to live on pigs by getting rid of them through exchange for other commodities. But — exchange with whom? Since his neighbor also raised pigs, and since these also constituted *his* surplus, there was no point in exchanging pigs for pigs. That would have been the porcine equivalent of taking in each other's washing. The way out was in trade across the frontier, and this meant with Austria-Hungary, for Cuba is no less dependent on the United States than Serbia was on Austria-Hungary. Serbia had no seaboard and was far removed from the nearest export harbors at Galatz, Salonika, and Fiume; Turkey to the south was Mohammedan, and therefore had a complex about pigs; Bulgaria to the east was under Ottoman suzerainty, and by no means friendly to the Serbs. So, as pigs grew and flourished in Serbia, they began to flow in legions across the River Save into Hungary, and, by grace of the Austrian railroad system, to markets beyond.

I

Hungary had both a plenitude of pigs and a pig problem. The green maize of the rich Hungarian plain nourishes live stock in abundance. To this anyone who has slithered through Hungarian mud, trying to dodge Hungarian hogs, will bear witness.

The Hungarian peasant was therefore full of wrath when he saw the porkers of Serbia invading his domain. He was as angry as are our American manufacturers when foreign competition threatens to rob them of American customers. Your preserve is your perquisite; the other fellow's yours if you can get it. So the Hungarians said: 'These Serbs are taking the bread out of our mouths. Whoso buys a pig in Austria-Hungary must buy a home-bred pig from Hungary. That is right. It is reasonable. It is patriotic.' The farmers had a voice as well as a stake in the country. Their interests were well looked after by the Hungarian diet at Budapest, whose pressure on Vienna, the conductor of the foreign relations of the Dual Monarchy, resulted in the imposition of prohibitory tariffs on Serbian pigs. No longer could the pigs go to market. The pig war was on.

On the other side of the Save the object of this warfare continued willy-nilly to multiply and increase. Acorn-fattened in the vast Serbian forests, progeny poured down to the lowlands for winter disposal. They had to be taken care of while Magyar antiporcine eloquence reverberated through the halls of Congress. A hemmed-in Serbia had somehow to expel, or, as Charles Lamb would have said, to extra-domiciliate, them. The Serbs solved the problem by cutting the Gordian knot that bound them to Austria-Hungary.

This daring move was the work of King Peter, who came to the Serb throne in 1903. It was meet that he should become the porker's patron, for he was of the House of Karageorgevich, the 'Black Georges,' whose founder was a swineherd. Two years after his accession Belgrade signed a treaty ushering in a customs union with Bulgaria. It marked Serbia's release from the swaddling clothes of Austro-Hungarian economic subjection. Battalions of penned-in pigs began to debouch on to the hospitable plains of Bulgaria with the blind unknowing eagerness of the Gadarene swine. They flocked through the Bulgar ports on the Black Sea to over-sea abattoirs.

Vienna raged, but Mr. Pashich and his ministers, backed by the imperturbable Peter, stood firm, while the records mark no diminution in Bulgar activity in turning Serb pig into pork, or as pig brokers. The treaty encouraged Serbia to make further excursions into foreign diplomacy. Another trail through a commercial agreement was marked out to Italy. Even France, faced with a growing demand for the gustable *côtelette de porc frais*, did not disdain the virtues of Serbian pig, and signed an accord permitting importations.

The relief of pig pressure at home resulted in a prestige abroad which built up Serbia's international stature. For the trade had an income at its hoofs and with it the Belgrade treasury was enabled to establish foreign credits for the purpose of buying munitions and developing a military equipment ready for *Der Tag*.

In blazing these new trails the Serb pigs had not forgotten the path across the Save. Trade is related to the instinct of self-preservation and cannot be stopped by fiat. The Serb-Austrian break did not deter the progress of the Serb pigs to the Austro-Hungarian market. But it was no longer an easy route. The anti-Serb agrarian policy of Hungary now had full rein. It was aimed at repelling all meat importations into Austria-Hungary, particularly from Serbia. The Magyars recked little that the rapidly developing urbanization of Austria-Hungary had brought on a meat shortage. Austria

chanted with Hungary, *Die Serben, das sind Schweine!* but you most often rail at the man you are dependent upon, and Austrian city needs overcame political antipathies.

Austria wanted pigs which the Hungarian sties could not supply. They wanted other meat of which the Argentine seemed the logical purveyor. But the Hungarians said, 'If we cannot supply enough, then you must starve.' We should nowadays call the Hungarian attitude a protest against 'social dumping.' National passions are easily aroused by the competition in the home market of a neighbor possessing a lower standard of life. The cities, however, did not choose to starve in the interests of economic nationalism. They started a vigorous anti-agrarian campaign which dominated internal politics till 1911. The pig war put on a fratricidal aspect.

Austrian connivance encouraged Serb ingenuity to elude the sharp eyes of the Hungarian gendarmerie, ever watchful on the left bank of the Save. At dead of night decoy boats containing a few puling porkers would be floated over. Immediately a hue and cry would be raised. The gendarmes would be attracted from their scattered posts, and, while they fumed over their prize, boatload after boatload of fat and struggling swine would be rowed across at the temporarily unguarded points. It was a game as rich in adventure, if not as profitable, as rum running.

II

There was a brief official renewal of intercourse in 1908. In that year Austria and Serbia came to an agreement. One of the provisions read, 'Importation of live stock from Serbia is prohibited.' This was necessary, it was declared, to safeguard Austria-Hungary from the distemper which the noxious pigs would inevitably bring. In these more scientific days the Economic Committee of the League of Nations would have labeled the practice a form of 'administrative protection.' Administrative protection is any extra-tariff enactment which gains the same end as a prohibitory tariff — namely, keeps goods out. A recent example was the Mexican order that the formulas of French perfumery should be pasted on all bottles imported into Mexico. Another was the American order which decreed that Dutch tulip bulbs were contaminated. The Austrian order was in the same category. As a sop to Serb susceptibilities, the ordinance allowed limited importations of slaughtered hogs.

Serbia renewed intercourse with her tongue in her cheek. She knew that a writ of paper emanating from a foreign office could not stem the avalanche of live pigs which the Serb peasant was nightly propelling across the Save. Relations were so exacerbated that the agreement amounted only to a breathing spell in diplomatic warfare. The events that upset it were the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the declaration of Bulgarian independence — events of sufficient magnitude to cause flurries of concern in all the European chancelleries. The frontier with Austria-Hungary now drew around Serbia's western flank. Gone seemed the dream of union with Bosnia and Herzegovina — the 'great Serbian idea.' The Serb people clamored for war, but the Great Powers were lukewarm, and the storm blew over, leaving Serbia with the feeling that her cause had been deserted by her Russian patron and brother Slav. Serbia had now more or less to fend for herself. Fending meant growing, growing involved nation building, and nation building implied the extension of pig markets. She developed trade down

the Danube to Braila and Constantza, along the Bulgarian railroad to the Black Sea, and over the Orient railway to Salonika. At these termini Greek, Rumanian, and Italian ships distributed Serbian pigs far and wide.

Dispersion so far from home caused many of the long-suffering hogs to die before they reached their destination. They became the martyrs of industrialization. Modern factories sprang up to turn the hogs into pork, sausages, and lard. Little Serbia, like our Chicago packers, began to 'live off the squeal as well as the hoof,' and the squeal carved out wider areas of Serbian influence.

In 1911 Austro-Serb treaty relations were reëstablished, but the agreement remained only a gesture, for it once more prohibited the importation of live hogs. Other regulations impeded the trade in slaughtered pigs. So sensitive was Hungarian policy toward the Serbian pig that one article provided for the slaughter of any pigs destined for Austria-Hungary under the supervision of Austro-Hungarian veterinarians. Yet another article assuaged Hungarian sentiment by providing that the carcasses might only be sent to cities where the demand for meat was particularly pressing and then only in sealed cars. Apparently there was a danger, in Hungarian eyes, of a leakage even of dead hogs. The treaty was not calculated to heal the old animosities, the extent of which was revealed at Serajevo, when a fanatical pro-Serb student lit the torch that plunged half the world in cataclysmic strife.

III

The *porcus Serbianus* is no longer lord of the Serb economy. Is this due to the casualties of war? Mr. Hoover's Relief Commission thought so. They sent shipload after shipload of canned pork to Salonika for distribution in southern Serbia. Far be it from me to deny the war contribution as well as the war guiltiness of the Serbian pig. But I cannot accept Mr. Hoover's explanation of its decline. (Neither could the Serbs, for that matter; it seemed to them that sending pigs to Serbia was like sending beer to Munich.) Perhaps its migratory, not to say its imperialist, tendencies have been quieted by the translation of Serbia into Yugoslavia. The reason may perhaps be the more prosaic one that it has been dethroned by other elements in a more diversified agriculture and husbandry. Or perhaps it is only that its political stamping ground has shifted.

I suspect the last. For the characteristics of the *porcus Serbianus* seem to have been taken over by the *porcus Polonianus*. The Polish pig is just as full of *Wanderlust*, if not as wild, as its Serbian cousin.

It was once said that the greatest danger to England lay in the fecundity of the Slav woman. Fecundity of course is not enough. It is the use that is made of progeny. In the case of the little Slavs, they were potential challengers to Britain's spread-eagled empire. In the case of Polish pigs, their litters are issuing out of Poland to stake out markets hitherto considered the prerogative, because the preserve, of the indigenous. They are choking a score of trade routes. They are plaguing a dozen chancelleries.

I ran into the problem first of all at Geneva, where the members of the Economic Committee of the League of Nations periodically foregather to consider the world's economic ills. They are particularly concerned with the smoothing of commercial intercourse. On the day I arrived they were discussing customs nomenclature. How could they standardize their diversified schedules?

Difficulties over customs classifications are not the least of the obstacles besetting international trade. Particularly is trouble caused over the rarities and miscellanea of commerce. The mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh was once classified as dried codfish by a bewildered customs inspectorate, and duty was paid on it as dried codfish. Signor Pirelli tells us that false teeth are grouped with field glasses and microscopes in one country and with trunks in another. At one frontier fuel peat is listed with truffles while at another it is covered by art works and pencils.

If these inconsistencies were ironed out, not only would trade be expedited, but international relations would be improved. One can imagine the feeling aroused in Egypt over the designation of Imperial Pharaoh as dried codfish. Sardines from the United States are similarly mistreated in nomenclature for the purpose of tariff assessment at maximum rates. One can appreciate the sentiment of our own Pacific Coast when the ancestry of 100 per cent American sardines is so impugned.

To this important task of bringing uniformity out of chaos the delegates to the Economic Committee are applying themselves. When I arrived they had ploughed alphabetically through the body of customs classifications up to '*p* — pigs.' 'Pigs' seemed easy. At least, so the chairman thought. 'Gentlemen,' he said, in announcing '*p* — pigs,' 'I don't think there is any difficulty here. Pigs are quite definitely and knowably pigs. I think the nomenclature is standard, is it not? If it is, I think we might safely pass on to the next item. Do you agree, gentlemen?'

'No,' protested the Polish delegate. 'Pigs are so important in the trade of my country that in our schedule we have divided them into two main categories, lean pigs and fat pigs.'

And so I left them, with their toes stubbed on '*p* — pigs,' wondering how to bring Polish porkers into a pattern of trading uniformity.

Pondering on the importance of pigs to Poland, I went to Vienna, where I had an appointment with the editor of a well-known Austrian newspaper. The editor was full of praise of Monsignor Seipel. 'If we had had him as chancellor in pre-war days,' he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'the World War, and the break-up of Austria-Hungary, might have been spared us.'

I was invited to look at his record as meriting my admiration. It was amply illustrative of industry and conscientious service.

'Just to show you how seriously he takes his duties,' said the editor, 'you will be interested to know what he is doing now. Austria's relations with Poland are seriously disturbed. In fact, you have come to us at quite a critical time. They sent us two hundred and fifty thousand more live hogs last year than they did the year before. These excessive importations have aroused lively protests from our agricultural classes. Of late years they have been speeding up their husbandry. But it is being throttled by these Polish pigs. You will see the situation is very delicate.'

He paused, and I hastily agreed, but, recalling Austria's pre-war porkless status, I asked for more information about the nascent pig industry. Apparently Austria no longer suffered from pig-barrenness. Pigs were so profuse, in fact, that the agrarian folk, like the pre-war Hungarian, were crying aloud for protection against all incomers.

'So urgent is our problem,' the editor continued, after this interruption, 'that

Monsignor Seipel has thought it advisable to take it upon himself. And he has been engaged on it for many weeks past. It is a dilemma. He has to pacify our farmers. That can come only by limiting Polish importations. Yet we cannot raise the tariff because of treaty stipulations. And we cannot take any extra-tariff measures because they would tread too violently on Polish toes.'

'What will he do?' I asked, impressed.

'That I cannot tell you,' was the reply. 'He is a skillful diplomat and he is hoping to secure a kind of gentlemen's agreement restraining the pig invasion. If any man can do it, it is Seipel.'

I had come to Vienna hopeful of a talk with the Chancellor, but to all inquiries I was told that the Polish negotiations demanded his whole attention. They were too important to be left to subordinates. So I left Vienna to its problem of how most delicately to stem the invasion of Polish pigs.

Berlin was my next call, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Reichstag my next appointment. He had six months before told me that in the list of Germany's foreign troubles the question of the Rhineland ranked second to that of the eastern frontier. I wondered whether anything had happened in the meantime to make him change the order.

'No,' he said, 'our eastern relations are worse, if anything. Fighting tariffs and import prohibitions is still the rule in our unregulated relations with Poland. A commercial treaty seems as far off as ever.'

We were seated in the gallery, looking down on the parliamentarians below; they had just returned from a division on some financial measure. My interlocutor waited until the voting had been announced, and then resumed. 'I cannot see any hope just yet. The Rhineland seems to be in process of settlement, but Poland' — and he shrugged his shoulders despairingly. 'Negotiations, you know, are now being taken care of by Dr. Stresemann personally. The reason is that they are concerned with' — and he dropped into a whisper — 'Polish pigs.'

Germany with this problem too! I smiled. 'You may smile,' he rebuked me, 'but you would n't if you realized how important these things are to us. You in your country are n't afflicted with close neighbors. Your farmers are n't on the ragged edge of things. In Silesia our peasants raise their own pigs and naturally expect to market them in their own country. Germany is reputed to have the greatest number of pigs per square mile of all of the larger states. And they are mostly concentrated in our eastern and northeastern territory. And yet Polish pigs are flocking across the border, and eating into that market. This in spite of our bad relations with the Poles.

'I tell you, sir' (my friend is a staunch Nationalist), 'they are taking the bread out of our peasants' mouths.'

A week or two after this conversation I found myself on English soil. Polish pigs had not left my mind, but I had had no time to prosecute inquiries into their further peregrinations. One day I was lunching with an old acquaintance who is a figure in the imported-provision trade. He was lamenting the frozen condition of the Baltic.

'Just as I was building up a nice little trade in Polish bacon!' he exclaimed. 'Now supplies are temporarily stopped and I am driven back

to the Dutch, who were holding me up until the Poles began to develop a bacon trade with us.'

I had regained the trail of the plethoric and proliferating Polish pig via the slaughterhouse.

IV

'The more it changes, the more it is the same thing.' Polish pigs are now strutting the European stage once occupied by Serbian pigs. By the recent agreement with Rumania they have found an outlet through the Danubian exits for pre-war Serbian pigs — Braila and Galatz. How successful is the trade is shown by the statistics. Every year well over a million are exported on the hoof (or the wing), the figures having gone up threefold since 1924. They are eloquent of the reason for Poland's insistence on deliveries in kind instead of cash payments in liquidating her Young Plan obligations as a successor state.

But — a million fresh Polish pigs swarming over Europe every year! Europe shudders, and classifies pigs as one of her major troubles, with pig iron. For old mercantilist theories are reviving which look upon imports as things to be retarded, not as exchanges. If imports allow nations to satisfy needs below cost price, they are equally anathema! Even free goods are looked at askance; witness, German reparation deliveries, concerning which the British attitude, as shown at the Hague Conference, is 'Beware of the Germans bearing gifts!'

What is the solution? Concerning pigs, birth control? Is Nature so exuberant that we must reject her favors? The bounty of pigs is not the only bounty we suffer from. Fish are so prolific that we throw them back into the sea; sugar yields so plentifully that we limit crops; wheat threatens to glut our markets, and we talk of giving it away to the starving Chinese; fruit is left to rot in too generous orchards; production of basic minerals is restricted by quotas. All to keep up prices. Yet we are told that we are eating into our inheritance; truly, to invert the Malthusian formula, our inheritance is eating into us, and the pig pressure on population might well be borne in mind in explaining the pig pressure on *haute politique*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Horrors of museum trotting and a remedy

Although all members of the Contributors' Club are anonymous, it is fair, as it is good club custom, to let it be known what manner of person is speaking. I am, then, a high-school teacher of free-hand drawing, one of those who are feminizing our popular education, and I function in a small Long Island community.

Weepeckit, L. I., however, is not without its aspirations to culture. I have with difficulty achieved two memorable summer trips to Europe, and I have tried to consolidate the impressions thereby gained, somewhat hurriedly, by attending Miss Dorothy Saltonstall's six parlor lectures on 'Painting through the Ages.' She has relations in Boston, has made four trips to Europe, and has read every word that Bernard Berenson, Roger Fry, Clive Bell, Royal Cortissoz, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., James G. Huneker, Leo Stein, and Walter Pach have written on painting.

Her talks and lantern slides inspired me to revisit the Metropolitan Museum. So, taking the 7.38 on a Saturday, I arrived at its portal just before the opening hour, ten o'clock. Over the uneasy and eager crowd waiting for the turnstile I felt a certain superiority, for I knew just what I wanted to see — namely, the Rembrandts, the Vermeers, and the Italian primitives. With so intelligently limited a programme, I felt sure of a profitable and delightful day before the 5.26 should bear me back to my light housekeeping and electric chafing dish.

Dis aliter visum, as my colleague Gwendolyn Davis remarks when things go wrong with her. My visit turned out to be a fatiguing one, as you shall hear.

Being properly primed by Miss Saltonstall, I started for the early Vermeer in the Altman Collection. Foreseeing a hard day, I took the elevator, walked through a hundred feet of alluring modern bronzes, then with averted eyes through a gallery of enticing Japanese potteries, next through many galleries of old sculpture, furniture, and prints, and at last, a little bewildered, stood before 'The Sleeping Servant.' My next objective was the two Vermeers in the Dutch gallery. That meant a walk of a quarter of a mile, much of it being along my old route, but varied by a suite of period rooms, by a mixed gallery of old masters, another of recent American paintings, a long gallery of small metal work, and two more of French and English paintings. Having found the effort not to look fatiguing, this time I looked, but as little as possible. That was less confusing but even more tiring, and it took minutes of pulling myself together before I could enjoy, even tepidly, that loveliest of Dutch pictures, 'The Lady at a Casement.' To see the Rembrandts I repeated the shuttling manœuvre. Then fled to the cafeteria for a sandwich, heartening coffee, and a cigarette, being physically and mentally bruised. While I smoked I thought the whole thing over.

It was always the same. To see the Early Italians, I must do what I had done for the Vermeers and Rembrandts — take inevitable long walks

through distracting galleries. I re-studied the Museum plan. Some Italian sculpture was in the Morgan collection, near Eighty-third Street, some in the general galleries near Eighty-first. To pass from one to the other I must either see or ignore many galleries of splendid Eastern rugs and potteries, or, by an alternate route, many of Chinese paintings, porcelains, and jade. Ever the same obstacles to finding tranquilly the thing one wished to see.

I did, against my better judgment, manage the Italian primitives between lunch and tea, but at the cost of extreme exhaustion and a headache. At tea I had the good luck to meet my college mate, Susan Grantly, assistant curator in one of the departments. Telling her my troubles, I asked if there were no remedy.

'None whatever,' she said crisply. 'Museums have to be big, and so they have to be confusing.'

'Why could n't they be smaller?' I asked.

'Because we must show to students everything possible in their field,' she answered.

'At least there might be more museums,' I gasped, 'and not this mess of everything. Painting and sculpture by itself, for example.'

'That 's quite impossible,' she said sternly. 'There are n't enough boards of trustees.'

I was going to ask, 'Why not make enough boards?' when I saw that the subject, on her side, was closed.

Two hours later, in my room, I got my aching feet into bed slippers, supped on a bromo-seltzer and a whole-wheat biscuit, fell asleep in my chair, and, when my brain had stopped whirling, had a dream.

I had passed the great door of a museum, and saw at the right a booth with a dozen neat guards waiting, some wheel chairs, and a rack on which hung many spotless white bandages. One of the guards approached me and courteously asked, 'Are you visiting the museum in general, or something in particular?'

'In particular,' I answered stiffly. 'I want to see the Vermeers, but it is almost impossible, with the size and awful arrangement of this museum.'

The guard smiled. 'It used to be so, lady, but we have found a remedy. Would you rather be wheeled or led?'

'I will be led,' I answered.

'These are sterilized,' he said, while he deftly bandaged my eyes. Taking his arm, I was pleasantly conscious of a short walk, of the creaking of an elevator, of a longer walk, until the silent guide asked, 'Will you begin with "The Lady at a Casement" or "The Lady with a Lute"?'

'With "The Lady at a Casement," of course,' I said.

He withdrew the bandage and I saw as I had never seen before that masterpiece so perfect in harmonies of straw color and pale blue, in reality, in the beauty of housewifely morale, in just everything.

'Shall I wait for you, or come back when you say?' the guard suggested. 'The other Vermeer is in a special collection far away.'

'Come in half an hour, please,' I said.

He came. Again I strolled unperturbed and delightfully to my objective, and left the museum both exalted and refreshed.

On waking, it seemed to me — and still seems — that there was something in my dream, so I pass it on to my fellow members of the Club. If a museum really can't find any reasonable way of bringing a work of art before a visitor, might n't there be some way of bringing the visitor immediately and tranquilly before the work of art? I

am thinking of taking up the matter with Dorothy Saltonstall, whose uncle is a trustee of an art museum.

Wild words I have met

My paternal grandfather, by all accounts, was a bizarre creature. It was his wont to while away particularly long, chill New England evenings — of which, so it would seem, there were a great many — by reading Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The evenings must have been very long and extremely chilly, because, according to a family tradition, he actually reached 'zythum' before death claimed him. The matter is not so delicately personal as it may appear to be. It has had a very definite effect upon my own destiny, and that effect in turn is the cause of this essay.

Nowadays, as every good amateur biologist knows, the inheritance of acquired characteristics is impossible. A man may spend his entire lifetime riding around in an automobile, and yet his children will positively not be born legless. For many years there was some uncertainty in the matter, and the tails of thousands upon thousands of rats were consequently cut off in the most approved manner, in order to prove that a motorist's children are not born legless. Nothing happened, save that the rats which had been operated on became tailless. And this occasioned a great scandal in science. There was a pretty how-do-you-do when scientists were faced by the astonishing fact that a rat merely loses its tail when you remove it. However, fortunately for the rats, continuing these experiments indefinitely appeared needless; and thereafter a heresy became respectable. A lost tail (no matter who has lost it) is never inherited. Nowadays everyone knows this, and — if a personality will again be pardoned — my own life proves it. My paternal grandfather ploughed through the whole of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary until he got to 'zythum' — and yet I was born without any vocabulary whatsoever.

Nevertheless, in some way which I cannot undertake to explain, my grandfather's penchant for reading the dictionary was eventually handed on to me, and was hardly damaged at all during transit. His accumulated vocabulary, as I have just confessed, was lost somewhere by the wayside, but the penchant itself arrived in apple-pie order, along toward the close of the last century. And almost before I knew it I, too, was reading the dictionary like my ancestor.

Being not yet so full of years as my forbear, I have fallen far short of zythum. Indeed, to be quite frank, I doubt whether I ever shall reach zythum — or even xylyl or zyme, for that matter — by the dignified route of the English alphabet. What with daylight saving, steam heat, and relativity, long chill evenings at the present time are rare commodities. The modern evening, to be as lenient toward it as possible, is a very flashy affair. 'Good heavens! where *has* the evening gone?' is a question that one hears repeatedly.

But my temperament also is responsible for my defections. Nature may hate a saltus, but I like one. The slightest possible stimulus leads me to leap boldly from one letter to another; and I am just as likely to leap backward as forward. I have no doubt that I should leap sidewise, were that possible. The habit, of course, is a reprehensible one, and the pure blood of lexicographers is not in me. But at least I can say this, in extenuation of a habit which I blush for: I have contrived, despite the ephemeral nature of the modern evening, to read con-

siderable portions of the dictionary. What is more, those portions which I have read are the most interesting. In consequence of all of which I have succeeded, over a period of many years, in accumulating a stock of words that are — and I say so with a scholar's pride — as magnificent in their uselessness as a rainbow.

Potamology, for example, is one of those fascinating words which I long ago ran across on my rhapsodic rambles. Potamology is the science of rivers. To this day I have not discovered what the science of rivers actually is, or possibly could be; but that is what potamology is, beyond argument. One engaged in such an adventure as mine will not strain at a meaning if he can get a polysyllable.

Another word similar to potamology is pomology — similar, I mean, in delicious uselessness. I am free to confess that I feel particular affection for potamology, but pomology stirs up nearly as much emotion. For pomology is the science of fruit, whatever the science of fruit may be; and there you have it — if I am not repeating myself — beyond argument. I do not know what the science of fruit is, or possibly could be. Perhaps it is the art of selling three five-cent pears for a quarter. I do not know, and I do not care. I know that pomology is the science of fruit, as potamology is the science of rivers, and I wish no further information on the subject. In such toothsome discoveries lies the full succulent reward of any man who reads the dictionary for pure pleasure.

I have said that words very frequently are useless; I have even admitted that the glittering uselessness of many words in our dictionary is comparable with that of a rainbow. And yet, in admitting this, it is necessary to propound a profound question. Is it not folly to call objects useless which can give a human being inordinate pleasure? The reader of a dictionary knows the answer. He knows that a word, in and of itself, divorced from every reasonable prospect of ever appearing in written or spoken language, affords delight that is unanswerable and incomparable. Indeed, the less use the word has the more it pleases him. Anyone can talk of science and rivers; only the man who truly loves words for their own sake is in a position to talk of potamology, for he alone is aware of its existence.

And as much might be said of dysphagia, of anoxæmia, of xerostomia, of spanopnœa, of balneotherapeutics. Your crass pragmatic mind, insensible to the doctrine of pure uselessness, will find in such trophies no smallest interest. If he allows these words any right to flourish at all, he does so for the most pitiful of reasons: either he grudgingly grants that 'difficulty in swallowing' is a long way of pronouncing 'dysphagia' (in which event mere economy might sanction it) or, impressed by the ragtags of pseudo-scholarship, he tolerates the word on account of its origin. To have Greek complications in one's larynx, when one tries to swallow such a vocable, is certainly no trivial distinction. But your true logophile is only saddened by vulgar interests of this nature. He would be dissatisfied were 'dysphagia' indefinable, for a word without a definition is not one. Beyond this one law of verbal existence, however, he cares only for the word itself and never for its meaning. He would be quite as well pleased, would your courser after strange words in verbal forests, if dysphagia proved to be a religion or a musical instrument. That fascinating little furred creature which he had bagged would still be the same fascinating little furred creature

— a brand-new word which the depths of a dictionary had suddenly yielded him.

Such a word as 'pnigalion' would therefore be brought down with delight also; nor would that delight be diminished had this word happened to mean a Chinese coin, or a vegetable, or an Act of Congress, instead of the thing that it does mean — namely, a nightmare. And psilanthropist is in precisely the same position. And so, for that matter, is acrolein, and tephramancy, and aprosexia; propylguiacol, and xenoglossia, and amblyopia; amaurosis, and omphacine, and prosopopœia. For all that your dictionary reader cares to the contrary, a psilanthropist might be related to the pterodactyl, and acrolein might be related to acropolis. Nay, were potamology the science of crossing potatoes with tomatoes, the fascination of that word would not suffer. Still would it be a verbal trophy to delight the eye and gladden the heart of its captor.

We are not, I suppose, a great company — we who, with electric lamps for lanterns, prowl about in the forests of language. But what we want in numbers we more than make good in enthusiasm. Hunters by nature, we are forever hunting. Big game we naturally prefer to smaller quarry, and a polysyllable gets a lustier cheer than a monosyllable. But in our hearts there is no distinction between triumphs. The humblest new capture, so far as our proud delight in it goes, is exactly as good as the mightiest.

To a Minoan Cat

(A wall fresco of ancient Crete)

You little Cretan cat, eager and still,
With body tense, with wide and steady gaze —
Look past the ferny tussock, look your fill!
Watch for a sign beyond the green fern-haze.

Beyond it is your prey, the pretty bird,
The little pheasant, clucking in the gorse.
He has not seen you come, he has not heard.
Two velvet steps — a spring — and he is yours!

Poor bird! And yet, my heart is all with you,
Hunting among the tussocks, in the dew,
Four thousand years ago, in windy Crete,
You little furry one, on velvet feet!
My heart's with you, there's no denying that.
I hope — I hope you caught him, little cat!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'Wreck and Rescue,' a simple record written by a twenty-five-year-old boy to his mother without thought that the world outside would wish to read it, is now published through the friendliness of Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the novelist. Here is a saga of the sea which human experience can scarcely parallel, yet with genuineness written on every page. Mrs. Norris gives her testimony: —

Palo Alto, California
October 8, 1929

Dear Atlantic, —

The teller of this extraordinary sea story is my friend, from whose own lips I had it a few months ago. It seemed to me so fresh, so thrilling, and so favorably comparable to beloved pages of Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* and Tomlinson's *Sea and Jungle*, and all other immortal pages about storms and the sea, that the natural hope for it was a wider audience, through magazine pages. I am very grateful once again to you, who took my first story of all, for this opportunity.

It was when we were guests on a friend's yacht, on a rather rough day in San Francisco Bay, that Captain Garland Rotch quietly said, apropos of ugly weather, 'I did find myself in that position once, as we all dream of finding ourselves. I mean leaping, in the blackness of night, into a tropic sea, without a life preserver, without any expectation except of immediate death.'

This story followed, perhaps more convincingly even than the letter makes it — although that was written just after it all happened, and bears, I think, the authentic stamp of the emotion of that rescue.

One little point was omitted from the letter. The Chief Officer of the *Tana* was on watch at daybreak, but did not notice the raft. The Captain of the *Tana* came on deck about 6 A.M. and, sweeping the horizon with his eyes, he noticed a speck for a moment. He asked the Chief Officer what it was, but the Chief could see nothing. They looked with their binoculars and still saw nothing. But, not satisfied, the Captain went below and brought up his old-fashioned long telescope and, searching the horizon, caught sight of a tiny speck. So it was that the forlorn little raft, drifting south, and manned by men almost insane, was discovered, and to this incident six men owed their lives.

That seems to add the last incredible touch to the whole. The wrecked boat was the *Admiral Clark*, of the Admiral Line, now the Pacific Steamship Company, Captain James Daniels. The date of the shipwreck was August 16, 1916. Mr. Herbert F. Alexander was then president of the line, and is so to this day. Our author is Garland Rotch, now a yacht broker in San Francisco; he was twenty-five years old in 1916.

With all good wishes,

Kathleen Norris

Alexander Irvine came, in his own trenchant phrase, 'up from the bottom of the world.' His is one of the rare intelligences which make life educate. Dr. Irvine sees by flashes. In New York he saw the innermost meaning of destitution, and marshaled the forces of social sympathy to meet it. In the war he saw that the will meant the power to win, and worked mightily to screw that will to the sticking point. After the war the world grew sicker still, and he understood it. Successive chapters from his story will be published in the *Atlantic*. **André Siegfried,** master diagnostician of the character and health of nations, explains his own people. The two articles printed in the *Atlantic* will thereafter be published as chapters in his book to be issued by the Yale Press. **The Reverend Joseph Fort Newton** preaches in the Memorial Church of Overbrook, Pennsylvania. **A. W. Smith** used to direct a couple of thousand elephants piling teak at Rangoon. Now he has followed the teak to America, and if you want a rare wood he has it. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.,** is Professor of Art at Princeton University.

Rabindranath Tagore was born in 1861 and privately educated. Not until he was forty did he found his famous school at

Santiniketan, Bengal, which since then has been his life. In the discussion which followed in the wake of Keyserling's *Atlantic* paper on Negro culture, our friend Mr. Bolton Smith, of Nashville, sent us a copy of the *Crisis*, from which we quote this remarkable letter. Color speaks to color.

SANTINIKETAN, BENGAL
July 12, 1929

What is the great fact of this age? It is that the messenger has knocked at our gate and all the bars have given way. Our doors have burst open. The human races have come out of their enclosures. They have gathered together.

We have been engaged in cultivating each his own individual life, and within the fenced seclusion of our racial tradition. We had neither the wisdom nor the opportunity to harmonize our growth with world tendencies. But there are no longer walls to hide us. We have at length to prove our worth to the whole world, not merely to admiring groups of our own people. We must justify our own existence. We must show, each in our own civilization, that which is universal in the heart of the unique.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

It is pertinent to remember that, after the massacre of Amritsar, Tagore refused to make use of the Knighthood conferred on him by the British Government.

Mrs. Leonore Hamilton Wilson writes of that South round which her earliest memories congregate. **J. Milton French** teaches at Dartmouth College. Δ If you have ever read *Black Sheep* you will know how well **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** knows her Africa. **Harriet Sampson** is a poet of the younger generation and the older tradition. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is Professor of Theology at Chicago University. **Eugenie Courtright** is new to the *Atlantic*.

Miles H. Krumbine has just resigned as the minister of Parkside Lutheran Church, Buffalo, to accept a call from Plymouth Church, Cleveland, Ohio. **Henderson Daingerfield Norman** grew up, as you might guess, in Virginia. Δ Of **Hallen Viney's** paper this interesting coincidence should be told. A year ago the *Atlantic* published under the title, 'An Apostle to Youth,' a paper on the ministry of F. N. D. Buchman, by John McCook Roots. A chance copy of the magazine fell into the hands of a young graduate of Oxford, who found himself dissatisfied with a business career. The impression went deep: Viney entered a theological college which as part of its curriculum sent its classes for a semester in Jerusalem. There the singular events described in his article took place. The *New York Times* mentioned his name in the casualty list, and the editor, noting his Oxford training, cabled him: —

Atlantic Monthly greatly interested in your personal story fanatical outbreak. Six thousand words.

Thus for the second time in his life Mr. Viney heard from the *Atlantic*. **K. K. Kawakami** is a political and social observer long resident in the United States. **Herbert B. Elliston** was formerly Peking correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and is now assistant director of research for the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City.

The little prickly paper in the October Contributors' Club, 'Thru All My Thots,' seems to have aroused many a literary consciousness.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The author of 'Thru All My Thots' seems to be the proper person to sympathize with a poor stenographer who daily takes such dictation as this: —

'We have your letter of October 5th with regard to your order for a carload of widgets.

'In reply to same we beg to state that we have been badly delayed in receiving the necessary raw material, but the Company who furnish it have promised that they will give it special, personal attention and we therefore wish to advise that shipment of your order will be made immediately we receive the raw material and can rush it through the factory.

'The writer wishes to further state that I will make a special rush item of this order and will keep after it and do all in my power to see that the order is shipped promptly.'

As an experiment I once ventured to use the third person singular pronoun when the dictator referred to himself as 'the writer,' but his scorn of my ignorance was so crushing that I never will do it again.

The above letter has not been written as a horrible example; the only change I have made is in the name of the product.

Very truly yours,

LOUISE HAIGH

It is fortunate that Count Keyserling is a philosopher. Otherwise the critics might pierce his armor. Their number is so great that to give other discussions a chance we were obliged to close the *Atlantic's* door to this debate. But it should be opened just wide enough to allow this lyric which Arthur Guiterman contributed to the *New York Times* to slip past.

Keyserling has spread the rumor
That we have n't any humor.
Where, O Death, remains thy sting
After that from Keyserling!
Like an arrow from the string
Came that shaft from Keyserling;
Like a missile from the sling,
Keyserling, oh, Keyserling!
Every Count must have his fling;
So, of course, must Keyserling;
Men discover what they bring;
Is it thus with Keyserling?
Though he speeds on rapid wing,
Naught is hid from Keyserling.
Humor is a mystic thing
As defined by Keyserling;
Understanding is its spring,
Which we lack, says Keyserling;
Where True Intellect is king,
There it dwells, says Keyserling;
High above, where planets swing,
Laugh the gods — and Keyserling.
In the Dynasty of Ming
Sages laughed, says Keyserling,
While in Zowie, Pow, and Zing
Lies our wit, says Keyserling.
We should find a butt, by jing!
For High Mirth, says Keyserling;
So we'll make the welkin ring,
Contemplating Keyserling.

Mamie Hall Porritt's international adventures chronicled in the October *Atlantic* have interested a number of fellow sufferers. In the hope that the gods who watch over the folly of our naturalization laws may weep, as well as laugh, we print the following from Mrs. Erskine Douglas Williamson, of Washington, D. C.

1945 CALVERT STREET, N.W.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 1918, prior to the law which permitted the American wife of an alien to retain her citizenship, I married a Scotsman — or perhaps he married me. At any rate we were married. I thereby automatically became a British subject, for my husband, who was doing scientific work and expected to return to Scotland, had not become an American citizen.

Five years later he died, and it fell to me to administer his estate, as he had named me executrix in his will.

My attorney, an old friend, proceeded with the usual petitions for probate of the will, stating innocently that 'your petitioner, a citizen of the United States,' etc. The court promptly informed him that I was not a citizen and could not, unless naturalized, act as executrix under American law. The attorney advised me to take out papers, the alternative being the appointment of a citizen as administrator. As the estate was small this would have been rather absurd; and as I expected to live in America it seemed best for me to resume my citizenship. In the meantime the estate must languish.

Accordingly, with two kind friends as sponsors, I applied to the Bureau of Naturalization for papers.

I was required to state, in writing, the facts of the case, the number of times I had been absent from this country, the names of the ships whereon I had sailed, the dates of departure, and the length of my visits. I complied with this formality by furnishing the details of my *two absences* from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave — the first had been for six weeks; the second, for eight. And it may be of interest to state here that on returning to this country I paid on each occasion a head tax as an immigrant. I did not greatly mind being an immigrant to the country of my birth *once*, but *twice* seemed to imply a habit.

After this I received a notice to appear at the end of three months (half the usual time — a great concession) to be examined as to my fitness for enrollment as a daughter of Uncle Sam. Not knowing just what would be expected of me, I feverishly crammed history and civil government, dragging out long-idle schoolbooks. I was prepared to discuss referendum and recall, to recite the Presidents in their order — in short, I aimed to satisfy the most critical of judges.

On the appointed day I presented myself, still under the care of my trusty American friends, colleagues of my husband, for examination. This took place, perhaps appropriately, in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia.

After all my agonized study I was merely asked to verify the statements that I had been born in Manassas, Virginia, on such and such a date, and had lost my citizenship through marriage. (Actually the examiner said through *birth* and hastily corrected himself!) There seems to be no adequate reason for not informing me that I need undergo no detailed examination.

As each candidate was quizzed and passed on, he or she was sent to sit in the jury box. When all had been accepted or dismissed, the crowd, consisting mainly of Italians, Greeks, and other Europeans, was asked to rise. We then were sworn en masse and renounced our allegiance to George of England, Alexander of Greece, the Akhoond of Swat, and so forth, all in a string, being expected, so to speak, to reject our own monarch as he went by. I suppose this is common practice, but it was new to me. I had a sort of sneaky feeling, however, that perhaps George of England (and Scotland) would feel less keenly this wholesale renunciation than he would a special one.

The rest of the procedure is rather hazy in my mind, but I am now restored to my pristine state of pure Americanism, being probably little contaminated by my six and eight weeks' sojourn on alien shores.

Perhaps this rigmarole, with its attendant delays, is necessary, but it seems to me that in the case of a person born in America, educated in America, living in America for over thirty years, except for fourteen weeks, there might be some simpler way of settling matters. In other words, the Law might, as Jeff says to Mutt, 'use some discretion.'

ALICE BOORMAN WILLIAMSON

Best of all replies to criticism is the Christian method of gathering it to your own bosom. Thus here and now does the Contributors' Column gather in the shafts of this illustrious Illyrian.

ILLYRIA, OHIO
October 25, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was born of strict Unitarian, Abolitionist parents. In the Berkshire town, already mellowed by two and a half centuries of history, where I was brought up, I was used to seeing the *Atlantic* on the family table from my earliest years. But my tongue has always been a little limping in praise — perhaps because a word of commendation in my youth had to be stoutly earned. I trust that you will understand my respect without my expressing it at length.

I have always felt that one department of the *Atlantic* has never quite lived up to its possibilities. Perhaps I misinterpret its character under the influence of my own predilections. As I grew up, I began to take a peculiar interest in satire. Swift, Rabelais, appeared on my shelves early in life, and now that I am sinking into dry old age, and my grandchildren regard me as a desiccated oak leaf of Puritan morality, I reread my favorite passages of Aldous Huxley while they are all innocently asleep. Am I quite wrong in thinking that your Contributors' Club is really meant by the editors as an invitation to that all-too-little cultivated gift, polite and edifying irony? There is no weapon like it for moral fervor — I inherited a long tradition of moral fervor — or for the urbane expression of humorous prejudice and fancy. Why do not your contributors give us more of it, in the appointed corner, where you enforce the rule of anonymity? For anonymity belongs to the best tradition of satire. If Swift's *Modest Proposal* had immodestly made known its authorship, what effect would it have had? None. In your Contributors' Club, one would think, every variety of sportive attack on contemporary foibles would flourish, and every sort of personal conviction, however at odds with society, frankly avow itself.

Recently America held a grand jubilee for the bigwigs of psychology from every nation. The European authorities were hospitably received at New Haven, and regaled with upwards of four hundred solemn papers, the titles of many of which read as though they had been devised in the Academy of Lagado, where sunbeams were extracted from cucumbers, rather than in our universities of science and pure reason. Why does not some professor, able to perceive the idiosyncrasies of his trade, take advantage of the protection you offer, and report the proceedings for us, embroidering them with a few Attic mockeries? We hear much of intolerance in these days. Why does not some apostle of enlightenment cleverly don the robes of the bigot and make him doubly odious by a solemn dramatic monologue, tongue in cheek, telling what the Prohibitionist would really do with the Wet if he had the power, or the churchman with the scientist, or the censor with the intellectual? Why does not some social critic point out that hypocrisy is the one necessary prop without which our whole civilization would tumble together and expire in a puff of smoke? I make these random suggestions — personal applications will occur freely to all who nourish an intellectual grudge or carry a burden of truth and insight which has hitherto been suppressed for whatever reason. You might even revive the vanishing tradition of satiric verse, if you could persuade your poets to go unsigned — for I take

it that you really mean to insist on anonymity in this one department. Recently you made a capital gesture in this direction with some verses entitled 'The Traveler.' Why not give us more?

Yours sincerely,

JAMES D. EMERSON

Space fails us, unfortunately, or we should print the full reply of Miss Edith Franklin Wyatt to very highly competent professional criticism of her characterization of Gilbert Imlay's *The Emigrants* as the first American novel. We should like, however, to say that her paper was far from a haphazard venture. Whether she was right or not depends not upon the facts, with which she is perfectly familiar, but upon a point of view.

First, in general, it is 'the first American *novel*,' not 'the earliest American *fiction*,' that she entitled her essay. The Century Dictionary defines a novel as 'a fictitious prose narrative or tale involving some plot of more or less intricacy, and aiming to present a picture of real life in the historical period and society to which the persons, manners, and modes of speech, as well as the scenery and surroundings, are supposed to belong.' This is a reasonable definition, and according to it, in Miss Wyatt's opinion, none of the books listed before 1794, with the exception of *The Emigrants*, in either Mrs. Loshe's delightful monograph or Mr. Wegelin's comprehensive fiction list, come under the proper heading of a novel.

To be more specific, Mr. Wegelin lists as the first American 'fiction,' though he does not list it as a novel, Francis Hopkinson's *A Pretty Story* (1774). The principal characters in this story are Great Britain personified and the Colonies personified, which seems to Miss Wyatt — and to us — adequate ground for refusing it the title of novel.

Mrs. Morton's *The Power of Sympathy* (1789) hardly answers the definition better. It is a kind of religious tract in the cause of female education, and little more than 20,000 words long. Some six or perhaps ten novels have been put forward as written in this country and printed in England before 1793. But each of these, when analyzed, seems to forgo the characteristics which mark a novel.

For any interested professional inquirer we shall be glad to go further into the intricacies of this historical subject.

To which Professor Ellis, of the University of Maine, not unnaturally replies: —

October 23, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been much interested to learn on what grounds Miss Edith Wyatt claimed priority for *The Emigrants*, published in England in 1793, over *The Power of Sympathy*, published in Boston in 1789, as the first American novel. I cannot help feeling, however, that she has acted somewhat cavalierly in ignoring the claims of the latter work on the pretext that it is 'merely a religious tract in the cause of female education.' If Miss Wyatt chooses to adopt a 'traditional and special' definition of the novel which would eliminate rival claimants for priority, she owes the reader at least a footnote to inform him what she is doing.

That *The Power of Sympathy* is a poor novel, as Miss Wyatt also admits is true of *The Emigrants*, is indisputable; that it is not a novel at all is decidedly for Miss Wyatt to prove. It was certainly written as a novel, advertised as a novel, criticized in the press as a novel, and suppressed as a novel, at the time of its publication. A century later it was twice reprinted as a novel; and it has always subsequently been referred to and discussed, so far as I have discovered, as a novel in the histories of literature which deal with the origin of the type in America. Professor W. P. Trent, for example, remarks in his *American Literature* (1908), '*The Power of Sympathy*, perhaps the earliest real novel written by an American, appeared in 1789'; and Dr. Carl Van Doren, in *The American Novel* (1921), says that 'to the influence of Richardson, with something from Sterne, must be credited the first regular American novel, *The Power of Sympathy*, a poor and stilted narrative in epistolary form.' Each of these gentlemen is probably an authority of at least equal claims with Miss Wyatt.

I can imagine the amazement and amusement of the author of *The Power of Sympathy* — who was probably not Mrs. Morton — on hearing that his efforts to disarm puritan hostility to novel reading in the Boston of the 1780's by emphasizing the supposed moral influence of his novel of seduction had resulted in its being disqualified, as 'a religious tract in the cause of female education.'

MILTON ELLIS

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